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Violence, Murder, Gentle Sex, Established Relationship, Getting Together, Arguments, Bottoming from the Top, Ghosts, Necromancy, Exorcisms, Bullying, Emo x Jock, Jealousy, Amnesia, fake boyfriends, Pretend Boyfriends, Roadtrips, Soulmates, soulmate\AU, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Heats, Rape Attempt, Mates, First Dates, Heartbreak, Age Difference, Spying, kidnap, Alternate Universe - Medieval, witch\AU, Magic, Hogwarts\AU, love potions, Weddings, Fake Wedding, Crossdressing, Dom/sub, Rough Sex, Original Characters - Freeform, Comedy, X men - Freeform, Telepathy, Slow Build, submissive top, Dominant Bottom, long distance, Stockholm Syndrome, Abduction, unhealthy relationship, Revenge, Noise Kink, Moaning, Butt Plugs, Sex Toys, Death, Sad, Depressing, Rivals, Highschool Parties, highschool\AU, Drunk Handjobs, Nude Modeling, nude drawing, Housemates, Nightmares, Domestic, Post-War, WW2\AU, Bittersweet, Suicidal Thoughts, Depression, Exhibitionism, Semi-Public Sex, Dressing Room Sex, Size Difference, Skinny Dipping, Movie Night, Stranded, Long Hair, Car Sex, Shapeshifting, couple counselling, Couple therapy, Make up sex, Engagement, Marriage Proposal, Threesome - F/MM, homeless, Polyamory, Developing Relationship, Strap-Ons, dominant girl, Masturbation, Never Have I Ever, Coming Untouched, Capture the Flag, Pining, Kid Fic, First Meeting, Panties, Kinky, polygamous marriage, Marriage, omega rights, WWII\AU, The Suffragettes, Hate Sex, Worldbuilding, Sneaking Around, Vampires, Blood, Blood Drinking, Foursome - M/M/M/M, Angry Sex, Porn, Electrocuition, Torture, Painful Pleasure, Sex Toys Under Clothing, Demons, Human x Demon, Contract, Making Love, Loss of Taste, Panic Attacks, Sleepwalking, Frottage, wet dreams, unwanted soulmate, Love Affair, lap dance, Blackmail, Spanking, Break Up, Death of a Parent, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Character Death, Children, Infertility, Teacher x Parent, age gap, Flowers, Flower meanings, Loss of Virginity, Awkward First Times, Realistic, Secrets, Webcam/Video Chat Sex, Webcams, Morning After, Boners, Awkward Boners, Crack, Reunion Sex, Arranged Marriage, unwilling marriage, Guardian Angel, Angels, Evil Main Characters, Friends to Enemies, Kissing Booths, Victorian, Maid/Lord, sex as payment, Teacher-Student Relationship, Classroom Sex, Desk Sex, merman, merfolk, Suicide Attempt, Clothes swap, dorky, Intercrural Sex, Friends With Benefits, Library Sex, Public Sex, Field Sex, Cat/Human Hybrids, neko, Deaf, Rape, Non-Graphic Rape/Non-Con, Malnutrition, Spin the Bottle, Coming Out, Deaf Character, Deaf Omega, Locker Room, Knotting, Scenting, Marking, Parenthood, Spy\AU, Mpreg, Wrestling, Bath Sex, Underwater Blow Jobs, Hanahaki Disease, Pole Dancing, Lap Sex, strip club, Surprise Omega, Blindness, Tooth Gap, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Outdoor Sex, Hair Pulling Kink, Self-Harm, Phone Sex, virgin, First Time, stalkers, PTSD, platonic, Shower Sex, fuck buddies, Ferris Wheel Sex, Amusement Parks, Locker Room Sex, Agoraphobia, Eskimo Kisses, Dildos, Barebacking, bed buddies, Sick Fic, Hickeys, Mild Sexual Content, Edgeplay, mild edgeplay, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Mythology - Freeform, love potion, Online Dating, Catfish - Freeform, Prostitution, Proposals,
Who actually cares? Part III! (Prompts)

by GoldenEmpire

Summary

BACK AT IT AGAIN LADIES AND GENTS.

Chapters:
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Michael/Octavian - 23, 67, 82, 94 (4)
Luke/Percy - 27, 30, 98, 137 (4)
Alabaster/Ethan - 13, 71, 89 (3)
Will/Percy - 9 (1)
Will/Leo - 6 (1)
Threesome/Foursome - 40, 46, 49, 120 (4)
Other - 18, 28, 75, 101, 106, 114, 144 (7)
INTRO

ACCEPTING ANY COUPLE YOU WANT.

These stories are all about the gays (please don't leave straight prompts as I ain't about that life).

These stories feature;

- Homosexuals
- Bisexuals
- Sex
- Angst
- Abuse
- Death
- Underage drinking/Underage sex
- Suicide
- Suicidal Thoughts
- Suicide Attempts
- Gore
- Self Hate
- Abusive Relationships
- Domestic Violence
- Abusive Families
- Rape
- Rape Attempts
- MPreg

MAIN CHARACTERS (the lads):

Alabaster Torrington, 6'1, Son of Hecate
Apollo, 5'9, God of the Son

Ares, 6'3, God of War
Ethan Nakamura, 5'9, Son of Nemesis

Festus, 5'11, The Bronze Dragon
Frank Zhang, 6'3, Son of Mars

Jason Grace, 6'1, Son of Jupiter
Leo Valdez, 5'6, Son of Hephaestus

Luke Castellan, 6'2, Son of Hermes
Malcolm Pace, 5'8, Son of Athena

Michael Kahale, 6'2, Son of Venus
Narcissus, 5'9, Hunter

Nico di Angelo, 5'8, Son of Hades
Octavian, 5'8, Descendant of Apollo

Percy Jackson, 6'0, Son of Poseidon
Will Solace, 6'0, Son of Apollo

Zephyros, 5'10, God of the West Wind
Smutty chapters:

3, 7, 10, 14, 15, 19, 20, 23, 27, 29, 32, 33, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 45, 47, 49, 52, 53, 55, 56, 59, 62, 64, 66, 68, 69, 70, 74, 75, 76, 79, 80, 86, 87, 90, 92, 93, 95, 96, 102, 104, 105, 107, 109, 110, 113, 117, 120, 121, 125, 128, 129, 130, 133, 134, 137, 138, 142, 143, 145, 148, 150, 157
We pulled an all nighter trying to play monopoly and I think I may have confessed some weird shit.

When Nico had said that this was a bad idea, he didn’t quite realise how right he was. He and Percy Jackson had been best friends since they had learned how to crawl and had more sleepovers in their short lifetimes than Nico could remember. They considered themselves professionals at playing a certain game – Monopoly. Yup, the most competitive and relationship-destroying game of all time. The two boys were insanely competitive which made playing together a real treat and something they had both looked forward to when they were kids.

When Percy had asked Nico if he wanted to come over Friday night and play monopoly, the Italian had stupidly said yes. Sleepovers at their age were...weird, at least Nico thought so. They were fifteen now and, more importantly, Nico had developed humongous, hopeless crush on his best friend over the years and tended to avoid spending the night anywhere near the object of his affection. Naturally Percy had no idea about this and seemed perfectly happy to have Nico stay over, insisted on it even. Nico had said that it was a bad idea...quietly, under his breath so Percy didn’t hear as they had entered his house. At first everything seemed fine and Nico thought that his fears had been dramatic. They did what they normally did; played videogames, ordered pizza, talked about school and the new Star Wars movie, and as the cool autumn day outside gave way to the evening Nico decided that there was no way in hell he could share Percy’s tiny bed with him. Not without doing something stupid and outing his feelings.

Which was why he was determined to play this game of monopoly until the sun rose again and he could make an excuse of going home.

At first it had been easy; the excitement of going up against Percy made Nico buzz with energy that
was reflected in the other boy. They were sitting on Percy’s bedroom floor, Oasis playing in the background. Percy was the dog, Nico the battleship. Soon enough both of them had numerous possessions and Percy had stacks of money while Nico was close to bankruptcy. By then it was past midnight and they had been playing for an hour.

“For fuck’s sake,” the Italian swore as he half-heartedly placed his ship on Percy’s Baltic Avenue. The green-eyed boy smirked – it was one of the cheapest possessions on the board but to Nico, whose funds were dwindling, it was a blow.

“Thankyou,” the older boy sang said with a smirk, taking Nico’s money from the boy’s outstretched hand.

“Fuck you.”

“Don’t be bitter just cause you’re losing,” Percy teased. Nico rolled his eyes, feeling his irritation spike. His eyes were starting to feel heavy and honestly he was tempted to just climb into Percy’s warm bed and fall asleep, but it wasn’t even one yet, and Nico wouldn’t be able to survive till morning in the bed with Percy.

“Go on, it’s your turn,” he grumbled. Percy moved and landed on community chest. He sighed dramatically and with a flourish dropped a few notes onto the centre of the board.

“Well, that won’t make much difference,” he said indifferently. It was true – Nico eyed up his thousands glumly. He was sure he was going to lose this soon, “Aw c’mon Neeks,” Percy pouted, “Cheer up. Come downstairs let’s get some snacks.”

Percy’s mum was working the night shift at the hospital so the boys were alone in the house. It creaked softly from old age as they padded downstairs into the small, cluttered kitchen.

“Sally will be mad you didn’t do the dishes,” Nico said, wrinkling his nose at the full sink as Percy rummaged in the fridge, humming in dismissal to his friend’s statement. The Italian’s eyes slid to the boy’s broad back...he remembered when Percy had been skinny and awkward, the way Nico was now, and tried to recall when he had gotten all his muscle and height. Quietly, the boy sighed and walked over to the mega sized back of crisps in the corner, pulling out two smaller packets out – cheese and onion for Perce (of course he liked that one, it was blue after all) and salt and vinegar for him. The other boy closed the fridge, two cans of coke in his hands.

“Okay, let’s go. I need to finish beating your ass,” he said with a wink. Nico didn’t say anything, climbing back upstairs to his friend’s room, still annoyed. He knew he shouldn’t be, knew it was just a stupid game, but he couldn’t help it.

He settled on the ground again with Percy and they opened their cokes, “Whose turn was it?” Nico asked, taking a sip of the sugary drink and feeling a welcome surge of energy.

“Err...mine?” Percy offered. Nico frowned and studied the game board for a second.

“No. You just stood on the chest,” he reached for the dice.

“Aw, I thought you would’ve forgotten,” Percy complained, munching on his crisps as Nico rolled the dice. He tensed, praying he didn’t stand on any of Percy’s possessions, and exhaled when he landed on the electric company.

“I’m home.”

“Not for long,” Percy said with a wink and rolled the dice with his free hand. They both gaped at
the dice and almost in slow motion the green-eyed boy reached for his dog and moved it over to Boardwalk. Boardwalk, the most expensive place on the whole board. Boardwalk with a hotel. Boardwalk that belonged to Nico.

“YES!” the Italian exclaimed, punching the air before falling onto his back on the carpet, kicking his legs up, “Yes, yes, yes!”

“Oh, shut up,” now it was Percy’s turn to be irritated, “How much do I owe you?”


“Yeah. Right. That’s not even bad,” he cleared his throat and handed Nico the money, not looking at him. The boy, elated, ignored his weird behaviour and threw the dice, still buzzing with happiness.

An hour later it had just passed two in the morning and the game became much more even; Percy had lost money and was forced to sell some possessions to Nico, but then regained his funds in part. It was clear it would be quite a bit longer before the game ended, which was a problem, since Nico was exhausted.

Percy was slumped against the wall and he yawned when it came to his turn, sluggishly reaching for the dice, “I’m tired,” he muttered, throwing it weakly.

“You giving up?” Nico asked, knowing full well that Percy wasn’t.

“You wish,” the other boy mumbled. His eyes were half lidded and his blinking was slow. Nico had to admit that as he rolled the dice he felt a little bad for forcing the boy to stay up. He himself also felt tired, and kept yawning, but he refused to share a bed with his crush. He wouldn’t be able to stand it if Percy rejected him, or worse, was disgusted if he somehow found out Nico’s feelings...which would definitely happen if they slept pressed together.

Nico gulped and moved his battleship. Percy blinked at the board.

“Oi. That’s Pacific Avenue.”

“Yeah, I can read,” Nico grumbled, not having the energy to roll his eyes. He wished he had another coke but he couldn’t be bothered to stand up and go downstairs to get one. He yawned again.

“Pacific Avenue is mine, genius,” Percy pointed out.

Nico’s shoulders slumped and he let out a groan of frustration, leaning his head back against Percy’s bed, which he was leaning against, closing his eyes for a second to control his anger.

“Cazzo. Porca miseria!” he swore in Italian. When he opened his eyes Percy was staring at him, “What?” Nico grumbled.

“Nothing, you’re just really cute when you’re angry,” the boy said, and the widening of his eyes indicated that he hadn’t meant to say that. Nico felt his cheeks burn but he decided that Percy’s words were innocent and had no hidden meaning behind them – it was just friendly banter.


“What does that mean?”

“Go fuck yourself.”
Percy grinned and whatever tension had been in the air for a moment disappeared, “Pay up, bitch.”

Another hour and Nico’s arms were feeling like they weighed a tonne and Percy couldn’t seem to stop yawning, “Get us another coke,” he grumbled, struggling to move his token.

“You go,” Nico slurred in reply.

“First pay me for Atlantic Avenue,” Percy reminded him, tapping the board. Nico glared. It felt like he had sand beneath his eyelids. Yup, this had definitely been a bad idea.

“I have no money,” Nico pouted, looking at the few fake notes he had at his feet, “Let me off this once?”

“Nope,” Percy said popping the ‘p.’ Nico was in no mood to lose right now.

“Come onnnnn,” he whined, “Don’t be like that, let me off.”

“I’d let you off if you weren’t so hot,” Percy grinned, sticking his hand out, “Now give me the money.”

Nico’s heart skipped a beat. Is he doing that on purpose? He wondered, feeling himself blush again. Percy had never said anything like this before and Nico couldn’t help but wonder if it was a joke, or just something Percy was saying because he was really tired. He pretended he hadn’t heard and focused on selling off the electric company in order to pay Percy back.

The green-eyed boy yawned and stretched his arms over his head, his t-shirt that he slept in ridding up and revealing his muscled, tanned stomach. He was completely oblivious to the effect it had on Nico, who had to look away, the tips of his ears burning.

“I’m tired,” Percy complained, shuffling across the floor and abandoning his money and possessions, instead leaning on the bed next to Nico. The Italian tried to ignore how close they were now and offered his friend fake notes.

“Take the money.”

Percy grumpily took the money and threw the dice, “Move my dog.”


“Yessss,” Percy smiled and closed his eyes, relaxing against the bed. Nico rolled his eyes.

“Use your getting out of jail card.”

“No. You have three rounds.”

Nico rolled his eyes again and, ignoring his exhaustion, did his three rounds. When he leaned back on the bed Percy shifted closer and leaned his head on Nico’s shoulder. He had sank so far down that he was almost lying down on the floor, making his new position possible.

“Come on it’s your turn,” Nico was getting annoyed again. He wanted to sleep, so badly.

“I don’t wanna play anymore,” Percy’s words were all slurring together and he snuggled closer into his friend’s side. Nico’s heart started pounding.

“What do you want to do then?”
“I want to kiss you,” Percy didn’t skip a beat, and the answer was immediate. Nico’s stomach flipped and his breath caught in his throat. With shaky hands he pushed Percy off him and tried to laugh.

“Don’t be stupid. Do you give up?”

“On the game,” there was something serious in Percy’s sleepy face, his warm green eyes staring at Nico with way too much intensity, “not on you.”

Nico’s heart ached, “Stop saying stupid shit and help me clean up.”

Percy didn’t give a fuck about cleaning up. He leaned forward and kissed Nico – a quick, innocent peck on the lips – before drawing back and climbing onto his bed and under the covers, leaving Nico stunned and shaking on the floor. Subconsciously the shocked boy touched his lips. God, he just kissed me, he thought, and his heart threatened to jump out of his chest. His best friend had just kissed him. The boy he had been in love with for so long...

What?! Why?!

Unsteadily Nico got to his feet. Tiredness washed over him, wave after wave, and he just wanted to collapse. Helplessly he looked at the mess on the floor – the monopoly money was strewn around all the way to the door. When had they managed to get it there?

“Clean it in the morning,” Percy grumbled from the bed, and Nico jumped – he thought the boy was asleep. Nervously he swallowed.

“I’m going home.”

“Don’t be stupid,” Percy opened his eyes, barely. He was on the verge of sleep, “It was just a kiss don’t freak out about it.”

“I-I can’t sleep in the bed with you,” Nico squeaked, all his blood rushing to his face.

“I won’t do anything,” Percy sighed, eyes closing again, hugging his pillow. The space behind him, between his back and the wall looked perfect for Nico. And yet the Italian was afraid.

“N-No. It’s not that I...um, I’m scared I’ll do something,” he admitted, wringing his hands out. He wanted to cry. Why was he saying all of this? Tiredness was making his tongue loose.

“Switch the light off,” Percy ignored Nico’s earlier words. The Italian did as he was told and then hovered by the foot of the bed, unsure of what to do next. He was so tired, “Just come in, idiot,” Percy made the decision for him.

Nico gritted his teeth and scrambled in, collapsing with his back to Percy and pressing himself as close to the wall as he could. It wall was cold, and the boy shivered. Percy realised it and Nico felt him twist on the bed, before throwing both the covers and his arm around the Italian.


“Shhh, goodnight,” Percy murmured, his free arm wriggling its way beneath Nico’s body so he could hug the Italian properly, his warm chest pressing into Nico’s back. The boy was trapped...trapped in the arms of the boy he loved, but trapped nonetheless. He suddenly felt so awake.

“T-That was my first kiss, you know,” he whispered, because he couldn’t think of anything else to say. Percy shifted and nudged his nose just below Nico’s ear. The Italian squeezed his eyes shut,
sure that his heart couldn’t take this.

“C’mon, turn around,” Percy muttered, his warm breath brushing against Nico’s neck. Hesitantly the nervous boy turned his head, his nose bumping against Percy’s gently. The green-eyed boy found his mouth and pressed their lips together as if it was the most normal thing in the world, for longer this time, though the kiss remained innocent and sweet. The Italian inhaled sharply and Percy pulled back, snuggling up against his friend again and kissing the back of his neck.

“And that was your second, now shut it and go to sleep.”
I Can Be Your Hero Baby

Chapter Notes

I got so many prompts, wow, you guys are crazy. Love you xx

Jason x Percy. They are drinking in the Zeus Cabin and Jason asks "what's your favourite superhero" "Captain America. Yours?" "Perseus Jackson." And Percy just stares at Jason and Jason jumps at Percy and snogs him senseless.

For Veronika

Percy had broken up with Annabeth, or rather, Annabeth had broken up with Percy. It was inevitable, it was foreshadowed by a dozen of events, it had been something Percy had expected and even anticipated, and yet it still hurt. Even if at the age of seventeen Percy no longer loved Annabeth it felt weird not having her there and being alone for the first time in years. So naturally Percy did the only thing he could think of – he got a bottle of vodka from the Hermes Cabin and showed up on Jason’s doorstep.

“It’s the middle of the week,” Jason said, unimpressed, standing in the doorway of the Zeus cabin in just his purple Camp Jupiter t-shirt and sweatpants, hair still damp from the shower, “and it’s not even dark yet.”

“It’ll be dark soon and I need to get drunk,” Percy pouted “Please?”

Jason sighed, “Why don’t you drink with Frank?”

“I don’t want to drink with Frank,” Percy mumbled, “I want to drink with you.”

It was true; the moment Annabeth had finally said the words ‘this isn’t working’ Jason had appeared in Percy’s mind. Lately the blond was the only person Percy wanted to spend time with, the only person who understood how he felt having himself broken up with Piper recently. Besides, Jason would sometimes cuddle Percy during movie night, or sometimes he’d let the son of Poseidon sleep in his bed with him, and Percy kind of loved those moments...but he and Jason were just friends, that was all. Percy just felt safe and comforted whenever the blond was around, and he needed him right now.

Jason sighed and moved to the side, “Fine,” he grumbled and Percy grinned, sliding into the cabin. He walked directly to the small kitchen section where Jason kept snacks and cups and pulled out two glasses, filling them halfway with vodka, humming before turning around and handing one to Jason. The blond raised an eyebrow, “I need a chaser.”

“This is not a shot.”

“Shut up and take it,” Percy said and clinked his glass against Jason’s. The blond seemed unable to say no to him so he just sighed again and threw back the shot simultaneously with Percy. The son of Poseidon felt the alcohol burning down his throat and he almost gagged while Jason spluttered and threw himself at his mini-fridge, scrambling for a bottle of coke and chugging straight from the bottle, “Okay, that was gross,” Percy admitted after the shudders of the huge shot subsided. He could feel the alcohol sitting in his stomach as he walked up to Jason and took the coke bottle from him, eagerly chasing down the disgusting aftertaste of the vodka.

Jason burped, “Ew. What the fuck did the Hermes kids give you, fucking petrol?”

“I’ll just make us a normal drink,” Percy said, taking the glasses again and filling them up one third of the way, topping it off with coke this time, “Can I borrow some clothes?”

“Just get some from your own cabin,” Jason sighed, collapsing on his bed, still looking vaguely grossed out by the shot.

“I like your clothes,” Percy whined, tucking the vodka and the coke under either arm and waddling over to the bed with the glasses in hand. Normally he probably wouldn’t have told Jason something so...weird, but the alcohol was already making him buzzy and warm and happy and he didn’t care. Jason didn’t seem to care either because he shook his head and rolled off the bed without further questions, walking to his closet.

Percy settled back against the blond’s pillows and cradled his drink in his hands as Jason pulled out a pair of sleeping shorts and a t-shirt, “You staying over?”

“Sure,” Percy shrugged and when Jason threw him the clothes. Percy happily pulled them on as the blond hovered by the foot of the bed, watching him.

“You don’t seem heartbroken,” he said finally. Percy looked down at his own clothes, bunched in his hands, and felt Jason wince, “Sorry, that was inconsiderate.”

“No, you’re right to be honest,” Percy sighed and took a sip of his drink, discarding his own clothes on the floor. He felt so much better in Jason’s clothes, though he didn’t know why. The blond climbed onto the bed and reached for his own glass, “I’m not heartbroken. My heart’s fine actually. I just felt a little lost when she left me. She took all her stuff from my cabin and it just feels...empty,” he admitted, feeling stupidly vulnerable and exposed. Of course Jason would never exploit that and he simply clinked his glass against Percy’s.

“I know how it feels, man,” he said and they both took a gulp of their drinks. It was getting dark outside so Jason turned on the bedside lamp and with a flick of his hand he manipulated the air in the cabin so the curtains slid closed over the windows, “I really did think you guys were in love.”

“So did I but after Tartarus things were never the same. We would both have nightmares and our inner demons and it made no sense to try and pretend our experiences had been the same just because we went through it together. We haven’t...” Percy bit his lip, “We haven’t had sex in months, have barely even touched. It felt like living with a ghost, honestly.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It had to be done with,” Percy admitted, “We couldn’t drag it out forever,” he made a disgusted sound, “Gods I’m such a sap, I don’t know why I’m telling you all this.”
“Because I’m your best friend?” Jason offered with a smile. Percy’s heart twisted at his kindness and he ignored the urge to climb into the boy’s lap, instead downing the rest of his drink, “For fuck’s sake Percy, slow down,” Jason laughed.

An hour later the vodka bottle was finished, lying empty on the floor next to the coke bottle, and both Percy and Jason were splayed on the blond’s bed, side by side, their shoulders touching, giggling about something stupid and staring at the ceiling.

“Nah, the bit where Deadpool’s blind roommate makes that IKEA cupboard and it falls apart,” Percy snickered.

“What, Blind Al?” Jason asked, and then both the boys dissolved into laughter as if it was the funniest thing in the world, which in their drunk minds, it was. Percy was buzzing, he felt light as a feather and impossibly comfortable and content at Jason’s side, though he was continuously fighting the urge to snuggle up into the son of Jupiter.

“How did we even get onto this topic?” Percy asked, giggling.

“I asked you what your favourite superhero was,” Jason was slurring his words a little. Percy giggled again, Gods know why.

“Oh yeah.”


“Captain America,” he said, and silently added in his head because he reminds me of you, “What’s yours?”

“Perseus Jackson.”

Surely, it was meant as a joke, but for some reason Percy’s drunk mind interpreted it as something completely different. His heart jumped in his chest and his head snapped to the side to look at Jason in shock because...he wasn’t a superhero, and why had Jason even said that?! He was even more startled to find that the blond was already looking at him, and he didn’t look like he had meant it as a joke, his blue eyes serious but soft, staring right into Percy’s. He was close, Gods he was too close, Percy could feel his breath against his lips and his heart was pounding the way it had never pounded before. The atmosphere in the cabin changed in the blink of an eye.

“O-Oh,” he said weakly.

Then things happened very quickly, or maybe Percy’s drunk mind was only processing things incredibly slowly, but the next thing he knew was that Jason was on top of him, his legs on either side of Percy’s hips, arms resting on the sides of the boy’s head as if he wanted to imprison him in a cage of his body. Percy gasped and opened his mouth to say something, but that was precisely when Jason kissed him.

It was not a gentle or slow kiss by any means. Jason’s mouth was hot and insistent, his tongue pushing its way into Percy’s open mouth, lips sliding against the other boy’s. Percy’s heart stuttered in his chest, his hands jerked upwards to grasp at Jason’s shirt and subconsciously his legs wrapped around the blond’s waist. The kiss was sloppy and wet and passionate, tinged with desperation, and Percy was kissing back. He didn’t know why, because Jason was supposed to be his best friend for Gods’ sake, but it felt so fucking good to be held and kissed by him that Percy didn’t care. He just allowed himself to get lost in the blond’s intoxicating touch, arching up against him and letting out a
shaky moan, his tongue twisting against Jason’s.

They kissed until they both couldn’t breathe and their jaws ached and then they just remained pressed together, panting against each other’s mouths, lips sliding together delicately. They were flushed, content, and very drunk.

“Don’t hate me in the morning,” Jason whispered hoarsely after what seemed like hours, looking like a fallen angel in the dim light from the bedside lamp. Percy pulled him closer, wrapped his arms around the boy’s neck and nuzzled his cheek.

“I won’t, I promise, I promise,” he murmured feverishly, feeling dizzy and...happy. He felt so happy.

Jason rolled off him but didn’t let go of the boy, instead dragging Percy into his chest, their legs tangled together, arms wrapped around each other’s bodies. They kissed again, slower, their lips both swollen.

“Just for the record screw Captain America,” Percy whispered, looking into Jason’s dark eyes, “You’re my favourite superhero too.”
Frank dusted snow off his shoulders as he ducked his head in the doorway of the little inn that his whole class was staying in. They had waited for months and months for this little ‘treat’ after their December exams and it was still impossible for Frank to believe that he was really here, in Norway, with all his best friends despite the fact that he had spent the whole day skiing on the Trysil mountains. He had never seen so much snow and something quite as beautiful as the mountains and had never had as much fun as he had had skiing down the side with Percy and Annabeth, just enjoying life. This was most definitely the most awesome school trip ever.

But it had gotten dark and the exhausted, hungry students were eager to return to the inn and settle in the rooms that they didn’t have time to see in the morning when they had arrived, too excited to head straight for the mountains.

“Oh man, I’m starving,” Percy complained, walking into the inn, Frank on his heels, both sighing at the pleasant warmth of the building, glad to be out of the bitter cold.

“I know, I hope they give us something good,” the Asian said, “What do Norwegians even eat?”

“No idea,” Percy shrugged.

The hallway filled with the voices of teenagers as they all filtered in, and the loudest of all was none but Leo Valdez, easily the person Frank hated most at school. Even now he felt his eyes twitch in annoyance because Jesus how could someone be so immature and goddamn loud? But instead of turning around and starting a fight with Leo, as Frank would normally do, he distracted himself by taking in the dining room of the inn. It was made of all wood, with a fireplace in one corner, a rug on the floor in front of it, and four long, wooden tables set for dinner in the centre. The walls were decorated with photographs of groups on top of mountains, posing in their skiing gear and the place generally had a lovely, warm feel to it. It was nice enough to make Frank forget about Leo.

“I love this,” Annabeth said in awe as she pulled her boots off, “the interior designer must’ve been amazing...”

“Alright kids,” Chiron, the languages teacher who was in charge of the trip, clapped his hands to get the attention of the sixteen and seventeen year olds, “before I tell you your room assignments we’ll have dinner, so nobody pester me about who you want to be with because you’ve all already been allocated.”
“Hopefully I’m with you bro,” Percy said, holding out his fist. Frank bumped his own fist against it and they hurried to one of the four tables, throwing their jackets and hats in the corner, determined to sit next to each other. Percy pulled Annabeth in to set next to him and seconds later Hazel, Piper and Jason were sliding in opposite them.

“Hey guys,” Piper said, breathless and flushed, the last of the snow from outside melting in her hair, “Didn’t get to see you up on the mountain.”

“I did,” her boyfriend grinned, “I saw Percy falling into a snow pile.”

Hazel, Jason, Piper and Frank snickered and Percy rolled his eyes, “That was intentional!” he said.

Frank was happy; he remembered when all of them had been one happy group. And then Leo had joined their school and everyone seemed to love him despite the fact that he seemed to just attract trouble and make a mess and he was so annoying and Frank hated him and somehow their group ended up splitting because Piper and Jason wanted to hang out with Leo and Percy and Annabeth with Frank, and it was impossible for them to all chill together with Frank’s and Leo’s constant bickering.

*Maybe now it will be different,* Frank thought, but of course it wasn’t different because moments later none other than the boy’s most hated nemesis came over with an easy grin as if he belonged at their table. Frank hated everything about him; his stupid smirk and his immaturity, the way his hair curled in the most irritating way, the fact that he looked like some stupid elf. He hated how small the boy was – if he had been bigger Frank wouldn’t have been afraid to punch him but as it was he was always scared of killing the Latino due to his own large size and that was very, very exasperating. Just the sight of him pissed Frank off to no end, though the boy wasn’t quite sure why.

“Hi Leo!” Frank’s friends welcomed him cheerfully.

“I decided to bless you with my amazing presence,” Leo winked at them arrogantly and sat next to Jason, uninvited, though the blond clearly didn’t mind, ruffling the Latino’s curls. The Asian lost all his appetite even though the food hadn’t come out yet.

“Aw, why the long face, Frankie?” Leo teased, naturally diverting his attention to his enemy, “they didn’t have any warm milk for the big baby?”

“Fuck off you little shit,” Frank growled. Annabeth sighed.

“Can we not do this please? At least for today?”

Leo rolled his eyes and turned away from Frank, and the group engaged in a conversation that Frank didn’t care about. He could feel the tension between him and Leo. Dinner came which was smoked salmon sandwiches, *lapskaus* strew, potatoes, bread and cheese, but the sound of Leo’s voice, rambling on about something or another, was enough to put Frank off the delicious looking food and so he barely touched any of it, waiting impatiently for dinner to finish so he and Percy could retire to the room they would undoubtedly get together, so Frank could rant to his best friend about how much he hated Leo and his smug face.

“Alright everyone!” Chiron’s voice made Frank sigh with relief and he slumped in his seat, glaring at the back of Leo’s head as the boy turned around to face the teacher. *God I wish I could just hit him sometimes,* Frank thought in frustration, “Now for the room assignments. Let me just make this clear; not all of you will be with your closest friends but over the course of this week I want you all to make new friends, and the room arrangements are non-negotiable. So, first room will be Miss Arellano and Miss Chase...”
Chiron prattled off names, and some of the students looked considerable happier than others. Frank’s surname was the last on the register so he grew impatient. His heart plummeted pretty quickly though, “Mr Grace and Mr Jackson.”

“Aw,” Percy turned to Frank but he didn’t look too upset – after all he was close friends with Jason, “Sorry Frank.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Frank faked a smile but as the amount of possible roommates dwindled he started to grow nervous. Who would he be put with? He had no idea...

“Miss Tanaka and Miss Gwen. Mr Valdez,” Chiron read calmly, and Frank began to space out until suddenly -“and Mr Zhang.”

The boy’s heart jumped in his chest, “What?” he whispered.

“Sir!” Leo stood up, interrupting Chiron mid-word, “There must be a mistake, there is no way in hell I’m rooming with Zhang!”

“Watch your language, Leo,” Chiron didn’t seem surprised at the outburst and Frank was simultaneously glad that Leo had the guts to stand up against this ridiculous arrangement, and annoyed that the boy didn’t want to room with him. Of course it was mutual but Frank wanted to be the one to say he didn’t want to room with Leo, not the other way around.

“But I don’t want to room with him!” Leo said passionately, and the students around the room snickered and shook their heads, clearly entertained.

“Me neither!” Frank stood up, angry, “I hate him.”

An ‘oooh’ sounded around the room as people looked around in shock and even Leo looked a little surprised at Frank’s harsh tone. Chiron sighed and shook his head, “Hate is a strong word, Frank. Now both of you sit down, my decision is final.”

And it really was; no amount of grumbling and complaining from Leo and Frank, as well as several other pairs who disliked each other, got Chiron to change his mind and when they all got dismissed Frank found himself climbing the stairs to the second floor of the inn in a depressed state. The atmosphere on the hallway soon became cheerful as people pulled their suitcases up and started weaving in and out of each other’s rooms, with someone blaring music. However when Frank walked into his and Leo’s room, he just felt annoyed and not in any mood to socialise.

Their bedroom was small but cosy, the walls wooden like the rest of the inn. There was a nice rug on the floor, two narrow closets and two narrow beds, one on each wall with two bedside tables between them, a lamp on each. Above the beds was a large window with floral, homey curtains, showing the snowy yard and nearby forest.

Leo was already in the room and had picked the bed on the left, his suitcase open on it, his clothes spilling out. Frank’s irritation spiked just from seeing the boy, “I wanted the bed on the left,” he snapped, even though he didn’t really. He just wanted to pick a fight.

“Tough luck, buddy,” Leo didn’t even look up. He was sitting cross-legged on the floor and reached up to pull a piece of wire from his suitcase. He was building some sort of mechanism and its parts were already littering the room. Frank ‘tsk’ed as he walked past, dumping his own suitcase on his bed.

“Are you going to be fucking messy?” he demanded after a moment of tense silence. Leo sighed.
“Are you going to pretend to be my mother?”

“Listen this is our room, whether we like it or not,” Frank snapped, “and I want it clean.”

“Well I want it dirty,” Leo shrugged. Frank kicked a mechanical cylinder from the foot of his bed across the room. Leo whirled around, “Relax!” he snapped, “That’s an important and delicate piece!”

“Well keep your important and delicate pieces on your side of the goddamn room,” Frank growled and turned to his suitcase, opening it and rummaging about for his pyjamas. The bathroom was down the hall and he was sure it would be packed soon.

“Are you going to take a shower?” Leo asked.

“Mind your own business,” Frank replied. The Latino rolled his eyes and stood up, also looking in his tattered suitcase. Moments later he swore and Frank’s curiosity got the best of him, “What?” he asked, glancing over his shoulder.

“Mind your own business,” Leo snapped, frantically throwing about the few thick jumpers and a lot of equipment he had in his bag around.

“You forgot pyjamas didn’t you?” Frank guessed.

“Fuck off,” Leo snapped. The Asian smirked to himself, pleased at the other boy’s misfortune even though he knew he shouldn’t have been – karma was a bitch. Finally Leo gave up his search and with a frustrated sigh he grabbed a towel from the chair by the door and stormed out. Frank himself waited a few minutes before he also trailed to the bathroom, whistling.

“How’s ya roomie?” Percy asked cheerfully, waiting in line for the showers. The room was crowded and full of steam, though pleasantly warm.

“Horrible,” Frank said.

“Aw, cheer up,” Percy patted him on the back, “all you have to do is sleep in the same room. Just don’t speak to him and try not to kill each other.”

Frank sighed. He felt like he would be sighing a lot in the following week but as a stall finally freed up and he stood underneath the hot spray of water, he found himself relaxing. Percy was right – all he had to do was sleep in the same room as Leo, nobody was going to force them to be friends, and in the morning he could eat breakfast and go down to the look at the lakes with his real mates. Yeah, it would be fine.

After the refreshing shower Frank padded back to his room, his hair still damp. Everything was beginning to quiet down in the hallway, the music had been turned off and several doors closed though people still lounged about on the floor, talking and laughing. Frank said his goodnights because he felt exhausted and went back into his own room.

Leo had resumed his place on the floor, and the only indication that he had showered was the fact that his curls were wet, and that he was naked save for his boxers.

“What the fuck?!” Frank exclaimed, his heart jumping in his chest. Leo looked up innocently.

“Why are you screaming?” he asked, a screwdriver in hand.

“Where the fuck are your clothes?!”
“I forgot my pyjamas,” Leo rolled his eyes, “Obviously.”

“So what?!” Frank felt himself blushing, though he didn’t know why, “You’re just going to sleep naked?!”

“I’m not naked, I have my underwear on.”

“For God’s sake,” Frank huffed. The air in the room was starting to get chilly and driven by some invisible force the boy walked over to his suitcase and pulled out a spare t-shirt and a pair of fluffy socks. He had no idea why, but he dropped them on Leo’s head.

“What the-,” the boy sounded surprised.

“Get dressed before you catch a cold,” Frank grumbled, zipping up his suitcase and placing it on the floor.

“I don’t want your clothes!” Leo scoffed.

“Fine, freeze then,” Frank spat, and turned around, holding out his hand to take the clothes back, feeling stupid for even trying to be nice. Leo glared at him from the floor and then wordlessly pulled the t-shirt over his head, standing up to tug on the socks too. As expected the clothes were way too big on him and the sleeves of the t-shirt, always so short on Frank, were incredibly loose and reached his elbows, while the hem skimmed his thighs. It looked a little like a dress, and a lot adorable. Frank had to turn around to hide his blush again and for some reason his heart was pounding.

Why does he look so cute in my clothes? He thought desperately, and couldn’t think of an appropriate answer.

“Thanks,” Leo said quietly, meekly, and that didn’t help the situation. Frank made a vague noise in his direction and hurriedly switched the light off before climbing into his bed, turning to face the wall, pulling the covers to his nose and trying to calm his heart. He wondered whether to say goodnight but the image of Leo just standing there in his t-shirt, all tiny and innocent, made it impossible for Frank to even find his voice.

He didn’t know how long he just laid there, unable to fall asleep, confusing thoughts racking his brain. He was aware of Leo’s presence only a few feet away, but couldn’t hear if the boy was asleep or not due to the loud, howling wind beating at the window. It felt like an hour passed, and Frank was still perfectly awake. I hate him, I hate him, I hate him, he kept telling himself, but the words didn’t feel genuine.

The bedside lamp on Leo’s side of the room suddenly switched on and Frank flinched, turning around in his bed. Leo was facing the wall, and not moving.

“Why did you turn the light on?”

The Latino visibly flinched and partly rolled over to look at Frank, “I thought you were asleep already,” he said quietly.

“Turn it off,” Frank said in annoyance, trying not to let his eyes stray from Leo’s face to the tantalizing skin revealed as the too big shirt slid to the side and off one of his narrow shoulders. Something flickered in Leo’s eyes and he hesitantly reached for the light, flicking it off before quickly scurrying under his blankets, pulling them so far up they were almost over his head. Frank frowned and the words are you afraid of the dark were at the end of his tongue, though he stopped himself at the last moment.
The boy laid back down in bed and after a moment of silence he said, “You can turn the light on if you want, I don’t mind.”

His heart beat fast in his chest and Leo gave no sign he heard him, but moments later a soft click sounded and the room was filled with a gentle, warm light. Frank closed his eyes and fell asleep.

***

Leo didn’t know what to think about Frank anymore. He passed two nights in the same room as the guy and despite their frequent quarrels inside and outside, Leo couldn’t help but enjoy Frank’s hesitant and rare acts of kindness. They weren’t friends, they barely spoke if they weren’t fighting, and yet Frank had given him pyjamas, and didn’t mention to anyone that Leo slept with the night on.

The kindness was dangerous. The kindness was making Leo’s heart flutter and his stomach twist whenever he saw his roommate, and that wasn’t what he needed right now. He lost himself in the day activities; exploring the beautiful winter landscapes, participating in winter sports and weird bonding exercises, playing pranks on Jason and Percy. Honestly Leo fell in love with the inn and the mountains and Norway and he wanted to stay here forever.

The nights were...harder, and Leo never looked forward to them though he had to admit that sleeping near Frank made him feel less anxious than normal. Back home Leo kept the normal light on when he slept, unable to bear sleeping even with just a nightlight, but here he knew he had to do with what he got and not push Frank. When the third night rolled around and the two boys were getting for bed Leo was optimistic that he would be able to fall asleep. And after that only one more night left, he glanced at Frank, whose back was to him and bit his lip. He felt like there was something unsaid between them, like he was given a chance to do something here...and yet he didn’t know what. He would be sad to go though, of that he was sure.

He slipped into his wonderfully soft bed and wrapped his covers around himself. Outside a snow storm raged, wild, a flurry of snowflakes and wind and ice, slamming into the window. Leo tried to ignore the sound as he got comfortable.

“Goodnight,” he said to Frank, the words tumbling from his mouth before he could stop them, coming to him naturally. The two hadn’t spoken since they came back to their room that night, and had never said goodnight to each other before. Leo squeezed his eyes shut. Stupid. We’re not friends.

“Goodnight,” Frank’s soft reply shocked Leo and made a warmth spread through him. He sighed softly into the pillow and hugged himself. The storm outside continued and sleep descended slowly onto the Latino.

Until a soft click broke though Leo’s consciousness. Something made Leo open his eyes and when he did, he saw that the room was dark. Suddenly gripped with panic he sat up, and looking at the weird, shadowy patterns that the storm was creating on the window, which reflected on the wall. He swallowed and tried to click the lamp on, but it wasn’t working.

“Frank,” he whispered without thinking, “Frank!” he would’ve gone and shaken the lump that was the other boy but the dark space of floor between them terrified him too much, “Frank,” he hissed insistently, feeling like he was about to cry.

“Hmmm?” the other boy hummed in irritation, sleeping.

“Frank the light’s not working.”

“What?” Frank groggily sat up and rubbed a large hand down his face, squinting at Leo.
“The light’s not working,” Leo started shaking. He couldn’t sleep without a light, “I-I don’t know w-what happened. C-Can you try yours?”

Sleepily Frank clicked his bedside lamp on. It didn’t turn on, “It’s probably a powercut. The storm’s quite strong.”

“Fuck,” Leo exhaled. He knew what he was going to ask for next was pathetic and would make him look vulnerable and he knew Frank would probably laugh and call him a sissy but he didn’t know what else to do, “Frank?”

“What?” the other boy snapped, annoyed, already almost asleep.

“C-Can you please c-come here?”

“What?” this time the question didn’t sound angry, more surprised.

“P-Please come here I can’t sleep alone.”

“What the hell, how old are you?” Frank asked, sitting up.

“J-Just...,” Leo couldn’t look at him and he sniffled, “P-Please?”

“Hey, shit, don’t cry,” Frank was suddenly awake as he scrambled out of bed.

“I-I’m not crying,” Leo lied, wiping at his damp eyes. He was surprised when Frank picked up the covers and pillows from his own bed and walked over to Leo’s, dumping it all on the unsuspecting boy. Leo sniffled again.

“It’s going to be a tight fit,” Frank sighed, looking at the narrow bed.

“It’s alright, don’t worry about it,” Leo had no idea why Frank was being so goddamn sweet. Maybe he felt sorry for Leo, or maybe he was just too tired to care. Either way the bigger boy took care in re-arranging the extra pillows and covers as to create a little warm den in the middle of the cold room, “Scoot up,” he told Leo.

The Latino did so, pressing his back against the cold wall, and Frank slipped into the bed, his back to Leo. He was right – it was a tight fit, with only a few centimetres between Leo’s narrow chest and Frank’s broad back. The small boy couldn’t help but feel like Frank’s was a wall between him and the darkness, protecting him. He wanted to reach out and touch the boy, hug him, just feel his warmth, but he was too scared of how Frank might react.

“Thankyou,” Leo whispered instead, but the other boy didn’t respond and Leo fell into a surprisingly easy sleep.

***

When he woke up Frank was gone, and it was pitch black in the room, the snow storm beating at the windows with even more strength than before. Leo had no idea how much time had passed, but he felt the familiar fear of being alone in the dark grip at him so he bolted upright. Hysteria descended on him when he saw that Frank’s bed was empty and he futilely tried to turn the bedside lamp on – it still wasn’t working.

“Fuck,” the boy whispered, terrified. He knew he couldn’t stay here, he needed to find Frank.
Blindly, pushed by his instinct and fear, the boy shoved the covers to the side and climbed out of bed, his hands shaking and his heart pounding. He turned to the door and suddenly he was running for it, not wanting to be alone, he needed to find someone, anyone-

The door burst open before Leo could reach it and the boy stumbled back. He was about to scream at the huge figure in the doorway when he realised that...it was just Frank.

“What are you doing?” the Asian asked, voice hoarse from sleep, hair mussed.

Leo’s shoulders sagged and he suddenly felt like a marshmallow, ready to collapse. The relief that burst inside him was enough to make tears spring to his eyes.

“W-Where...,” his voice was weak and pitiful, “Where d-did you go?”

“I needed to piss,” Frank looked confused, “I went to the toilet.”

“O-Oh,” Leo whispered and he buried his face in his arm to fight a sob that spilled out of his mouth anyway. He knew he was hopeless right now but he had been so scared, waking up alone and disoriented...

“Hey,” Frank sounded panicked as he closed the door, “Hey, shit, calm down, don’t cry.”

“W-Why did you l-leave you asshole?” Leo whimpered, pulling his arm away, and he knew that what he said was unfair. Frank looked annoyed all of a sudden.

“Oh so I’m not allowed to go to the bathroom now?” he demanded, “listen I did you a favour not telling people what a pussy you are for sleeping with the light on, and I even shared a bed with you like some idiot, so don’t give me that attitude, yeah?!”

For a second Leo thought Frank was going to hit him because the boy raised his hand and the Latino flinched and squeezed his eyes shut, but what he felt next was warm arms wrapping around him. His eyes widened when Frank pulled him to his chest in the most wonderful and caring hug that Leo had ever gotten, one that made his whole body shake.

“I wouldn’t just leave you for no reason,” Frank murmured, weirdly tender as he cradled Leo to his massive chest, stroking the boy’s hair, “So don’t get so scared, okay? I came back didn’t I?”

Leo nodded and buried his face in Frank’s shoulder as he cried, feeling all emotional for some reason, gripping onto the back of the boy’s shirt. The Asian just held him and murmured soft shhh’s and gentle words of comfort until Leo calmed down.

“S-Sorry about that,” he tried to laugh as he pulled away, wiping at his red and tear-stained cheeks, “I just got a bit emotional.”

Frank’s eyes were soft, “Get back into bed, idiot,” he said. So Leo got back to bed, and Frank got into the bed with him and pulled the covers over both of them, though this time he was facing Leo.

“Aren’t you going to turn around?” the Latino asked quietly, eyes fixated on Frank’s collarbone because for some reason he couldn’t look at the other boy properly.

“No,” Frank said quietly.

They just laid there for a while, face-to-face though neither looking at each other, an awkward few inches of space between them that Leo really wanted to destroy. The memory of his hug with Frank only minutes before stuck in his mind and he wanted the other boy’s arms around him again...badly.
Without warning Frank reached out and grasped the edge of his own shirt that Leo was wearing, pulling it over the boy’s exposed shoulder, only to have it fall down again. The Latino smiled, “It’s pointless,” he said, “It’s too big, it just keeps falling down.”

“I like it,” Frank murmured.

“Huh?” Leo looked up and met the boy’s dark gaze which made his heart pound.

“I like it. I mean you. I mean,” Frank flushed, “I like you in my clothes. I really, really like you in my clothes.”

“O-Oh,” Leo said quietly, and fought the urge to hug himself. What was Frank trying to say?

“Nobody has ever liked me in anything before,” he laughed, trying to lighten the mood.

“I like you in everything,” Frank admitted. Leo swallowed.

“I thought you hated me,” he said quietly.

“I don’t hate you, I actually really fancy you,” Frank said. Leo was shocked.

“What?” he asked. Frank’s eyes widened.

“Shit I didn’t mean to-,” he started, and sighed, “Oh well. Fuck it.”

And just like that he leaned forward and kissed Leo. Frank Zhang. Frank Zhang kissed him. Leo’s mind went blank and for a moment all he could concentrate on was the blizzard outside, and the feeling of Frank’s warm, dry lips against his own. And then a million things went through the boy’s head and he felt a million emotions, all at once, and it was too much and too fast. He pushed Frank away, gently but firmly.

Frank opened his eyes and he was so close to Leo, “Sorry. Did you not like it?” the boy asked quietly, and he sounded shy and hurt.

“No, it’s not that. I did like it I-I just...” it was hard for Leo to think straight with Frank so close, “Just...why are you kissing me?”

Frank leaned in again, eyes trained on Leo’s lips, “Because you’re irritating. Because I can’t help myself. Because I want to,” his gaze flickered upwards and met Leo’s, “Because you’re beautiful.”

“Frank,” Leo breathed, so quietly it was barely audible. Frank laid a hand on Leo’s hip and pushed his shirt upward, and where his fingers skimmed naked skin Leo burned. He felt heat coil in his stomach, “N-No, wait-,” he grabbed the bigger boy’s hand and tried to push it away and Frank must’ve seen something on his face because he quickly snatched his hand back.

“Shit, sorry, sorry,” he said sheepishly, “I won’t touch you again, I promise-”

“No!” Leo gasped, grabbing his hand and placing it back on his hip, keeping it there firmly much to Frank’s confusion, “N-No, I...I like it,” the Latino blushed, “J-Just slow down please.”

“Right,” Frank swallowed, “Sorry.”

Leo didn’t know what Frank wanted, didn’t know if the boy was experienced, if he wanted sex or something else. Maybe I’m over thinking this...Leo’s mind was going around in circles. He was in a situation he had never been in before; he had never kissed anyone, never even been in bed with anyone, and yet he didn’t feel nearly as scared as he should’ve. He felt nervous, but safe.
“Can I kiss you again?” Frank asked carefully. Leo bit his lip and nodded, leaning forward so their lips could meet again. The atmosphere in the room was intense and intimate, and Leo’s body was full of warmth and...desire. The kiss was too gentle, too hesitant.

“You can kiss me properly,” Leo murmured, breaking away a little, “a-and you can hold me...if you want.”

Frank’s hand, which had rested on Leo’s hip, slid down so it was wrapped around his waist, “I’m scared I’m going to break you,” he admitted, “You’re so tiny.”

“Thanks,” Leo rolled his eyes to mask his nerves, “exactly what every guy wants to hear.”

Frank didn’t say anything, just pulled Leo closer. The Latino hesitantly wrapped his arms around Frank’s neck and leaned upwards for another kiss. This time it was different. Leo felt Frank’s warm tongue against his bottom lip and on instinct he opened his mouth, allowing it inside. The feeling of it exploring his mouth should’ve been disgusting, and yet it wasn’t. It filled Leo with excitement and eagerness and he couldn’t stop himself from pressing closer to Frank, his lips moving on their own accord against the other boy’s. The kiss turned desperate and passionate suddenly, Leo’s tongues slid against Frank’s, their gasped into each other’s mouths and gripped at each other, and Leo felt heat collecting in his groin. It felt like the blizzard had somehow gotten inside and was pushing the two boys to desperation. *Fuck, I’m hard,* Leo thought, but by then he was dizzy from the kissing and didn’t care. He decided kissing Frank was his new favourite thing.

Without thinking Leo threw a leg around Frank’s waist and the older boy grabbed his thigh in his hand, squeezing. Leo mewled into his mouth, pleasure making him shiver, and he rocked forward, so his erection brushing against Frank’s abs.

“Fuck, Leo,” Frank broke away and kissed Leo’s cheek, beneath his ear, down his neck, “You’re so hot.”

“Frank,” Leo whimpered, cradling Frank into his neck as his cock throbbed in his underwear. When the Asian shifted the Latino felt something hard against his crotch and it sent a shock through him, causing an embarrassing moan to fall from his lips. Frank froze, pulled back, and then gently rocked against Leo. The same sensation travelled through the smaller boy’s body and he gasped, “S-Shift that feels g-good,” he whispered.

Frank hurriedly grabbed at the waistband of the boy’s underwear, “Let me-“

“No,” Leo pushed him away, “N-No we’re not having sex.”

Frank blinked at him, and then leaned forward, nudging their noses together, “I know. I wasn’t planning to. I was just going to get you off.”

“Like a handjob?” Leo asked suspiciously. Frank smiled and kissed the corner of his mouth, tender as if they had been lovers for years.

“Yeah, a handjob. Have you ever gotten one?”

“No,” Leo admitted.

“Do you mind if I give you one?” Frank asked, “You can say no.”

Leo should’ve minded, he really, really should’ve. A few hours ago he was sure Frank hated him but now...now he just wanted the boy to touch him anywhere and everywhere. He found himself nodding.
Frank tugged his underwear down and Leo’s hard, tanned cock sprung out, leaking cum. The boy blushed and pulled Frank’s oversized shirt down over it, “God this is embarrassing,” he said with a nervous laugh. Frank grinned.

“It’s alright, you have a pretty dick.”

“Wow, thanks,” Leo huffed out a laugh. Frank re-wrapped one of his arms around the boy’s waist and pulled him close, kissing him gently on the mouth as his free hand dipped down below his shirt. Leo shivered when he felt the tips of Frank’s fingers brush over his length, and outright moaned when they wrapped around it. The Asian gave his cock one long stroke and the spark of pleasure Leo felt left him breathless, “F-Fuck...”

“You okay?” Frank was watching him closely as he stroked Leo again, then again, keeping the pace slow. Leo was finding it hard to breathe and his eyes fluttered shut as he nodded, allowing the pleasure to roll over him. Frank’s skin was hot, the room was hot. The boy’s strokes sped up a little and he set up a rhythm that left Leo panting.

“Nghh...shit,” the Latino gasped, burying his face in Frank’s shoulder and grasping at his back desperately, a little overwhelmed, thighs trembling, “Shit, shit, s-shit...,” he hated how needy he sounded, and hated how much power Frank had over him, “Frank g-get your cock o-out,” he said.


“J-Just do it,” Leo tried to catch his breath, pushing himself closer to the other boy, “Do u-us together.”

Frank eagerly shimmied out of his underwear, not asking any questions, and this time instead of a hand Leo felt an equally hard cock press against his erection. He cried out, toes curling.

“God, fuck,” Frank swore, giving Leo another sloppy kiss as he wrapped his hand around both of them. Leo felt light-headed and dizzy and the pleasure was proving to be a little too much. The feeling of someone else’s hand on his erection, and the fact that there was another cock sliding wetly against his, dripping pre-cum, was making it impossible for him to control his body.

Leo tried to keep his moans quiet but it was hard; his shoulders shook and he clung onto Frank like no tomorrow, and the Asian’s hand sped up on both their members. The sound of the older boy panting into Leo’s ear just added to the arousal, and from the tightening in his stomach Leo knew he wouldn’t last long.

“F-Frank,” he was so breathless it was hard to speak, “Frank...I-I...I-I’m gonna...o-oh God...”

“Shhh, me too, me too baby,” Frank was feverish and it was the stupid pet name that sent Leo over the edge. He arched into Frank, biting the boy’s shoulder to stop himself from crying out, and came all over both of their cocks and Frank’s hand, with the boy following only moments after.

They laid on the bed for what seemed like ages, boneless.

_The regrets are going to start flooding in_, Leo told himself as he came down from his high. The storm went on and Frank kept him in his arms, still gasping for air. Leo felt tired and heavy.

“We should clean up,” he whispered hoarsely.

“I can’t get up,” Frank murmured into his hair, and then winced, “Ouch. You bit me.”

Leo smiled and closed his eyes, “Sorry...that was nice.”
“Yeah, it was,” Frank agreed.

Leo bit his lip and snuggled into Frank, and the boy didn’t push him away. On the contrary, he actually pulled the Latino closer and started stroking his curls, “We should do it again sometime,” Leo said, feeling brave.

“Yeah. We still have tomorrow night,” Frank replied, and then, “I’m really glad we ended up as roommates.”

“Me too,” Leo smiled and craned his head up. He was content and happy. Frank smiled down at him and his heart clenched in his chest. There was a feeling there, a feeling Leo didn’t have a name for yet, but would soon, and it most definitely wasn’t hate like he had originally thought.

“I don’t hate you, Valdez,” Frank whispered, leaning down.

“I don’t hate you either, Zhang,” Leo replied, and their mouths met in a sweet kiss.
Nico knows how Leo doesn't feel like his life matters or that he isn't worth living anymore and Nico tells him how important he is to everyone and to him especially.

For neon_gray

Nico was not a people’s person, and yet even he craved body heat and comforting words before and after a battle. It was something so human that it scared him and yet he found that he couldn’t be alone before a fight...people needed people, in times like these. The day of the final stand against the Giants had finally arrived and an air of nervous anticipation had descended on Camp Half Blood; it was almost tangible in the air. The skies remained silent, the Gods not caring enough to aid their children, but the Greek Demigods had the Romans behind them. Yet even their joint forces might not be a match for the Earth herself, though Nico really, really hoped they were.

The Demigods were all together now, sitting in the dining pavilion and spilling out of it, the separate tables long forgotten. Children of Aphrodite sat with Children of Ares, Greeks sat with Romans, all labels and boundaries forgotten in this one last, pivotal calm before the storm. Nico was surrounded by his friends; Percy cracking jokes to lighten the mood, Annabeth sitting gravely at his side, squeezing Piper’s hand. Hazel had cried earlier but now was smiling, surrounded by her family, and Frank would hug her every few minutes while Jason ruffled everyone’s hair and told them they’d all be fine. Every so often a Demigod not part of the seven would come over and offer their ‘good lucks’ and a hug.

But one person, one important person, was missing from this peaceful chaos. Leo. Arguably the most sociable of the Seven, he and his fiery personality that people would need so much at a time like this were nowhere to be found, and as the battle drew closer, Nico grew more agitated with the boy’s absence. He wasn’t with his friends or with his siblings, but the son of Hades had an inkling where he was instead.

Finally he rose.

“Where are you going, Neeks?” Hazel asked immediately, nervous.
“I’m going to find Leo,” Nico stepped over the bench, hand subconsciously resting on his sword, “I don’t want him to be alone right now.”

“He’s probably busy with work in the Bunker,” Jason said. Nico nodded.

“I know.”

They didn’t offer to come with him – Jason had to be with Piper, Annabeth with Percy, and Frank with Hazel. And Nico? Nico had to find Leo who, although not his partner, was immensely important to him. I should tell him I love him before this battle starts, Nico thought to himself as he walked out of the dining pavilion and into the sunny forest. It felt surreal to know that in less than an hour this whole place would turn into a battlefield.

The smoke coming out of the Bunker, hidden among the trees, indicated to Nico that Jason was right and Leo had chosen this place to hide away before the battle. The son of Hades’ heart felt heavy as he approached the door, slipping in undetected.

Leo was bustling about, running between work stations, all by himself, a fiery kind of determination in his eyes as he muttered to himself, enforcing what looked like modified metal arrows.

“Leo,” Nico said, and the boy flinched out of his feverish state, looking up in shock.

“Nico. Shit. What are you doing here?” he asked breathlessly. Nico stopped a few meters away from him.

“Why aren’t you with the others?” he asked. Leo shook his head and gestured to his cluttered workplaces.

“I’m just finishing up with these arrows,” there was something terrifying about how out of it he was, “I have to deliver them to the kids of Apollo before the battle begins and-“

Nico silenced him by placing his hands on Leo’s shoulders, “Leo. Breathe.”

The Latino exhaled and cracked a weak smile, “Right. Sorry.”

“You shouldn’t be alone right now,” Nico frowned, keeping his hands on Leo, “Nobody should be alone before a battle.”

“I know I just...,” Leo blew a curl out of his forehead in frustration and looked to the side, “I just didn’t want to intrude on all the couples, y’know.”

Nico shook his head and dropped his hands, “You’re an idiot. Of course you’re not intruding, you’re part of the team. More than I am.”

“No!” Leo blurted, “You’re...you’re important. You’re strong and your powers are incredible, Nico,” the Italian was taken aback by the sudden passion in Leo’s voice, “you matter so much to the Seven and to the camp.”

“So do you,” Nico said gently. Leo shook his head and bit his lip and it was clear that he was anxious before the fight.

“I don’t,” he said softly. Nico frowned.

“What are you saying?”

Leo laughed, “Shit. Sorry, don’t worry about it.”
“No,” Nico knew about the turmoil inside Leo, because it used to be inside him too, “Leo you’re important. You’re so important and...and remembered that everybody loves you,” Leo flinched and stared at his shoes, “I’m serious. Your life is important.”

“No it’s not,” Leo whispered, “If I had to sacrifice myself-“

Nico seized his arm, “Don’t say that,” he snarled, shocking both of them with his anger. Leo stared at him, wide eyed, “Don’t you dare say that. If you sacrificed yourself and decided to be a stupid hero it would break Hazel, and Piper, and Jason and...,” he added in his head, and seeing that Leo remained unconvinced he sighed, “your life matters. It’s worth living. Fight in this battle, but don’t get yourself killed for ‘the greater good.’ Okay, you idiot?”

Leo’s only reply was to step forward and hug Nico, burying his face in the boy’s shoulder. It was such a gesture of vulnerability that the Italian’s heart stuttered but he didn’t hesitate in wrapping his arms around the Latino, clutching him close protectively. If he could defend Leo from the things to come then Gods help him he would, but he knew the Latino would never let his friends fight without him. I should tell him. I should kiss him. Nico’s mind whispered to him, and yet the Italian was unable to do anything but hold onto the Latino. There were so many unsaid things between them.

The sound of the gong for battle made both the boys pull away tensely. Leo stepped away and grabbed his arrows, “Let’s go.”

“I need to tell you something,” Nico blurted.

Leo was already walking to the door and he didn’t look at Nico when he said, “You can tell me after the battle.”

He disappeared out in the forest and for a second Nico was alone in the bunker. He inhaled, and breathed out, calming his heart. This was it. I’ll tell him I love him after we win, Nico told himself as he followed Leo outside.

Well, Nico never got to tell him. Because that day, Leo Valdez, the boy Nico loved, the boy he stupidly didn’t tell the truth to when he had the chance, died.
“Guys!” Will yelled, his voice echoing off the dense trees and circling back to him, “Guys, c’mon this is stupid!”

“Hurry up Will!” the voice of Will’s best friend, Annabeth, reached him and he saw his group of friends, all giggling and pushing each other playfully, picking their way through the trees and heading down towards the river. Will exhaled in annoyance and followed after them. He hadn’t wanted to do this – ditch school, that is. He was a good kid and didn’t usually do this. The thought that the teachers might call his parents to ask why he’s absent made him nervous. He just wanted to go back.

“Guys!” he shouted futilely after his rebellious friends, “Come on someone might get hurt!”

“That’s why we have you!” Percy grinned at him over his shoulder, “You’re all the medical help we might need.”

Will sighed and looked up at the trees swaying gently in the early summer afternoon, sunlight breaking in through the branches and dancing on the earth below. Will shifted the backpack on his shoulder and closed his eyes, inhaling the fresh forest air. He could hear the voices of his friends fading in the background but he didn’t mind; they’d come back eventually.

Why am I here? Will questioned himself, and the sad answer that came made the boy open his eyes, shoulders slumping. Because of him.

Nico di Angelo was the new boy who had joined Will’s school a few months ago and who had been ‘adopted’ into the blond’s friendship group. He was quiet and mysterious, but kind and Will couldn’t help but get a crush on him. And yet it was obvious that Nico liked Percy, the popular, straight guy, and ironically one of Will’s closest friends. Everyone always liked Percy. So now, like an idiot, Will had come with the group to the forest, only because Nico was here. Not that it made a difference – the Italian hung onto Percy like a puppy, ignoring the fact that the older boy was with his girlfriend, and Will had no energy to try and direct his crush’s attention to himself.

Something glimmered on the ground, layered with leaves and pine needles, and Will moved towards it, more out of boredom than anything else, his feet dragging. He could hear laughter in the distance, and splashing as his friends had undoubtedly gotten into the river. The blond stood over what glimmered in the sun and it looked like a piece of metal sticking out of the ground. The boy squatted down and pulled at it.
A key slid out of the ground, dirty and clumped with soil. Will wiped it on his trousers and then examined it, a little curious. It was larger than a normal key and looked incredibly interesting, like a clockwork mechanism, with knobs inside it. The blond turned it over in his hand – he had never seen a key with a mechanism in it before but he honestly had no idea what it would be used for. Still, something compelled him to put it in his bag, just so he could check if it had any value and maybe sell it on EBay later. Then he shouldered his bag and continued on to the riverbank to find his friends.

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Two days later Monday morning rolled around and Will finally came to terms with the fact that he wouldn’t get caught for bunking on Friday, since the school hadn’t called his parents yet. He spent the weekend doing homework and moping around, constantly talking to Nico on Whatsapp and listening to him complain about how lovey-dovey Annabeth and Percy are around him, not realising how that affected Will.

It was only when the blond opened his bag to pack his books for the day, still tired and not quite woken up, hair fluffy, that he remembered about the key. It lay at the bottom of the bag, surrounded by dirt, and Will curiously pulled it out. The end looked like it wouldn’t fit anywhere and in his still half-asleep state (Will was not a morning person) he walked over to his walk-in closet and slotted his key into the keyhole, just to see if anything would happen, and he turned it.

The click that sounded surprised Will and he tried the doorknob – his closet was locked when it hadn’t been before. The key had locked it. Since Will could remember, that had never happened as the key to the closet seemed to have been lost before Will’s family even bought the house. The blond swallowed and twisted the mysterious key again. Another click, and the door started opening when Will pulled on the doorknob.

He let out a startled yell and stumbled away from his closet as a cloud of smoke exploded out of it all of a sudden, purple, curling up to Will’s ceiling; and there was a shadowy shape among the smoke.

“What the-” Will’s heart started pounding. There was someone in his closet! Will knew he should’ve shouted for his parents, called the police or grabbed a weapon, but he stood frozen, compelled to watch the smoke clear the same way he had been compelled to pick up the key in the forest.

The smoke finally dispersed and Will saw who stood among it; a boy, a little younger than him, looking as disoriented and confused as Will felt. He had tanned skin and an exotic look about him, his head a mass of little brown curls. His huge, brown eyes and slightly pointed ears made him look a little like an elf. He was skinny and short, dressed in an orange hoodie and leggings of all things, his small feet bare. He stared at Will in shock, and Will stared back.

“Who the hell are you?” the boy asked finally, breathless, pressing himself against the back of his closet, “Where’s my master?”

“Your master?” Will blinked, confused, “What do you mean? What are you doing in my closet?”

“You summoned me,” the boy said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. He looked around the closet and the racks of Will’s clothes on either side of him, and he looked vaguely scared, “Where’s my master? Where’s George?”

“George?” Will asked with a frown.

“George Washington. Where is he?” the boy demanded. Will was starting to think this was some fucked up and well executed joke.
“George Washington died in 1799,” he said carefully. The boy’s eyes widened and for a second he looked utterly and hopelessly heartbroken. Will flinched at the raw emotion in his eyes but then the boy looked down and swallowed.

“He still had one wish left...,” he whispered to himself, and Will had no idea what he meant, “What...W-What year is it?”

“2018,” Will was peeved out and anxious, though he didn’t know why, “Listen, I just found this key in the forest and suddenly you’re in my closet...err, who are you, exactly?”

“Oh,” the boy looked up and offered Will an uncertain smile, “My name is Leo. I’m a genie.”

“Genie? Like Aladdin?” the blond was sure he was going crazy.

“What’s Aladdin?” Leo asked.

“Oh. Um. Don’t worry. So you grant wishes?” Will asked, thinking I’m insane, I’ve lost the plot.

Leo smiled brightly.

“Yes! I grant my masters three wishes and I...I suppose you’re my new master.”

“No, no, I’m not anybody’s master,” Will said quickly, “I’m just...Will.”

“Will,” Leo smiled and the soft way that he said the blond’s name made him shiver, “I’m your servant, Will, until you use up your three wishes.”

“M-My three wishes?” Will asked, confused. Leo’s smile widened.

“Yes. I’m here to grant you three wishes – anything you want; power, wealth, love. I can give you anything you want.”

“But...why?”

Leo blinked, surprised at the question, “Um...I don’t...I suppose it’s just something I was created to do.”

“So...,” Will didn’t understand why he wasn’t questioning what Leo was telling him; he didn’t believe in magic...but the boy had appeared in his closet out of thin air, and Will couldn’t explain that in any way, “You served George Washington.”

“Yes,” Leo’s shoulders slumped a little, “He asked me to give him power over all of America, and so I did. But he had one more wish left...” he looked around the closet again, “And I don’t understand how I ended up here.”

“You’re in England,” Will said.

“O-Oh...” Leo exhaled, “I just...I thought he’d come back. At least the last time...” he shook his head and a bright smile appeared on his face, “But that’s in the past now! What would you like your first wish to be, Master?”

Will winced, “Don’t call me that please.”

“Well, what would you like me to call you?” Leo asked.

“Just Will is fine,” the blond said.
“Will!” his mum shouted from the kitchen, “Will you’re going to be late for school!”

“Shit,” Will swore and looked at Leo. How the hell did he explain having a boy in his closet to her?! “Is there any way that you can get out of here?”

“No,” Leo sighed, “I mean, I can, but I can only go out a few meters from the key.”

“I can’t take you to school with me...,” Will bit his lip.

“Just turn the key and I disappear,” Leo offered, “I live in the key most of the time but I appear behind any door you open with that key. It fits everywhere,” he winced, “Just please don’t force me to appear in a cupboard or a tiny space.”

“No, of course,” Will said quickly. Leo smiled sweetly.

“Great. So, would you like your first wish, Will?”

Will swallowed. He could make any wish he wanted, if only to see if Leo was the real thing. His first thoughts were obvious; peace, to end world hunger, to make everyone happy. But he had a feeling it wouldn’t be as easy as that. He puffed out his cheeks and then exhaled. The face of the boy he liked so much appeared in his head. He knew it would be selfish, but he had two more wishes to fix the world..., “Could you...could you make someone fall in love with me?” he asked, and then quickly shook his head, “No. Forget that. I don’t want to force him into it...,” he bit his lip, “Could you...could you change me, to be what the person I like wants me to be?”

“Is that your first wish?” Leo asked calmly.

“Yes,” Will said, feeling a bit stupid. Leo smiled.

“Picture the person you like in your head,” he instructed, and Will did just that. Leo lifted his hand and for a second the blond thought he would laugh and say you’ve been pranked! But instead the same purple smoke that had come out of the closet minutes ago now shot out of Leo’s hand and slammed into Will’s chest. The blond stumbled back, and although it hadn’t hurt, it felt weird.

“Done,” Leo said. Will scrambled to the mirror, but he looked exactly the same – his curls not quite looking the way he wanted them to, his freckles standing out against his tanned skin, his school uniform a little rumpled.

“Nothing happened,” he said, feeling disappointed.

“It’s going to take a little bit,” Leo said.

“William!” his mum shouted from downstairs, annoyed, “School! Now!”

“Take the key out,” Leo said helpfully.

“Right,” Will still didn’t know what the hell was going on but he walked up to the closet, “Are you...will you be okay?” Something flickered in Leo’s eyes but he smiled and retreated into the back of the closet.

“Yes. Perfectly fine,” he said. Will nodded and bit his lip.

“Right. I’ll...I’ll see you after school.” He closed the cupboard and turned the key, before taking it out. His heart pounding he opened the door again – Leo and the purple smoke was gone and so Will grabbed his backpack and ran out of the house.
Will felt weird all day at school. He had maths the first period and he sat next to Annabeth, feeling like there was an itch under his skin that he couldn’t get to. He felt anxious, remembering his stupid wish and the whole encounter with Leo, wondering if he had hallucinated the whole thing.

“Are you okay?” Annabeth asked next to him, her eyes worried, “You seem agitated.”

“I’m fine,” Will smiled and it was a little forced. The girl frowned.

“Have you...dyed your hair?”

Will blinked, “No? Why?”

“I don’t know your hair’s looking kind of dark. Must be the light.”

Will didn’t pay attention to her comment until after the lesson finished and he was packing his books away. Annabeth had already gone to catch up with her boyfriend and so Will was alone when three giggling girls approached him.

“Hey Will,” they said.

“Uh...hi,” Will smiled at them, surprised because he had never spoken to them before.

“We just wanted to say that we like what you did with your hair,” they said. Will blinked and subconsciously touched his curls. He had no idea what he did except not brush his hair that morning.

“Thanks,” he said. They giggled and walked out of the classroom. The second they left and Will was all by himself he reached for his phone and turned on the camera app, heart pounding. He gasped when he saw himself; his normally golden hair was now streaked with black. He looked like some guy from 2006 that had gotten highlights, “Fuck,” he whispered, not understanding what happened. He shoved his phone back into his pocket. The late bell rang for second period, forcing the boy to swear again.

He burst into the hallway and headed for his English class. His English class that he had with Nico. He swallowed, and suddenly it all made sense – this was his wish coming true. Nico liked dark haired boys like Percy, and so Will’s hair was changing to black. He couldn’t help but regret his wish but he pushed it to the side as he walked into his English class, making right for his seat in the back.

Nico was already sitting down and he looked up, uninterested, and blinked in surprise when he saw Will, “Shit, you dyed your hair.”

“Um...y-yeah,” Will touched his curls self-consciously again, “It’s not...uh, permanent but do...do you like it?” his heart was pounding. Nico shrugged, looking back to his book.

“Yeah, it’s alright.”

Will’s heart twisted and he sunk into his chair. He was an idiot – changing his appearance wouldn’t make Nico forget about Percy and consider him. I’m a hypocrite, Will thought as the teacher walked in, Nico is chasing somebody who will never love him, but I’m doing the exact same thing. He rubbed a hand down his face, unable to concentrate. His body felt warm and he kept shifting in his seat, uncomfortable as the lesson dragged on.

“Are you okay?” Nico whispered at one point, “You’re acting weird.”
“I’m fine,” Will said quickly.

“You don’t look like yourself,” the Italian said. Will’s head snapped to look at him and he suddenly felt nauseous. Nico’s eyes widened, as if the blond’s sudden movement had startled him. And suddenly Will just wanted to get out of there, he didn’t want Nico looking at him in this state, didn’t want to be here.

He jerked to his feet and shoved his books into his bag, “Will?” the teacher stopped mid-word, looking concerned as the whole class turned to see what the commotion was about. Will’s body felt alien as he clumsily slung his bag over his shoulder and ran for the door. He needed air, he needed water, he needed to get out.

The hallways were, thankfully, empty. Will didn’t know where he was going and he distractedly wondered if he was having a panic attack. He saw the door to the men’s bathroom and his body just took him there. He spilled inside, gasping for air, and dropped his bag to the floor. His body felt numb and he turned on the tap and splattered cold water onto his face, panting. He didn’t know what was happening.

He looked up at the mirror above the sinks and his whole body froze.

Staring back at him was a stranger. His hair lost its curl and now fell flatly around his face, completely black. It didn’t sit still though, shifting constantly around his face, growing shorter. That wasn’t what scared him though – what scared him was the fact that his face wasn’t his; his freckles were gone, his eyebrows darker, his eyes a peculiar shift between green and blue. His nose was longer and his jaw more defined-

He was turning into Percy.

Will’s knees shook and he slid into a crouch, gasping. An invisible fist clenched around his heart and he tried to breathe but it was impossible. Be what the person I like wants me to be...he had thought that maybe he’d be a little more muscular, a little taller, than he would maybe become a little more conventionally handsome. But no, Nico didn’t want him to look a little different, he wanted him to look like Percy.

Stupid, stupid, stupid, Will swore at himself. He should’ve brought Leo’s key with him so he could reverse the effects of his wish. Could he even do that?! He had no idea and that terrified him. He was stupid, dabbling in this. All he knew was that he needed to get out of there, go home and fix this. He stood up again and pulled a hoodie from his bag. He tugged it on and pulled the hood over his head, and returned to the hallways, that were still empty.

He walked out of school, not caring if the teachers thought he was bunking.

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The key turned in the closet and Will jerked it open, coming face to face with Leo, who looked like he had just been snapped out of sleep. The boy looked at Will – who now looked like Percy’s clone – and blinked.

“Oh. Hello Will.”

“Fix it!” Will yelled, and the genie flinched, making Will feel a little bad.

“Not what you expected?” Leo asked, “Sorry, that’s not my magic’s fault, it’s the fault of the boy who you like.”
“How do you know it’s a boy?” Will asked, breathless from sprinting home.

Leo shrugged, “Just seemed like it was a boy...do you mind if I get out of the closet?”

“Yeah, yeah, of course,” anger evaporated out of Will and Leo’s presence seemed to calm him down. He stepped away and allowed the genie to walk out into the room. Leo exhaled and stretched and looked around curiously. Suddenly the blond wondered how real he was – if he touched Leo would it be like touching air? Was Leo an apparition, a ghost?

“I can reverse your wish if you’d like,” Leo said, turning on his heel to look at Will. His feet touched the ground as if he were a normal boy, “It won’t take up your second wish, so you’ll still have two left.”

“I don’t know if I want to use them anymore,” Will said hesitantly. Leo’s shoulders slumped.

“Oh. What...What are you going to do with me then?” he asked, “I just got out of the key I thought that maybe...maybe I would be able to hang around for a bit before being locked away for a hundred years again,” he laughed but it sounded so sad that Will’s heart twisted.

“You’re welcome to live here for a bit.”

“What?” Leo asked, surprised.

“I’ll let you out of the closet whenever my mum isn’t home. We could even go outside, if you’d like,” he said. The sparkle that suddenly appeared in Leo’s eyes made Will’s heart pound.

“You’d do that?” the genie asked softly. Will nodded.

“Yeah. Of course. Just reverse my wish, please.”

“Oh yes, of course,” Leo turned to the side and Will swore he saw tears in his eyes when he clapped his hands. Smoke exploded from between his palms and filled the room for a split second, tickling Will’s nose, and then it was sucked out of existence.

The blond threw himself to the bathroom and to the mirror and exhaled in relief when he saw his own, imperfect face staring back at him. He returned to the room and smiled sheepishly at Leo.

“Thank you. Sorry for shouting at you earlier.”

“Don’t worry about it, I’ve had worse,” Leo said lightly, plopping down on Will’s bed before collapsing backwards on it, “Ah. It feels so nice to actually lie down.”

Will grinned, “Glad you’re enjoying yourself,” he sat down in his desk chair, not wanting to touch Leo in case it freaked the boy out, “so how many people have you served before.”

“Ugh,” Leo groaned, “More than I care to remember.”

“Anyone interesting?” Will questioned, curious about this weird, magical being that was currently inhabiting his room.

“I’m not sure which of them are famous,” Leo said, “but the ones I do know are Edward Teach...I think his nickname was Blackbeard, and Vlad the Impaler, William Shakespeare-“


“Yeah,” Leo sat up and grinned.
“There’s this controversy that some of his works were written by a ghost writer...”

“That’s me,” Leo’s smile widened as he pointed at himself.

“Wow,” Will breathed. This was the most insane thing that he had ever experienced; it felt like he was simply talking to a normal teenage boy in an orange hoodie, and yet this person in front of him wasn’t even a person, but a mythical, powerful creature who was a thousand years old and could grant wishes. Wow didn’t even cover the half of it.

“So, who’s this boy you’ve fallen in love with?” Leo asked with a lazy grin. Will felt himself blush.

“I wouldn’t call it love,” he said quickly, anxiously, “I...it’s just a crush, that’s all.”

“So why waste a wish on him?” Leo questioned.

“He...Nico, he’s in love with this other boy. Percy. Like seriously in love with him,” Will sighed, “and Percy’s straight.”

“Ouch,” Leo winced and nodded as if he understood. Will wondered if genies could fall in love, wondered if there were more genies than just Leo. He started making a mental list of questions to ask the genie.

“I think that maybe if Nico got over him and went for me then maybe...,” he sighed, “Maybe we could both be happy, I guess.”

Leo looked a little sad as he looked at Will, “You seem like a really selfless guy.”

“I’m not,” Will said immediately.

“Humble too,” Leo winked. Will rolled his eyes,

“Stop teasing. So how does the three wish thing work?” he wanted to change the subject.

Leo blew a curl out of his face, “Well, you get three wishes. No time stamp, you can use them whenever, with years in-between and summon me in between as much as you want. However the moment you use your third wish I disappear into the key and you can’t call me up anymore.”

“Oh,” Will said, “Well, then I won’t use my third wish.”

Leo smirked, “Aw, it’s almost like you want to keep me around.”

“Will!” the blond’s mum shouted from downstairs, “Come down for dinner!”

Will sighed, “I have to go. Feel free to...,” he gave a vague wave at the room, “Just relax.”

“I could just go back in the key,” Leo said softly, and he sounded so small all of a sudden. Will’s swallowed.

“No. No it’s alright. Nobody should come in here so just...,” his eyes landed on his laptop and he grabbed it and offered it to a confused looking Leo, “Here, you can look some stuff about 2018 and George Washington up on Google.”

“Google?” Leo asked, blinking. Will smiled.

“Alright, take your time and try figure it out,” he said. Hesitantly Leo reached out and grabbed the laptop. So he can touch things, the blond thought and released the laptop, going downstairs and
leaving the genie in his bedroom.

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_Nico: I just dont understand why i always fall for straight guys_

Will sighed and looked at his phone. Over at the desk Leo laughed at a YouTube video he was watching, a bright grin on his face. Will’s mum had the night shift and so Will and the genie were alone in the blond’s bedroom. It took Leo four days to finally find YouTube and since then he had watched dozens of videos.

Will glanced up from his phone and looked at Leo’s narrow back. He looked so real, and Will had to fight the urge to touch him – would he be cold? Warm? What would his skin feel like? Hurriedly the blond looked back to his phone with guilt and typed out a quick message to Nico.

_You: theres loads of gay guys that would love to be with u_

He waited for the reply, and continued glancing at Leo, who seemed oblivious to it, just watching the laptop screen. It was weirdly nice to be spending Friday night like this; Will didn’t know how lonely he felt normally until he had Leo around all the time. The genie had been present in his life for over two weeks, and honestly Will loved it. He loved seeing Leo’s awed reactions when he took him on the tube, and showed him Trafalgar Square and how far technology had gone since the last time he had been around, always keeping the key that imprisoned the boy in his pocket. Even just hanging out like this was genuinely, surprisingly nice. His phone pinged and the boy looked down.

_Nico: yeah but none of them are Percy L_

Will sighed and locked his phone, tired of having the same conversation with Nico over and over. Leo paused the video and spun around in the chair, giving Will a pointed look, “It’s him again, isn’t it?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Will mumbled, “He’s going on about how much he loves Percy again.”

“I’m sorry,” Leo winced, “You don’t deserve to listen to it, especially when you’re in love with him-“

“I’m not in love with him,” Will said automatically. Leo shook his head.

“What about another wish?” he asked, “One that could maybe help?”

“Like what?” Will asked dejectedly.

“Like have him forget about Percy,” Leo offered softly. Will sat up, his heart skipping a beat. He looked at Leo’s serious face and he exhaled.

“You could do that?” he asked. Leo nodded. Will bit his lip. Would it make Nico happier if he stopped chasing a boy who would never love him? Would it make him love Will? “Then do it.”

Leo slipped off the desk chair and padded over to the window. His fingers skimmed the window and it frosted over with purple ice that soon turned to water and dripped down the glass. Will watched this, holding his breath.

“Done,” Leo said softly. Will nodded slowly.

A few minutes later he decided to go to sleep. No new messages came from Nico and Will guiltily
locked Leo off in the key again – something he wished he didn’t have to do, but a random boy in his
room would be hard to explain to his mother if she were to check up on him in the morning – and
settled down to sleep.

Nico didn’t message him for the rest of the weekend.

***

Will slid into a seat next to Nico on Monday with a smile, “Hi,” he said. The Italian looked at him
and offered him a warm smile back.

“Hi.”

Will was surprised that his heart didn’t stutter or start pounding or anything. The usual look of
depression was gone from the Italian’s eyes – clearly Will’s wish had worked – and yet the blond felt
weirdly...neutral about the whole thing. There was none of that desperation that he usually felt
around Nico, the one that made him want to wrap the boy up in his arms and kiss him. I have a
chance now, the blond thought.

“How was your weekend?” Will asked, pulling out his books.

“Good I...,” Nico bit his lip, “I don’t like Percy anymore.”

Will’s heart jumped, and he feigned surprised, “Oh. Why?”

“I like someone else,” Nico admitted. Will looked at him, his stomach in nervous knots. He thought
he would’ve felt more excited, but maybe that would come after Nico confessed to him...the Italian’s
eyes slid to the front of the class, to where Jason Grace sat, “I have the biggest crush on Jason.”

Will’s heart fell, “What?”

“Yeah,” Nico rested his chin on his hand and smiled softly, “He’s so gorgeous.”

“He has a girlfriend, Nico,” Will said in shock. Nico sighed.

“Yeah. I know.”

“You’re not serious,” Will whispered, “are you actually going to go through all this again?”

Nico glared at him, “I can’t help who I like,” he snapped. Will turned away in disgust. He couldn’t
do this anymore.

***

He didn’t summon Leo for four days, because he was just so angry and frustrated. But as another
weekend rolled around, Will started feeling guilty. And lonely. He missed Leo’s snarky and sarcastic
remarks, his easy sense of humour and the way he always managed to make Will’s day better.
Besides, it wasn’t the genie’s fault that nothing was working out for the blond.

So on Friday night Will came upstairs from eating dinner and slotted his key into the door to his
room. When he opened it Leo was standing in the middle of the bedroom, looking pissed, arms
crossed over his chest.

“Oh arsehole,” he said. Will sighed.

“Sorry. I needed to think,” he walked inside.
“Let me guess the wish didn’t work?” he asked.

“He fell in love with another straight guy!” Will groaned, slamming the door closed and leaning against it with a sigh.

“The guy doesn’t like you,” Leo said sharply. Will winced.

“I know.”

“Then why do you keep trying?” Leo demanded, “You’ve wasted two wishes on him.”

“I know.”

“Then why Will?” Leo was really angry, his cheeks flushed, “You don’t even love him! So why are you putting so much effort into someone who doesn’t appreciate you?! You’re a bloody idiot!”

“I fucking know!” Will exploded pushing himself off the door, and glaring at Leo. It’s not his fault, he told himself, but he was just so frustrated and the months of trying to push down his emotions were coming back to slap him in the face, “What am I supposed to do?!” he demanded, and Leo took a hesitant step back, his own anger melting away, replaced by fear. Will was too furious to care as he towered over the small genie, “If you care so much about my love life then give me somebody that loves me!”

“What?” Leo asked softly, confused.

“Go on! I bet you can’t do it,” Will was never spiteful, and he felt unlike himself, “Make someone who loves me appear in front of me right fucking now!”

Leo dropped his head, “Is that your final wish?” he asked softly. Will knew that if he used it Leo would disappear but right now he was seeing red. The world was just so fucking unfair.

“Yes, that’s my final wish!” he yelled. He saw the tears flickering in Leo’s eyes when the boy turned his face away, lifting his hand, and pointing at Jason with an open palm. Purple smoke erupted from his skin and shot upwards, breaking over the ceiling and raining down in small sparkles.

Leo stood there, eyes squeezed shut, looking like he was prepared for something horrible, his hand curled against his chest. He hadn’t disappeared and in that moment Will’s anger all evaporated, and he was filled with instant regret, his shoulders slumping.

“Leo,” he whispered helplessly. He was hit with so many emotions and he waited for Leo to start fading, for something bad to happen, but the genie just opened his eyes and he looked at Will uncertainly. Then he looked down at his hands, as if shocked to still be there.

“I didn’t disappear,” he whispered.

“Why are you still here?” Will asked, and his heart pounded. Make someone who loves me appear in front of me right now. That’s what he had said; there was nobody here except him and Leo, and the genie hadn’t disappeared back into the key, “Leo,” Will whispered, not knowing what to say.

“I don’t...I-I...” Leo looked around as if trying to find the escape route, his hand subconsciously reaching up so he could tuck a curl behind his ear, his cheeks flushed. It was painfully obvious, the way he looked, Will had seen that look on Nico’s face a hundred times – the look when you care for someone who will never want you.

“Are you in love with me?” Will asked, helpless, a sudden desperation to simultaneously know the
answer, and press a hand over Leo’s mouth to never know it. He was scared of a no, more scared than he had ever been with Nico. This was different, this was so, so different. Time itself seemed to come to a stop and Will held his breath.

“Yes,” Leo whispered, barely audible, staring at the floor.

“Can I t-touch you?” Will asked, overwhelmed, “Can...is that even possible? Are you real?”

“Y-Yeah I’m real,” Leo looked up and then quickly dropped his gaze again. Will stepped closer and his hand trembled when he lifted it up. He stopped with his fingers inches from Leo’s face, just hesitating, and he inhaled as he slowly, slowly laid his hand on the boy’s cheek.

The genie gasped, his eyes fluttering shut. He felt surprisingly...normal. Warm...soft...Will held his breath again as his fingers ever so slowly slid over the curve of Leo’s cheek, down his neck. The genie shivered. The sparkles disappeared from the air

“You feel...,” Will didn’t know what to say, didn’t know what to think. His brain shut down completely and he was only listening to what his heart was telling him.

“I should’ve returned to the key,” Leo whispered, still lost in disbelief. Will shifted closer to him, only inches between their bodies. Warmth radiated off the genie, warmth Will hadn’t expected. He lifted his other hand and cupped Leo’s cheek in it.

“Look at me,” he whispered. Leo did, his warm brown eyes looking upwards. The lights in the room flickered and then dimmed, and there was such fear and uncertainty in Leo’s eyes that Will just knew he had to do something.

He leaned down and captured the genie’s lips. Leo completely melted in his arms upon first contact, falling against Will, his hands coming to grip the blond’s shirt. It felt so right, that everything else Will had done up against that point seemed wrong. He forgot everything; he forgot Nico, and Percy, and Jason, and his mind filled with Leo, Leo, Leo.

He pulled the genie closer, his arms wrapping around his waist, their kiss growing more passionate though it remained innocent and sweet, but tinged with desperation. Will was terrified that Leo would just disappear out of his arms, that he would return to the key and the blond would never get to hold him like this again. He pulled away slightly, pressed his forehead against the genie’s, stroked his cheeks, his hair, kissed the corner of his mouth. And Leo just looked so awestruck.

“I didn’t disappear,” he kept whispering. Will wanted to tell him that he was sorry, that he loved him too, but he couldn’t find words, “Will, why didn’t I disappear?” Leo clung onto the blond, “It’s n-never happened before...”

“I don’t care, just don’t go,” Will whispered feverishly.

“I need to know,” Leo slipped out of his arms and turned to the door leading to Will’s hallway, “I need to know that if you turn the key I won’t disappear,” he went for the door, and then both of them realised. Will’s eyes widened, his heart jumped in his chest.

“It’s gone,” he whispered, shocked, “The key’s gone.”

Leo reached out and touched the empty keyhole where the key had been only moments ago. Will couldn’t stand it, couldn’t stand being away from Leo. He closed the space between him and the boy, turned Leo around, kissed him again.

The genie seemed to break then; his arms came around Will’s neck and he dragged him down,
kissing back feverishly, his mouth sliding against the blond’s as if it was meant to be there.

“I’m free,” he whispered, pulling away, and there was such exhilaration in his voice that Will couldn’t help but smile. And then Leo smiled too, and then they were both laughing against each other’s mouths, laughing and kissing.

“I love you,” Will murmured, and he meant it. He really, really meant it. Leo brushed the blond’s curls from his face, then he sniffled, and started to cry. Will pulled him into his arms and stroked his hair, waiting for the boy to stop crying. Then he pulled away, “Alright, come downstairs so I can explain to my mum why there’s a random boy in her house.”
Ethan and Luke stand trial in the Underworld. The judges debate about throwing them both in the Fields of Punishment but Ethan keeps begging for Luke to be sent to Elysium and Luke does the same for Ethan, leading to them fighting loudly right in court. The judges have enough and kick them both to Elysium to get rid of present and future annoyances since they are eligible to go there anyway. Ethan and Luke have their smutty happy ending.

For yeah-boi

Ethan had sat in this room for what seemed like forever, bored out of his mind. He had first awoken here how long ago? He had no idea. One moment he was dying in the arms of Percy Jackson of all people after having been stabbed with a piece of his own sword right in the stomach, and then he was here, in this room, sitting in this vaguely uncomfortable chair, surrounded by shadows. He was not hungry or thirsty or tired, just bored, waiting and waiting for what simultaneously felt like an eternity and only one second.

Why was he here? And where was here? It was nowhere really. It wasn’t the Field of Asphodel or Tartarus, but it wasn’t Elysium either. And Ethan was seriously starting to get ticked off. Is this what came after death? He wanted answers but no matter how many times he shouted at the swirling darkness around him nobody ever answered him. Fucking Gods.

Nothing changed, ever. Ethan just sat in his chair, still dressed in the tattered and scratched armour that he had wore while fighting in his last battle, blood staining his stomach, though his wound had gone. Ethan felt no pain. He felt nothing, really, except irritation.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a chair appeared next to Ethan’s, after what seemed like years of Ethan being alone. The Asian’s heart started pounding in his chest – finally something was happening, “What the-,” he whispered to himself and then a flash of light made him stumble back.

Desperate breathing filled his ears before his eye adjusted to the darkness of Nowhere again, and when it did, his stomach clenched. Luke – his best friend, his companion, the boy who had stood at his side through the battle with Kronos – was sitting slumped in the chair. His hair was sticking to his sweaty, dirty forehead and his clothes were soiled with blood and dirt. His eyes were wide with shock and his hands scrambled at his side where there was a large, crimson, stain. It was unlike any way Ethan had ever seen Luke before; he was not the same guy who was the strong, fearless leader of a monster army. He was just a scared Demigod.

“Luke,” Ethan whispered, but the other boy seemed to be in a world of his own, his breath sounding like he was on the verge of a panic attack. Ethan knew exactly what Luke was feeling; moments ago he had undoubtedly died. That’s why he was here, “Luke,” Ethan said, more firmly, standing in front of his friend.

The Asian forced a weak smile, “Hey.”

Luke jerked to his feet and hurled himself at the smaller boy, wrapping his arms around the Asian. Ethan wasn’t fond of affection, and he didn’t know how to comfort anyone, but right now the son of Hermes’ touch felt like comfort all in itself for Ethan, who had been alone for Gods know how long. He pressed himself into the shaking boy who held him close, enjoying his firmness and warmth. For the first time in ages, he felt safe.

“I-I died,” Luke whispered, and he sounded like a small child, so scared, “I-I died a-and it hurt and I-I was so scared-“

“Shhh,” Ethan clung onto him, never expecting that he would be the one to be strong for Luke, “It’s alright. You’re safe now. You’re okay,” he exhaled, “I’m so happy to see you.”

Luke pulled away and some of the fear had disappeared from his eyes, “Gods...,” he whispered, searching Ethan’s face, “I didn’t think...I didn’t think I’d ever get to see you again.” Luke smiled at him, and suddenly all the feelings that Ethan had repressed for the blond back on earth came flooding back. All the fondness and attraction and adoration that the Asian had to ignore due to the war...but now was not the time to allow those feelings to take over. Luke pulled away from Ethan and looked around the shadowy, dark Nothing. “What is this place?”

“I don’t know,” Ethan admitted, “I’ve been here...,” he frowned, “Actually I don’t know how long I’ve been here for.”

Luke frowned and turned to him, “Ethan,” he said softly, growing more stable, “You’ve only been dead for a few minutes.”


“Ethan...your body is still lying where you died. I saw it only moments ago.”

Ethan felt completely detached. Like he wasn’t himself, “O-Oh,” he whispered. Why had it felt like he was in the shadows for eternity then?

A distant rumble sounded, making Ethan’s head to snap up. Luke looked around, confused, and the rumble grew louder. Ethan felt anxiety in his body as he looked around the shadows, trying to understand what was happening. Were they in hell? Were they about to be tortured?

Suddenly a throne erupted from the ground, forcing both Luke and Ethan to stumble back.

“What the-,” the Asian gasped as suddenly Hades appeared in front of them. He looked emotionless as ever, sitting in a huge, regal throne, its arm-rests embedded with skulls and bones. His wife, Persephone, stood next him, glaring at Ethan and Luke, her hand placed on her husband’s shoulder firmly.

“Hades!” Luke exhaled, “Finally!”

“Silence,” Persephone barked, her face twisted in anger, “Your trial is about to begin, Demigods.”

Ethan looked confused, “Trial?”

“To decide whether you will be going to Tartarus or Elysium, or perhaps even the Fields,” Hades didn’t look particularly excited about doing this, “See, the Gods couldn’t quite come to a consensus
about what to do with you two since both of you have done equally good and bad things, and now we are here,” he sighed, “May I present your judges.”

The wind in the nothingness picked up suddenly and Ethan and Luke shifted closer subconsciously as the smoke whirled around in a small tornado, before clearing to reveal two more thrones to Hades’ right. Sitting next to the King of the Underworld was yet another King – a silver helm over his face, a thick, black fur cloak over his shoulders and a heavy sword in his massive hand. The aura radiating off of him was one of power. The person next to him was more terrifying though; it was a woman, her skin paper-white, her face tattooed with intricate designs. Her eyes blazed red and there was a smile on her dark lips. She wore a long, black dress that somehow merged with her equally long hair. She held a spear in her hand, appearing ready to use it, and to Luke’s dismay there were real crows circling over her head, cawing menacingly.

“Nakamura. Castellan,” Hades looked annoyed to be in the same place as the two newcomers, “These are the Celtic Gods of Death; Arawn-”

“King Arawn,” the man next to him rumbled in a deep voice, not moving an inch. Ethan flinched next to Luke.

“King Arawn,” Hades seethed, “and she is The Morrigan.”

“This will be great fun,” the woman’s – The Morrigan’s – voice was heavily accented and full of eerie glee as she looked over the two boys.

“Are they judging-,” Ethan started.

“Silence,” Persephone snapped.

“This is Anubis,” Hades said, gesturing to the side. Luke and Ethan turned to look and both jumped, Ethan letting out a startled noise as they found yet another ‘judge’ standing next to The Morrigan, as emotionless as if he were a statue. He looked like an Egyptian Pharaoh, except where his face should’ve been there was a black dog’s mask, “The Egyptian God of the Dead.”

“What is going on?” Luke whispered under his breath. Ethan was so close to him that they were almost touching. The sound of a horse galloping echoed in the shadows and Hades sighed.

“And that is the Dullahan, courtesy of the Irish,” the God didn’t seem happy about it. Just as he said that a black horse appeared out of the darkness. Luke couldn’t help but think *Is a horse going to be one of our judges?* But then he saw that there was in fact a rider on the horses back. A headless rider. His heart jumped to his throat. The Dullahan was galloping right for the boys and upon instinct Luke grabbed Ethan’s arm and jerked the boy behind him, wanting to protect him from this monster that was approaching. But the Dullahan came to a surprisingly smooth stop next to Anubis, who didn’t even flinch, his horse tossing its mane. It had no eyes, as if they had been gouge out. Ethan shuddered, just as a woman slid from the horse behind him.

The smell of decay filled the air and Luke gagged while Ethan started coughing. It was clear that the stench was coming from the woman, who looked beautiful at first glance, but upon further inspection proved to be...rotting. She was like a walking corpse, her pale hair floating around her equally pale face, maggots crawling in holes on her neck, her eyes misty as if she spent too much time in her grave. Ethan felt nauseous and slid his cold, clammy fingers sliding into Luke’s.

“And who is that?” Luke asked, trying to breathe through his mouth.

“Kalma,” The Morrigan wrinkled her nose and a raven landed on her spear, the rest of them starting
to circle over the new girl’s – Kalma’s – head, as if they smelled fresh meat, “The Finnish goddess of death and decay. Lovely to see you, as always, haven’t heard of the shower yet?”

Kalma hissed at her in a language that Ethan didn’t understand. Suddenly the whole place blazed bright blue and a pentagram appeared in the shadows.

“Ah,” Hades seemed bored then, “and this is-“

“The Grim Reaper,” Luke whispered and Ethan swallowed when he looked at the new creature; tall, cloaked, a terrifying scythe in his hand. Silently the Grim Reaper pulled his cloak to the side and from it came a woman – her skin was brown and leathery, her body dry and shrivelled up, her cheeks sunken, her eyes beady as they took in Luke and Ethan. She walked out from beneath the Reaper’s cloak...and pulled a donkey out after her.


The tall, foreboding figures stood in a solemn semi-circle around the two boys, and Ethan’s hair stood on end as dread poured over him. His heart started pounding as he took in the people in front of him.

“Can someone please tell us what the hell is going on?” Luke demanded, irritated now.

“Patience, boy,” Arawn snapped, and Hades glared at him.

“Ooooh, whose this...,” the raspy low voice made Ethan jump and he whirled around, just like Luke, to see where it was coming from. Another voice sounded, this time a laugh, and three entities materialised next to Alakshmi.

They were huge, dwarfing the shrivelled up woman next to them even more. They were humanoid, but monstrous at the same time. Winged, grotesque, with bright yellow eyes and huge mouths filled with sharp teeth. They all laughed mockingly at Ethan’s and Luke’s fear.

“They’re scared!” one chirped, and the remaining two laughed.

“They’re the Shinigami,” Hades said, “the Japanese Gods of Death. Now we’re almost all complete-“

Another throne materialised at the end of the semi-circle suddenly, and the bearded, armoured man that appeared on it was weirdly familiar. He looked grand and powerful despite his old age. By his sides were three silent, winged and armoured women – the Valkyries.


“Luke Castellan,” Hades boomed, towering over the two boys. It was intimidating and terrifying, to be surrounded by so many Death Gods, “Ethan Nakamura. This is the war trial for your souls.”

Luke and Ethan exchanged a scared glance, and the Asian was glad that Luke was holding his hand. He was scared and yet he didn’t want to show it.

“Nakamura,” Hades barked, “Since you died first we will now make a recollection of all your sins and then you can make your case in front of the judges.”
To Ethan’s surprise the Grim Reaper stood up and with a raspy, growly voice that was definitely not human, it said, “Your first sin; self mutilation.” A glowing white line – a tally - appeared in the air, hanging above the death gods. The Morrigan looked like she was enjoying herself, while the Shinigami giggled among themselves, the voices grotesquely human when coming out of their monster mouths.

The scar that had once been Ethan’s eye gave a phantom ache and the boy tensed. To his surprise Luke stepped forward and crossed his arms over his chest, “Objection!”

“Excuse me?” Odin boomed, and his Valkyries all reached for their swords.

“That’s not a sin,” Luke said confidently, completely shocking Ethan. The boy had no idea how the fuck the blond was so...not intimidated by so many Death Gods staring down at him, “He did that for his mother, a goddess.”

“He has free will,” the Reaper rasped.

“He was young,” Luke deadpanned, “and confused, and lost, and thought his mother hated him. She took his eye and never gave him back anything in return. You can’t blame him for what he did,” he paused and raised an eyebrow, “Besides, where in the ten commandments does it say that self-mutilation is a sin?”

The Reaper faced him for a moment, and Ethan could feel the coldness radiating out of the black hollow where its face should’ve been. Then the Reaper raised his scythe and swooped it over Luke’s head. The one tally mark of Ethan’s sins disappeared, and the boy exhaled as the Reaper floated back into line. Hades’ eyes narrowed, and Persephone stepped forward.

“Your main sin,” she hissed, “is joining the Titans against the Gods,” she lifted her hand and the tally mark appeared again. Ethan winced, “However,” the woman rolled her eyes, “During your first fight with Percy Jackson you asked him to kill you, in the true fashion, with honour of a true Greek. So,” she waved her hand again and a second tally appeared on the other side. Ethan glanced at Luke, his heart pounding, “For now it’s a draw between your bad and good deeds.”

“Hold up,” Luke interrupted. Kalma hissed in annoyance but the blond ignored her, “Doesn’t he get a ‘good’ point, or whatever that is, for betraying Kronos?”

“That’s...,” Persephone glanced at Hades. The Morrigan snickered. Odin sighed, “That’s a fault,” he said, “it’s not honourable to betray your leader.”

“Not when your leaders a cunt,” Luke said simply. Alakshmi coughed into her wrinkled hand in a typical grandmotherly fashion and her donkey let out a snort. Without a word Hades lifted his hand and a second tally appeared next to Ethan’s ‘good’ deeds.

“Hmmm...,” one of the Shinigami rumbled.

“You stabbed Annabeth Chase,” another hissed. Ethan couldn’t deny that, though he was sorry.

“I regret it,” he says. The Morrigan laughed.

“Oh he regrets it,” she mocked.


“Oh whatever,” Hades growled, “next.”
Luke smirked.

“That’s all,” Arawn snapped. The Gods and the Demigods alike looked up at the floating tallies. It was two to one for Ethan’s good deeds. The boy exhaled in relief and gave Luke a thankful smile, but the blond wasn’t looking at him, staring right at the Gods. It was obvious it was his turn next. Ethan’s tallies disappeared.

“Castellan,” Hades sighed tiredly, “Now let’s make a list of your sins.”

Alakshmi turned her cold eyes on the blond and both the boys shuddered, “You ran away from your mother and broke her heart,” she croaked, and a tally appeared over her head.

Ethan saw Luke tense. He would’ve thought he’d be too scared to address the Gods that could turn him to dust with a wave of the hand, but right now he knew he had to defend Luke. He stepped forward without even meaning to.

“She was insane,” he said.

“Oh here we go,” Persephone groaned. The Morrigan looked like she was enjoying herself, lounging on her throne, her ravens having left the foul-smelling Kalma alone and perching on the back of the chair.

“It was Hermes’ fault,” Ethan said, despite shaking with fear.

“Eth,” Luke whispered, and offered the boy a tight smile, “It’s fine.”

“We can’t deny that the Godly parents of the Greek Demigods have ruined the lives of their children some,” Odin offered. Persephone scoffed and Hades glared at him.

“How’s Thor doing, Odin?” it was Arawn who spoke, leaning forward in his seat. The Gods all snickered, except for Anubis who remained unmoving. Odin clenched his jaw and leaned back in his throne.

“But you are right,” Hades said reluctantly, “the Gods have made their mistakes.”

The tally disappeared, as did some of the tension in Luke’s shoulders. Ethan wanted to touch him, or hold his hand, or something.

“Besides,” Ethan blurted, “He took care of both Thalia and Annabeth-“

“No,” Persephone rose, fuming, flying forward, murder in her eyes, “No! He did more wrong than good!” Ethan flinched, “Betraying Percy Jackson! Attempting to murder him with the use of a scorpion. Raising Kronos from the dead and supporting him. Resulting in the death of Charles Beckendorf,” tallies started appearing in the air like crazy, “Stealing Zeus’ lightning bolt and almost starting a Godly war! That is all enough to have him sent to Tartarus!”

“No,” Ethan was getting angry now too. He wouldn’t allow Luke to be condemned, “He was controlled by Kronos for the majority of it and he killed himself in order to save everyone else-“

“Suicide is a sin,” the Grim Reaper rasped.

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“He was promised Elysium!” Ethan exploded, frustrated.


“Enough,” Anubis shocked everyone by speaking, and his voice was surprisingly warm and kind
and gentle. Ethan blinks, calming down, “Let us move onto the verdict.”

“Right, yes,” Hades said, “Let us vote.”

“I say send both of them to the Fields of Asphodel,” Odin says dismissively.

“No,” Ethan blurted, and a few of the Gods groaned, “Luke deserves to go to Elysium!”

“If either of us deserves it, it’s you,” the blond said immediately.

“Shut up!” Arawn growled, raising his sword.

“Let them,” one of the Shinigami said.

“Yesss, send them both to Elysium,” the second agreed.


“Elysium for the blond,” Alakshmi said, “Fields for the dark haired one.”

“Oi!” Luke broke away from Ethan, “Listen lady!”


“Tartarus,” the Grim Reaper said gravely.

“Asphodel,” Kalma hissed. The Dullahan nodded.

“No! Ethan deserves Elysium!” Luke yelled, and there was so much passion in his voice that it scared Ethan. He didn’t think the blond cared so much, “I don’t care where you want to send me, you can throw me into the deepest pits of hell for all you want! But Ethan deserves to be happy at least once in his life—“

“Stop it!” Ethan hissed. He didn’t want to go to Elysium, not without Luke. He grabbed the blond’s hand and forced him to face him, “You deserve it more than me, you’re amazing, you stood up to Kronos—“

“So did you!” Luke interjected.

“Shhh, shut up,” Ethan begged, squeezing Luke’s hand, “Please. I want you to be happy. I don’t care, I can be in the Fields, I don’t—“


“Oh fine!” Hades yelled suddenly.

And the world went black.

***

The light filtered in through the window and Luke blinked the blurriness from his eyes, confused about where he was. It took him a moment for his senses to return, and he began to try and figure out
what exactly had happened. He was laying on a bed, a soft, fantastic bed, facing a window. Outside the glass was a string of Chinese lamps, giving the otherwise dark room a gentle red glow. It was night time...it was night time, but where?

Luke sat up, disoriented, and looked down on himself. He blinked, surprised to see that his dirty, stained armour had gone and now he was wearing a white t-shirt and a pair of grey sweatpants. He touched his face, and it felt smooth and clean, as did his hair. A soft whimper next to him made him look down and his heart jerked in his chest when he saw that Ethan was sleeping next to him, though he had started to stir. The blond’s heart started to pound when he looked at the boy, frowning as he started to woke up. His dark hair was not matted anymore, but fluffy and clean, and his face was spotless. More importantly his eye-patch was gone, and both of his eyes were healthy.

He opened them then, dark and confused, and sat up, looking around as if not quite understanding where he was. The covers pooled around his waist, and he was dressed in a weirdly flattering long-sleeved black v-neck.

“Luke?” he whispered, inches away from the blond, looking lost, “Where are we?”

Luke reached up with a trembling hand and brushed his fingers over Ethan’s cheek, just to ensure the boy was real. He felt warm, and soft. And perfect. Suddenly everything made sense and Luke understood where they were.

“This is Elysium,” he murmured, and leaned forward to kiss Ethan. He just needed to do it, needed to feel the boy against him.

“Luke,” Ethan pushed at his chest before their lips could meet, and he was blushing, “Why....” he didn’t finish, looking down.

“I wanted to do it forever,” Luke whispered, cupping Ethan’s cheek and stroking it softly, “Since the Princess Andromeda, since even before that, but Kronos...he was just making me push everyone away. I didn’t know what my own heart wanted.”

“Wait, what>” Ethan shook his head, “It’s too much to process.”

Luke grabbed his shoulder and forced him down, so both of them collapsed on their sides on the bed, facing each other. Ethan still looked really lost and kind of scared. The blond pulled him close, wrapping both his arms completely around the boy. He didn’t let Ethan speak as he kissed him, slow and soft, and felt relief when the boy melted against him after a moment of tension. He kissed back, slowly, his lips brushing against Luke’s. Music drifted from outside, soft, calming music, and then laughter as someone walked into a house on the streets. Luke didn’t care as he lost himself in Ethan’s warmth and his wet mouth. It didn’t feel like they were dead, in fact Luke couldn’t remember the last time he felt so alive.

Luke cradled Ethan as if he was something precious, which honestly, he was to the blond. It was the first time that Luke had ever felt completely weightless and relaxed – there was no alliances to worry about, no war. It was kind of hard to believe and it made Luke weirdly intoxicated.

Suddenly Ethan pushed against Luke, forcing him onto his back and climbing on top of him. The blond was surprised by the sudden movement but he didn’t care because the feeling of having Ethan on top of him was amazing. The Asian grabbed his face and kissed Luke with passion that ignited a fire in the blond’s stomach. His hands moved by themselves, sliding up Ethan’s legs that were on either side of him, over the boy’s arse, resting in the dip of his waist. The tension of being judged by the Gods of death, the tension of dying, was finally getting to both of them and coming out in their movements. It was as if they couldn’t bear to let go of each other.
Luke shifted so he was sitting up, Ethan straddling his lap, and his fingers slipped beneath the boy’s fresh shirt, touching his warm skin. The Asian shivered, shifted closer, gripped Luke’s face, gasping softly against his mouth. Then Ethan pulled away from Luke’s mouth so he could kiss all over his face, down his neck. The blond stroked his skin underneath his shirt.

“Eth?” he asked.

The boy drew back and brushed his hair from his face, “Shit. Sorry. I couldn’t control myself for a second there.”

Luke smiled, “You look different with both eyes.”

Ethan looked away, looking vaguely grumpy, “Well, yeah, that’s the point,” he grumbled, and tucked a piece of hair behind his ear, “Um...is that...a good thing?”


He pulled Ethan forward roughly and they kissed again, and then both of them were tugging on each other’s clothes, pulling shirts over each other’s heads. Luke wanted to drink in every inch of Ethan’s milky skin but he was just too desperate. His mouth found his way all over the boy’s naked torso – his collarbones, nipples, stomach. Ethan’s heavy breaths turned into little gasps, his fingers slid into Luke’s hair.

“Fuck me,” he said suddenly, and Luke’s head snapped up in surprise. Ethan’s eyes were half-lidded and dark, “Gods, just fuck me.”

Luke pushed at him, arousal suddenly rushing through him. Ethan tumbled backwards onto his back, his legs automatically wrapping around Luke’s waist, and the blond pinned his wrists to the bed, sucking a hickey into Ethan’s neck. The boy moaned and it just pushed Luke to touch him more. He scrambled for the boy’s trousers, pushing them down his legs, and his hand came around to palm at the Asian’s butt.


“No I need to prepare you,” Luke whispered feverishly against Ethan’s skin. The boy whined, and when he arched his back Luke felt his hardness rub against his stomach, which just made him more aroused in turn. He had no idea how he had managed to keep his eyes off Ethan so long.

“This is paradise,” Ethan whispered, grabbing Luke’s face again and forcing him to look at him. He was so blushy and breathless and beautiful that Luke’s breath caught in his throat, “I’m ready. Just go. I need you.”

Luke couldn’t hold himself back anymore. He was so in love with Ethan and he just wanted to make the boy happy. He also wanted to fuck him, really, really bad. So he did. He pulled the boy’s underwear off and, encouraged by how hard the boy was, he grabbed his own leaking cock.

“You sure about this?” the blond asked.

“Shut up, Castellan,” Ethan growled. Luke grinned, leaned down to kiss him and nibbled on the boy’s bottom lip as he positioned the tip of his cock against the Asian’s hole, and he began to push. Ethan’s legs tightened around him and his head fell back against his sheets, gasping, his thighs shaking, “O-Oh,” he whimpered, “Gods.”

“No,” Luke grinned, trying to keep his urge to just slam into the boy at bay, “Just me.”
Ethan rolled his eyes but then that look melted off of his face when Luke continued to slide into him. His eyes fluttered shut and his mouth parted in a helpless, soft moan as Luke bottomed out inside him. The blond hoped he didn’t finish too soon because he wanted to hang onto this moment for eternity, wanted to hang onto Ethan’s facial expression, the way his passage was clenching around his cock. And then he realised that he could – because he and Ethan would be here together for all eternity, forever, in paradise. Together.


“Why do you look so sad?” he whispered, letting out little desperate puffs of air, “Everything’s fine now isn’t it?”

Luke leaned down and pressed his forehead against Ethan’s, not moving at all inside the boy, just keeping him in his arm for a moment. He needed it, needed to just drink up the boy’s presence, his warmth. They were safe, they were real.

“I love you,” Luke said again and nudged his nose against Ethan’s. He never got so sentimental, ever, he always had a wall of humour up but now it seemed to crumble away. This was all he ever wanted, not what Kronos had promised him. He just wanted to be able to protect Ethan, to keep him safe.


“It’s just...a lot,” he admitted. Ethan didn’t impatiently urge him on the way he normally did, instead he cradled Luke closer, his legs still loosely wrapped around his waist, “I just died what feels like moments ago.”

Ethan kissed his temple, beneath his ear, his cheek, and then he turned the blond’s head so their lips could meet again. Luke relaxed against the boy, the memory of his death fading away in his mind. His cock twitched inside Ethan and he slowly, slowly pulled out, only to push back inside him.

Ethan pulled away from his mouth and his head fell against Luke’s chest, “F-Fuck,” he whispered, fingers digging into the blond’s arms. Luke repeated the movement, deliberately keeping it slow so he himself didn’t fall apart, but also so he didn’t hurt Ethan. Not that the Asian seemed to be feeling any pain; in fact his head fell back against the pillows and he let out a pleasurable moan that Luke obviously wasn’t meant to hear.

The blond pulled away so he was sitting back, gripping Ethan’s pale thighs as the flushed boy looked at him with half-lidded eyes, “L-Luke,” he whispered, voice twined with arousal and frustration, “Just fuck me.”

A wave of lust rolled over Luke and he grasped Ethan’s legs in his hands, throwing them over his shoulders and leaning forward, driving his cock inside the Asian almost violently. The boy’s mouth fell open in a shocked, silent moan and his eyes widened, but Luke didn’t give him a chance to catch his breath as his fingers dug into the boy’s hips and he thrust inside him again. Ethan’s back arched, his hand scrambled for purchase on the sheets.

“G-Gods,” Ethan whimpered, biting his bottom lip. Luke drank in the sight of him greedily as he established a pace – not too fast, but hard, ramming his member deep inside the boy with each thrust. The son of Nemesis writhed on the bed, hair sticking to his sweaty forehead, his collarbones flushed, “Gods Luke-“ The blond leaned forward and bit the Asian’s shoulder to muffle his own moan, “Oh my God,” Ethan cried out, loud and desperate and perfect, fingers twisting in Luke’s hair and
tugging hard enough that the blond felt a delicious shock of pain go through him, adding to the pleasure he was already feeling. Ethan’s hot passage clenched around him, his legs tightened on his shoulders. Just from looking at him, Luke knew that Ethan was close, and so was he.

Luke somehow managed to coordinate himself enough to reach down and wrap his hand around Ethan’s dick, which was as pretty as the rest of him, “N-No. No,” Ethan grabbed his wrist with his free hand, the other one twisting in the sheets, “I-I’ll come-“

“So will I,” Luke’s voice was hoarse as his thrusts got sloppy. He felt dizzy with pleasure and this was the first time he was having sex with someone he truly cared about. He leaned down, so his chest was almost pressed to Ethan’s, the boy’s legs forced further up, giving Luke better access to his hole. The blond connected their mouths in a sloppy kiss and he briefly wondered if he should’ve asked if it was alright to come inside Ethan, but then his pleasure reached a climax and he couldn’t even think about pulling out. Pleasure crashed over him and he tensed, his cock twitching and spilling inside the boy.

He collapsed onto the Asian, cradling him clumsily in his arms as he tried to catch his breath, his body shaking with the aftershock. The dark-haired boy was whimpering, burying his face in Luke’s neck. The blond didn’t even know if his partner had come until he became aware of the wetness against his stomach where he had leaned against Ethan.


“Hmmm?” the blond murmured.

“Get off. You’re heavy.”

Luke rolled his eyes and slipped out of Ethan, flipping off of him and laying on his back next to the other boy. They just stayed there for a moment, naked, catching their breath, bathed in the warm, red light from the lanterns outside.

“So. We’re in Paradise,” Luke said after a moment. He didn’t know what to say now that the desperation of the whole situation had passed and he realised what he did – he fucked the boy he loved, but he also fucked his best friend. And now there was tension between them. Ethan remained silent so Luke turned his head to look at him and his heart clenched when he saw the boy, looking all soft after his orgasm, appearing on the verge of tears, “What’s wrong?”


Luke knew that, he felt it somewhere inside him. It made him happy to know that his place in paradise was with Ethan. He shifted across the bed and wrapped his arms around the boy, pressing against him, kissing his naked shoulders and arms.

“Are you going to say it back?”

Ethan still seemed half in shock, “Say what back?”

“That you love me too.”

Ethan nudged his nose against the other boy’s jaw, “What if I don’t?” he asked softly.

“I’ll go back to the judges and tell them to take you to the Fields,” Luke teased. Ethan smiled, kissed him. The blond didn’t think it was possible to be happier than this. Ethan proved him wrong with his next words;
“I love you too.”
Now the Pain is for Pleasure

Chapter Notes

Warning! This has some dub-con/roleplay!

Kinky, consensual (bonus with kidnapping-fantasy roleplay if you like to raise the bar higher)
Will x Nico fic where Nico loves teasing a helplessly naked, tied up, gagged and blindfolded
Will, making him writhe and beg for mercy in vain, and Nico is into some serious orgasm
denial and dirty, whispery sex talks
for shen

When Will woke up, all he saw was darkness, because he was blindfolded. His eyes shifted
anxiously beneath the material, and he swallowed, but when he tried to move he found that his arms
were pulled over his head, and tied to what seemed to be a headboard. When he shifted he felt that
he was lying on a soft mattress.

“W-What the....,” the boy whispered to himself, and tugged uselessly on his hands. They were firmly
tied together, though his legs were free. The air in the room was cool and it brushed over Will’s
naked body, making his hair stand on end. The blond started breathing harder, but he couldn’t see a
thing. He struggled, tried to free himself, but it was impossible. His heart started to pound in fear. He
let out a frustrated noise when his bindings held fast.

“Shhh, none of that now,” a silky, smooth voice floated from the darkness and Will stiffened,
looking around, his heart stuttering in his chest, “You don’t want to hurt yourself.”

“U-Untie me,” Will demanded.

“It’s alright baby, I promise you’ll enjoy this,” the voice sounded closer now and Will flinched when
he felt calloused fingers caress his cheeks. He gasped and tensed, turning his face away.

“Don’t touch me,” he whispered, and his voice sounded more scared and shaky than he would’ve
liked. He wasn’t used to this; being tied down like this, completely out of control. The fingers from
his cheek disappeared only to wrap around his neck and roughly push his head down onto the bed.
Will inhaled sharply but the air didn’t reach his lungs as the fingers tightened around him neck.

“Don’t speak to me like that,” the voice, so silky until that point, turned low and growly. Will
whimpered, and a shiver went through him. The hand slipped away and the blond panted for air,
squirming on the bed.
He felt a weigh settle over him and the bed dipped slightly. He let out another helpless whimper – he couldn’t help it, the fact that he couldn’t see anything was making him feel completely out of his depth. Breath ghosted over his neck and Will shivered.

“W-What are you going to do?” the blond asked, sounding tiny.

“I’ll make you feel real good,” the voice replied and Will could hear the smirk in it. He turned his face away, biting his lip and squeezing his eyes shut underneath his blindfold. He jumped when he felt soft, gentle lips press beneath his ear and let out a little, startled moan. He felt the mouth smile against his skin, and then travel down his neck.

“S-Stop,” the blond tried to squirm away, but it was useless – he couldn’t go anywhere.

“Don’t try to get away from me,” the voice whispered, and teeth nibbled on Will’s ear-lobe. His breath stuttered in his throat and his toes curled; the touches were feather-light and barely-there but they still made blood rush south, and it annoyed Will. He shouldn’t be getting hard over this. When he felt hands resting on his naked hips he gritted his teeth, “Someone’s getting excited,” the voice teased.

“S-Shut up,” Will stuttered.

Suddenly the mouth became rough and insistent on Will’s neck, all the gentle teasing gone. The blond threw his head back against the pillow, a surprised moan spilling from his mouth. The lips sucked on his neck and Will trembled, his breathing high-pitched and desperate when he felt teeth scraping his skin. He didn’t want to like it, but he did. So much.

The hands on his hips travelled downwards and pushed Will’s legs apart forcefully. Cold air hit Will’s naked chest as the man shifted away from him, and then he felt that mouth on his skin again, this time on the inside of his thigh.

“What are you doing?” Will gasped.

“Marking you,” the smirk was back in the voice, “So everyone knows you’re mine.”

The man threw Will’s leg over his shoulder and then sunk his teeth unceremoniously into the tender skin of the blond’s thigh. Will chocked on a moan, his back arching, his binds straining. The pain that shot through him fizzled into pleasure as a soft, wet tongue lapped at the bite mark. Will was honestly getting uncomfortably hard at that point.

“N-Nico,” the blond whispered shakily.

“Oi,” Nico growled, biting playfully at Will’s thigh, “Shhh,” he surged back upwards and his breath ghosted over the blond’s lips, “Didn’t know you’d want this so much,” he teased.

Will turned his head away, “I-I don’t,” he lied, fingers gripping at his silky bindings, “G-Get away from me.”

“None of that now,” Nico grabbed his face and roughly turned Will’s face, giving him one, dominating, hot kiss, before pulling away just enough so their lips were barely brushing. Will’s cock throbbed and subconsciously he tried to lean up for a proper kiss, but Nico disappeared completely.

“W-What are you doing?” Will kept asking it because he couldn’t see anything, though he could feel Nico’s eyes on his naked, hard body and it was making him feel exposed and vulnerable.

“Stop asking questions,” the voice was back to being silky and seductive, and Will felt fingertips
sliding from his chest down to his stomach, light, but enough to make the blond’s whole body shudder. He bit back a noise of pleasure and forced himself to not arch up into Nico’s hands. He had to be strong. He didn’t know what to expect.

And suddenly there was something hot and wet sliding against his cheek and he opened his mouth to ask what the hell was going on. Nico took the opportunity to push his hard cock into Will’s mouth. The blond inhaled sharply, shocked, but there was nothing he could do – he let out a muffled moan, and Nico just pushed his cock deeper inside. Will’s toes curled and tears sprung to his eyes behind the blindfold, and he tried not to gag.

“Shhhh,” Nico murmured, stroking Will’s face gently, “That’s right...good boy...mhm, you’re so good baby,” he pulled his cock free of Will’s mouth and the blond gasped for air, Nico slicking his lips with precum.

With no warning he grabbed Will’s hair in his hand and jerked his head back. The pain shot through the blond and made his own cock throb, “Open your mouth,” Nico growled and there was nothing the blond could do but follow the instruction, his lips parting to let the man’s dick back inside.

Nico started off slowly, moving Will’s head in slow, languid movements, pushing the boy’s head onto his cock, but then he just opted to hold him in place and started to fuck his mouth. The blond’s arms ached and the fact that his head was partly pulled up meant that the muscles in his back hurt, and he decidedly liked the pain too much. Nico’s cock slid over his tongue, hit the back of his throat, hot and twitching. Will couldn’t breathe, tears slid from his eyes and his whole body was so tense he feared he might explode.

“Gods,” Nico’s voice was laced with pleasure as his hand tightened in Will’s hair, “you look like an angel and yet you’re such a good, dirty slut for me.”

He pulled his cock free and Will gasped for air desperately, his whole body slumping against the bed. The blond was dizzy and aroused and he didn’t know what he wanted anymore. Nico caressed his face and his constant alternating between being gentle and rough was driving Will insane.

“You’re such a good boy,” Nico cooed, nudging Will’s legs apart as he sunk between them again, “Such a good, good boy,” the blond felt himself blushing and he finally stopped breathing hard. Nico grabbed his legs, and then threw both of them over his shoulders. The fact that Will couldn’t see him was making everything so much more intense. Nico’s breath ghosted over his navel, his hipbones, his thighs, but he was deliberately ignoring Will’s hard, aching cock.

“Gods,” the blond cried out suddenly because he felt something wet and warm wriggle against his hole. He hadn’t expected it and it made a wave of heat rush through his body, which jerked in response to Nico’s intruding tongue, “O-Oh God, f-fuck-“

Nico was being gentle again; slowly pushing his tongue in and out of the blond. Will’s shoulders trembled, uncontrollably, and he felt like he was moments away from a breakdown. His whole body was in some much pleasure that he knew he wouldn’t last longer.

“No,” he whined, clawing at the binds that kept him from grabbing Nico, “N-No stop... Gods...”

Nico licked him as if he was some delicious ice-cream, lazily, and the blond was feeling light-headed, almost drunk. His legs tensed and tightened around Nico’s shoulders and without meaning to he pulled the man closer to him, wanting the tongue deeper inside him. He just needed more, he couldn’t stand the teasing. And yet for his body it was enough – his stomach was all in knots, and tense, and the heat that was gathering there would soon enough burn through Will’s entire being.
“N-Nico,” he whined again, helpless, “P-Please...I-I can’t...I-I’m gonna...”

Nico withdrew his tongue and pulled up. Will had been so close. He whimpered, pressing the side of his face into the pillow, tears burning his eyes. Nico’s mouth was on his neck then, kissing a path up to his ear.

“You look so good right now,” he praised, “so close to coming. I love seeing you fall apart.”

“F-Fuck off,” Will hissed, even though he knew he shouldn’t have said that.

Nico’s reply was to shove two fingers inside him with no warning. They were wet, though Will hadn’t heard the man lube them up, but that didn’t take away the burn and slight pain of the sudden intrusion. Will’s body convulsed and he choked on a sudden, shocked sob that spilled from his mouth at the onslaught of pain and pleasure that rocked through his body.

“O-Oh Gods...O-Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck...,” he moaned, thrashed on the bed, and Nico fingered him almost violently, the digits ramming themselves into Will, over and over, accompanied by a wet squelching noise. Being tied up was making Will crazy, and the fact that he was completely at Nico’s mercy made him fall apart.

“Are you going to talk back again?” Nico growled, somewhere above him. Will’s breathing was desperate, he gulped air as if his lungs would stop working any moment, his hole clenching helplessly around Nico’s abusing fingers, “Are you?” the man demanded.

“N-No,” Will sobbed, “N-No, p-please, I-I...I...,” he shuddered. Nico’s mouth was back on him then, and his fingers retreated from Will. He kissed the blond’s cheek.

“Good boy,” he murmured warmly, and thrust his hard cock inside him in one powerful thrust.

Will came, just like that, his orgasm hitting him with such intensity that the blond was sure he blacked out for a moment. He shivered, over and over, weak little whines coming from his mouth. Nico continued to caress him through the afterglow, Will’s oversensitive body throbbing with pleasure.

“You shouldn’t have come,” Nico told him sweetly, and then proceeded to start pounding into Will.

The blond’s body couldn’t take it – every feeling was intensified, and Nico knew exactly where Will’s prostate was. He wasted no time with any more foreplay or teasing, just driving his cock forcefully into the boy, over and over. Will wanted to tell him that he couldn’t take it, that the pleasure was too much, but all he could do was sob and shake against the bed, his hands slumped in their bindings.

“Oh yeah that’s what you wanted,” Nico growled possessively, fingers digging into Will’s legs, which were still thrown over his shoulders. He was breathing hard, and that just turned Will on more. The blond felt like a puddle of pleasure, like he couldn’t move anymore. Nico didn’t slow down, not for a second, abusing Will’s body. The blond fell silent, just sobbing quietly, trying to hold himself together for Nico. It was impossible; Will was sure he was going to pass out from how good it felt.

Nico’s thrusts faltered, “Hey-,” he said, and there was worry in his voice.

“Keep going,” Will whimpered. The fucking grew even more vigorous and Will knew he would be raw and bruised in the morning.

“Fuck,” Nico growled above him, and then feverishly muttered against the skin of Will’s neck, “You’re the only one for me. I will only ever want you,” his grip on Will’s legs tightened painfully.
The blond cried out and he felt Nico’s cock jerk inside of him as the boy came inside him with no warning.

They gasped for air together, shaky.

Then the blindfold disappeared from Will’s eyes, just like that. The lights in the Hades cabin were dim, but they were still too bright for Will, who buried his face in the crook of his arm and waited for his eyes to adjust. Nico was still fucking him, but a lot more slowly now, the thrusts shallow. Finally Will blinked and pulled away from his arm to look up at Nico.

The boy was all darkness and muscle and lust, but there was a tenderness in his eyes when he gazed down at Will, his hair mussed. He kissed the underside of Will's knee gently. The blond had trouble catching his breath.

“I—I’m fine,” he whispered, because he knew it was what Nico needed to hear. The boy leaned down and captured Will’s mouth with his own, pulling his limp cock from the boy’s hole. Cum trickled down Will’s thighs when his boyfriend let his legs slide from his shoulders. The kiss was warm and loving and everything Will wanted right now.

“I’m sorry if I went too far,” Nico whispered against his lips, reaching up to undo Will’s bindings. The boy’s arms slid down around the Italian’s neck, aching, and the blond smiled contently. Will’s fingers slid into his boyfriend’s hair and he was more than happy to touch him again.

“You didn’t. It was hot. Really hot.”

Nico smiled and kissed his boyfriend again, “Yeah. It was. I don’t think I’ve ever seen you so helpless before.”

“Mhmmm, felt good,” Will hummed, “I feel like I have no bones in my body though.”

“Good,” Nico kissed his jaw, “Happy anniversary.”
I Would Take The Pain Away

Can you do a prompt where Will gives Percy a check-up and discovers signs of abuse?
For V

Will was flicking through some documents he had filled out about Paolo and his arm re-attachment surgery when he heard a commotion outside the medical bay. He frowned and glanced around the cabin itself – for the first time in forever it was empty, and since nobody usually came in during the evenings Will had hoped he’d have a peaceful night. Still, the doctor in him made him walk outside to see what was going on and if somebody was hurt.

He was surprised to see that all the noise was coming from a bickering Annabeth and Percy by the front steps – the girl was behind the son of Poseidon, pushing him roughly in the direction of the bay, though the boy was refusing to budge, hissing at her under his breath to leave him alone.

“Uh...guys?” Will asked, and both the Demigods froze, “What the heck are you doing?”

Percy looked up and a brief look of something flashed across his face that made Will feel unsettled – something was wrong. Of course something was wrong, nobody ever came to the bay unless something was wrong.

“Will!” Annabeth brightened up and took her hands off Percy, “perfect! I brought Percy in for a check up!”

“Check up?” Will asked, puzzled. The son of Poseidon glared at the girl.

“Annabeth’s just being over-protective,” he snapped, “I’m fine, I don’t need a check up.”

“Yes he does,” Annabeth rolled her eyes and looked at Will, “He’s been wincing all day – he probably got hurt during training and is pretending he’s indestructible as always!”

“It’s just a few bruises!” Percy yelled, and there was none of his normal humour in his voice. He seemed agitated, and that worried Will. Honestly the blond cared about the son of Poseidon more than he should’ve, “no need to make a big deal out of it, happens to everyone.”

“It could be serious,” Annabeth said, “what if you broke a rib? You usually never let your pain show-“

“I’m fine,” Percy said, roughly and angrily. Annabeth blinked in surprise.

“I think Annie’s right,” Will said, reading the situation easily. Something was wrong, something more than just a few bruises. The blond had a bad premonition that it had to do with Percy’s less than likeable boyfriend Luke, “A check up won’t do you any harm.”
“I don’t need it,” Percy said desperately, and shrugged Annabeth’s arm off when she tried to nudge him towards the bay. Will faked a smile.

“Doctor’s orders, now get in here.”

Percy exhaled in annoyance but he knew if he put up any more of a fight this would start looking suspicious. Bloody Annabeth. Bloody him for not putting up a better facade. He gave the smirking girl a glare and dragged himself past Will, into the medical bay.

“Alright,” the son of Apollo closed the door behind him and Percy settled on the edge of one of the beds, “So what’s up?”

“Nothing, just training,” Percy said immediately.

Will grabbed a clipboard and glanced at Percy from it, “Who were you training with?”

“Jason. It got a bit rough.”

“Right,” Will nodded and scribbled something down, “So what hurts?”

“Nothing hurts,” Percy said. Will raised an unimpressed eyebrow and stepped closer, almost settling between Percy’s legs.

“Percy, you’re not immune to pain. If you’re in pain just tell me.”

“I’m serious, Will. Nothing hurts,” Percy wouldn’t meet the blond’s eye which actually said a lot. Furthermore his whole demeanour suggested that he was scared or anxious about something. Will never wanted him to look like that and he couldn’t help the worry that burst inside him. He reached out and poked the boy in the ribs at random, and the son of Poseidon recoiled with a hiss, betraying that he was, in fact, in pain.

“Take your shirt off,” Will said, doing his best to remain detached from the situation and keep things casual. Percy’s jaw clenched and the blond gave him an unimpressed look, “I need to assess the damage, and you need to stop pushing yourself just because you want to match Jason.”

Percy exhaled and grabbed the hem of his shirt, tugging it over his head with the easiness of someone who was used to undressing. It was a very Percy-like thing, but that’s when that ended. The moment Percy was shirtless the look of anxiety returned and he looked around as if searching for an exit, completely unlike himself, though Will could understand why.

There was no way that the son of Poseidon could excuse the state of himself as a cause of training. Will swallowed as his eyes slid over his torso, and his stomach dropped. Percy’s neck – which was virtually always visible – was untouched, but where the normal hems of t-shirts started was where it all begun. His collarbones were covered in bites – not love bites or teasing sex bites – bloody and angry, clearly placed carelessly, the soft skin around them burning red. Percy’s body was a mess of bruises and even cuts; the bruises ranged in size and seemed to be everywhere, placed without thought as evidence of what Will knew were hard, quick, angry blows. Some were fading, others healing into yellow and green, but some were fresh, so deeply purple that they looked almost black. It sickened Will, to know that someone had laid hands on Percy in this way.

“T-Turn...,” he cleared his throat, still attempting to keep an air of professionalism about him, “Turn around please.”

Percy wasn’t looking at him as he slid off the bed, his face pale. He knew Will knew. Hell, it was stupidly obvious what had happened and denying it was pointless. The son of Poseidon turned
slowly and when the blond saw his back he had to fight the urge to suck in a startled breath. There were bruises on the boy’s hips in the shape of fingers, and more that disappeared below the waistband of his jeans. More cuts, more bites. Will felt himself shaking with anger; he was not a violent person but right now he wanted to kill someone. He always knew Luke was an asshole, and he didn’t just think that because he was in love with the man’s boyfriend – the son of Hermes generally treated Percy like shit even when people were around and Will knew that this was his doing.

“He did this to you, didn’t he?” he asked softly, putting his clipboard down. Percy swallowed and turned to face him, grabbing his shirt.

“I got it during training with Jason,” he said hurriedly, and went to put his clothes back on. Will grabbed his wrist to stop him and the serious look on his face made Percy pause, “S-Seriously,” he smiled weakly, “It’s fine. I’m fine.”

“You’re not fine,” Will whispered, his heart clenching with pain. He couldn’t stand this, couldn’t stand the boy he was in love with being hurt like this.

“I’m into it,” Percy whispered weakly, but even he didn’t believe himself, dropping his eyes to the ground. It was weird – to Will Percy was always the strong, invincible hero who couldn’t be hurt by Titans or Giants or any monsters. And yet one single, cunt of a man made him look like a scared child.

“Stop lying to me,” Will murmured, shifting closer to Percy. He wanted to offer comfort but he didn’t know how, “He hits you.”

“It’s a-alright, it’s fine, it was m-my fault,” Percy pulled his wrist free from the blond’s grip and hugged himself, eyes still firmly on the ground, “And i-it was one time.”

“First of all,” Will was getting mad now, not at Percy though, “This is clearly not a one time thing. You don’t have to be a doctor to see that,” his voice softened, “And please explain to me how this could ever be your fault?”

Percy sniffled, “He got angry at me for training with Jas.”

Will tried to hide his shock, and failed, “He beat you up because you were training with Jason?” he demanded. Percy flinched.

“H-He didn’t beat me up,” he whispered. Will reached out and skimmed his fingers over the bruises over Percy’s ribs. The boy tensed.

“It sure looks like it,” he was trying to be gentle and unthreatening – though how could someone like him, all blond curls and freckles ever be threatening? – but it was hard to keep his emotions at bay.

“I shouldn’t be here with you, it’ll make him mad,” there were tears of panic in Percy’s eyes and he went to pull away but Will grabbed his hand again, “Will,” Percy said pleadingly, looking up at him with teary eyes that broke Will’s heart, “I need to go or he’ll...he’ll...”

“You’re crazy if you think I’m letting you go back to him,” Will said. Percy’s eyes widened, surprised at the intensity with which the blond was looking at him. He dropped his gaze again.

“I...I have to,” he whispered.

“Do you love him?” Will asked. Percy tensed, exhaled shakily, sniffled again. It was silent for a tense, tense moment, and the blond’s fingers subconsciously tightened on the boy’s hand, “Percy,”
he murmured eventually, “Do you love Luke?”

“No,” the son of Poseidon whispered brokenly, “I...I don’t think I ever did,” he admitted, and then his face crumbled and he started crying. Will pulled him into a tight embrace without thinking, and held the boy protectively against him. Despite the fact that he and Percy were the same height the son of Poseidon felt tiny in his arms in that moment, vulnerable and helpless, sobbing into Will’s shoulder.

The blond’s heart broke into a million pieces, “He doesn’t deserve you,” he whispered feverishly, keeping Percy close. The boy clung to him, “He shouldn’t have ever put a finger on you.”

Will stroked his back, his hair, and although it felt bizarre to be comforting Percy Jackson, the hero, somewhere deep inside himself the blond knew that it was right, and he wanted, more than anything to stop the other boy from crying.

“Shhhhh,” he murmured, and was happy when Percy hugged him back harder and started calming down, “I’ve got you, I won’t let him hurt you, ever, ever.”

“I-I just I-I...,” Percy pulled away and wiped his eyes with his sleeve, “Fuck. Sorry. I didn’t mean-“

“It’s okay,” Will said with a warm smile. Percy looked at him helplessly, not understanding how someone could be so goddamn kind and selfless, “Is Luke in your cabin?”

“Yeah,” Percy sniffled.

“Alright, I’m going to go speak with Chiron and you wait here-“

“No!” Percy blurted, grabbing Will’s hand before he could turn to the door, “N-No don’t-“

Will frowned, “Percy, he can’t stay there. Not when he’s treated you like this.”

“I-I can’t...I-I...,” Percy was having trouble breathing, “I don’t know h-how...how to b-be without him, h-he’s always been there I-I can’t just...I c-can’t just...”

“Yes you can,” Will said, and his voice was soft so in a weird way Percy didn’t feel like he was being pressured into anything. Not the way Luke pressured him anyway. The boy shuddered and the thought of returning to his boyfriend, after how caring Will had been, made him nauseous, “You’re Percy Jackson, you can do anything. And...,” Will looked away, “And I can go hang out there for a bit if you don’t want to be alone.”

“How do I break up with him?” Percy asked helplessly, “We’ve been together for so long...” Will squeezed his fingers and then let go of his hand.

“We’ll cross that bridge when we get to it,” he murmured, “For now I’m going to ask Chiron to make sure he can’t get into your Cabin.”

He left the medical bay and Percy sat down on one of the beds, burying his face in his hands. He felt ashamed, for being weak, for letting Luke treat him like this. When had it started? When did it turn from an accidental push and a slap out of anger into a daily thing? Percy couldn’t remember. And now Will would think he was weak, and Chiron, and all his friends if they found out...Percy sniffled. He regretted ever doing anything with Luke but honestly he had been so young when they first met and nobody but Percy’s mom had ever loved him. The attention and affection Luke gave him at first was addicting...but it was obvious that the son of Hermes never actually loved Percy. He had said so himself multiple times.
Then why am I with him? Percy questioned himself. He wanted Will to come back; Will made him feel safe and cared for.

“There you are.”

The voice made his blood run cold and Percy’s head snapped up. Luke was standing in the doorway of the medical bay, looking annoyed. His eyes narrowed when he saw Percy’s naked chest.

“What is this?” he growled.

“N-Nothing,” Percy’s heart started to pound in fear and he scrambled for his shirt, clumsily tugging it on. Then Luke was suddenly in front of him, his fingers digging painfully into Percy’s wrist. The son of Poseidon winced, “That hurts.”

“It’ll hurt more you little shit,” Luke leaned in close, his eyes blazing with fury, “Who the fuck did you strip for? That Solace kid that you keep eyeing up?” Percy couldn’t find his voice, “What the fuck is wrong with you? Did you forget your place? Do you think you can just walk around acting like a fucking slut?”

“Let go,” Percy whispered. He was scared, he felt like a little boy, intimidated by Luke’s height and strength. But Will’s face flashed in his head, his soft smile and warm eyes. The boy that Percy had longingly been looking at for weeks, who never made him feel like shit the way Luke did.

“We’re going,” Luke growled, “You’re going to tell him everything is fine and if I ever see you with him again I swear-“

“I said let go!” Percy yelled, suddenly angry. How did he let it become like this?

He didn’t mean for it to happen but suddenly water erupted from the ground, creating a hole in the floor of the cabin. The gush hit Luke square in the chest and knocked him backwards. The blond slid down the wall with a groan of pain and Percy, terrified, didn’t look to see if he got up. He threw himself out of the medical bay, on the verge of a panic attack, and sprinted through the dark strawberry fields.

His legs took him back to his cabin and he blindly stumbled inside, slamming the door shut even though he knew it wouldn’t keep Luke out. He would come, sooner or later, and Percy would be punished for what he did. Sobbing and terrified, the shaking boy climbed underneath his covers and curled up as small as he could, wanting to disappear. He could already feel the phantom feeling of Luke’s hands on him – violent, painful. He buried his face in his pillows and cried, his whole body going into shock.

When the door to his cabin opened he thought he was going to be sick. I want to disappear, I want to disappear, he trembled and prayed that somehow Luke wouldn’t find him here. He was like a child, hoping that his blanket would keep monsters away. He didn’t want it anymore, couldn’t take it anymore.

The gentle hand that touched the top of his head, the only part that was sticking out from beneath the covers, made Percy tense and whimper, waiting for the hit.

“Perce.”

It wasn’t Luke’s cold, harsh voice that said his name. It was the warm, comforting voice of Will. Percy sat up immediately, throwing his covers to the side, and saw that the son of Apollo was sitting on the edge of his bed, smiling apologetically. Percy tried to catch his breath and his heart pounded.
“Will,” he whimpered.

“It’s alright,” the blond took his hand and squeezed, “Gods, you gave me a fright. Chiron’s dealing with Luke, he’s most likely going to be expelled from Camp.”

“E-Expelled?” Percy choked out, still in shock over the whole situation. It was too much, too fast. Will nodded.

“Yeah. He’s going to be barred from returning to Camp and the shields will keep him out.”

He’s going away, the thought of the menacing presence of the blond disappearing made Percy slump down in relief and then, without thinking, he climbed across the bed and into Will’s arms, wrapping his own arms around the boy’s shoulders and clinging onto him as he tried to get himself under control. Will slumped against him, also relieved, and held Percy tightly.

“You’re going to be alright now.”

It all happened so fast. This morning Percy had woken up in bed with Luke and gotten a beating for not scrubbing his boots properly, and now he was being hugged by Will, never to see his toxic ex-boyfriend ever again.

“Gods,” he whispered, squeezing his eyes shut.

“Lie down,” Will said gently, “We’ll sort the details out in the morning.”

He nudged Percy backwards and the son of Poseidon did as he was told, settling back underneath the covers, sniffling. Will stood up, tucked one of his curls behind his ear and smiled gently at the boy.

“Night,” he whispered and turned. Percy couldn’t take it.

His hand shot out and he grabbed Will’s hand, “D-Don’t go,” he begged in a hoarse, raw voice, “D-Don’t leave me alone.”

Will didn’t have to be told twice, and he didn’t even hesitate. He went to the door to the cabin and ensured it was locked before he slid into the bed, facing Percy. The son of Poseidon looked a mess, but Will didn’t mind. He hesitantly wrapped an arm around the boy’s waist and pulled him close and, almost as if had been an invitation, Percy settled against him, burying his face in Will’s shoulder.

The blond wanted to tell him then, tell him how much he loved him. Not now, he’s already taken too much today, he told himself. Tomorrow morning he’d confess his feelings, when the emotions weren’t running so high. For now he was content with this, holding the boy he loved and keeping him safe from the man who would hurt him.
As Soon as I Get my Gun

Nico x Leo mafia au where Nico is this dark scary head of the Italian mafia and Leo is his cute little trophy wife whose kind of oblivious to the whole mafia thing. Also can you add smut top Nico bottom Leo and at the end have Leo find one of Nico’s bloody shirts for Empire state of mind

Nico di Angelo came from one of the oldest mafia families in America, originating from Italy. The Angelos had been active since the 1800s and by the 1920s had become notorious in all of America though they mostly remained in their Chicago territory.

Nico grow up among gangsters; guns, murder, screaming, it was all part of his daily life and he was never scared of it, even as a child. When he turned fourteen his father, the head of the gang, started bringing him along to conduct ‘business,’ which often included watching as someone got tortured for information. Nico knew why his father did this – someday Nico was expected to become the Mafia boss.

By the time Nico turned nineteen and his father died, he was ready for his role. He was emotionless, detached, had no mercy for the enemies of his family. He inherited his father’s wealth acquired from bootlegging liquor, selling cocaine and extorting money. The Angelos were respected, and had the police, lawyers and governors of Chicago behind them, making them virtually untouchable. They were like Gods, striding down the streets of the city as if they owned it. Which they did.

But there was another side to Nico, the feared leader of the Angelos, the side that nobody go to see but his childhood best friend, lover and ‘wife,’ Leo Valdez.

Leo Valdez was Mexican, and came from a poor, poor family. His mother died early on and when he was six he was taken in by his sour and unlikeable aunt, Rosa. Rosa, ironically, was the maid in Nico’s house. He always hated the woman because she hated all children, so when one day she arrived to work with a little, big-eyed boy, Nico was intrigued.

He quickly found that the angelic-looking Latino was called Leo, and he was not angelic at all, but a massive trouble maker. The di Angelos took to him immediately, feeling that he had a mischief and passion inside him that fit the family. Nico’s sisters especially adored the little boy, no matter how many pranks he played on them. And Nico adored him too, more than he should’ve.

When Leo was sixteen his aunt passed away, and it was no surprise to anyone that Nico’s mother, Maria, decided to take the boy on as a driver. By then Nico already knew that he was hopelessly in love with Leo and his sexual orientation was well known throughout Chicago – his father didn’t care and everybody else was too scared to say anything to him about it at all. Leo was, of course, oblivious. He was also oblivious to all the Mafia business happening around him; the dodgy men in low drawn hats that he drove to the station were ‘family friends’ to him, the crates of bottles and
bottles stacked in the cellar that disappeared overnight were something he never saw. He also never saw Nico’s or his father’s or uncle’s split knuckles, or bloodied clothes, or the bruises on their arms from the fights they got into. He didn’t see their guns and their knives, didn’t hear the whispers of the streets.

Nico was determined to keep it that way, forbidding the Angelos from ever mentioning anything about the Mafia to Leo. It was easy at first...and then they had their first kiss, aged sixteen, in the car after Leo drove Nico back home from the station. And then they fucked for the first time, and then they said their ‘i love you’s’ and by then it was too late for Nico to try and gently explain to his lover what exactly he was doing. Then his father passed away from Cholera and Nico became the new boss.

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Leo still sometimes questioned why in Chicago, where people condemned homosexuals, he and Nico were allowed to walk the streets hand-in-hand and nobody batted an eye. He used to ask Nico about it, but the Italian always gave him vague answers, and eventually Leo stopped questioning it and just decided to enjoy it. He loved Nico, and Nico loved him, and that’s all that mattered.

Tonight there was a party that all of the di Angelo’s, and so Leo by default, were invited. Since Leo and Nico became ‘official’ the Latino stopped being the driver and now tended to stay at home, working on repairing engines as a hobby, and sometimes gardening. But tonight the whole family – Maria, and Leo and Nico, and Nico’s sisters Bianca and Hazel, and his uncles Hermes and Apollo, and his aunts Artemis and Aphrodite – were driven to the mansion of the mayor by the new driver.

Leo enjoyed it, enjoyed being part of the family, since he had never been able to be part of one before. And Nico was a bonus. Nico was such a bonus. Leo never thought they’d fall in love with each other but now that they were together it didn’t make sense that they had ever been apart.

They walked into the grand mansion together, Leo holding onto Nico’s arm the way he normally did. Both of them were dressed in brand new suits that fitted them perfectly and Leo thought that Nico looked gorgeous, all dark and mysterious and sexy. He, on the other hand, still looked like an over-excited child, not only because of his small size but also because of his wild curls that Nico loved so much that didn’t fit into this classy party.

It was in full bloom when the Angelos arrived; men in elegant suits were spinning beautiful ladies on the dance-floor to the cheery sound of jazz music while others lined the walls or sat on little round tables, talking and laughing over glasses of illegal champagne, picking at little canapés and cakes. The atmosphere was wonderful – intense and buzzing. Leo smiled and leaned into Nico.

“‘They’re drinking alcohol again,’” he smirked, winking. He loved everything that was forbidden, alcohol, Nico, the whole shebang, “Should we get some?”

“No,” Nico said firmly. Leo pouted.

“Aw, someone’s a killjoy.”

“Nico,” Aphrodite teased, walking past with Hazel, “Don’t deny him the simple pleasures of life.”

“Alcohol is illegal, auntie,” Nico replied firmly and amusement flashed across the woman’s face. She shook her head and walked off with her niece. Meanwhile Nico got swarmed by people who came over to greet him and congratulate him on something or other. Back when Leo first started accompanying his lover to these events he used to get shy and anxious and try to slip away, but he quickly learned that Nico wanted him at his side at these times, since he hated speaking to crowds
too and having the Latino around calmed him down. So now Leo stayed put firmly, his hand still holding Nico’s.

“Mr di Angelo,” a man said, “how wonderful that you managed to make it!”

A lady leaned into Leo and smiled brightly. She was the wife of the major, Leo remembered, “Lovely suit,” she said in a conspirator’s whisper, “you look absolutely gorgeous.”

“Thank you, love,” Leo winked at her, “You look stunning yourself.”

The lady smiled and pulled away. Nico’s eyes landed on Piper, the daughter of the governor, across the room. She smiled at him and gave a little, dainty wave. Leo turned to Nico, who was listening to one of the older men saying a joke, and stood on his tiptoes to whisper into his ear.

“I’m going to see Piper.”

Nico glanced down at him and nodded and quickly pecked him on the cheek, ignoring the fact that they were in front of so many people. Nobody even reacted, and the man telling his joke continued without a stutter. They were used to it by now.

Leo slipped away from Nico and made his way across the room, to a grinning Piper, “Well hello beautiful,” the Latino teased.

“Lovely to see you, Leo,” Piper smiled, place a hand on his waist as she pulled him in for a cheek kiss. She smelled like roses and looked dazzling in a long, red dress.

“How are you?” Leo asked, and then wriggled his eyebrows, “How’s Jason?”

Piper rolled her eyes, “Wonderful, actually. How’s Nico feeling?”

“He’s feeling fine,” Leo said, thinking that the question was weird.

“Well yes but after the whole-,” Piper started, and then paused, “Actually, don’t worry,” she said quickly, “how have you been?”

Leo let out a happy little sigh, “Good. God, Piper, I’m so good,” the girl’s face lit up brightly and grabbed two tall flute glasses from the tray of a passing waiter, pushing one into Leo’s hand. The boy smiled gratefully and sipped on the alcohol. It smelled nice and tasted bad, but Leo didn’t care – the fact that he was drinking prohibited alcohol was enough to make him buzz, “I’m so happy. I just...,” he looked across the room at Nico, who was still talking to a group of men, “I love him so much,” he whispered.

Piper squeezed his arm, “I’m glad. I’m so glad. You deserve it, Leo.”

They went to dance. Sometimes Leo wished that Nico would dance with him but the Italian disliked it, and besides, it would probably be a little too controversial for even them to do that. So instead he drank some more and met with some of the people he usually saw at these parties, and looked longingly at his lover, wanting to be by his side again. But Nico seemed busy, talking with important people, and Leo didn’t want to bother him. Eventually Aphrodite came to him and told him that Nico went up to discuss some important thing. By then it was past midnight so Leo sighed and decided to return home with the ladies, since he was exhausted.

He laid in bed later, alone and cold, gloomily watching the window and waiting for his man to return. He knew that Nico was an important businessman though he never got the details of what exactly he did, just that it often required him to stay out for hours and hours on end. It made Leo
lonely, and he missed his love, his man, his ‘husband’ as they liked to joke. The bed in their mansion was too big for the Latino himself and yet as the minutes ticked by, torturously slow, he fell asleep, hugging a pillow to his chest.

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Blood splattered Nico’s shirt as his fist connected with the man’s face. He remembered when it hurt, when the tender skin on his knuckles would split and bleed. But now Nico was used to this, to hurting the people that would try to hurt him, and didn’t even flinch when his fist broke the man’s nose. He made a garbled sound and when he opened his mouth blood poured down his chin.

“P-Please,” he sobbed. Nico grabbed the man’s hair and roughly pulled his head up. Around him were his family and some other mafia members, all glowering at the man. Artemis looked unimpressed, her dress also stained with blood from her own interrogation.

“Where are the guns?” Nico growled.

“P-Please,” the man he was getting information out of was shaking, tied to his chair. This was what Nico had to leave the party for, and he was fucking angry. He had wanted to be with Leo, and this shit had interrupted him, “I-I don’t k-know anything.”

“Don’t fucking lie to me,” Nico seethed. At his side Hermes casually took a knife out of his pocket and twirled it in his hand. The man started crying harder, “Who the fuck did you give the guns to?” Nico demanded, wanting to finish this quickly, “Those Atlantic City fuckers?”

“N-No I swear!” the man said, his eyes wide with fear. Nico gritted his teeth. Bingo.

“You gave it to the Ramirez sisters, didn’t you?” he growled, “The whole batch?”

“P-Please I didn’t mean...I-I didn’t...they forced m-me,” the man was looking for a way to explain himself, but Nico already had the information he needed. He let go of the man’s head and turned to face his family in anger.

“Fuck,” Artemis growled, “Now those bitches have our weapons.”

“It’s fine,” Nico said, and one of his men handed him a cloth so he could wipe the blood off of his hands. There was nothing he could do about his shirt though, it was ruined, “We’ll have another delivery in two days and as for the Ramirez Gang,” he shook his head, “As long as they stay in their territory it’ll be fine.”

“What do you want to do with him?” Apollo asked, gesturing at the sobbing, bloodied traitor in the chair.

“Kill him,” Nico said calmly. He walked past his uncle and out of the door and heard the gunshot ring out across the top floor of the house. He sighed and at the door the butler offered him his jacket. Nico pulled it on, covering his bloodied shirt, and walked out into the cold night, the driver opening the car door for him. Nico remembered where Leo used to do that, and back then car rides were what Nico most looked forward to, just so he could be alone with the Latino. Now he looked forward to everything else, because Leo was always at his side. Except now. As the car zoomed through the streets of Chicago, deserted at this time, Nico wondered if Leo was still waiting up for him, the way he normally did.

When he pulled up at his house the dark window of their bedroom assured him that the boy had gone to sleep. Good, Nico thought climbing out, exhausted. He didn’t want Leo to lay about by himself. The Italian walked in through the front door and the servant that had waited for his return inclined his
head at him and locked the door.

Nico normally would’ve gone to the downstairs bathroom to clean up but now he climbed upstairs to his bedroom instead, too eager to see his lover. They had barely seen each other all night. He crept into his bedroom and then into the en-suite bathroom. He stripped down out of his bloodied clothes, leaving them in the heap by the bath for the maid to take care of in the morning, barely paying attention to anything. He scrubbed himself quickly wanting, more than anything, to climb into bed with Leo and hold the boy in his arms. He ensured all evidence of the business he had conducted was washed from his body and then he padded back into the bedroom, only in his underwear.

Leo was sitting up in bed, looking all soft and sleepy, a smile on his lips, “Hey,” he whispered when he saw Nico. The Italian couldn’t help but return the smile, feeling that everything in that moment was perfect.

“Hey baby,” he walked to the bed and knelt on it and Leo leaned into him automatically, meeting Nico halfway for a chaste kiss, “Sorry, I didn’t mean to wake you. And sorry I came home late,” Nico’s eyes searched Leo’s face, his hand coming to stroke his cheek. Leo leaned into it and his eyes fluttered shut.

“What were you doing?” he asked with the innocent curiosity that he always did.

“Business,” was all Nico said, and silenced all further questioning by kissing the Latino. All his tiredness disappeared and suddenly he felt more awake than he had when hitting the man earlier. The adrenaline that he felt then awoke again in his veins and his kiss turned rough and passionate. Leo, knowing exactly what Nico needed, slid into his lap, wrapping his arms around his lover’s shoulders, soft and pliant and ready, “God, I love you,” Nico murmured hungrily. Leo smiled.

“I know,” he said, sounding pleased. He still looked sleepy, but sexy at the same time, wearing only one of Nico’s button-up shirts and nothing else, his smooth, tanned thighs pressing against Nico’s legs, “You work too hard,” he murmured, brushing his nose against the Italian’s, his thin arm warm around Nico’s shoulders, “You should give yourself a break sometimes.”

“Can’t do that,” Nico whispered, his hands sliding up Leo’s thighs and then going around to rest on his perky backside, “have to make sure we have money.”

“We don’t need it,” Leo shifted closer, his voice low and sultry, “I don’t need it. I only need you.”

Nico kissed him passionately then, so deeply that Leo almost tumbled backwards, the lower part of his body pressing against Nico’s, his back bowed. He exhaled shakily against the Italian’s mouth, and he felt so perfect against him that in that moment Nico thought he didn’t need anything else but him too. Leo smelled like cinnamon and cigarettes even though he didn’t smoke himself. It was intoxicating to Nico.

“D’you wanna fuck me?” the Latino asked, still half-asleep. Nico squeezed his arse.

“Only if you want to,” he said, his mouth sliding from Leo’s mouth down to his neck. He kissed the warm skin there and Leo let out a little moan, reaching down to tug at the man’s underwear. Nico wrapped an arm around his waist and lifted Leo upwards so he could pull the offending garment off, before settling Leo back in his lap. The Latino smiled at him and stroked his face.

“I remember when you used to be so small and scrawny,” he said against Nico’s mouth.

“You’re still small and scrawny,” he teased. Leo rolled his eyes and his fingers danced down Nico’s muscled stomach to his half-hard cock, which he grasped in his palm and began to stroke. He knew
exactly how Nico liked it and the Italian buried his face in Leo’s neck with a groan, still kissing and
nipping at the skin. One of this hand pushed Leo’s shirt up, revealing his naked body beneath it.
Nico sucked a hickey just below his jaw and Leo giggled, his nimble fingers teasing Nico’s cock. It
was exactly what he needed to get the tension to leave his body.

Suddenly Leo pushed Nico’s chest, forcing the man to flop backwards against the bed, blinking in
surprise. Leo smirked and crawled over his body.

“Let me take care of you,” he whispered, pressing kisses down Nico’s naked chest, “You work so
hard, you deserve to relax sometimes...”

Nico inhaled sharply when he felt Leo’s gorgeous mouth wrap around his dick. His eyes slid shut
and his fingers found his lover’s hair, tangling in the curls. Leo was an expert at this by now; the first
time he had given Nico a blowjob he had been clumsy and inexperienced but Nico had still come in
under two minutes. Now he knew exactly what to do and in seconds Nico was biting his lip to keep
back his moans as the Latino bobbed his head up and down, swallowing him completely as if his
mouth was meant for it.

“Good boy,” Nico breathed, pleasure thrumming through his body pleasantly, “Such a good boy...,”
he opened his eyes to look down at the Latino, who looked like some kind of debauched angel. Leo
released his cock from his mouth with a wet noise that made Nico shiver and grinned up at the Italian
as he licked up the underside of his cock in a tantalizing way.

“Should be wet enough,” he whispered after a moment and before Nico could react he had climbed
back in his lap, reached behind himself to grasp Nico’s cock in his hand, and was sinking down onto
it.

“Fuck,” Nico threw his head back against the bed as unexpected pleasure rushed through him. Leo
impaled himself on the man’s cock with a soft hiss and Nico’s hands shot out to grip Leo’s thighs as
his member slid into the boy’s velvety entrance, helped by spit and precum, “God, Leo-“

“F-Fuck,” Leo swore, eyes squeezed shut, gripping the front of his shirt with one hand while the
other curled on Nico’s chest, just below his heart. He didn’t wait for either of them to adjust to the
feeling as he lifted himself up, only to slide back down again. A moan tumbled out of Nico’s mouth
and his fingers dug into his lover’s thighs. He remembered the fights they used to have, when Leo
thought that the reason Nico was disappearing at night was because he was cheating. He had almost
told him the truth then...almost. He couldn’t imagine ever wanting somebody else when he had Leo.
Leo was everything to him.

The boy bounced in his lap, panting, his movements surprisingly graceful for someone so clumsy.
Nico wanted to kiss him, to hold him close, but the boy was too far away. His body burned with
pleasure and his cock throbbed inside Leo, who whimpered and gasped every time he sunk back
down onto the member.

Nico couldn’t take being away from Leo. He sat up abruptly and Leo cried out when the other boy’s
cock was driven deeper inside him. The Latino automatically leaned forward and crashed his mouth
to Nico’s as he continued riding him.

“Ah! N-Nico-, ” he moaned when the Italian wrapped a hand around his cock.

“Shhh, quiet, baby,” Nico kissed his cheek, “Or the servants will hear.”

Leo whimpered, his hips stuttering as his movements grew more jerky and uncoordinated. His cock
twitched in Nico’s hand and the Italian knew that it meant the boy was close. He leaned up and
scraped his teeth over his soft spot, just beneath his ear. Leo moaned so loudly Nico was sure that the whole house heard, whiny and desperate, and came all over Nico’s hand. His walls clenched around the Italian’s cock and the mafia boss gritted his teeth, though that didn’t stop his orgasm from washing over him.

Moments later he finally found the strength to pull out of the Latino and he slumped to the side, exhausted and ready to sleep. Dawn was almost upon them and Nico had business to attend to in the afternoon. But when he reached out for Leo he found that the boy was gone, which forced Nico to crack his eyes open. The Latino was sitting on the edge of the bed.


“Ugh, I told you not to come inside me,” Leo grumbled, standing up, “It’s so hard to get out.” As he said that Nico’s cum slid out of him and down his thighs. Nico gave him a predatory grin.

“You look so nice when you’re marked by me though,” he teased. Leo rolled his eyes and subconsciously touched his neck, where a hickey was already forming.

“Idiot,” he said, “I’m going to clean up.”

He walked to the bathroom and Nico smiled happily, pressing his face into one of the pillows. Sleep was inches away, and yet he wanted to wait for Leo to come back to bed, so the Italian could hold him while falling asleep.

At times like this he wondered what would happen if he was to get murdered. It happened all the time, whole gang families wiped out. Would Leo know then? Or would he still be innocent to all the crimes Nico committed and think it was just an act of unprovoked aggression? An accident?

He heard Leo’s footsteps come out of the bathroom and he smiled, eyes closed, “Come to bed, baby.”

“Nico,” Leo’s voice sounded weird, “What is this?”

Nico cracked his eye open and his blood ran cold. In seconds he was awake and sitting up, heart pounding. Leo stood a few steps from the bed, holding Nico’s bloodied shirt in one hand and his gun in the other. Idiot, I’m such a fucking idiot, the Italian cursed himself. How could he have just left all that in the bathroom? He usually stripped in the one downstairs, where Leo rarely went, and yet this time he had done it without noticing, leaving all his things in plain view. Stupid, stupid, stupid...

“What is this?” Leo asked, and his voice cracked. His eyes were full of confusion and fear and pain.

“Shhh, just listen to me-,” Nico started, and Leo dropped the shirt and the gun as if they were poisonous, stumbling against the closest wall, breathing hard.

“Oh my God,” he whispered to himself, almost hysterical, “A- Are you...a-are you some sort of k- killer?”

“What? No!” Nico said immediately.

“Then explain to me what the hell you’re doing with a gun!” Leo yelled.

“Shh, you’ll wake up the whole house,” Nico tried to calm him down.
“I don’t fucking care!” Leo yelled, and there were tears in his eyes, “I thought somebody had hurt you, but you’re fine, which means the blood isn’t yours and...and...” he couldn’t seem to be able to breathe properly, his small frame shaking, “W-What is this, Nico? What is this?”

“I wanted to tell you,” Nico said desperately, “but it was dangerous, I couldn’t bare to risk your life-“

“Risk my life?!” Leo’s voice was high-pitched.

“Leo,” Nico said gently, “My family are an Italian gang.”

“W-What?” Leo’s eyes widened, glimmering with tears.

“We’re the Mafia, Leo.”

Leo slumped against the wall, clearly processing the information, “T-The Mafia?” he asked helplessly.

Nico sighed, “Yes. We have been for generations. I took over two years ago, after father died.”


“Yes.”

“H-How...w-what? N-No...,” Leo shook his head as if trying to forget what Nico just told him, and it broke the Italian’s heart, “I-It can’t be, I never...I never saw anything-“

“I made sure of that,” Nico whispered, “I didn’t want you to be surrounded by death and drugs and alcohol.”

“Is that what you do?” Leo demanded, choking on a sob, “Sell d-drugs and a-alcohol and a-all that bullshit?”

Nico winced, “Yes.”

“And you kill people?!” Leo yelled. Nico closed his eyes briefly.

“Only if they deserve it,” he murmured. Leo slid down the wall and buried his face in his hands, sobbing. It was all too much for Nico, he felt as if someone was slicing into him with a knife, “Leo...Leo please.”

He knelt down next to the boy and tried to touch him but the Latino slapped his hand away, “Don’t touch me!”

“Fuck, don’t do this to me,” Nico whispered desperately, “Don’t do this to me.”

“S-Shut up y-you have no right to a-ask me for anything,” Leo glared at him through his tears, “I should f-fucking walk o-out and never s-speak to you again!”

“No,” Nico whispered, “No. Don’t...Don’t say that. Don’t do that.”

“You lied to me,” Leo hissed.

Leo was crying again, “Y-You could d-die.”

“I won’t,” Nico moved closer, and grabbed one of Leo’s hands, pulling it to his mouth and kissing the back of it, “I won’t, I promise. I won’t leave you, ever.” Leo sniffled and wiped his eyes with the back of the hand Nico wasn’t holding and the Italian could still see that the boy was feeling betrayed, “The truth is...,” he cleared his throat and Leo looked at him, though Nico couldn’t bear to meet his eye, “I didn’t tell you about this because I was scared you’d leave me.”

“Are you daft?” Leo exclaimed, “What kind of stupid assumption is that?! You’re really a fucking idiot, Nico I’d never....” he stopped his sudden outburst and took a deep breath, “I would never leave you, no matter how much this hurt me.”

“I love you,” Nico said helplessly.

“That doesn’t excuse lying,” Leo replied.

“I know,” Nico bowed his head and cradled Leo’s hand to his chest, “I just don’t know what else to say.”

Leo shifted forward and surprised Nico by suddenly wrapping his arm around the man’s shoulders and kissing the top of his head, all of his anger gone – clearly he had finally gotten over his shock. He sniffled, “It’s alright, so stop sounding so upset.”

Nico hugged him fiercely, clutching the boy close, afraid he would leave, “I’m sorry. I’m sorry for not telling you.”

“I said it’s okay,” Leo smacked him upside the head playfully and then slid down and pecked Nico on the mouth gently, “I know you didn’t tell me anything not because you don’t trust me, but because you’re overprotective.”

“I’m not overprotective,” Nico argued.

“Great, can I have a gun then?”

Nico gaped at his lover, “No! What if you accidentally shoot at yourself?”

Leo rolled his eyes but he was smiling despite his red-rimmed eyes, “See – there it is. You’re overprotective.”

“Idiot,” Nico pulled him in for a long kiss, assuring himself that Leo wouldn’t leave. And he didn’t leave.

Life continued normally after that. Except Leo now had a gun.
Kiss It All Better

A highschool au. Jason is the famous boy and Nico is the bullied loner with only a worried Hazel and a protective Reyna by his side, a loner who can see and exorcise ghosts. Jason has been haunted by an exceptionally strong ghost that makes him faint in the hallway one day, and Nico without thinking saves his life by sucking the ghost into his body via the guise of performing CPR in front of the whole school to exorcise it, leaving him sick. This makes him more ostracized when he returns to school and Jason confused about the strange boy’s act. Reyna, who knows Nico's secrets, plays wingwoman with Hazel and explains the truth to Jason, who goes from sceptical to protective and smitten.

For aluminion

Nico sat gloomily at the window of his classroom, looking out at the rainy playground. Normally there’d be people there; boys playing basketball, groups sitting around to eat lunch. But the rain was keeping everyone inside the school, which was bad since Nico felt threatened in the classroom. It was his hiding spot, his place to sit during lunchtime. He didn’t need people coming in here just because of the shit weather.

The door to the classroom opened and the boy’s head snapped to the side, eyes automatically narrowing into a glare. Drew, one of the most popular girls in school, pulled her boyfriend, Conor, into the classroom and blinked when she saw Nico in the windowsill.

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” she rolled her eyes, “That weirdo’s here.”

“Hey, buddy,” Conor faked being nice, grinning at Nico, “We’re kinda looking for a place to make out. You mind leaving us alone?”

“Yes. I was here first,” Nico replied, unimpressed. Drew rolled her eyes,

“Whatever. Freak,” she pulled on Conor’s hand and then both left, slamming the door of the classroom shut behind them. Nico sighed and rested his forehead against the window of the classroom, watching rain streak down the glass.

“Well, that wasn’t very nice.”

“Whatever, they’re always like that,” Nico mumbled.

A grey, almost see-through girl floated towards him and rested at his feet, a gentle smile on her
slightly blurred face, “Cheer up, little bro.”

Bianca was the first ghost that had ever attached itself to Nico. Ever since he was a baby he saw ghosts; watery, grey, they mostly ignored him, though some desperately spoke to him and tried to get him to deliver messages to their families, or finish up their business. His parents never believed him when he said he could see all these people that died...but Bianca had believed.

And then, when Nico was eleven, his parents and sister got into a car crash. None of them survived and when Nico went to their funeral, sobbing and terrified because he had no family left and would be put into foster care, he was shocked to find his sisters ghost at her grave, looking down sadly. Nico’s parents never showed themselves to him, and yet Bianca never left him, feeling responsible for her brother and quietly looking over him as he travelled from foster home to foster home, until he finally ended up at a YMCA, aged fifteen.

Since then other ghosts had joined Bianca in ‘guarding’ Nico. He doubted they could actually look after him and more that by staying with him they were clinging to their humanity. Not everyone came back as a ghost, and those who didn’t disappeared somewhere the ghosts haunting Nico had no access, a place they were afraid of. Nico didn’t mind – he had always been a loner, ever since his first foster home, and hardly had any friends at his current high-school. Not that he cared, he had his ghosts to keep him company.

Well, isn’t that sad, he thought bitterly.

“You should stand up to them sometimes, kid,” Beckendorf shook his head from where he was perched on one of the desks. Nico hadn’t known him when he was alive, just remembered that when he was twelve a fire had broken up in the neighbourhood of his second foster family. He remembered the blaze and the flames and the powerful, tall, see-through figure of Beckendorf floating out from among the smoke, confused. None of his family had made it out, and none of them had returned at spirits. Beckendorf attached himself to Nico, who took care to explain to him what happened, ignoring the weird looks the gathered crowd gave him, and since then Beckendorf had stayed, pushing Nico to be brave even though he couldn’t be, “Telling them to piss off isn’t enough. You need to tell them to leave you alone.”

“They do leave me alone though,” Nico grumbled, “they’ll say stupid things but it’s not like I’m bullied or anything. I’m fine.”

“But you do get bullied,” Bianca argued, “They break into your locker and spread nasty rumours about you-“

“I don’t care,” Nico said.

“You just need to be nicer to them,” Silena, who had died before meeting Nico and who the Italian was sure was only sticking around because of Beckendorf, said gently, “Make friends. You’re always so alone...”

“Stop telling him what to do,” Zoe barked, standing by the door, arms crossed over her chest. She had been a supervisor at one of the summer camps Nico went to when he was thirteen, though he had never spoken to her directly before she died. She drowned after a kid fall into the lake – she got him out, but her body had to be fished out the next day. She seemed to find comfort in being Nico’s body-guard.

“Thankyou,” the human rolled his eyes. Zoe frowned.

“Someone’s coming.”
The ghosts all held their breaths as if breathing would somehow alert people about their presence. It wouldn’t – Nico had long ago learnt that he was the only person that saw ghosts. Nico tensed and the door to the classroom opened, the cheerful voices of students chilling in the corridor filtering in.

“Oh,” Jason Grace looked surprised to see Nico and he smiled sheepishly, “Sorry Nico. I thought this classroom was empty.

He was alone, and Nico’s heart pounded in his chest just from looking at the gorgeous blond. Jason was the only person in Nico’s class who didn’t see him as a piece of trash. They weren’t friends but Jason always took time to say hello to Nico and ask him how his weekend was. It was sweet, and painful, because it just made Nico feel more lonely when Jason was gone.

“I can leave if you want,” the Italian blurted. Beckendorf snorted and Nico fought the urge to glare at him, cursing himself for sounding too eager.

“No, no, it’s fine,” Jason smiled, “I just wanted to get away from all the noise. Mind if I hang out with you for a bit?”

Nico swallowed, not understanding why the most popular boy in school would want to hang out with him, “Sure.”

“Aw it’s Nico’s little crush,” Zoe teased.

“You guys would be so cute,” Silena cooed as Jason settled on one of the tables opposite the window Nico sat on.

“Shut up, guys,” Bianca growled. The ghosts all faded through the wall and out into the rain, wanting to give Nico some privacy. The Italian was glad for that.

“How come you’re sitting alone then?” Jason asked, pulling a can of coke from his pocket and opening it. Nico couldn’t look him in the eye and he was scared he was blushing.


“Aw, c’mon. That’s not true, you have friends, you...you...,” clearly he was trying to think of someone who was friends with Nico, and failed. He cleared his throat, “Uh, want some coke?” he asked.

“I don’t do cocaine,” Nico mumbled.

“Oh. No. I meant like coca cola,” Jason replied. Then he blinked and grinned, letting out a little snort, “Oh! I just got that. Sorry. That was funny.”

“Not really,” Nico mumbled, hugging himself and looking out of the window. He felt nervous around Jason, but today he also seemed agitated...the blond was acting normal but something about his presence was making Nico’s skin crawl.

“Not very talkative today, are you?” Jason teased.

“I’m never talkative,” Nico replied. Jason laughed, as if he didn’t mind Nico’s snarkiness. It made the Italian want to get close to him, to feel Jason’s warmth around him. Yes, he knew his crush was hopeless, which didn’t make it any less of a crush. He bit his lip, looked up at the blond, and froze.

There was a swirling shadow behind the boy, and the moment Nico looked at it, he felt dread. His breath caught in his throat and Jason frowned,
“You alright?” he asked, “You’ve gone pale.”

He slid off the table and reached out his hand to Nico’s forehead as if to check his temperature. The shadow followed him and, terrified, Nico slapped Jason’s hand before it could touch him. Surprise, the blond took a step back.

“Who are you?” Nico whispered, eyes transfixed on the shadow. Jason blinked.

“Uh...Jason? Jason Grace?”

“Kronosssss...”

The shadow hissed and in front of Nico’s eyes it swirled and elongated, transforming until it took on the form of a human man...except eight feet tall and made of darkness. The evil form hovered over Jason, two red, glowing pinpricks as its eyes staring right into Nico’s soul.

The bell rang for lunch and the entity disappeared, though that didn’t stop Nico from shakily leaning against a wall. Jason looked worried.

“Maybe you should go to the medical room.”

“I-I’m fine,” Nico lied. People started filtering into the classroom, talking among each other. Nico grabbed his bag and pushed past Jason and out of the room as quickly as he could, feeling terrified. His ghosts slipped through the walls.


“Nico!” Bianca sounded panicked, “Nico talk to us!”

Nico pushed past the students hurrying to class, not caring if he barged into anyone. He ran up to the third floor and by then the hallways were emptying so nobody saw Nico slip a key into the lock of a storage closet with a shaky hand, and slip inside.

Once in the dark, comforting darkness, Nico slid down the wall and buried his face in his hands, shaking. His ghosts floated in and all looked down at him, worried. There weren’t many other ghosts in the school and Nico knew all of them; there was the girl in the second floor girl’s bathroom that Nico only saw briefly through the door. She had killed herself in that bathroom. Two boys played basketball in the sports hall after lesson, and an old caretaker ratted about on the first floor. He had never seen or met or heard about anyone who died in the school named Kronos.

But he had seen ghosts who looked like him before – dark, shadowy, not really looking human. They surrounded the areas of terrible crimes; arsons and murders and homicides and sometimes suicide. They were the people shot by police after committing a crime, or the ones who ended their own lives after ending someone else’s, so full of malice that their spirit became monstrous.

But what was one doing in Nico’s highschool? And why was he attached to Jason?

A knock sounded on the door to the closet, followed by a worried voice, “Nico?”

Only two people knew about this hiding place, Nico’s only two ‘friends.’ Sighing the boy struggled to his feet, ignoring the questions his ghosts bombarded him with, and opened the door. Hazel and Reyna stood outside. Reyna was from the year above and looked unimpressed as she saw Nico emerge. Her girlfriend, Hazel, who was a year below Nico, looked worried.

“Nico,” she sighed in relief when she saw the boy, “Glad you’re okay.”
“Why wouldn’t I be?” Nico grumbled. Reyna and Hazel exchanged a look and the former spoke.

“Grace told us you ran off, looking like you’ll be sick.”

Nico’s jaw clenched, “I’m fine.”

“Is it the ghosts?” Hazel asked.

“Hey don’t blame this on us!” Zoe argued.

“Zoe’s telling you not to blame it on them.”

“Sorry,” Hazel said sheepishly.

The two girls were the only ones apart from Bianca who had believed in Nico’s ‘power.’ The three of them had all grown up in the foster system and met in the YMCA, and somehow Nico knew he could trust the girls. They were his friends but they rarely got to hang out at school since they were all in different years – Hazel was only sixteen, while Reyna was already eighteen. Nico was in the middle.

“What is it then?” Reyna questioned, blunt, “Hurry up, I need to go back to maths.”

“It’s just...,” Nico bit his lip, “I saw...something. Someone.”


“With Jason. Attached to him. All shadowy and evil.”

“Fuck,” Reyna swore. Hazel squeezed her hand.

“Are you going to try and exorcise it?”

“I don’t know, I never...I don’t know if I can take it,” Nico admitted.

***

Nico hated exorcisms, even though he had only performed them twice. Both times it was painful and violent, and ended up causing him a lot of problems. The first time was when a malicious spirit had attached itself to the supervisor of Nico’s YMCA, making her furious and aggressive. That’s what those spirits did – slowly eroded all the good in a person until there was only evil left. Nico had to go to church to figure out what to do and the exorcism put him to bed for a whole week. The second time it had been Hazel herself – thankfully Nico had managed to eliminate that spirit before it ever grew enough to change Hazel’s personality. He had vomited blood after it.

But never had he felt such power as the spirit who followed Jason had. Nico’s own ghosts disappeared whenever Jason was around, and so the Italian decided to avoid the blond at all costs until he figured out what to do. Not that Jason would even notice it, it’s not like they were friends.

A week passed, and Nico’s plan to stay away from the situation was working. Until one day after lesson when he was packing his books away, Jason walked into the classroom. Everyone had already left and so when Nico looked up and saw the blond by the door, his heart stopped beating for a moment.

Kronos was behind Jason, like a shadowy puppet master, “Nico,” there were dark circles under Jason’s eyes and his voice seemed hoarse.
“H-Hey,” Nico said nervously, trying to concentrate on his books. His ghosts were gone, as always when Kronos was around.

“You’ve been avoiding me, haven’t you?” Jason asked, catching Nico off-guard.

“Huh?” the boy looked up, slinging his battered old bag over his shoulder, “N-No. I haven’t.”

Jason’s eyes narrowed, “Don’t lie to me.”

“Yesss Nico,” Kronos hissed behind the boy, “Don’t lie to him.”

The voice made Nico’s hair stand on end, “Look Jason, we’re not friends, so I can’t really be avoiding you. Sorry, I need to go home,” he went to go past the blond and out of the classroom door but Jason’s hand shot out and he grabbed Nico’s wrist suddenly, painfully. Nico gasped as Jason’s fingers dug into his wrist.

“Stop avoiding me!” the blond growled, face inches from Nico’s. The Italian had never seen him like this, so aggressive. It scared him.

“Stop it Jason,” he whispered. The blond’s fingers only tightened painfully and Nico’s winced, “Jason, stop,” he tried to free himself but Jason just dragged him closer, eyes full of anger. Nico’s own eyes snapped to the shadow towering over both of them, “Stop it,” he seethed. The shadow retreated backwards, keeping close but not sticking to Jason’s back anymore. The blond blinked, seeming confused, and let go of Nico’s wrist.

“Shit,” he said, “Oh shit, Nico, I’m sorry I didn’t mean-“

The boy shoved past him and out of the door, his ghosts re-appearing as soon as Jason was out of sight.

“What happened?!” Silena demanded.

“I don’t know!” Nico yelled back, not caring if anyone was around to hear him talking to thin air.

“Shit, shit,” Bianca hissed, “Just get out of here, and stay away from Jason.”

Nico wasn’t sure how much longer he could do that for.

***

Another week crawled back and Nico wanted desperately to get rid of the ghost haunting Jason; seeing him so stressed and exhausted and irritable hurt the Italian. But his priest connection was currently in the Vatican and if he wasn’t present Nico couldn’t get rid of the ghost. Which meant he was forced to leave it on Jason’s back.

Until he wasn’t anymore.

It was Monday morning, and Nico had spent another weekend locked up in his YMCA room, not speaking to anyone but his ghosts, and only leaving to go chill in Reyna’s room. Returning to school made him depressed though – he hated being there.

It was third period when it happened. Nico was walking down the hallways with two dozen other students, trying to get to his classroom, when his ghosts suddenly disappeared. He tensed, knowing that it meant Jason was close. Sure enough when he looked up he saw the blond walking towards him, eyes dark and angry. He hadn’t spotted Nico, but Kronos had, his piercing eyes located on
Nico. It happened too quickly for anyone to react.

Suddenly Jason went pale, stopped, wobbled, and crumbled to the floor. Nico stood, gaping, and saw that Kronos was...seeping inside the collapsed boy’s chest. It happened so fast. Suddenly people were shouting, crowding in around the blond, running down the corridor to get a nurse. Nico’s heart pounded and he felt sick. His legs moved on their own and he shoved through the crowd around the collapsed boy.

“Get out of the way di Angelo!” someone yelled, but Nico wasn’t listening.

“Move, he needs CPR,” he lied, pushing a Kelli, one of the cheerleaders, aside so he could kneel next to Jason. He knew what he had to do and he was so scared for the blond’s safety that he didn’t even give it a second thought. Kronos was halfway seeped inside of him when Nico leaned down and pressed their mouths together.

The world went silent, and Nico didn’t hear anyone, wasn’t aware of anyone. For a second he was just kissing Jason, their lips pressed gently together, and his heart was pounding. And then Kronos left the blond’s body and slipped inside Nico’s own. His mouth was filled with phantom ash, and he wanted to cough. His body felt heavy suddenly, his head pounding as he sucked the menacing spirit out of Jason.

He pulled back, gasping and shaking, his insides churning, and Jason sat up abruptly, eyes wide, also gasping. Sound filtered back in – some girls were shouting at Nico to get away from Jason and someone grabbed his arm and jerked him to his feet, shoving him against the lockers. Nico’s whole body felt like it was being broken apart and it hurt. He had to fight tears as he almost blindly pushed past the crowd gathered and took off down the corridor.

“Nico!” Bianca was at his side, hysterical, “Nico what did you do?!”

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Zoe hissed.

“You need to find Reyna or Hazel!” Beckendorf shouted.

“I-I can’t, I can’t,” Nico gasped, stumbling down the stairs. He needed to get away from everyone. The darkness inside him churned like a volcano, and he stopped, doubling over with a groan before continuing weakly down the stairs.

“Nico, you need to find the girls! Please!” Silena begged. Instead Nico threw himself out of the school and sprinted down the road. He couldn’t be there, he couldn’t be anywhere. Deep inside of himself he felt Kronos laugh at his misery.

***

Two days passed, and Nico spent them curled up in bed, shaking with fever. The YMCA didn’t care what he was up to so nobody came to bother him, and although the school called for a bit they stopped after Nico ignored them. The ghosts bothered him – they all panicked, banging about in his room and telling him to move, to tell someone.

Nico didn’t have the strength – he felt he was going to fall apart. He was delusional, sweating, didn’t know what was real. But he knew he couldn’t stay in bed all day. So on Thursday he dragged himself out and despite the fact that he felt like a ghost himself, he dragged himself to school.

It was bad. Nico’s ghosts kept their distance, staying silent as if scared to bother the boy. When he walked into school, knowing he looked more like shit than usual, he realised how bad it had become. People glared at him as he walked past, and whispers seemed to follow him all the way to his tutor.
classroom. Clearly news of him ‘kissing’ Jason had spread around school.

When Nico collapsed into his seat at the back of the class, shivers still wrecking his skinny frame, he found Kelli and Drew crowding in around his table.

“How dare you?” one of them growled, but Nico couldn’t focus on them enough to know which one had spoke.

“How dare you kiss Jason?” another girl demanded, “do you think he wanted that? Do you think you’re allowed to do whatever you want because he’s passed out? Do you think someone like Jason would ever want to kiss you?”

“Of course he doesn’t,” someone snorted, “That’s why he did it when Jas was unconscious.”

Nico’s head spun, he felt drunk, nauseous. He jerked to his feet and stumbled to the door, leaving his bag. He shouldn’t have ever come to school, not like this. Kronos wanted him to lash out, to hurt these cruel people who were picking on him, to shout at them, to hurt them, to hurt... No. No, stop it, Nico growled to himself, blindly finding his way to the bathroom. He couldn’t really see where he was going, so he walked right into none other than Jason.

“Woah!” the blond exclaimed when Nico bumped into him, stumbling back, “Shit Nico I haven’t seen you for...,” Jason’s eyes widened, “Jesus, are you alright? You look ill.”

“M f-fine,” Nico lied, slumping against the wall, unable to walk. He closed his eyes, “I’m f-fine.”

“Nico, what’s wrong?” Jason demanded, “Are you ill? Did something happen?”

Nico shook his head and pushed himself off the wall and past Jason. He couldn’t face him right now. He stumbled past and desperately wished he could get into his cupboard and forget the world but that would require him climbing up stairs and with Kronos bearing down on him internally it was impossible.

Nico found refuge in the ground floor bathrooms, where he collapsed in a cubicle, shaking and sweating as if he had a fever. He gasped for air shallowly and curled up on himself, and while Kronos laughed inside him, Nico wondered if he was going to die. Even his ghosts had abandoned him.

***

Jason was worried. He half contemplated skipping chemistry and going after Nico, to make sure the boy was okay...obviously he wasn’t. Nico was always pale, and always had dark circles under his eyes and honestly it kind of suited him. But the past few days he actually looked sick, like he had one foot in the grave. He was an enigma to Jason; he avoided him for the past week, and then randomly kissed him that time that the blond collapsed in the hallway, and went right back to avoiding Jason and not showing up in school. Jason had thought it was because he was scared of the other teenagers bullying him more even though the blond had told them not to mention the kiss or pick on Nico. But it was clear that Nico had avoided school altogether because there was something wrong with him.

Jason sighed and rubbed a hand down his face, looking down the corridor where Nico had disappeared.
“Grace,” a voice barked, and Jason flinched, turning around. Standing over him was Reyna from the year above, fuming. Jason gulped.

“Uh...hi?”

“We need to talk,” she growled, and grabbed his arm, dragging him down the corridor and up the stairs, ignoring Jason’s protest about having to go to lesson. He was shocked when the older girl pushed him an empty classroom on the third floor, slamming the door shut behind them. Hazel from the year below was already in the room.

“Hi,” she said with a smile that juxtaposed Reyna’s anger.

“Hi,” Jason mumbled.

"We're Nico's best friends."

“O-Oh...right,” Jason said. Reyna loudly pulled out a chair.

“Sit,” she seethed. Jason sat.

“What is this about?” he asked as Reyna settled down on a table next to Hazel, opposite Jason. It was starting to feel like an interrogation.

“About Nico of course,” Hazel said, “and what he did for you.”

“D-Did for me?” Jason asked, confused. Reyna exhaled, annoyed.

“Recently have you felt sick? Or depressed?”

“I...uh...,” Jason cast his mind back to the past week and immediately remembered the week when Nico had avoided him – he had felt nauseous then, and feverish, even though both his mum and the nurse told him that there was nothing wrong with him. But he remembered feeling irritable and...not like himself. And the fact that Nico didn’t want to talk to him was just more irritating, “Well, yes, I felt....not that great, but what does that have to do with Nico?”

“Everything,” Hazel said gently, “Do you remember when you started to feel better?”

“I-I don’t know...a couple of days ago?”

“When he kissed you,” Reyna supplied, “Because he exorcised an evil spirit out of you.”

Jason stared at them in shock, “He what?”

Reyna sighed and Hazel took to explaining, “Nico has a...gift. A gift that allows him to see, communicate and exorcise ghosts. Spirits.”

“You were being followed by a particularly bad ghost,” Reyna took up a story, “real bad, to the point where he couldn’t even stand to be around you. Normally the Vatican authorises him to do exorcisms – he carries the spirit inside himself for a few hours until he can get to the church and then he gives it over to his priest, who destroys it.”

“When you fainted in the hallway,” Hazel said, “Nico...he couldn’t just stand by. By kissing you he exorcised the spirit out of you and took it inside himself.”

“Little problem,” Reyna said sourly, “his priest is in Rome until Friday. He’s been living with this spirit inside him the whole weekend, and will have to continue doing so for four more days. Because
of you."

Jason stared at them, trying to process this information, “You’re kidding. This is some joke right?”

Reyna groaned and Hazel sighed.

“Nico’s gone home,” the older girl said, “or rather, to the YMCA—“

“He lives in the YMCA?” Jason interrupted. He never knew that. Actually, he didn’t know anything about the boy.

“Yes,” Hazel said, “You should go see him. You’ll believe all of this if he proves it.”

Jason had no idea how Nico could prove the existence of ghosts, but he got up anyway.

***

Nico didn’t know where he was anymore. Everything was blurry, dark. He wanted to sit up and push his curtains apart to let in sunlight but he couldn’t move, his whole body wracked with shivers. He felt so cold. How long had he been lying in his bed? What time of day was it? His ghosts were around him, whispering to him urgently, asking him to get up, but Nico couldn’t hear him.

Voices drifted into his conscious, more real than the ones of his ghosts. Reyna. Hazel...Jason. Nico forced his eyes open. His room was dark and cold, and he flinched when the door opened. Go to sssssssleeep...Kronos hissed inside him.

Jason walked into the room and Nico pushed the spirit inside him aside, struggling to sit up. Jason’s hair seemed to glow, filling the room with light that Nico needed so badly.

“J-Jason?” he asked hoarsely. Jason closed the door and looked at Nico anxiously. What was he doing here? Nico had no idea. His ghosts were against the wall, all looking at the blond nervously.

“Hey, Nico,” Jason’s voice was like warm, honey, soothing the pain pulsating through the boy.

“Y-You shouldn’t be here,” Nico whispered helplessly. Kronos inside him was preening, and his little whispers pushed Nico to be violent. Kronos wanted him to hurt Jason.

“I...your friends told me about the...the ghost thing...” everything around Jason was blurry, but the blond was sharp and clear, his features marred with worry as he approached Nico’s bed, “It’s...I didn’t believe them, but looking at you now...”

Kill him, Kronos growled, deep inside Nico. The boy let out a tiny noise of pain as he winced. Jason was by him suddenly, a hand hovering by Nico’s head. Bianca had stepped forward too, looking shocked.

“Shit, are you okay?”

“N-No,” Nico whimpered, squeezing his eyes shut and breathing shallowly, “N-No, he wants me t-to hurt y-you...”

He expected Jason to recoil, to run out of the room. He didn’t expect a warm hand to suddenly cradle his cheek, “Hey,” Jason’s voice was gentle and when Nico opened his eyes to look up at him all he saw was worry and kindness, “Hey, it’s alright. I know you won’t do it.”

“Y-You believe it then?”
Jason withdrew his hand and bit his lip, “I...I don’t know what I believe. Evil spirits, and exorcisms I...I don’t know...”

Nico gritted his teeth against the pain inside him, “Z-Zoe,” he whispered.

The girl floated from the wall and there was pure fury on her face – she hated Kronos and what he was doing to Nico, the boy knew that. Ghosts only had the power to affect the real world when governed by incredibly strong emotions. Like anger. Zoe lifted her hand and it connected with the lamp across the room. It flew across the room and smashed against the wall.

Jason flinched and stumbled away, “W-What the-“

“That was Zoe,” Nico collapsed on the pillows, trembling.

“Z-Zoe?”

“She’s...my...,” Nico squeezed his eyes shut. Speaking took too much energy, “Y-You need to go.”

“Don’t kick him out, Neeks,” Bianca said.

“Nico-,” Jason tried.

“Get out,” Nico gritted.

Yessssss, make him hate you, Kronos growled happily. Nico wanted to cry, but he needed Jason to leave first. The blond did so only when Zoe threw the door open with a wave of her hand, and when he left, darkness descended on Nico once more. He didn’t know how much longer he could keep it at bay.

***

The next morning, Jason didn’t go to school. Since his attendance was incredibly high his mum allowed him to stay home since he felt ‘sick.’ However when Jason’s parents left for work he hurriedly got dressed and went to the YMCA that Reyna and Hazel took him to. He was pleased when the security guard was arguing with someone inside and so Jason was able to sneak past him easily.

Nico’s door was unlocked, almost like he hadn’t gotten up to lock it the previous day when Jason had left. That was something the blond regretted – he believed Nico now about the ghosts...it was kinda hard not to, and he felt horrible for leaving the clearly broken boy all by himself. Today he’d fix that. It was Tuesday, and so it meant that Jason had to take care of Nico’s little ghost issue until Friday when his priest came back.

When he walked into the boy’s room Jason immediately saw that Nico hadn’t moved from his bed. He was sleeping or unconscious, on his side, face pressed into his pillow. His closed eyelids fluttered and brows furrowed as if he was having a bad dream, and his lips were dry and cracked as if he hadn’t had any water. Jason began to sort the place out; he hurriedly got dressed and went to the YMCA that Reyna and Hazel took him to. He was pleased when the security guard was arguing with someone inside and so Jason was able to sneak past him easily.

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“J-Jason?” the Italian was woken up by the ruckus the blond was making and sat up in bed, leaning heavily against his wall, looking at Jason with half-open eyes.
“Hey,” the blond smiled, “Good morning."

“What are you doing here?” Nico croaked.

“Taking care of you,” Jason replied, “after all it’s kind of my fault you’re like this,” he grabbed a water bottle and the soup thermos from his pile of supplies and padded over to Nico’s bed, sitting down next to the boy and offering the kid water, “here, drink.”

“Y-You shouldn’t be here,” Nico whispered, and he looked even worse than yesterday. Jason rolled his eyes.

“Yes, yes, or the bad spirit inside you will kill me. Blah, blah, drink.”

Nico took the bottle into his shaky hands and took a tentative sip. Jason poked him and the boy glared weakly, before taking a bigger gulp. In the blink of an eye he had finished half of the bottle. Jason smiled.

“Perfect,” he offered Nico the thermos, “I made you some chicken soup, it should make you feel better.”

“I have an evil spirit inside me,” Nico deadpanned, “not a cold.”

Jason shrugged, “Same thing. Drink up.”

Nico did as he was told and Jason watched him. He didn’t know why he cared so much about this normally; if it had been someone else he wouldn’t have believed them, or gone to such lengths to make sure they were okay. He wasn’t doing this because of his guilt, he was doing it because it was Nico.

“So, tell me about this Zoe ghost.”

Nico stopped drinking the chicken soup and looked at Jason anxiously, “Why would you want to hear about it? It’s creepy, isn’t it?”

“Not really,” Jason shrugged, “I mean, yeah, it’s a little scary. But I’m interested.”

Nico looked down, “Uh...right. So, um...,” the way he stuttered was cute, “I have these four ghosts that are kind of attached to me. Uh, Z-Zoe’s one of them. There’s also Beckendorf and Silena, they’re kind of like a couple,” the boy winced, “and um...there’s my sister Bianca.”

“Your sister?” Jason’s eyes widened. Nico bit his lip and nodded, “Oh Jesus...I’m sorry, I didn’t know that she...”

“It’s okay,” Nico mumbled and drank more of the soup.

“So what about the ghost that haunted me?” Jason questioned.

“His name is Kronos,” Nico said quietly, “But I don’t know much about him, except that he’s malicious, and powerful.”

“Why did he attach himself to me though?”

Nico shrugged, “Sometimes ghosts follow around people who are questioning themselves about something, and are unsure about their future.”

“Riiiiight,” Jason nodded, “and so you took him out of me?”
“Yes. It’s my job,” a faint blush appeared on Nico’s pale face and he put the thermos down on the floor with a shaky hand.

“By kissing me?”

“I-It wasn’t a kiss,” Nico blurted, “More like CPR.”

“So you can take spirits out of someone through CPR?” Jason asked. Nico nodded.

The blond moved without thinking. He shifted forward and grabbed Nico’s chin in his hand, and kissed him. He was meant to give him CPR and take the spirit back but then remembered he had no idea how to give CPR, so he just ended up sliding his lips against Nico’s. They were dry and Nico gasped and didn’t kiss back so Jason pulled away.

“T-That’s not how it works!” the Italian spluttered, and now he was definitely blushing, “You can’t just take the spirit back!”

“It was worth a try,” Jason shrugged, trying to seem casual, “Did that not do anything?”

“Uh....,” Nico swallowed and his hand subconsciously curled up against his chest, where his heart was, “Well, he’s – Kronos – isn’t as...loud, as before. As if he’s intimidated.”

“That’s a good thing!” Jason said cheerfully, then grabbed Nico’s face in his hands and pulled him in for another kiss. The Italian let out an adorable, surprised sound against Jason’s mouth, and the blond pulled away, “Better?”

Nico nodded, looking down, “Y-Yeah.”

“Are your ghosts here?” Jason looked around the empty room, “Is your sister watching?”

Nico shook his head, “T-They’ve left,” then he winced, “Fuck. He’s back. And pissed off.”

“Well, let’s get him to fuck off again,” Jason wrapped an arm around Nico’s waist and leaned down to capture his lips again. He liked this, kissing Nico. This time the Italian responded weakly, leaning into the blond, mouth shakily moving against his. When Jason pulled back Nico looked up at him with half-lidded eyes, cheeks red.

“A-Another,” Jason whispered, “Just to be sure.” He leaned down and kissed Nico once more. The Italian slotted himself against the blond, his hand curled into his shirt. The kisses, although still short, were growing more passionate. When Nico drew back, trembling, Jason pulled him in again, “One more,” he whispered, losing track of what he was doing. Nico whimpered and kissed him, his arm wrapping around Jason’s shoulders. Somehow they both tumbled backwards, Jason pressing Nico into his pillows.

“J-Jason-,” Nico gasped.

“Shhh, just one more,” the blond murmured urgently, shifting so he was properly hovering over the Italian. Jason kissed him deeply, enjoying the tiny, breathy moan that Nico let out. He pulled away briefly to murmur, “again” against the other boy’s lips and then he stopped talking all together and just sloppily made out with Nico. The boy was clearly inexperienced but he made up for that with enthusiasm, arching up against Jason, his lips parting to allow the blond’s tongue into his mouth. Jason wondered why they were doing it – until that moment the blond thought he was straight, but kissing Nico made him excited and happy rather than repulsed.

Finally the Italian pushed him back weakly, so he could turn his face away and gasp for air, his dark
hair spread on the pillow. Jason carefully brushed the locks off of his forehead, wanting, more than anything, to cradle the boy to his chest and protect him.

“You okay?” he asked. Nico slowly turned to look up at him and he looked...shocked.

“He’s...gone,” he whispered. Jason blinked.

“What?”

“K-Kronos he...,” Nico swallowed, “He’s just...gone.”

Jason sat back, grinning, “I exorcised him!” he exclaimed. Nico sat up, clearly in a state of shock, and already colour was returning to his face.

“Fuck,” he whispered. Jason smiled and he had to agree. It was a lot. He reached for his laptop.

“Want to watch something?” he asked.

***

A week later Nico walked down the hallway of school, his ghosts chatting among themselves as they followed behind him. Kronos hadn’t returned – somehow Jason had destroyed him. Furthermore the weird looks and whispers in school had finally stopped and so Nico was back to his normal, anonymous self as he walked to his usual classroom for lunchtime. It was raining again and as he pushed through the crowded hallways full of students eating and laughing, Jason suddenly appeared.

“Nico!” he broke away from his group of friends with a bright smile and attached himself to Nico’s side as the boy walked. Nico’s heart started to pound.

“Hello.”

“Hi,” Jason was smiling like an idiot, “You look good.”

“I feel better,” Nico said, ducking into his classroom. He couldn’t be around Jason or his crush would just get worse. However the blond didn’t take the hint and followed him inside.

“No, as in you look good. Like nice. You look nice,” Jason said.


“Let’s give them some privacy,” Beckendorf ushered the other three ghosts through the wall.

“Look Jason,” Nico whirled around to look at the blond, “Kronos is gone now, so you can stop babying me.”

“I’m not babying you,” Jason frowned, the smile melted off his face.

“Well you don’t have to check up on me either,” Nico snapped, “I’m grateful for your help but you don’t have to follow me around just because you feel guilty-“

“I don’t feel guilty,” Jason stepped forward, “It’s not that.”

Jason was suddenly in front of him, and had Nico backed up against a wall. The Italian inhaled in surprise and his heart started pounding, “I care because I like you,” Jason said.

“O-Okay,” Nico squeaked, taken aback. Jason leaned in so they were face to face but the dark haired boy couldn’t look at him.

“I like you, Nico. I properly like you,” Jason said and when Nico didn’t reply he continued, “I like how sarcastic you are, and how brave you are with the ghosts-“

“I’m not brave,” Nico whispered, “I’m a freak.”

Jason placed a hand on his waist, “No you’re not. You’re amazing. And I like kissing you.”


“So, will you be my boyfriend?”

Nico swallowed, “Okay.”


“Wait, what?”

“Too late you said yes,” the blond’s grin widened and he pulled the boy into his arms and kissed him as if it was the normal thing to do and if Nico melted a little bit then it wasn’t his fault, and if he heard cheering and clapping then it definitely wasn’t his ghosts.
I'm Jealous of the Love

2-3 years later and puberty has finally hit Nico (& Hazel) HARD. Everyone is shook by hot and attractive the Hades siblings are now; they get hit on by nearly every new camper and mortal, everyone is jealous of their boyfriends (Will and Frank respectively), how Will (& Frank) react to their partner's newfound popularity, it gets to a point where they start getting model offers - all while they're low-key oblivious to everyone's attention.

For Queen A

Will woke up to sunlight dancing on his face. He winkled his nose and rolled over on the bed, knowing that he probably should’ve gotten up then...he just really couldn’t be asked. Especially when his chest pressed against a warm back. Now he definitely didn’t want to get up. Will smiled and, without opening his eyes, he wrapped an arm around the waist of his boyfriend and pulled him in close to his chest, automatically kissing the top of his head. Nico made a quiet, disgruntled noise and turned around in Will’s arms.

When the blond finally opened his eyes, the son of Hades was looking at him sleepily. His cabin was quiet, only the sound of distant argument in the Aphrodite Cabin filtering in. The spring sunshine made pretty patterns on the floor.

“There’s dust in the air,” Will whispered, “You should clean more.”

“Good morning to you too, William,” Nico grumbled, voice hoarse from sleep. The blond smiled and stroked his boyfriend’s face. Nico turned his head and kissed the blond’s palm. Will’s heart jerked with how much he loved the boy in front of him, so much that he could barely contain himself.

He remembered when three years ago, when he and Nico had first started dating, he had stayed over the first time, and how it had felt waking up next to the Italian. Will was a lot more nervous then, and a lot less comfortable, but he woke up with the same feeling in his chest. Naturally they both changed over the last few years, mentally as well as physically. They were impossibly comfortable with each other and Will, for his part, grew a little taller and a little more muscular and lost the slight chubbiness in his cheeks, but nothing major. Nico however...

Will remembered when he was small and skinny and looked like he had one foot in the grave already. Right after the Giant War, when Will first started spending time with him, he had thought that Nico was very sick; anaemia, malnutrition, something like that. The boy had just been so small. His hair was always shaggy and messy, dark circles beneath his eyes, his skin the colour of paper. He was easily the most adorable thing Will had ever seen.

But over the last years at camp puberty hit Nico hard, something Will didn’t realise until his boyfriend went away on a delegation to Camp Jupiter for two weeks. He came back the pervious
evening, and only then did Will notice how drastic the changes in his appearance were. Nico was no
longer a kid, that was for sure. He had grown quite a bit and although he was still a few inches
shorter than Will he now towered over his sister. He had grown his hair out, but Will of course knew
that, but when at Jupiter it had gotten long enough so the boy was able to tie it in a proper bun at the
nape of his neck. Due to Will’s constant nagging and feeding and care, Nico didn’t look half dead
anymore – his skin was more olive and tanned now, rather than pale, and the dark circles were gone.
His jaw and cheekbones were sharper too, and he had acquired some muscle from his constant
training with Jason. He also switched out his emo t-shirts and oversized hoodies for tank tops and
leather jackets and long-sleeved shirts. All in all, he became more ‘conventionally’ hot, something
that Will noticed the previous day, when Nico had returned with his sister from Jupiter.

Hazel had changed too, grown out of her baby-face, and into a beautiful young woman with curves
and bouncy hair and glowing skin. Will couldn’t help but notice that after his and Nico’s slightly
soppy reunion in front of half the campers there were people staring. Will obviously noticed the
changes in his boyfriend but he didn’t think that anyone else would’ve. The whispers worried him
but when he and Nico went down for a campfire that evening it all became clear; Will tuned in a little
and heard what the campers were whispering about. The girls had a few things to say among which
The Hades siblings got hot was prevalent, but Shit, Nico’s looking kind of gorgeous and Since when
did Hazel have those curves? were also common. What pissed Will off were the sly comments from
some of the guys, especially Nico’s gotten sexy and I wouldn’t mind a piece of that ass.

It was as if suddenly people realised that Nico and Hazel were gorgeous; campers flocked to them,
gushing over stupid shit, and both the siblings remained oblivious as to why they were suddenly
getting all this attention.

“Oh,” present-Nico pulled Will out of his reminiscing. He laid on his side, pouting in the most
endearing way, his long-ish hair spread on the pillow. He reached out and wrapped an arm around
Will’s waist, pulling himself close and nudging his nose against the blond’s, frowning, “Where did
you go?”

“Nowhere,” Will murmured, stroking his cheek and kissing him briefly, “I’m here.”

“You were remembering some dumb shit again, weren’t you?” Nico asked. Will shook his head.

“No,” he lied, and leaned down for a longer, slower kiss. Nico exhaled happily and leaned into him,
and neither of them cared about morning breath. It was warm, soft, and the kiss felt like melted
honey. When Will pulled back he couldn’t keep himself from smiling down at his boyfriend.

To him, Nico was just as beautiful as he was before.

“I can’t believe you’re mine,” the blond admitted. Nico rolled his dark eyes.

“We’ve been together for three years, you would’ve thought you’d be used to it by now.”

“I know,” Will grinned and ducked down for another kiss, rolling them over so he was on top of the
dark-haired boy.

Twenty minutes later the boys walked out of the Hades cabin and into the warm morning.

“Plans?” Will asked.

“I promised Percy I’d train with him,” Nico said, “and then Leo wants me to help him with some
machine shit.”

“Breakfast first?” Will suggested. Nico shook his head and smiled. The blond couldn’t stop himself
from taking his boyfriend’s hand and pulling him close for a kiss. He couldn’t keep his hands off Nico, he never could.

“Nico!” a sudden squeal sounded. Both the boys pulled apart and turned around, confused. Two girls from the Aphrodite cabin were approaching them, giggling and blushing, “Hi Nico!” they exclaimed and then, almost grudgingly, added, “Hi Will.”

“Hi,” the boyfriends exchanged a confused look.

“So Nico,” one of the girl’s flicked her blonde hair over her shoulder, “We’re in desperate need of your help.”

“Uh... with what?” the Italian asked anxiously.

“Well,” the other girl smirked, “We need a model for a photoshoot for a competition we’re having with the Roman girls and you’d be perfect.”


The girls pouted and looked as if Nico had just shot a puppy. Will had to hide his smile behind his hand, “Please,” they begged, “It’s so important to us and you’d be a perfect model for us! Please, please, please?”

“Come on, Neeks, you can’t let them down,” Will winked at his boyfriend. Nico glared and huffed.

“I mean, I guess it’s just a few pictures right?”

Before he even finished speaking the squealing girls linked his arms and started dragging him off, chatting endlessly. Nico glanced over his shoulder and gave Will a panicked look but the amused son of Apollo just waved at him cheerfully.

“Girls,” he shook his head and turned to continue on to the dining pavilion, making a mental note in his head to make sure that Nico ate before midday. The blond enjoyed the sun on his face as he strolled between the cabins. He was happy. He was so happy.

As he passed by the Big House he saw a familiar figure sulking on the front steps. The blond stopped walking and blinked in surprise, “Frank?”

The son of Mars looked up grumpily, “Oh. Hi, Will.”

“Hi,” Will was confused. There was a bruise blooming on Frank’s cheek and he looked like a kicked puppy, “What happened to you?”

“I got into a fight,” Frank grumbled. Will’s eyes bulged.

“A fight? With who?!”

“One of the Hermes boys,” Frank looked away, “But it wasn’t my fault. He groped Hazel’s butt.”

“What?!” Will was shocked, “Fuck. So you punched him?”

“Yeah, knocked him out,” Frank seemed a bit proud then.

“Fucking hell,” Will shook his head, “and what, you’re on time out then?”

“Aha,” Frank confirmed.
“What about the other guy?”

Frank winced, “Uh, yeah, about that. You might have a new patient in the medical bay. Sorry.”

“Fuck,” Will smiled, “It’s like a pandemic.”

Frank sighed, “Tell me about it. People seem to be going crazy over Haze since she came back from Jupiter. I mean I know she’s gorgeous but she never got that much attention before.”

“Puberty hit her hard,” Frank offered.

“Nico too,” Frank exhaled, “I saw guys leering at him. At both of them.”

Will felt a pang of jealousy, “Just stupid guys.”

“Yeah, I reckon,” Frank leaned back against the steps, “anyway I hope they get over it soon since both of them are taken. But if anyone tries anything with Nico…”

Subconsciously Will’s hands clenched into fists and he gritted his teeth, “They can try.”

Frank smiled and gave Will a little wave and the blond continued on to the dining pavilion. He had to admit Frank’s words worried him and now he regretted not stopping Nico from going with the Aphrodite girls. His eyes scanned the tables full of Demigods as he walked into the pavilion and he couldn’t help but wonder which of them were trying to steal his man.

Grumpily the blond settled at the Apollo table among his siblings and reached for a piece of toast.

“Will!” Kayla leaned in conspiratorially, “we were just talking about your boyfriend.”

“What about him?” Will asked, buttering his toast a little more violently than normal.

“He’s gotten really good looking,” his sister smiled.

“He’s always been good looking,” Will snapped. His siblings seemed surprised by this.

“Shit, okay,” Austin laughed awkwardly, “Someone’s in a bad mood.”

“Sorry,” Will sighed, “It’s just that…everyone’s acting really weird around Nico.”

Kayla patted his leg comfortingly, “That’s the problem of having a hot boyfriend. But don’t worry, he loves you. You have nothing to worry about.”

As if on cue Alabaster Torrington got up from the Hecate table and walked over, casually sitting on the edge of the Apollo table, right in front of Will.

“Uh…hi?” the blond offered, because he had never spoken to Alabaster in his life. The other boy offered him an arrogant smirk.

“Solace, right?”

“Yeah,” Will said awkwardly, “Did you want something?”

“Yeah, actually,” Alabaster’s grin widened, “I was wondering how serious you are about di Angelo.”

“Y’know, like, how into him are you? I mean you’re probably really into him now that he looks like that but is it like serious between you two or…?”

Will was too shocked to move, “Y-Yeah it’s serious,” he managed to choke out. Alabaster made a disappointed noise.

“Shame, I wouldn’t mind getting my hands on that,” and then he was gone, walking back to his own table, leaving Will to gape at him.

“Okaaaaay,” Kayla said, “that was weird. I see your point. Protect Nico.”

“I’m going to kill him,” Will whispered, horrified.

“Oi, no you’re not,” Austin interjected, “He’s just being an idiot, ignore him.”

Will puffed out his cheeks and frustration and his eyes subconsciously slid to the Hades table, even though he knew his boyfriend wasn’t there. Hazel was, however, and her eyes met Will’s. He had to admit she had gotten prettier in the past few weeks. The blond smiled at his basically sister in law and waved her over. She grinned and stood up.

A wolf whistle and an eruption of laughter sounded from the Ares table where a group of guys were staring creepily at the girl’s backside. Hazel’s face turned red with embarrassment. Will felt anger in his stomach and he was about to stand up and say something but just then Nico walked into the dining pavilion, murder in his eyes, clearly done with the photoshoot faster than anticipated. He gave the Ares boy who whistled one look.

“Bad idea,” he growled and snapped his fingers. The boy disappeared in the shadows as if he was never there.

“Nico!” Chiron yelled, “Bring him back!”

“He’s in the strawberry fields, he’s fine,” Nico snapped.

“Time out,” Chiron said, “For both of you. Go collect him from the fields.” Nico rolled his eyes and turned to leave.

“Feisty,” Alabaster commented, smirking. Will’s hand clenched and he was sure he was about to punch him when Nico turned around again.

“Say that a bit louder Torrington,” he said coldly, eyes narrowed, “and I’ll shadow-travel you much further than the fucking strawberry fields.”

“Nico language,” Chiron reprimanded, “What is it with you kids today?”

The Italian stormed out of the pavilion and Will was on his feet in seconds, hurrying after him. He quickly caught up with his boyfriend, “Nico, wait!” he shouted, grabbing the boy’s wrist and pulling him behind a tree, out of the view of other Demigods. Nico was fuming, “Hey, calm down,” Will said.

“Fucking dogs,” Nico growled. Will grabbed his chin and turned the boy to face him.

“Hey,” he said gently, “It’s alright, calm down.”

“What’s wrong with all of them?” Nico demanded, “First the Aphrodite girls get all weirdly touchy with me and now this-“
Will blinked, “The Aphrodite girls got touchy?”

Nico hugged himself, “Yeah, and they wanted me to take my shirt off. I got out of there as fast as I could but I still feel so…,” he shuddered. Will pulled him in for a hug and nuzzled his cheek against the side of Nico’s head.

“I’m sorry baby,” he whispered, “I’m not gonna let them molest you again.”

Nico pulled away and smacked him playfully, “Relax, it wasn’t that serious,” he smiled gently and stood on his tiptoes to kiss Will, “Okay, I have to go for my time out.”

“Don’t tell Frank about this, it’ll just piss him off more;” Will said.

Nico frowned, “Don’t tell me Frank’s on time out too?”

“Frank’s on time out too.”

***

It wasn’t until later that night that Will saw Nico again; the blond was busy because the Hephaestus kids had messed up a project and all came in bruised and bloody so he had to take care of them, and Nico was on time out all day. But that evening the Apollo kids organized another bonfire down by the lake, and all the Demigods were there. Will came later as he was cleaning up the medical bay and eagerly looked through the crowd, trying to find his boyfriend.

The Apollo kids were singing folk songs by the fire and other Demigods had joined in, some roasting food over the flames, others sitting around and talking quietly. Will tried to spot his boyfriend and couldn’t keep the smile off his face when his eyes landed on Nico – the boy was sitting a little way off, by the tree-line, looking out at the glimmering lake and the nymphs splashing in the water.

Will started walking in his direction but stopped abruptly when Alabaster walked out from among the trees. The blond felt his blood boil but something made him stop walking, and so he just stood there, a little distance away, hidden by the shadows, and watched as the other boy approached his boyfriend and casually sat down on the sand next to him, way too close. Will was a little pleased when Nico flinched at the son of Hecate.

“Hello,” Alabaster said confidently.

“Who are you?” Nico asked, shifting away a little. The other boy laughed.

“I’m Alabaster, son of Hecate,” he grinned at Nico in the dark and Will clenched his fists. What was this guy doing? “I’m kinda new to camp. You’re Nico, right?”

“Yes,” Nico said shortly. Alabaster’s smile turned predatory.

“Well, I couldn’t help but notice how good your ass looked in those tight jeans of yours.”

Will inhaled sharply and Nico spluttered out an, “Excuse me?!”

“Listen,” Alabaster was so close to Nico that for the first time in his life Will felt homicidal, “I’m not going to beat around the bush. I never noticed you before but recently you’ve glowed up and bottom line is I think we’d be cute together. Don’t you think?”

“No,” Nico said, not hesitating, his voice emotionless. Alabaster clearly didn’t understand that he
was being turned down and his grin widened.

“Yeah, we would,” he placed his hand over Nico’s on the sand. Will couldn’t move but, thankfully, Nico could. He snatched his hand back.

“I have a boyfriend,” he said sharply.

“But you’re not *that* serious with Solace, are you?” Alabaster asked.

“We’ve dated for three years.”

“Well yeah, but like, aren’t you bored?” the son of Hecate questioned. Will’s heart clenched.

“Of this conversation? Yes.” Nico didn’t skip a beat.

“Don’t be like that,” Alabaster teased and placed his hand on Nico’s thigh.

“Don’t touch me or I will cut off your dick with my sword and shadowtravel it to your mother,” Nico said quietly. Alabaster snatched his hand back.

“Gods, you’re frigid,” he stood up and dusted sand off his trousers, “I was just trying to have some fun no need to get rude.”


“Have fun with him,” he grumbled, shaking his head, and made for the campfire. Nico was already looking at Will, surprised.

“Will,” he said, “What…how long have you been standing there?”


“What a fucking weirdo,” he shook his head. Will bit his lip and a hundred emotions rolled through him. This morning he had been so happy and now…now he felt lost. Nico frowned and walked over to him, “Hey, you okay?”

“Fine,” Will replied, taking a step away from Nico. The boy looked confused.

“What’s with you? Don’t be mad about that stupid shit Alabaster said, he was just messing about.”

“No he wasn’t,” Will replied, “You…You must’ve noticed the way people have been staring at you since yesterday.”

“No, not really.”

“I just…,” Will was getting frustrated, and he didn’t know how to word what he was feeling, “I…I’m just thinking about what Alabaster said. About the bored thing-“


“No, just hear me out,” Will said. Laughter drifted over from the campfire, laughter and singing, “You always go on these adventures and your life is so exciting and I’m not much of a fighter and I never go on quests and so if you’re bored of me-“

“Shut up,” Nico snapped, anger appearing in his eyes as he took a step towards Will, “Shut the fuck
up, Will, you know that’s utter bullshit.”

“I don’t know,” Will rubbed a hand down his face, “I-I just...I keep thinking that now...that now that so many guys are making comments about you a-and Alabaster’s hitting on you and I just...now that it’s happening you might...you...”


“I don’t know? Find someone better.”

“Will,” Nico whispered, heartbreak in his voice.

“I mean everyone suddenly think you’re gorgeous, which isn’t new news, but still,” Will didn’t know how to explain anything, “and I’m just...I don’t know what to do. I know I shouldn’t be insecure in our relationship but it’s all a bit much.”

Nico looked at him for a moment in thoughtful silence and Will had no idea what the boy was thinking. Finally he spoke, “Remember the first time we had sex?” he asked suddenly, catching Will off-guard, “And I didn’t want to take my clothes off because I was self-conscious?”

Will swallowed, remembering how clumsy and inexperienced and shy they had both been. He smiled at the memory, “Yeah,” he said softly.

“And you kept tell me all this stupid cheesy shit,” Nico stepped closer and took Will’s hands in his, looking down at their intertwined fingers, “Like how I was beautiful and all that shit-“

“You were,” Will interrupted, “You still are. The most beautiful person in the world.”

Nico smiled, “Shhh, shut up, I’m trying to make a point. The point is that even when I hated myself the most you were always there to knock down my every insecurity and you thought I was worth it when I, and practically nobody else, ever thought so. You mended my broken heart, Will.”


“Stop interrupting me,” he grumbled, “Basically what I’m trying to say is I don’t care who suddenly thinks I’m hot or whatever. Because looks pass, and I don’t care about them. I don’t care about Alabaster, or anybody else. Just you. Because you loved me first.”


“Way to ruin my speech!” he complained, “This is why I never get soppy with you!”

Will grinned, and he felt as light as a feather when he pulled Nico into his arms, the boy’s words working wonders on him, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” he kissed the Nico’s cheek. Grudgingly the Italian slid his arms around Will’s waist, “Your speech was wonderful. You’re wonderful. I love you.”

“Are you gonna stop being jealous now?” Nico asked.

“Maybe,” Will kissed the corner of his mouth.

“Gods you’re an idiot, but I love you,” Nico whispered, “So much. Please don’t forget that.”

He pressed his mouth to Will’s in a kiss of re-assurance and comfort and love. The blond held him close and kissed him, ignoring everyone and everything around them. When Nico pulled away he was grinning.
“Honestly, I didn’t notice people staring because you’re the only one I pay attention to.”

“Oh my Gods someone kidnapped my boyfriend,” Will grinned, “Aliens are real!”

“Shut up,” Nico smacked him and then took his hand, “Come on back to the bonfire. I’m gonna be proper soppy and PDA in front of Alabaster, just this once, to make things crystal clear.”

“I think you threatening to send his mom his dick was clear enough,” Will interjected. Nico shrugged.

“Eh, you can never be too sure.”
Liar, Liar, Liar

Ethan hits his head and becomes an amnesiac. Alabaster, head over heels in love with his best friend uses this as an opportunity. Ethan falls in love with Alabaster, his “boyfriend”, all over again as he tries and helps him get his memory back. Something Alabaster does triggers his memories and he realises the lie. They fight and then make up leading to happily ever after! For Virgo the Perfectionist

Ethan’s hurt.

When Alabaster had first heard those words it had felt as if someone had stabbed him in the gut with a burning knife. He had never thought it was possible to feel internal pain that had nothing to do with wounds, and as a Demigod he was used to hurting. But not like this. The pain he felt when they told him that Ethan was unconscious was like no other, a helpless, crippling kind of pain in his heart.

The kind of pain you feel when someone you love is hurt.

Alabaster had been minding his own business when he got the news. He was on washing up duty because the Hecate cabin had lost the Capture the Flag, and had suds up to his elbows when Connor Stoll came barging into the kitchen of the Big House.

“Alabaster!” he looked panicked, “You better come quick!”

Alabaster blinked, and he wasn’t one for being freaked out by someone else freaking out, so he asked calmly, “What happened?” as he put a freshly washed cup away.

“It’s...it’s...Ethan’s hurt.”

That’s when the stabbing pain came, so agonising that for a moment Alabaster couldn’t move, staring at Connor in shock. And then he dropped the dishes and threw himself to the door, blindly wiping his hands on a cloth as he sprinted out of the house, Connor hot on his heels.

Outside there was a commotion; Demigods flocked to the front steps of the Big House and Chiron was trying to maintain an illusion of order, but it wasn’t working. The Apollo kids had their medical kits out and ambrosia was being passed around but Alabaster couldn’t see Ethan due to the crowd. Terror gripped at his heart as he shoved people aside.

He was Ethan’s best friend – everyone knew that – they were practically inseparable. Quite a few of the people gathered also knew about Alabaster’s secret feelings for the son of Nemesis, although
Ethan himself was, thankfully, oblivious. Now Demigods moved to let him through, staring wide-eyed at Alabaster, who was desperate and determined to get to the other boy.

Ethan was sitting on the ground, blood caking his temple, looking dazed and confused. Alabaster’s heart jumped to his throat and for a second he couldn’t speak, just stared at Ethan in shock. The boy looked up at him blankly, and something about the way he was looking at Alabaster made the boy freak out.

“What happened?!” he demanded.

“He hit his head,” Will Solace replied calmly as he knelt on the ground next to Ethan, carefully bandaging the cut on the side of his head, “We don’t know really what happened but Leo found him by Bunker 9, wandering around.”

“Ethan,” Alabaster knelt at his friend’s side, “What happened?”

Ethan’s next words made Alabaster’s blood run cold, “Who are you?”

“W-What?” Alabaster asked, mouth dry. He let out a little nervous chuckle, “Don’t be stupid, it’s me, idiot.”

“I-I don’t…,” Ethan’s one eye looked around the crowd gathered and he swallowed, becoming visibly upset, “I don’t know w-where I am…I-I don’t know any of you.”

Alabaster exchanged a panicked look with Will, “Amnesia,” the blond offered, “Due to head-trauma.”

“Is it permanent?!?” Alabaster demanded. Will shook his head.

“I don’t know yet, we need to take him in and run some tests.”

“No,” Ethan said immediately, flinching away from Will, “No tests.”

Chiron looked worried, “Do you remember your name?”

“E-Ethan,” the boy replied shakily, “but that’s about it.”

“I mean, it’s a good start,” Will offered, standing up, “Honestly it doesn’t look like there’s any serious damage, but just to be sure Ethan shouldn’t be left alone tonight, and tomorrow we’ll figure out what to do.”

“I’ll take care of him,” Alabaster said immediately. Ethan looked at him, and everyone else just nodded. They were best friends, it was only obvious that Alabaster would be the one to figure this out. Honestly the son of Hecate was still in a state of shock about the whole situation, and the only thing he was sure about was the fact that he couldn’t leave Ethan alone, or with anyone else. He needed to make sure the boy was okay.

Will helped a still confused looking Ethan to his feet, “Alabaster will take you back to your cabin so you can rest.”

“My cabin?” Ethan asked uncertainly and the innocence on his face made Alabaster’s heart twist. He forced a smile.

“Yeah. I’ll explain as much as I can on the way so follow me.”

They broke away from the already dispersing crowd and made their way to the cabins in the
afternoon sunshine. Ethan was clutching his muddy jumped with his hands and looking vaguely scared as he walked just behind Alabaster, but not next to him. That hurt.

“Hey,” the son of Hecate tried to sound comforting, “You’re safe, you don’t need to be scared.”

“It’s just that I…,” Ethan looked around, “I don’t recognize anything. Or you. Who are you… to me?”

The words I’m your best friend died away on Alabaster’s tongue and he paused for a moment as he and Ethan approached the Nemesis cabin – the same place that the two have spent hours playing video games, watching movies and drinking snuck-in beer – and in that moment Alabaster knew that this was his chance. Ethan didn’t remember anything and although Al’s mind was telling him that the plan that was forming in his head was a bad one, his heart urged him to take a chance. He swallowed.

“I’m your boyfriend.”

Ethan stopped in his tracks and stared at Alabaster in shock, and the son of Hecate realized he had fucked up, “You’re my boyfriend?”

“Don’t you remember that?” Al asked and he was about to laugh the whole thing off and make out that it was a joke when Ethan suddenly dropped his eyes, a pretty blush appearing on his cheeks.

“Woah. How the hell did I get myself a boyfriend like you?”

Alabaster’s heart skipped a beat, “What do you mean?”

“Y-You’re just so…,” Ethan vaguely gestured to all of Alabaster and looked away again. Al couldn’t help but smile.

“No need to be shy,” he said, “We’ve been together for a year after all.”

“A year,” Ethan exhaled, “Wow.”

“Alright come in,” Alabaster climbed up the steps to Ethan’s cabin, trying to control his pounding heart, “Will advised some rest.”

“Whose Will? What is this place?”

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Ethan didn’t recognize the inside of the cabin that Alabaster swore was his. Everything was alien; the clothes strewn on the floor, the sword in the corner, the bed. The quick summary of who he was, was alien as well – a Demigod? At a camp? All of it was bizarre. What wasn’t bizarre was Alabaster himself.

Naturally Ethan didn’t remember him, didn’t remember his voice or the color of his eyes, or the way he walked or spoke, or all the stories the boy was filling him in on as he walked around the cabin, preparing a drink for Ethan. But his presence was familiar, calming, comforting. Before he had shown up Ethan had been terrified, surrounded by strangers. Alabaster was like a warm blanket, and he made Ethan feel safe. But of course he would; he was his boyfriend after all.

“Here you go,” Alabaster passed Ethan, who was sitting on ‘his’ bed, a steaming mug.

“What is it?” Ethan asked.
“Tea,” Alabaster replied with a smile. *Gods he’s gorgeous,* Ethan thought, staring as he lifted the mug to his lips. The tea was dark and rich and bitter and perfect. Ethan blinked in surprise – even he didn’t know how he liked his tea himself.

“Wow, this is perfect.”

“I know how you like your tea,” Alabaster winked. Ethan took another tentative sip.

“Thank you.”

“No problem, love,” Alabaster replied casually and the pet name made Ethan shiver in pleasure. It made him feel wonderfully warm. Blushing, he sipped more of the tea, “You should probably change,” Alabaster continued, walking to a closet in the corner of the room, “You’re all muddy and dirty from the forest. What were you doing there anyway?”

“I don’t remember,” Ethan said quietly.

“Ah. Yeah. Right. Sorry,” Alabaster rummaged in the closet and then paused. With a confused look on his face he pulled out a t-shirt that looked way too big for Ethan, “Why do you have my shirt?”

Ethan blinked, “Er…cause we’re boyfriends?”

A weird look appeared on Alabaster’s face for a second but the he smiled, “Yeah. Of course. I was just looking for this shirt for ages.”

“Can I sleep in it?” Ethan asked. Again, Alabaster paused, but he walked over.

“Sure, anything to make you comfortable, baby.”

Again, Ethan shivered. He finished his drink quickly, wondering how was it possible that he wanted to kiss and hug someone who he didn’t even remember. Alabaster should’ve scared him; he was tall, intimidating, muscular. But somehow the only thing that Ethan felt around him was an overpowering sense of love and comfort.

The taller boy took his mug from Ethan when the boy finished drinking. Anxiously the Asian stood up, clutching Al’s t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants to his chest, “Um, where’s the bathroom? I want to change.”

Alabaster glanced at him over his shoulder, “Just change here. Unless you’re being shy again.”

“N-No, no,” Ethan said quickly, and bit his lip. Alabaster’s expression softened.

“The bathroom’s on the left.”

Ethan nodded and scurried across the cabin, slipping into the bathroom and closing the door. His heart pounded and his face was red. He looked around the unfamiliar room, and tried to calm down. He and Alabaster had probably seen each other naked a hundred times – the thought of that made Ethan blush harder – and yet the boy still felt self-conscious. He didn’t even know what his own body looked like and stripping in front of someone else was too much for him in that moment.

***

Alabaster sat on Ethan’s bed with his face buried in his hands. He had made a stupid, impulsive decision and now he was regretting it…okay, not really though, because the lie was worth seeing the
look on Ethan’s face for the past few minutes; this awed, shocked look, like he was actually happy to be Alabaster’s boyfriend. The son of Hecate didn’t want to lie to him and yet at the same time he was finally getting what he had wanted – Ethan.

But to what lengths was he ready to go with this? He was supposed to stay with Ethan tonight and look after him; was cuddling okay? What about a kiss? Alabaster had always wanted to kiss Ethan. What about sex? How far was too far? The boy didn’t know, but the sound of the bathroom door opening made him sit up.

Ethan padded out of the room, looking exhausted and adorable at the same time, wearing Alabaster’s too big shirt. Immediately the son of Hecate decided that it was his favorite thing ever, though he couldn’t help but wonder why Ethan had his shirt in his closet.

“Hi,” Ethan said, unsure, stopping a few feet from the bed.


“Kind of, but I think I’m too anxious to sleep.”

“What about a movie?” Alabaster asked, gesturing to Ethan’s TV on the wall. More than ever then he was glad that Ethan had no siblings to share the cabin with, “That would relax you.”

Ethan worried at his lip for a second but then nodded, “Sure.”

Alabaster kicked off his shoes and pushed the covers aside, settling back against the pillows the way he did every movie night. Ethan didn’t move from his spot, staring at Alabaster. The son of Hecate stared back, “Well, you coming or what?”

“Are…are you staying here tonight?” Ethan asked, and he sounded so small that a pang of guilt went through Alabaster. He turned to the TV and switched it on with a remote.

“Yeah, that would be best. To keep an eye on you, make sure you don’t get worse,” he was about to add but I can go if you want, when Ethan suddenly went around the bed and climbed under the covers with no hesitation.

“Good,” he said. Alabaster swallowed and his heart pounded as he attempted to appear casual.

“What do you want to watch?”

“I don’t know,” Ethan said, “I don’t even know what movies I like.”

“You like horror,” Alabaster offered, “but maybe that’s not the best idea-“

“No, no, it’s fine,” Ethan said, “Let’s watch a horror. Maybe it will jog my memory.”

_I hope not_, Al thought guiltily, picking a horror at random. _It Follows_ started playing and the sun set quickly behind the windows. After a while both the boys relaxed against the bed, settling into the comfort and warmth of the room. The cabin grew darker, until the only light came from the TV. Ethan seemed completely engrossed in the movie but Alabaster was distracted – he kept glancing at his best friend, his boyfriend, and he couldn’t help but think that this was perfect, just the two of them, in bed, watching a movie.

“I love you,” Alabaster blurted. He had always wanted to say it, so, so badly. Ethan seemed taken aback by the sudden confession and pulled his eye from the TV to look up at the other boy.
“I-I…,” he was breathless. Alabaster smiled and tried to hide his hurt.

“It’s okay you don’t have to say it back.”

“Sorry, “Ethan whispered.

“It’s okay.”

They sat in silence and the movie played on. Alabaster tried to cheer himself up by promising himself to force Ethan to watch Star Wars. Ethan hated Star Wars…but of course he didn’t know that now. Alabaster smiled.

Ethan suddenly shifted, and rested his head against Alabaster’s shoulder. The boy was tense, Al could feel that, and was probably testing the waters to see what he was comfortable with. Still, it made Alabaster unbelievable happy and, without meaning to, he rested his head on top of Ethan’s. After a few minutes the Asian relaxed, and after a few more he snuggled more comfortably into Al’s side. The son of Hecate slung an arm around his ‘boyfriend’s’ shoulders and pulled him closer as his fingers slid upward to play with the boy’s dark hair. It was as if they were always supposed to be like this.

Minutes later they were both asleep.

***

In the next few days Ethan had a chance to get accustomed to Camp Half-Blood. His mind was still blank, but he found that his body had a better memory. When Alabaster had said they need to go to breakfast he knew where to go, even though he didn’t know what the dining pavilion looked like. It was all new and fascinating; the forest, the Nymphs and Dryads, the Satyrs, the strawberry fields and the Big House. Al told him about training and different activities and capture the flag, and it all sounded immensely fun.

And it was, especially when Ethan had Alabaster at his side, which he virtually always did. Al even insisted on accompanying Ethan to his medical appointments and staying with him at night, though all he ever did was sling an arm around Ethan’s waist. That was what baffled the boy the most; by all means Alabaster was a loving boyfriend – he fretted over him, made him tea constantly, ensure that he was warm and happy and comfortable. His smiles were intoxicating, his pet names sweet, and Ethan could understand how he had fallen in love with Al before he lost his memory. It felt like he was doing it all over again.

However the boy never touched him, not properly, not the way boyfriends touched. He held his hand sometimes, but there were no proper cuddles at night, no hugs, no pointless caresses. No kissing. No sex. Ethan didn’t know why but after a few days he started wanting more, he wanted Alabaster to touch him.

One evening, about five days after Ethan lost his memory, Alabaster dragged him out of his cabin and down to the beach by the lake for a campfire. It was nice, Ethan had to admit, there were several people friendly with him though he couldn’t remember their names or their faces. He listened to the Demigods sing songs and roasted a piece of bacon over the flames, the whole time sticking close to Alabaster. Alabaster was warm, and safety, and comfort. They returned to Ethan’s cabin late, giggling and in high-spirits. Ethan felt a little drunk even though he had had no alcohol, and when he shut the door to his cabin he leaned against it, grinning. Alabaster reached for the light-switch, but the Asian grabbed his hand.

“Don’t,” he said quietly, his laughter dying away. Alabaster gave him a confused look in the
darkness of the cabin, and Ethan could just barely make out his features. He fought down his shyness, telling himself that they had probably done this dozens of times before, and tugged Alabaster forward, against his own body.

“Ethan,” Alabaster said softly, and it almost sounded like a warning. Ethan bit his lip and his arms slid around his boyfriend’s neck.

“Don’t I get a kiss?” he asked in a whisper. Alabaster stared at him.

“You want me to kiss you?” he sounded shocked, and Ethan didn’t understand why.

“Well, yes, isn’t that what boyfriends do?” he asked, and then let out a nervous, embarrassed chuckle, beginning to pull his arms back, “Sorry, I guess—”

“No,” Alabaster grabbed his arms and put them back around his shoulders, and he leaned into Ethan. The boy’s heart started to pound as he felt the warmth of the son of Hecate against him. Alabaster’s hands rested against his ribs and then they slid down to Ethan’s hips and the boy shivered. Alabaster bowed his head, so his cheek rested against Ethan’s temple, “I’m sorry I haven’t kissed you. I didn’t…I didn’t know if you wanted me to do it.”

“Well, I do,” Ethan murmured. Alabaster slowly turned to the side, brushing his nose against Ethan’s teasingly. The son of Nemesis held his breath, his body subconsciously leaning into Alabaster. He felt on edge, his nerves tingling. Almost teasingly, Alabaster pressed his mouth to Ethan’s, so lightly that the boy barely felt it.

Automatically he arched up, pressing harder. Alabaster smiled against his lips and then he opened his mouth a little, sliding it against Ethan’s. The son of Nemesis was sure he was going to pass out from all the blood suddenly rushing to his head and he made a quiet, breathy sound. The kiss remained tantalizingly slow and gentle, and Ethan gripped the shirt on Al’s back. The son of Hecate angled his head then, and parted Ethan’s lips with his tongue, and Ethan’s eyes fluttered shut.

And then the kiss changed. Alabaster roughly pushed Ethan against the door, almost violently, slotting them together so there was no space between their bodies. Ethan gasped and his body was suddenly filled with heat. Alabaster kissed him hungrily, passionately, almost with a desperation as he plunged his tongue into Ethan’s mouth, swallowing his surprised moans. Ethan felt like his legs were going to give out. He whimpered, clung onto Alabaster, and kissed back just as fiercely. It was like Alabaster was some kind of drug. Ethan couldn’t even think about whether this was familiar or not, about if his body remembered doing this before, he was just too lost in the kiss, too lost in Alabaster.

The son of Hecate pulled away from Ethan’s mouth just so he could kiss his neck instead, hard and insistent and rough. Ethan slammed his head back against the door, “Fuck,” he whined, his whole body shaking. Alabaster froze suddenly, tense against Ethan, and pulled away hurriedly.

“I’m sorry,” he stepped back, and his eyes were dark and apologetic. The bulge in his trousers was obvious. Ethan had trouble catching his breath.

“Why’d you stop?” he asked, words slightly slurred. He was flushed and trembling.

“We…I…,” Alabaster looked lost. Ethan reached out for him and took his hand.

“It’s okay, I trust you,” he whispered.

The look of pain on Alabaster’s face made Ethan’s eyes widen. The boy dropped his hand and stepped further away, much to Ethan’s confusion, “Alabaster,” he said gently, “It’s okay.”
“No, it’s not,” Alabaster replied, “We should wait until your memory comes back, so you can fully consent to all this and stuff.”

Ethan frowned, and something about this situation seemed wrong…something scratched at the back of his memory, an inking, a feeling, a thought Ethan couldn’t quite grasp, “I’m consenting now, idiot. Besides, what if I never get my memory back?”

“I don’t know, I…,” Alabaster looked around hurriedly, “Just not tonight. Movie! Yeah, let’s watch a movie.”

Ethan’s shoulders slumped and he couldn’t get rid of the nagging feeling in the back of his head. He felt anxious, like ants were crawling beneath his skin, “Okay,” he said.

“What do you want to watch?” Alabaster was overly loud, trying to fill the space between him and Ethan, and he wouldn’t look at the boy, “Another horror movie?”

“I don’t mind,” Ethan said, “You can pick.”

“Okay, we can watch Star Wars,” Alabaster decided.

“I don’t like Star Wars.”

Ethan hadn’t meant to say that, it was as if the words had just spilled from his mouth without a thought behind them.

“What?” Alabaster turned slowly to face him, and there was something like fear in his eyes.

“I don’t like Star Wars. You always try to make me watch them,” the son of Nemesis shrugged.

“Ethan…,” Alabaster whispered. That’s all it took.

It was as if a floodgate had been open then, and everything came rushing back into Ethan’s mind, so suddenly that he stumbled back and had to lean against the wall.


He remembered seeing Alabaster with one of the Aphrodite girls, laughing and smiling, and the pure jealousy and anger and hurt he had felt. Then he went into the woods. He remembered walking for ages, annoyed, angry. Just circling around, trying to calm down. He remembered the sunshine falling in through the branches. The branches that swayed in the wind. Ethan hadn’t seen the rock, but felt it as he drove his foot into it blindly, he fell forward, and then the darkness came.

“E-Ethan?” Alabaster asked shakily, staring at the silent boy.


“Ethan,” Alabaster said, but that was all. He seemed to have no more words left. Then fury overcame Ethan.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?!” he demanded, and Alabaster flinched back, “You’re my best friend, the person whose supposed to protect me in situations like these and you lie to me?!” he shouted. Alabaster dropped his gaze, “Do you think this is some joke? Is this what this is to you? A sick, stupid prank. Oh, look at that, Ethan fell for my joke! Is this what this is?!”

“No,” Alabaster said quietly, “Fuck, Eth, it’s not, you know it’s not.”
“Why would you do this?!” Ethan was on the verge of tears, he was so furious, “Why would you lie to me like that?!”

“Because I wanted you,” Alabaster said helplessly, and that made Ethan pause. He looked at his best friend, who loved heartbroken, “Fuck, Ethan, I’ve been in love with you for years. And I just…I thought that this could be like a pretend thing, that I could just be happy with you for a while, at least until you got your memories back and I…I…,” he shook his head, “Gods, I’m so sorry.”

Ethan’s anger was gone, evaporated. He looked at Alabaster, and his heart twisted. Here stood the boy he had been in love with since he was thirteen, confessing that he loved him too. Ethan was tired, confused, hurt, and, more importantly, relived, that all this hadn’t been a joke.

“Al…,” he said softly.

“I’m sorry,” Alabaster whispered, “Please don’t hate me, I’m sorry. I’ll get over you, I’ll do it somehow, I promise, I’ll go to Tartarus or something so just…just…”

“I don’t want you to get over me,” Ethan whispered heartbreakingly.

He didn’t know who moved first but suddenly he was pressed back against Alabaster, both of them clinging onto each other, their mouths sliding together in a desperate kiss.

“I’m sorry,” Alabaster whispered between the kisses, “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay, it’s okay, you idiot,” Ethan gripped his face in his hands and stood on his tiptoes so he could kiss him properly. Alabaster’s arms were wound around his waist and he kissed Ethan like he was about to lose him.

Finally they pulled apart when it became clear neither would disappear. They pressed their foreheads together and breathed softly against each other’s mouths.

“You’re not mad at me?” Alabaster asked after a moment of tranquil silence.

“No. I’m a little annoyed, but I’ll get over it,” Ethan stroked Al’s face. The son of Hecate smiled, “Just one thing.”

“Anything,” Alabaster murmured.

“Tell me you love me again.”

Alabaster paused, and his eyes found Ethan’s, “I love you,” he whispered. Ethan exhaled, all the tension leaving his body.

“I love you too.”
There's a Soulmate for Everyone

Soulmate au one where everyone that touched you leaves a different colour handprint on you that takes from about 30 min to 4 hours to fade and vary in intensity (depending on how much you care for that person) except your Soulmate one where the first place they touch you leaves a permanent handprint on you and the rest of the times the prints just take longer to fade (maybe one or two days) and are stronger than any other symbolizing a soulbond and like, Will always has a lot of prints in his body since he works at the infirmary and Nico never has any because he hates being touched and Will is in love with Nico (obviously reciprocated but they are both two oblivious little shits) and really wants to leave his print on Nico but he respects his best friends boundaries and then one day they touch each other for some reason (bonus points if it's a funny scene) and realise they are Soulmates. Double bonus points if there's a smut scene and the next day Will forgets that the marks didn't fade and takes his shirt off in front of their group of friends and there's like, marks of kisses and hands all over his chest and they all make fun of them for being basically two horny teenagers.

For StrugglesOfAGeek

In this world everyone who touches you leaves a physical mark on your body; sometimes it’s an imprint of a fingertip, sometimes an entire palm. It can be a stranger on a train, accidentally brushing the back of their hand against your arm, or your lover caressing your face. Each handprint is a different colour and, depending on the significance of the person touching you, remain on your skin for different times. The touch of a stranger fades almost instantly, the touch of an acquaintance can take a few minutes while the ones of the people you love – your friends, your family, your lovers – can take up to two days.

The handprint of your Soulmate remains on your skin forever. Everybody has a different colour, a unique shade just for themselves. If your Soulmate dies the Soulmark fades to white.

When Nico was a young boy he wanted, more than anything, to be touched by his Soulmate, to have their handprint tattooed into his skin. He dreamt about it at night, about the Soulbond he would have with someone. The confusion as to why nobody’s but Bianca’s hand remained on him for more than a few minutes turned into distain. Then Bianca died, the Titan war happened, Tartarus, the Giant war...and eventually people’s hands stopped leaving an imprint on Nico at all; a gentle wash of
colour in the shape of fingers was all that appeared on his pale skin if someone touched him.

Eventually Nico had stopped wanting people to touch him, because it became too painful. He saw other people’s hands, their wrists, and everyone always had at least one partially fading handprint on them at a time, others decorated in finger marks. Nico’s body was unmarked. The final blow came to him when Percy touched him; Nico had loved him and when the son of Poseidon had carelessly touched his skin by pulling him up by the wrist, the Italian heartbreakingly found that Percy was not his Soulmate. His imprint was sea-blue, and it stayed for an hour, and just as Nico had started to let himself hope that his feelings were reciprocated, the hand faded.

He had been so young and he hadn’t let anyone touch his skin since then. He ensured that he always wore long sleeves and if anybody reached for him he automatically flinched. People just assumed he was antisocial but honestly, Nico was just ensuring that he didn’t get hurt. He was slowly coming to terms with the fact that he didn’t have a Soulmate. That happened sometimes. Everyone else around him got their Soulmarks; Annabeth had Percy’s blue print and he had her indigo one, both on their palms as if the first time they touched was by holding hands. Jason had Piper’s on the back of his neck, just the tips of her fingers, and Piper had his on her hip. Hazel had Frank’s imprint just behind her ear, where he had brushed her hair, and he had hers on his bicep. They all flaunted the Soulmarks proudly, and Nico was envious.

***

Nico was back in the medical bay and Will was sure it was more because he wanted to stay out of the stiflingly hot summer day rather than because he actually wanted to help out. Not that he was helping out at all; he sat on the end of one of the free beds, his stygian iron sword on his side as he flicked through some folder, looking bored.

“All done,” Will said cheerfully, finishing bandaging up the cut on Frank’s arm. The skin there was tinged with the shimmering gold that Will’s palm always left behind on people’s skin, but he knew it would disappear in a few hours, “Just make sure you avoid the eleven year olds with all the knives. You know how clumsy they get.”

“Gotcha,” Frank smiled and stood up, “thanks Will.”

He clasped the medic on the shoulder and left the medical bay. Will, due to the heat, was wearing a tank top and so a hand print appeared on his naked, tanned, freckled shoulder. It was a cheerful kind of purple, though not the deep purple that Reyna’s hand left behind. Will smiled and caught sight of himself in a mirror as he turned to Nico – his blond curls were held back with a bandana so he didn’t get too sweaty in the heat, and his arms and hands were covered in the multiple hand prints of all the people he had treated today, and he looked like he was splashed in paint.

“What are you looking at?” he asked Nico as he turned to scribble down Frank’s injury on the log.

“Criminal records,” Nico said distractedly, flipping a page. Will’s eyes bulged.

“What?! How did you get those?”

Nico glanced at him briefly, his eyes like pools of molten, warm darkness, “Don’t worry.”

“Anything good?” Will asked curiously, padding over. He leaned over Nico’s shoulder and the Italian flinched away from him, shifting a little to the side. Will swallowed, a little guilty and a lot disappointed, moving away slightly to give Nico space.

The summer had been long and warm and lazy, and Will had spent every day with Nico. After the
war and then the whole Apollo thing all of them needed a break, and Nico especially. The medic was determined to make sure the boy was eating properly and taking care of himself. The four months were blissful compared to the horrors of the past two years, and Will decided that Nico was definitely the best thing to happen to him in that time...maybe all his life even, because the blond had fallen hopelessly and blindly head over heels in love with the son of Hades. Naturally Nico didn’t feel the same, or at least Will didn’t know if he did, because they never touched. Nico never touched anyone, actually, except Hazel on rare occasions, and although Will wanted, more than anything, to ensure the boy’s comfort and respect his boundaries, but he was also tempted to brush his fingers lightly over the boy’s skin every day, just to see how permanent of a mark he would leave.

The thought that his mark on Nico could disappear after a few hours scared him, and perhaps that was why he refrained from touching the boy he loved.

“How interesting?” Will asked.

“Uh...Piper has some stealing stuff, though less than I expected,” Nico said.

“Charmspeak,” Will said. The Italian nodded,

“Yes. Probably,” he flipped the page, “Leo has some mild arson, Annabeth has credit card fraud? From 2006?! She was seven!”

“Shit then,” Will grinned and walked back to his own paperwork.

“W-Will!” Nico spluttered suddenly, “What the hell is this?! A thievery conviction?!”

Will offered a sheepish smile, “Remember the Titan fight in Manhattan?” he asked, and Nico nodded, staring at him as if he saw a ghost, “Yeah, lots of wounded, not a lot of supplies. I raided a pharmacy, they caught me on CCTV, the whole shebang. Chiron dealt with it.”

“So you have a criminal record?!” Nico still seemed shocked.

Will shrugged, “Minor. Surely you have one too.”

“No,” Nico huffed and closed the folder, “I don’t get caught.”

“Well I can’t shadowtravel,” Will teased. Nico rolled his eyes and stood up, stretching his arms over his head and yawning. His t-shirt rode up, revealing a sliver of his pale stomach. Will’s eyes greedily scanned the revealed skin for a sign of a Soulmark but Nico was one of the few people the blond knew that seemed to not have any imprints on him at all.

“I’m going to go have a nap,” Nico informed Will. The blond shook his head.

“I swear all you do is sleep.”

“And keep you company,” Nico interjected.

“Hey, I’m going to a pet shelter tomorrow,” Will said suddenly, “Wanna come with?”

Nico made a face, “No. Animals hate me, you know that. They think I smell like death.”

“That skeletal cat that follows you around likes you.”

“Small Bob’s already dead,” Nico deadpanned. Somehow seeing him be so serious about animals made him adorable and Will had to fight the urge to touch him; he wanted to squeeze his cheeks, or ruffle his hair, and the fact he couldn’t was making him frustrated. Instead he smiled.
“Please?” he asked, “I don’t want to go alone.”

“Get Kayla,” Nico rolled his eyes, crossing his arms over his chest, but the fact he hadn’t left yet gave Will hope that he’d change his mind. The blond gave the Italian his best puppy dog eyes and pouted.

“Please?”

Nico sighed, “Why are you going? And how far is it?”

Will grinned brightly, “It’s my mum’s friends store and she has something for me. And it’s only in Brooklyn. I’d drive us.”

“I don’t know if I trust you enough to get in a car with you,” Nico’s eyes narrowed.

“Pleaaaaase,” Will fluttered his eyelashes, “It would mean we get a break from camp for a bit, and we could go to Chinatown, and I could show you my room and-“

“Fine, fine,” Nico shook his head, “I’ll come, just shut up.”

“Fantastic,” Will grinned, and then his smile faltered as he once again had to fight the urge to take Nico into his arms. The Italian frowned.

“You okay?”

“Yes,” Will turned away, “Yeah, I’m great. Go have your nap.”

When Nico left Will slumped against the wall, feeling dejected. He had no idea how much longer he could do this for; how much longer he could ignore the crushing feelings he felt for his friend. It was all getting too much. He sighed and looked at himself in the mirror. Already the mark Frank left on him was beginning to fade and he knew that by the time he woke up in the morning his skin would be clear again. He didn’t want that. He wanted a permanent handprint on him. He wanted Nico’s handprint.

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Nico had to admit that being in the passenger seat of Will’s hand was nice. It was almost like the two of them were dating, on a road trip to Brooklyn. The sun was shining in through the windows of the old pick up truck that Chiron borrowed them, and made warm patterns on Nico’s thighs. He felt warm because all his clothes were black, despite the fact it was the middle of the summer, and so he had cranked the window open. Now a lovely breeze fell in from the highway, ruffling both his and Will’s hair. The blond was driving, a happy smile on his face, sunglasses on his freckles nose. He was dressed in a Hawaiian printed shirt, and his hair gleamed in the sunlight. Nico wanted desperately to touch him, and in order to stop himself he wedged his hands between his thighs. As long as he didn’t touch Will he’d never have a confirmation that they weren’t Soulmates, and that was okay. That meant that Nico could pretend that in moments like this they were a couple.

He wanted them to be a couple. He wanted Will to be his Soulmate more than he had ever wanted Percy to be it. Will was humming in to some song on the radio, and then he glanced to the side.

“Nico!” he exclaimed, “I told you to do your seatbelt up forty minutes ago!”

“I like living dangerously,” Nico said. Will sighed and with one hand he reached over, still watching the road. Nico flinched away, “I’ll do it myself!” he blurted, and Will pulled his hand back. Nico’s heart pounded. That was close, he thought as he did up his seatbelt. An almost tense silence settled
over the two of them, and then Will suddenly smiled.

“Ooooh I love this song!” he yelled, and turned up the volume. A cheerful, summery song that Nico didn’t know blared through the car and Will sang along to it, happily and off-key. Nico smiled, and it made his heart feel warm. He watched the blond for a while.

A little over an hour later Will pulled into a little parking lot and then he and Nico were walking through the sun-filled streets of Brooklyn, Will chatting away contently. They were in the nice part of town, where all the old but beautiful buildings were, and Nico was surprised when Will turned suddenly and went up the steps to one of them.

“You live here?” Nico gaped at the building. It was made of red brick and had large, arched windows. The front was blooming with flowers.

“Yeah,” Will was oblivious to Nico’s awe as he fished his key out from his pocket, opening the door, “It used to be my grandma’s house but she’s passed away. My mum only lives here a few months of the year and then she tours the country for the remainder.”

“Oh yeah,” Nico shook his head and followed Will up the steps and into the house, “She’s a country singer.”

The hallway was dark and pleasantly cool after the heat of the street. The moment Nico and Will toed their shoes of there was a sudden squeal of, “Will!” and a woman was suddenly rushing down the staircase leading to the second floor. Nico stumbled away when she launched herself at Will, who laughed and caught her, squeezing her into a hug.

“Hi mom.”

“Oh you little rascal!” Naomi Solace pulled away to look at her son, “Gosh, you’ve grown even more since Christmas. You should visit me more often!”

She was a petite woman, unlike her son, and although Nico always thought Will looked ridiculously similar to Apollo he could see that he shared a clear resemblance with his mother also – they both had the calm eyes and easy smiles, they shared freckles and Naomi’s brown hair curled around her ears the way Will’s did. Now she turned to Nico.

“And who is this dashing young man?” she asked, eyes sparkling. Nico blushed.

“Mom, this is Nico,” Will introduced, “He’s my friend.”

“Friend you say?” Naomi’s smile took on mischief that Will lacked, “Nico, is it?”

“Lovely to meet you,” he said quietly. Before he could react Naomi had moved forward and pulled him into a hug, then drawing back and pinching his cheek. Nico stiffened and sent a panicked look to Will, who looked apologetic.

“You are such a darling!” Naomi didn’t notice Nico’s reaction and started down the hallway, “Come boys, let me get you some food and then you can be off to the pet appointment!” she disappeared into what Nico assumed was the kitchen and the Italian quickly touched the cheek that she had touched.

“Sorry about that,” Will whispered.

“I-Is there a mark?” Nico stuttered. Will shook his head.
“Barely, and it’s fading already.”

Shaken, Nico followed the blond into the kitchen. He remained tense throughout all of lunch which consisted of cold sodas and some ordered Chinese. Despite feeling unease Nico still appreciated the dynamic between Will and his mom, and enjoyed their easy going conversation. Throughout all of lunch Naomi kept giving Nico sly looks, especially when Will bothered him about eating more and having some vegetables. It was as if Naomi could see something Nico didn’t, and the boy was glad to get back out on the street. He was unused to meeting strangers.

“The pet store is just a few blocks away,” Will informed him cheerfully as they strolled down the street. People cycled past, and in the distance Nico could hear traffic.

“Your mom seems nice,” he said.

“I know she’s a bit much,” Will was apologetic again.

“No. She’s lovely.”

“I should’ve told her that you don’t like touching,” Will said. Nico rolled his eyes.

“Oh stop it. It’s not that I don’t like touching...”

“Well you never let me do it,” Will said, and it sounded weird, and his tone was weird. The blond quickly changed the subject, “We’re here,” he pointed at a small, snug pet store between a coffee shop and an antique looking library.

They entered, and the bell chimed. A few people milled about the shop, which was surprisingly big on the inside and filled with cages and tanks. It was air conditioned and smelled cleaned.

“I’ll be just a moment,” Will told Nico, and dashed to the counter. The Italian walked over to the closest cages that contained different kinds of fish and frowned when they all swam away from him and deeper into his tanks. He continued on, and made the mistake of walking past several cages with cats in them. The felines hissed at him and Nico glared.

“Fuck you too,” he whispered. All animals cowered away from him, even the spiders, and so Nico returned to the front of the shop and waited about for a moment, moving out of the way for people who walked out. They all ignored him, nobody even looked at him, as if he was part of the shadows. That was okay with him, there was only one person he wanted to pay attention to him and that person was-

Approaching him with an innocent, happy grin on his face, holding a...turtle.

“What is that?” Nico demanded.

“My mom’s friend found it in he river,” Will said excitedly, coming to a stop in front of Nico and holding the green creature in front of him. It was big and old and the blond had to hold it with both hands, “Isn’t it amazing!!”

Nico looked at the animal, and it didn’t give any reaction to him. Probably because it didn’t give enough fucks, “It’s a turtle.”

“I think I’m going to name it Crush.”

“First of all, you’re not keeping it,” Nico said.
“First of all, yes I am,” Will replied, “I’m taking it back to camp.”

Nico sighed, “Gods sake. Where are you going to keep it, smartass?”

“In a tank,” Will shrugged, “Don’t look at me, Drew has a hamster, and you have a cat, and Percy has a hellhound. Why can’t I have a turtle?”

“Okay, fine,” Nico said, “But you’re not giving it a cliché name like Crush.”

“Okay, what other do you want for it then?” Will asked, and his voice was teasing.

“I don’t know,” Nico made a face and looked at the creature, who seemed content in Will’s hands, “Like...”

“What about Michelangelo?” Will asked.

“Like the painter?” Nico raised an eyebrow. Will laughed.

“No! Like the Ninja Turtle! Or what about Squirtle?”

“What the fuck is a Squirtle?” Nico asked.

“A Pokémon!” Will shook his head, “Gods, sometimes I forget you were born in the 1940s.”

“Call it Shellshock,” Nico wasn’t amused, but Will grinned.

“Okay! It can be called Shock for short!”

“You’re such a child,” Nico rolled his eyes.

“Here,” Will stuck his arms out, “Hold it!”

Nico pulled a face, “Hell no.”

“C’mon it’s cute!” Will argued.

“It looks like an old woman,” Nico disagreed, “I don’t want to hold it.”

“Just take the turtle, Nico.”

“Fuck your turtle!”

“That’s animal abuse, now take the turtle.”

Will pushed the turtle into Nico’s hands and the boy panicked and grabbed at it, in case the blond let go, and suddenly their hands were touching, Will’s pressed over Nico’s as they both held onto the turtle. Their heads snapped up and they stared at each other in shock. Nico’s hands tingled and he pulled them back, still holding onto Shellshock.

Will cleared his throat, “He’s pretty cool, right?”

Nico looked down at the turtle, but his eyes slid to his left hand instead, where there was a gentle smudge of gold where Will had touched him, bright and vibrant. Nico swallowed and he felt a little sick. He cradled Shellshock into his chest as a defence mechanism and watched as Will examined a similar mark on his own hand. Nico’s print was black – of course it fucking was.

“Right, let’s go,” Nico turned on his heel and strode out of the pet store, his heart beating. He looked
at the mark glimmering in the sunshine. *Don’t get used to it, don’t get used to it, it’ll disappear,* he told himself and tears welled up in his eyes. The bell chimed, and Will came outside, and Nico got his shit together.

He knew this would happen.

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They got back to camp at sunset. The rest of the day had been nice, at least for Will. He took Nico to Chinatown and they hung out in his house for a bit, but the blond could tell that his friend was distracted and when they loaded themselves back into the car he pulled on a hoodie and tugged the sleeves over his hands to hide the mark Will left on him. It made the blond sad and they drove back to Camp in silence. Nico fell asleep.

When they got back Nico excused himself, saying he was tired, and disappeared into his Cabin and Will – feeling vaguely depressed – set up his turtle tank in his own cabin, putting Shellshock inside. His siblings were all gushing over the pet, and some of the other campers came in to look at it, and that made Will feel a little better.

The next day was a bit hectic because everyone was preparing for Capture the Flag and by the early evening the infirmary was packed with injured and complaining Demigods and Will had completely forgotten about his Soulmark until he was patching up Clarisse.

“What’s that on your hand, Solace?” the girl asked when Will bandaged her injured arm.

“Huh?” the blond asked distractedly and glanced down at his hand. His heart skipped a beat when he looked at the two black lines on the side of his hand where Nico had touched him, “O-Oh that. Just someone touched me.”

Clarisse frowned, “Who the hell has a black touch?”


“He rarely plays,” Will shrugged.

“Yeah, but nobody’s seen him since yesterday.”

“Oh...,” Will frowned, “Now that you mention it I haven’t seen him all day either.”

“Aw, you worried about him?” Clarisse teased.

“You’re all done, move on.”

“It’s pretty vibrant,” Clarisse said as she slid off the bed and gave Will a long look, “The mark. When did you say he touched you?”

Will looked at her. He swallowed. He blinked. *When did he say he touched you?* It had been yesterday, in the early afternoon. Will started making mental calculations. How many hours had it been? It was seven in the evening now, so that mean...over thirty hours. Will looked down at the imprint again, his heart pounding. It was as dark and intense as it had been yesterday, like two smudges of charcoal. It should’ve been gone by now, or faded to the point of almost disappearing.

It could only mean one thing.
Will pushed past Clarisse, ignored the shouting of his siblings, overwhelmed by work, and shoved through the Demigods crowding the medical bay. He didn’t care about anything but one thing in that moment; Nico. He skipped down the steps to the medical bay, two at a time, and went off sprinting through the strawberry fields. The last of the sun dipped behind the tree line, and most of the cabins were empty as everyone was going down for supper. Will hoped that Nico was there because he needed to see him now. His heart ached, and he just wanted to have Nico against him, safe and his. The feelings were so intense that Will didn’t even knock on the door to the Hades Cabin, just exploded inside.

Nico had been lying in bed clearly and now he sat up abruptly. His eyes were red and his hair messy. He was still in his pjs, and looked shocked to see Will. The blond stood by the door, gasping for air, and the two just stared at each other. Then the son of Apollo shoved the door to the cabin closed, and took two steps towards Nico’s bed, overwhelmed by how much love he felt for the boy in front of him. He had to stop, however, because tears suddenly appeared in Nico’s eyes, and they weren’t tears of happiness.

“I’m sorry,” the boy whispered, and Will’s heart broke, “I’m sorry. I know this isn’t what you wanted and I know you deserve someone so much better than me—“

His voice was desperate and borderline hysterical and Will couldn’t take it. He closed the space between them and tackled Nico down to the bed, pining his hands a little way above his head. The Italian looked up at him, wide-eyed, teary and surprised, and for a moment Will couldn’t speak because of how close they were suddenly. Nico’s wrists were soft and fragile in his grip, their legs were pressed against each other.

Slowly Will looked away from Nico’s eyes and turned his left hand in his gently, revealing the Soulmark, that blazed bright and golden. The sight made his heart sing with happiness and he suddenly felt as light as a feather. When he brushed his fingers over Nico’s skin they left a golden trail. A smile bloomed on his face.

“W-Will?” Nico asked, quietly and shakily.

“You’re mine,” Will whispered, and his voice was full of disbelief. Nico frowned up at him,

“Why are you happy? I’m so...inadequate. You deserve someone so much better—“

Will shut him up with a kiss. He always wanted to do it, to kiss Nico. His mouth was as soft and pliant as Will expected and Nico sighed against him, not fighting him at all, just melting into the pillows. The blond released his hands so he could cradle his face instead and slide closer. He eyes slid shut, and when he tentatively licked at Nico’s lips he found that the boy’s tongue slid out to shyly tangle with kiss. Will stroked the boy’s cheeks subconsciously and the love in his chest threatened to overflow. When he pulled away Nico was flushed and breathless even though the kiss had been slow.

“Y-You’re going to get gold on my face,” Nico whispered breathlessly.

“I want to,” Will was so close that their lips brushed every time they spoke, “I want to leave gold over you. Because you’re my Soulmate. Gods, Nico. You’re mine. You’re actually mine.” Nico still stared up at him in disbelief and Will nuzzled and kissed his cheek, “I’ve wanted you to be mine for so long.”

“Will...”

“Say you want me back and I’ll be yours forever, I promise.”
Nico gave him the more helpless look, “Of course I want you, idiot,” he murmured and reached up, though his hand froze a few inches away from Will’s face. The blond smiled,

“Go on,” he said.

“But it’s black,” Nico whispered, “It’ll be really...”

Will dipped his head and leaned his cheek into Nico’s hand, not caring if he’d look like he rolled around in black paint by the end of this. He nuzzled Nico’s palm, then kissed it. The Italian let out a quiet little content sigh and Will brushed his fingers through his dark hair.

“Are we going to do it?” Nico whispered. Will paused and looked at him.

“Only if you want to,” he said.

“Yeah, I want to,” Nico admitted. There was no awkwardness between them and Will leaned down to capture the boy’s lips again.

“Which way around do you want to do this?” he asked.

“I...I always thought you’d top,” Nico said. Will lifted his eyebrows.

“Oh, I see. You thought about us having sex a lot?”

A blush flooded Nico’s cheeks, “S-Shut up, no I didn’t.”

“I’m only messng with you,” Will grinned, and kissed Nico again, nibbling on the boy’s lower lip. “I thought about it too,” he admitted, trailing his lips over the boy’s jaw and down to his neck, “A lot. About having you like this,” his hand found the hem of Nico’s shirt and he tugged on it, lifting the garment over Nico’s head and ruffling his hair even more, “I’ve wanted you to be the one so badly,” Will admitted, his eyes sliding from Nico’s eyes to his torso, and down to his pale stomach. Nico fidgeted a little, as if he wasn’t used to this, and sucked in a sharp breath when Will suddenly splayed his hand over his stomach.

When he withdrew it there was a perfect, gold hand shape on Nico’s skin. Will smiled, and trailed his hand upwards, leaving behind little shimmers of gold, he brushed his thumbs over Nico’s nipples. “Will,” the Italian breathed and Will’s eyes snapped up to look at him. He was surprised to see that the boy was breathing hard, his eyes half-lidded as if Will’s touch was a little too much. The blond then tugged his own shirt over his head, discarding it to the side. He grabbed Nico’s hands and drew him up and into his lap, so they could press their naked chests together.

Will burrowed his face in Nico’s collarbone and kissed him there while the Italian’s fingers carded through his curls. They didn’t speak, just revelled in each other’s bodies for a moment. Nico drew a swirl into Will’s shoulder with his finger and the blond smiled.

“Do you have any lube?” he asked.

“No,” Nico said, “I never expected this to actually happen. What about you?”

“No,” Will winced, then sighed, “Fuck. I can’t get any at this time either...” Nico rolled off him and the blond collapsed on the bed with a sigh, “Ugh, and I got a boner as well.”

Nico looked down at him fondly, “You got a boner from kissing?”

“Shut up,” Will pinched him playfully at the waist. Nico crawled over to him and ducked down to
kiss Will. The blond’s hand slid down his back gently and he kept the warm boy close. They didn’t have to have sex immediately, that could wait. But honestly kissing Nico was making Will all hot and bothered. *Is this a good time to tell him I love him?* He wondered, tugging the covers over them.

Nico pulled away suddenly and dropped his head to kiss Will’s collarbone, swinging a leg over him so he was straddling his thighs. The blond blinked, surprised when the Italian kissed down his chest, his hand resting just beneath Will’s heart and leaving a perfect black imprint of his hand there.

“Where are you going?” Will asked softly as Nico continued his descent, disappearing under the covers. He got his answer when he suddenly felt fingers dipping past the waistband of his boxers and then they were being pulled down his legs. Will lifted himself up on his elbows, but all he saw was his own black-stained chest, Nico being only a bump underneath the covers, “Nico-,” Will started and then choked on a moan when he suddenly felt a hot, wet mouth wrapping around his dick.

He didn’t mean to but he collapsed back against the bed, unable to keep himself up. The covers bopped up and down and Will felt Nico’s mouth doing the same to his length, accompanied by weirdly arousing wet noises.

“F-Fuck,” Will gasped, hands fisting in the sheets and toes curling. He wanted to see Nico but he couldn’t move, too lost in the feeling of his velvety mouth. Nico released him with a loud ‘pop’ sound and then Will felt the tip of his tongue tease the underside of his cock, and then press to the slit at the top where the blond could feel precum gathering, “S-Shit, Nico, whose d-dick have y-you been sucking?”

The Italian let go of Will’s hardness and popped his head out from underneath the covers. His lips were wet and his cheeks flushed as he glared at the blond, “Nobody’s, you idiot,” he grumbled, then bit his lip, “Is it okay?”


Nico smiled mischievously and then disappeared beneath the covers again. Will felt his mouth around his length again and he threw his head back against the pillows, screwing his eyes shut, a moan spilling from his mouth. It felt so good to have a mouth around him like that, and the fact that it was *Nico’s* mouth made it so much better.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Will gritted his teeth, trying not to succumb to the pleasure taking over his body even though his stomach was all knots and heat and he knew he wouldn’t last long. Nico made a slurping noise and then suddenly he was taking Will’s cock deeper into his mouth, and his entire length was enveloped in the heat, and it felt so insanely good that Will cried out, “*Fuck Nico!*”

Nico’s hand came out from underneath the covers and rested on Will’s stomach and the blond panted desperately, trying to keep his head clear even though he felt dizzy. His dick twitched in Nico’s mouth and he knew he was seconds away from orgasm.

“N-Nico,” he choked out, “N-Neeks I’m gonna c-come-“

Nico didn’t pull away and Will didn’t have time to do anything because just then he reached his climax. A shudder went through his entire body and pleasure exploded inside him. His orgasm rolled over him and Nico still didn’t pull away even then, swallowing Will’s come. As the blond laid there, panting, light-headed from what just happened, Nico crawled back up his body. When he tried to roll off Will reached out blindly and wrapped his arms around him, crushing Nico to his chest. He kissed the top of his head, still breathing hard.
“Gods...,” he murmured, “Gods, you’re amazing.”

Nico stroked his chest, “You okay?”

“Yeah. More than okay,” he kissed the boy’s forehead and finally opened his eyes. He felt sleepy and content, “Do you want me to do you now?” he asked, glancing down. Nico was flushed, his lips swollen and wet.

“No. I actually already came.”

“From what?” Will asked, surprised.

“Your dick in my mouth,” Nico said shyly. Will groaned.

“Don’t say shit like that or I’ll get hard again.”

“Sorry,” Nico whispered, and then, “Are you gonna sleep over?”

“If you want.”

“Yeah. I do.”

Will rolled them over so they were on their sides, facing each other, “Great,” he smiled. Nico twisted in his arms, as if he already knew what to do, and Will wrapped his arms around the boy’s warm waist. He kissed his shoulder, the back of his neck, and three words pressed at his lips.

“Hey, Will?” Nico asked suddenly.

“Hmm?” Will was too tired to speak.

“Do you...do you love me?” Nico sounded hesitant and unsure.

“What?” Will pulled himself up so he was partly hovering over Nico. The boy was looking straight ahead of him.

“Are you in love with me? It’s okay if you’re not.”

Will dropped his head to the crevice between the boy’s neck and shoulder, “What do you think?”

“I don’t know,” Nico mumbled. Will smiled.

“Yeah, I love you.”

Nico relaxed in his arms, “Oh. Okay. That’s good. Um, I love you too.”

“Perfect. I love you.”

“You already said it,” Nico said. But Will was already asleep.

***

The next day the sink flooded in the Big House, and so all the counsellors had gathered to get it under control...which wasn’t going too well. Half the boys were shirtless and were stuffing their shirts in under the bathroom door.

“Percy sort it out!” Miranda Gardiner shouted.
“I can’t!” Percy shouted back. Everyone was soaking wet, “Will give me your shirt!”

Will didn’t hesitate and he pulled the shirt off, and offered it to Percy. He didn’t understand why everyone was suddenly staring at him open-mouthed...until he looked down at his naked chest, and realised. He forgot that his whole chest was covered in handprints. Black handprints.

Everyone’s heads snapped to Nico now, the flood forgotten.

“Oh. My. Gods.” Piper whispered. The Italian stood there, blushing, “Oh my Gods you two hooked up!”

The counsellors started giggling, “Oh I knew it!” Miranda punched the air.

“Jason you owe me five bucks,” Percy grinned at the son of Zeus. Will gave Nico a sheepish smile and Nico glared.

“Put your shirt back on,” he grumbled.

“Nico cheer up!” Annabeth was next to him and she patted him tentatively on the shoulder, “We’re only teasing.”

“So are you two an item now or...?” Percy grinned, glancing between them.

Nico crossed his arms over his chest, “Actually, we’re Soulmates.”

The smile Will gave him was worth all the teasing they were going to get.
If It's Meant to Be It'll Be

A Frank and Leo alpha Omega where Leo is the cute little Omega that all the alphas want and he super oblivious and Frank is like his protector that fights all the alphas off but Leo is like - Frank doesn't actually see me as a potential mate - and wants to get him jealous so he ask some other alpha (anybody you want) to help make Frank jealous over the course of a couple of weeks he and the other alpha are always together and Frank gets really angry like nobody can control him angry then Leo gets an (unexpected heat likes starts nesting stealing Frank clothes growling at all the omegas that talk to Frank) and is like no to the other alpha(the one who’s making Frank jealous) who's like hormone drunk of him and the other alpha gets aggressive (with him)or something an Frank is just like boi and scares him away then Leo and him have some very raunchy knotting dirty heat sex with a lot of possessive Frank and screening and when Leo tries to leave because he's oblivious and thinks Frank is just doing this for some obligatory reason Frank is like nope your mine for geneticallyaesthetic

Frank looked across the dining pavilion at the Hephaestus table longingly.

“You’re staring at him again,” Hazel said quietly. Frank quickly snapped his eyes back.

“Right. Sorry.”

Hazel smiled at her ex-boyfriend, “It’s okay, you know. It’s not like he ever notices anything that happens around him.”

“I know,” Frank sighed and his eyes slid back to the Hephaestus table before he could stop himself. It was just too hard to stop himself.

When people turn sixteen they find out if they’re an Alpha, Beta or Omega. Alphas were the ‘dominants’ of society, the ones that in the past used to be the breadwinners – they went into every six months and could claim Omegas for themselves. Omegas, on the other hand, were the underdogs, the submissives, that used to be disregarded with practically no rights, though that changed in the last couple decades. They went into heats every two months and even male Omegas could get pregnant. Betas didn’t go into ruts or heats but they took mates, just like Alphas Omegas.

At sixteen Frank found out that he was an Alpha, which wasn’t surprising. Since the blessing of Mars he had become stronger and slightly more aggressive when it came to fighting, and he was happy when he was an Alpha. He was an ideal one; tall, muscular, able to protect his Omega. However Hazel turned out to be a Beta, which was fine by them...though soon after their identification their love fizzled out and they ended their relationship, choosing instead to become close friends.
And just as well because soon after that Frank figured out that his obsession with bothering and picking on Leo was actually infatuation. Frank couldn’t quite remember when he had fallen for the annoying Latino, but as soon as he found out that Leo was an Omega he knew that he was the one, his mate. But he and Leo had this peculiar rivalry and Frank was too scared to confess his feelings...and Leo seemed to hate the fact that he was an Omega, though honestly Frank thought he was absolutely perfect, even when he was running his mouth.

For a year after his announcing Leo was pretty under the radar and the other sixteen year old Demigods were too busy sniffing at each other and humping in corners during their heats to pay any attention to the boy. Not Frank, of course. Frank had liked him since they were fourteen, and as they turned seventeen that like turned to love. He always knew subconsciously in his mind that Leo would be his eventually; he would cherish the boy and love him and protect him and not let anyone else have him.

Leo was blissfully oblivious to Frank’s feelings, and actually to every other Alpha around. Everywhere in Camp people were mating but Leo didn’t seem to care, and Hazel confessed to Frank that Leo had once told her that he thought he was an unworthy Omega and no Alpha would want him. Frank couldn’t comprehend that – Leo’s eyes were like pools of melted chocolate, his sarcastic humour was enough to brighten anybody’s day, and he smelled wonderful, like cinnamon, motor oil and home.

Then suddenly the other Alphas in camp started taking interest in Leo. After all he was the perfect Omega; small, skinny, with a nice bum and nice hips, perfect for bearing pups. Frank hated how suddenly Leo was surrounded by Alphas – Jake and Beckendorf, though they were his brothers and so Frank tolerated them, but Luke Castellan and Jason and Percy and Travis Stoll and Reyna and Clarisse would spend time around him and their scent rubbed off on the boy and it made Frank want to scent him every time, rub himself all over the boy to ensure that he only ever smelled like him. He was very territorial and protective, like many of the animals he often shifted into. The Alphas knew that Leo was an unmated Omega and the boy was so naive and innocent that Frank, and quite a few of the seven, were scared that someone would take advantage of him during one of his heats. So Frank make sure that the Alphas knew their place. To say he was a little embarrassed and guilty at the fact that he cornered most of them and practically growled at them, informing them that Leo was his, was an understatement. But it got them to back off, and that was the most important thing.

“You need to tell him,” Hazel said, and Frank realised he had been staring at the back of Leo’s curly head for too long. Embarrassed, he looked away and cleared his throat, “You need to tell him how you feel.”

“I can’t,” Frank mumbled, “He’ll reject me.”

“No he won’t,” Hazel sighed, “You’re mates, you’re meant to be.”

“I don’t know if he knows that,” Frank grumbled, eyes sliding to Leo again. The boy was laughing at something Nyssa had said and Frank’s heart clenched. He just wanted to hold him, so, so badly.

“Just tell him,” Hazel said, exasperated, “trust me, he knows you’re mates. It’s this incredible pull and when you’re together everything just makes sense.”

“Ain’t that right,” Calypso grinned at her side and pecked her mate on the cheek. Frank looked at them with envy. He wanted that too...he wanted that with Leo.

***

Leo crossed off another day to his heat mentally in his head as he hammered away at an axe in
Bunker 9. All around him his siblings were laughing and exchanging jokes, and Leo, for once, was silent and lost in his own head. Recently his heats have been getting worse, yearning for his mate, and nothing Leo did was enough. He laid in bed for five days, sweating and moaning, in agony, knowing exactly who he wanted.

Frank.

Even thinking about him made Leo’s heart pound and his hammering falter. He swallowed and wiped the sweat from the heat of the ovens off his forehead. Of course it was just his luck that his mate was someone who hated him. Leo loved Frank, had ever since he had first gotten over his crush on Hazel, and although he knew the feelings would never be reciprocated he hoped that Frank felt the clear connection between them. As the boy’s heat was only a month away he couldn’t help but think if he should just ask Frank to mate him. Alphas could mate as many Omegas as they wanted, but an Omega could only have one Alpha. Even if Frank didn’t want Leo, the Latino was sure he didn’t want anyone else to mate him, so he was contemplating just letting Frank do it, and then return to watching him from afar.

That thought was painful, but so was idly standing by. Leo was too scared of rejection to openly approach the Alpha, and he had tried to somehow push Frank to courting him instead – he made sure his trousers were always tight, exposed his neck more than normally around the son of Mars, but none of it seemed to work. It was pretty clear that despite their bond Frank didn’t want Leo. Not that the Latino blamed him; if he was an Alpha he wouldn’t want to be with himself either – he was scrawny, spastic, had too much adrenaline and didn’t know how to flirt.

A suddenly clap right in front of Leo’s face made the boy flinch, and Harley burst out laughing next to him, “Fucking hell Leo, get with it.”

“Don’t swear you little shit,” Leo hit him upside the head. His brother was only twelve but already he was almost taller than the Latino, which was annoying.

“What’s with you?” Harley asked, “You’re so out of it lately.”

“I’m fine,” Leo rolled his eyes, putting his hammer down.

“Is it cause your heats coming up?” Harley teased. Leo shoved him in the ribs.

“Shut up, it’s none of your business.”

“Just ask Frank to help you out with it,” his brother said and Leo blushed.

“S- Shut up!” he yelled, embarrassed that his feelings for the son of Mars were so obvious, “Fuck off, you’re too young to be thinking about heats. Especially my heats.”

“He’s right though, you know,” Nyssa walked over, hands on her hips, “You can’t be going through heats alone, it’s not healthy. You need an Alpha.”

“No I don’t,” Leo growled.

“Yes, you do,” Beckendorf suddenly appeared. The Latino glared at them,

“What’s with the sudden gang-up?” he demanded, “I’m fine without an Alpha, I’ve been fine until this point, and I’ll continue to be fine.”

Nyssa sighed, “We just want the best for you, Leo. You always come out looking sick and exhausted after your heats-“
“That’s because heats are exhausting,” Leo interrupted, “But you wouldn’t know that since none of you are Omegas.”

“Don’t get angry,” Beck said soothingly, “I know how bad Silena gets when she’s on hers, and we all just want to make sure someone responsible is around you when it happens. Someone who cares about you.”

“Like Frank,” Nyssa put in. Leo’s heart twisted and he dropped his eyes.

“He doesn’t care about me,” he said.

“You’re fucking blind,” Beckendorf shook her head.

“He’s your mate,” even Harley seemed to understand how important that was.

“If he cared about me he would’ve...he...,” Leo turned away, “It doesn’t matter.”

“You know what you need?” Nyssa asked suddenly, “You need to make him jealous?”

“What?” Leo blinked at her.

“That’s how you can figure out if you’re a hundred percent mates, and if he really does care about you,” the girl shrugged, a smirk on her lips, “You need to make him jealous – get one of the Alphas, get friendly with them, and see how Frank reacts.”

“That is such a stupid idea,” Leo said, but something inside his brain told him that it wasn’t. Nyssa was right, it was the perfect opportunity to get rid of all of Leo’s questions. If Frank really didn’t want him, if Leo was just imagining that they were mates, then at least he’d have closure and would be able to attempt to move on. He worried at his bottom lip, then put the hammer down. Nyssa smirked.

“Go get him, tiger,” she said as her brother bounded out of Bunker 9.

He was so eager to find Jason that he sprinted all the way back to Camp, making it to the fighting pit flushed and breathless. Here Jason, one of the strongest Alphas in the Camp alongside Percy, Frank and Reyna, was training with Piper. Leo was pretty sure they were mates, but for some reason Jason hadn’t claimed the Beta yet.

“Jas!” Leo stopped a little way from them, putting his hands on his knees and gasping for air. Piper and Jason, who had been involved in some intense hand-to-hand combat, pulled away and looked at the Latino, surprised.

“Did something happen?” Jason asked, immediately reaching for his sword.

“No, no,” Leo waved him off and stood up, “I have to ask you a favour. Actually, I have to ask both of you a favour. And it’s really weird.”

The two exchanged a look, “As weird as that time you asked us to prepare a nest for Festus even though he’s made of metal?”

“Hey!” Leo pouted, “Leave Festus alone, he needs love too. On the contrary this is a bit weirder.”

“Right, go on then,” Jason prompted. Now, facing the blond, Leo felt nervous. The Alpha pheromones radiating off of the son of Jupiter, triggered by the fighting, made Leo want to bow and submit to him. He swallowed.
“So, I think Frank’s my mate.”

Piper smiled, “Of course he is. It’s so obvious.”

Leo bit his lip, unconvinced, “Anyway, I just...I need to make sure of this. And I know he would never make the first move, even if he does have feelings for me, which I doubt.”

“Are you asking for advice on how to seduce him?” Jason raised an eyebrow, “because I’m pretty sure all you have to do is put that pretty ass of yours in his lap and he’d never look at another Omega again.”

“Jason!” Piper scolded him playfully.

“Uh...I have a better plan,” Leo would be too embarrassed to ever sit in Frank’s lap. He imagined how disgusted the Alpha would get, and he’d probably just knock his ass in the dirt, “I want to make him jealous – or rather, see if that’s possible – by getting close with another Alpha and see if he reacts.”

“Riiiight,” Jason said, “So, which Alpha do you have in mind?” Leo looked at him for a long time, and so did Piper. Finally the blond smacked his forehead, “Oh shit, you mean me!”

“Please Jas?” Leo asked, “You’re my best friend and the only one I trust with this. It would just be a show that we put on and I know you have no feelings for me because Piper’s your mate so...”

Piper glanced at the blond boy, “I mean, I’m not opposed to the idea. It would finally get Frank to act, the big idiot.”

“I don’t know,” Jason hesitated, “I don’t want to piss him off. He’s scary when he’s raging.”

“He’s not going to rage,” Leo said quietly, his shoulders slumping, “I really don’t think he’ll care at all, actually, but I need to be sure.”

“Why do you think that he hates you so much?” Piper asked softly. Leo shrugged and hugged himself, feeling cold despite the warm summer sun above him.

“I don’t know. All we do is argue, and he always acts like I annoy him...”

Piper and Jason exchanged a look again, seemingly communicating without words, and then the girl smiled and the boy nodded, “I’ll do it,” he said, “it’ll be like pretend boyfriends. Cuddling and shit.”

“Thankyou! Thankyou! Thankyou!” Leo beamed at his friend, buzzing and practically bouncing up and down, “No kissing though,” he added. Jason nodded.

“Of course, no kissing.”


***

Leo had the opportunity to implement his plan (he didn’t have a name for it yet but it was between Plan-To-Win-Frank’s-Heart-And-Hopefully-His-Dick-Too or Operation Get Frank to Fuck Me) only two days later when the Apollo kids decided to host the weekly bonfire commemorating the end of the summer down at the lake. Naturally the seven all went down in a big group with Nico and Will, and the whole time Leo couldn’t stop looking at Frank’s broad back longingly, until Jason came over and casually slung an arm over the Latino’s shoulders.
“Plan in action,” he whispered into the boy’s ear. Leo smiled and leaned into Jason’s side, the smell of the Alpha comforting even though Jason wasn’t his Alpha. They walked down to the beach together like that and Leo thought he was imagining it when Frank kept looking over his shoulder at them, looking more and more annoyed with each time. I’m just imagining it, Leo told himself, or maybe he’s annoyed because he thinks I’m a homewrecker and I’m trying to break up Jason and Pipes? Whatever the reason for Frank’s annoyed glares was, it made Leo’s heart heavy, so when Jason pulled him to sit next to him by the bonfire, he could barely enjoy it.

“What?” Leo asked, “Why are you so moody?”

“Nothing,” Frank grumbled. Jason was paying him no mind as he casually stabbed some marshmallows onto a stick. Leo tried not to feel Frank’s eyes on him but it was hard since the son of Mars was staring. Leo didn’t know why he was doing it, but it was starting to make him feel self-conscious. He shifted on the log he was sitting on, uncomfortable, suddenly wanting to hide the exposed skin on his arms. The tension between him and Frank was palpable over the fire though the rest of the Seven was choosing to ignore it, chatting among themselves. Leo fidgeted.

“Are you cold?” Jason asked worriedly, frowning as he shrugged off his football jacket, “here,” he draped it over the Latino’s shoulders before the boy could protest. The blond gave him a quick, knowing look and Leo smiled.

“Thanks, love.”

“He’s a son of Hephaestus,” Frank barked, “He doesn’t get cold.”

“How do you know?” Leo fired back, frustrated by Frank’s reaction. It was like he was disgusted, “Maybe I’m pretending to be cold so I can wear Jason’s clothes.”

Frank’s eyes narrowed and Jason chuckled, “You’re so cute, you don’t need to have excuses to take my stuff.”

“I’m done, I can’t watch you two flirt,” Frank said and stood up abruptly, walking away in a huff. Leo was left behind, confused at the boy’s reaction. Nothing was clear, and more than anything Leo’s mind filled with questions. Was Frank angry at him? Was Frank angry at all? Why had he reacted like that?

Okay,” Annabeth leaned forward, “You two better start explaining what the hell is going on.”

“Social experiment,” Jason said casually, pulling a marshmallow off his stick with two crackers and offering it to Leo.

“It’s a ploy to get Frank jealous and get him to finally realise that he and Leo are made for each other.”

A knowing “Ooooooh” echoed around the small campfire, and nobody even seemed remotely surprised at the plan, as if they all expected it to happen sooner or later. As the seven started cracking jokes Leo wanted, more than anything, to follow Frank and demand him to explain his reactions, or better yet, ask him outright what his feelings were towards the Latino. But Leo knew that the best case scenario of that would be I hate you, but I kind of want to fuck you because you’re a virgin Omega and I’m a big, bad Alpha.

Leo glanced over at where the son of Mars was standing at a different bonfire, arms crossed over his muscular chest, mouth in a thin line. Drew was at his side, fawning over him. Despite the fact that she was a beta Leo felt his irritation spike. She was a pretty girl, standing by the Alpha that was his, and it made Leo angry. Why couldn’t he look like her? Why couldn’t he be so nice looking? Would Frank want to be with him then?

***

Frank didn’t know if he was going crazy, or just imagining things, but the whole new overly friendly thing between Leo and Jason was driving him up the wall. It seemed like they were always together, always touching. The smell of Jason on Leo’s skin was overpowering, and it made Frank’s blood boil. His inner wolf was furious whenever he saw his mate, smiling and pressing close to the blond, urging Frank to attack. It took a lot from the son of Mars to not fight Jason, though often he had to avoid the pair all together to avoid losing control.

Little things shouldn’t have bothered Frank as much as they did – Leo’s small hand in Jason’s bigger one, the blond’s arm around the Latino’s slim waist, but Leo was his mate for God’s sake, he was supposed to be Frank’s, just his. Could he not feel the connection between them? Or maybe he didn’t want to feel it, and decided to have Jason as his Alpha instead. Frank was just glad that the two hadn’t kissed around him yet, that Jason hadn’t left any actual marks on Leo yet. Because then he would’ve lost his mind.

And now he tried to remember why he had let Percy persuade him to come to the movie night in the Hades Cabin. Frank knew it was a bad idea because both Leo and Jason would be there, and yet he still found himself sitting on the floor, back leaning against the couch. Thankfully Jason hadn’t showed up yet, so Frank felt fairly calm. Leo was curled up in the armchair, looking like an adorable little kitten that Frank just wanted to take into his arms, giving a running commentary of the Pirates of the Caribbean movie as it played out, ignoring the multiple shushes he got from Annabeth and Reyna. Will and Nico were having a full blown makeout session on the end of the couch, ignoring everyone and everything, while on the other end Reyna was sprawled out, eating popcorn. Hazel and Cali weren’t present because Hazel had gone into her heat so the duo was happily holed up in the honorary cabin that Calypso got. Frank wishes she was here, so she could tell him if he was staring at Leo too much. The Latino seemed completely oblivious to the longing way Frank was looking at him, and although he reeked of Jason, his underlying smell was still cinammony and him, and it made Frank’s wolf happy to be around him.

At least until Jason walked in, “Sorry I’m late!” he said, and Frank’s wolf growled deep inside of him. The son of Mars had to stop himself from letting the sound out and he settled for glaring heatedly at the blond as he picked his way through the Demigods on the floor...making straight for Leo.

The Omega grinned as if Jason was the only person that he wanted to see in the world, and fuck that
hurt really bad. He got up and Jason pulled him into a hug.

“Hey babe,” he said. Frank had to squeeze his eyes shut to stop himself from reacting, though his wolf was threatening to come out and rip the other Alpha to shreds. When Jason collapsed into Leo’s armchair and the Omega happily climbed into his lap, snuggling into his chest, Frank knew he couldn’t take it.

He jerked to his feet.

“Frank, where are you going?” Percy asked.

“This movie’s shit,” was all Frank was able to say, voice low and growly. He had to get out of there before he did something stupid. He bounded out of the cabin, ignoring the protests of the other Demigods. The cold air that hit his face didn’t help to cool him off and he ran around the Hades cabin to a close-by tree.

He didn’t even know what he was doing as his hand curled into a fist and shot out to slam into the tree. The bark splintered and Frank’s knuckles cracked, but they started healing almost immediately.

“What’s with you?” Percy was suddenly next to him and the fact that he was also an Alpha really wasn’t helping right now.

“Nothing,” Frank growled, barely able to contain himself. His whole body was shaking with fury.

“You just punched a tree,” Percy looked unconvinced, “Come on, you’re my best friend, talk to me.”

“It’s Leo,” Frank growled. Percy sighed and crossed his arms over his chest, leaning against the tree.

“Of course it is.”

“I’m scared I’ll hurt Jason because he keeps touching him,” Frank said, quieter now, softer. He shifted forward and leaned his forehead against the tree, taking a deep breath.

“Hate to break it to you man, but Leo’s heat is a few weeks away,” Percy said, “He needs an Alpha. You’re not giving him the time of day, and so he naturally turns to Jason.”

Frank felt a pang go through him when he thought of Leo when he was in heat. He’d be fucking delectable, and perfect, Frank knew it for sure. He imagined in how much pain he would be if he had to go through it himself...or how much worse it would be if Jason helped him through it. A growl clawed up Frank’s throat.

“I need to calm down,” he managed to tell Percy, and he turned on his heel. By the time he reached the tree-line he had shapeshifted into a wolf, the animal that best captured what he was feeling at that moment. He ran into the forest.

He didn’t know how long he ran for but eventually the smell of the pine trees and the coolness of the night calmed him down. The moon flooded the forest floor, and Frank threw his head back and howled at it, feeling the power it had. He didn’t know what to do. Did he confess to Leo and risk being rejected? He didn’t want to accidentally force Leo into anything just because he was an Omega. He seemed to want to be with Jason and to have him around during his heat, and Frank had no business trying to get him to do otherwise.

He trotted through the trees, back to camp, after what seemed like hours. His inner wolf seemed to lead him and he found himself exiting the forest by the Hephaestus cabin.
Leo was on the front porch, laughing at something that Beckendorf had told him. His brother disappeared into the cabin after a second, leaving the door open so golden light flooded Leo on one side, while the moonlight did the same on the other. Frank stared at him for a while, just standing there and watching the night sky. *Why can’t I have you?* he thought miserable. His paws shifted on the ground and a twig snapped. Leo’s head jerked up and his eyes widened when they landed on the wolf on the edge of the forest.

They stared at each other for a moment, unmov ing. Then Leo took a tentative step towards the steps, as if he wanted to walk towards the wolf.

“Frank?” he asked in a whisper. He always knew it was Frank, no matter what he shapeshifted into. His eyes, looking right into Frank’s soul, were so beautiful that the wolf couldn’t take it. He turned on his paw and he ran back into the forest.

***

He avoided Leo and Jason altogether for the next three days, which was harder than he expected since they seemed to be popping up everywhere. He had a plan that if he did that for long enough then maybe he’d stop going so crazy around them.

He was wrong.

Frank stretched his arms over his head and marvelled at the sunshine dancing on his face as he approached his group of friends, sitting by the Poseidon cabin, laughing. He scanned everyone’s faces and his shoulders dropped when he saw that Jason was there though thankfully without Leo.

“Frank!” Hazel brightened up when she saw him. She looked tired after her heat.

“Hi guys,” Frank sat down next to her and she snuggled into his arm briefly before leaning on Calypso. Frank deliberately avoided looking directly at Jason, “What’s going on?”

“Nothing much,” Reyna smirked, “We were all just congratulating Jason.”

“Oh,” Frank said, voice steely, “On what?”

“Finally having sex with Leo,” Annabeth said casually.

Frank’s blood ran cold, and he felt as if someone had just hit him with a small planet. His breath died in his throat and he looked at Jason, who was grinning. Grinning, because he had fucked Frank’s mate. The anger came out of nowhere, like a nuclear explosion, burning through Frank’s body.

When he realised what was happening he had Jason down on the ground by the throat, blood trickling from the blond’s nose. Frank’s fist was raised, ready for another blow as his wolf screamed *kill him, kill him, kill him*, but there were hands on his wrist, preventing him from bringing it down.

“Frank!” Reyna yelled, and she was one of the people gripping his fist, “Frank stop it!”

“Let him go!” Piper screamed, looking terrified, “Let him go!”

Jason lifted his hand and a gust of wind knocked Frank right off the blond, slamming him down into the ground. The son of Mars sucked in a breath, calming down enough to sit up. Jason was standing up and laughing.

“What the fuck are you laughing at you cunt?!” Frank yelled at him. Jason shook his head and looked at the rest of the group, who looked shocked and horrified.
“I’m going to go tell him,” the blond said and casually strolled away, wiping the blood off his face with the back of his hand. Frank was confused and hurt.

“What just happened?” Calypso asked after a moment of stunned silence.

“The plan went a little too well,” Annabeth winced and Percy helped Frank off the ground. Now that Jason was gone so was Frank’s blinding fury.

“Plan?” he asked. The Demigods exchanged a look.

“You might want to sit down for this,” Reyna gestured at the steps to the Poseidon cabin and anxiously Frank sat down. The girl took a deep breath, “So, Leo knows you’re his mate.”

“What?” Frank frowned.

“Yeah, this whole thing with Jason was a hoax,” Annabeth continued, “They were never together or doing anything, Leo just wanted to see if he could provoke you into acting, because he’s sure you don’t want him as you mate.”

“W-What?” Frank was puzzled.

“Basically he wanted to make you jealous,” Percy said, “Which worked a little too well.”

“So...so...,” Frank’s mind tried to comprehend what he just heard, “So this was fake?” The Demigods nodded, “So Jason didn’t actually have sex with him?”

“Nope,” Hazel smiled, “Sorry for not saying anything but Leo wouldn’t let us.”

“So...,” Frank shakily ran a hand through his hair, “He wants me...to be his mate?”

“Of course idiot,” Piper rolled her eyes, “You’re meant for each other. And Jason is meant for me, so thanks for beating him up.”

Frank winced, “Fuck, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it, Jason knew this might happen,” Piper shook her head and sighed, “I assume he went to deliver your reaction to Leo, and I suggest you go speak to your mate.”

“Yeah...yeah,” Frank stood up, still a little dazed.

***

Leo’s heat came two weeks early, which wasn’t that uncommon, except the boy wasn’t prepared for it. He had hoped that he’d be able to go through this heat with Frank, or at least know for sure if he had any chances with the Alpha.

Instead he had spent the whole of the morning feeling irritated and hot, preparing the little room beneath his bunk for his heat. He had loads of water stocked up, lube, some toys, and a bed full of pillows and covers and blankets. The only thing he didn’t have was an Alpha.

He did have Frank’s shirt and pillow though, that he had stolen from the other boy’s cabin. He had dragged them into his bed and was now laying there, shivering, wearing Frank’s shirt and hugging his pillow to his face. They both smelled like him and it was simultaneously calming down Leo’s fear over going through a heat alone again, and exciting him further. His cock had been hard for the past two hours, his thighs wet with slick, and he had already jerked himself off and orgasmed three times, biting on Frank’s pillow each time and helplessly moaning his name. That was the way it was
every time, Leo lying in bed alone and pretending that Frank was there. To him it had always been Frank that was in his thoughts during his heat, even back when he was sixteen.

He worked his fingers inside himself now. Beneath Frank’s much too big shirt he wore no underwear, which allowed him to reach his hole easier. He mewled into Frank’s pillow now, pushing his too-thin fingers deep inside of himself to try and get the relief he knew wouldn’t come. He could orgasm as many times as he wanted but in the end it would still be five long days before this horrible heat and lust gnawing at his stomach disappeared – if his mate was here it would only last a few hours.

There was a sudden knock on the door to the little room and Leo squeezed his eyes shut, his fingers continuing to move inside himself, accompanied by wet sounds. It was probably one of his siblings at the door, and they’d go away sooner or later. Another knock. Leo whimpered. Go away, go away, go away. Leo didn’t know how much time passed when the third knock came, but it was making him agitated. He just wanted to be left alone.

Instead he heard the door open. He forced himself to withdraw his fingers even though his mind was hazy and doing that was hard. He shakily sat up, ready to tell whichever siblings was coming down to kindly fuck off, when the smell hit him.

Alpha.

Leo whimpered, his whole boy stiffening. And then his nose comprehended the smell and his next thought was-

No.

Jason walked into the room, eyes wide. His nostrils flared and in that moment he didn’t look like himself; eyes dark and full of a predatory kind of desire. His muscles tensed and he turned to look right at Leo. The Omega’s stomach dropped and fear rushed through his veins. He scrambled back against the bed until his back hit the wall just as Jason stared moving, going straight for him.

“No!” Leo hugged Frank’s pillow to his chest like a protective shield. His body wanted to be dominated by an Alpha, but not this Alpha. Jason grabbed his ankle and pulled Leo roughly across the bed and the Latino tried to kick him and get away but he was just so weak. The blond Alpha grabbed him by the shirt and jerked him upwards so he could force his face into Leo’s neck, nosing at the skin there. Leo knew what came next; the bite, “No, no, no,” he pushed at Jason’s shoulders but it was useless. He couldn’t even conjure up any fire. Jason hand came down and he grabbed a handful of Leo’s ass in his palm and Leo desperately tried to get away, “N-No, s-stop i-it-,” Jason turned him around violently and Leo felt a hardness against his ass. He started crying then because he didn’t want this.

A roar sounded in the room, so full of power and anger that Leo flinched. Jason dropped him onto the bed and Leo scrambled away as fast as he could. He saw who had roared, and it made his whole body sag with relief.

For some reason unknown to the Latino Frank was in the room. And he looked ballistic. His face was twisted in fury, his hands in fists as he growled at Jason. The blond growled back but Frank roared again and his eyes blazed red and Jason whimpered and bowed his head and scurried out of the room, slamming the door shut behind him.

Leo’s heart pounded and his legs shook as he shakily got to his feet, standing on the bed and staring down at the Alpha, who was still fuming as he turned to look at Leo, “F-Frank?” Leo asked, voice laced with disbelief, eyes brimming with tears. The anger melted off Frank’s face just like that and he
took two steps towards Leo’s bed before the Latino suddenly threw himself off it and onto Frank. The Alpha caught him easily and Leo wrapped his arms around his broad shoulders, and his legs around his waist, and buried his face in Frank’s neck, crying.

“F-Frank,” he sobbed, and the musky, earthy smell of the Alpha calmed him down and made his inner wolf want to completely submit to him. It was just so right, “Frank.”

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Leo was clinging to him. To him, not to Jason, and that made Frank happy. What didn’t make him happy was the fact that Leo had been scared, and that he was crying, and that Frank had almost come too late.

“Shhh,” he whispered now, standing in the middle of Leo’s little room and holding the Omega tightly. Leo barely weighed anything, but he was warm, and he smelled amazing. Frank nosed at his curls, “Shhh, it’s alright, I’ve got you.”

He walked over to the bed which was a proper nest and his wolf howled happily inside him. He hadn’t expected Leo to be in heat, but now he knew exactly what to do. He lowered the both of them onto the mountain of pillows and covers, but Leo refused to let go of him. Frank wasn’t really thinking straight either – his Alpha instincts had taken over and he knew that he had to properly take care of his mate. The smell of sex and desire in the air had overpowered the stench that Jason had left behind and as Frank settled over Leo, making sure not to crush the boy, he was pleased to find him wearing his shirt and smelling like him already.

Frank grabbed Leo’s arms and pulled them from around his neck, pressing them down onto the bed so he could properly look at his mate. His heat had clearly already hit; his tanned cheeks were flushed, lips swollen and bitten almost to blood. His pupils were dilated and eyes dark with lust, hair mussed. The shirt was too big on him, sliding so that his collarbone, shoulder and part of his chest were visible. His smooth thighs were also naked, still wrapped around Frank’s waist, and between them Leo’s cock stood up straight, hard and leaking precum.

He was easily the most gorgeous thing Frank had ever seen.

“Frank,” Leo whimpered, looking up at him pleadingly, his eyes still brimming with tears. Frank ducked his head and did what he had always wanted to do. He scented at Leo’s neck, pressing his nose into the slightly sweaty skin there. Here Leo’s scent was the strongest, and it filled Frank with excitement. He felt his cock grow hard between his legs and Leo mewed like a kitten and turned his head to the side, exposing his neck further and accepting Frank. The Alpha felt like he was getting drunk off of the Omega and he couldn’t stop himself from kissing the boy’s neck. His mouth slid over the skin, his tongue coming out to lick at it. Frank wanted to ensure that Leo smelled like him, so everyone knew who he belonged to. He nipped at the boy’s pulse point, teasing him but not actually biting. If he bit him it would mean that Leo would really be his.

“O-Oh Gods,” the Latino gasped, and subconsciously grinded his ass against Frank’s crotch. The Alpha growled, and pinned him down with his hips, his fingers wrapping around Leo’s wrists. The boy whimpered in submission and looked at Frank with a hungry desperation.

“Do you want this?” Some of Frank’s sanity returned, and he knew that he had to make sure that he wasn’t going to hurt Leo. The Omega looked up at him helplessly.

“Yes, fuck, I want this so badly,” he whimpered, “I want you. Frank, only you. I’ve wanted you for so long, so please, please, please.”
Frank crashed their mouths together. There was nothing gentle about it, and both the boys were running on their instincts. As their mouths moved against each other feverishly Frank thrust his tongue into Leo’s mouth. The boy didn’t try to fight for dominance, moaning when the Alpha’s tongue explored his mouth. Frank switched to holding both of his wrists in one of his hands so the other one could come down to Leo’s exposed skin. Frank bit Leo’s bottom lip and the boy arched up against him, breathing hard.

Frank ripped the buttons off the shirt Leo was wearing in one swift movement, not caring that he was ruining his own shirt, and exposed the Omega’s slim, naked, chest. It was unmarked and perfect and Frank just wanted to leave kisses and bites all over it. So he did. He stopped kissing Leo and released his hands all together though Leo, like the good little Omega he was, kept them above his head. Frank bent his head and ran his tongue down the centre of Leo’s chest. The boy squirmed and then cried out when the Alpha took one of his nipples into his mouth. Frank teased the bud between his teeth and Leo slapped a hand over his mouth.

Frank pulled away, annoyed, and grabbed Leo’s hand, prying it from his mouth, “Don’t,” he said hoarsely, “I want to hear you,” his eyes slid down Leo’s chest, exposed by the ripped shirt sexily. Frank licked his lips and his cock twitched in his pants.

He grabbed the hem of his own shirt, feeling too hot, and pulled it over his head, discarding it to the side. Leo looked up at him, wide eyed and flushed, and his thighs slid from Frank’s waist as if he didn’t have the strength to keep them up anymore. Frank roughly pushed his legs apart, revealing his swollen, wet hole, clenching around nothing. *Fuck,* the rush of sudden desire was making him light-headed.

“Frank, p-please, please,” Leo was babbling, flushed and panting, “Please I need you...”

Without thinking Frank ducked down and pressed his nose to the inside of Leo’s thigh. It was wet with slick, soft and trembling. Frank licked it, pushing Leo’s legs further apart. The smell here was intense and intoxicating and wonderful, and Frank’s wolf was demanding that he claim Leo right then and there. But Leo was so tiny, and Frank didn’t want to hurt him.

He turned his head and his tongue came out on its own accord to lick a stripe over Leo’s hole. The boy’s hips bucked upwards and he let out a loud, helpless moan, hands fisting into the sheets. Slick gushed out of his hole, soaking the covers, and Frank didn’t care as he suddenly delved in, wanting nothing more than to taste every inch of Leo’s perfect skin.

His tongue slid inside the boy easily and Leo cried out, “O-Oh my fuck-,” he moaned above Frank, his voice high-pitched and breathless. Frank twisted his tongue inside the boy and then started to fuck him with it. He knew that Leo didn’t need gentleness right now – he needed to be roughly claimed, “Fuck, fuck, fuck,” the boy whined, shivering, and Frank was pleased when the scent of pleasure filled the air. Leo’s cock twitched and leaked precum over his stomach and Frank just nipped and licked at his hole, and suddenly the Omega was coming.

Leo painted his stomach in ropes of pearly white, gasping for air desperately, tears in his eyes again. Frank pulled away from his hole though he could’ve remained there for hours, so he could marvel at how gorgeous Leo was, all flushed and soft and helpless. Despite his orgasm, his cock was still hard. It would stay hard until Frank properly fucked him.

“Leo,” Frank said, voice low, because the boy’s eyes were closed and he needed to know he was okay. The Latino looked at him and then reached out with one hand.

“A-Alpha,” he whispered needily. Something inside Frank snapped and he threw himself down on top of the boy, kissing him hungrily, their teeth crashing together, tongues sliding against each other.
“Mine,” Frank growls, possessive and feverish as his hands grip Leo’s hips hard enough to bruise, “Mine, mine, mine. Fuck, you’re mine, Leo.”

“Yes,” Leo gasped, pressing back against Frank, “I’m yours, o-only yours...Alpha...Frank, please f-fuck me, I need you-”

He suddenly turns around, on all fours, presenting himself to Frank, submitting completely. His back is beaded with sweat and Frank had a moment to drink in the beautiful sight, the gently dip of Leo’s back, the curve of his gorgeous ass, his shaking thighs. And just like that Frank knows he won’t be able to handle himself any longer. His wolf growls inside him and his cock throbs so Frank pulls his trousers off.

His member bounces back and slaps against his stomach, long and thick, and for a moment Frank thinks that there is no way it’s going to fit into Leo’s tiny body. The Latino seems to think otherwise because he looks over his shoulder and his eyes widen and then he’s whimpering.

“Please, F-Frank. Oh Gods, fuck, it’s so big...put it i-inside me, please, I-I need you...,” he looks pleadingly at the Alpha, “It hurts. P-Please claim me.”

Mine, his wolf growled, mine, mine, mate, fuck, fuck...

Frank leaned forward and plastered himself over Leo’s back because he couldn’t bear to not be touching the boy. Leo turned his head and their mouths meet in a sloppy, wet kiss. Frank wrapped an arm across Leo’s chest to keep him upwards as the Omega slotted his ass against Frank’s crotch, grinding back against him.

“You’re so perfect,” Frank whispered against his lips, “My mate, mine.”

He rubbed his cock over Leo’s wet hole, slicking it up even more with his precum. The head of his cock caught on the rim of Leo’s hole and both of them moaned into each other’s mouths. Frank could tell how desperate Leo was, all trembling and whimpery, and so he grabbed his cock in his hand and slowly stared entering the Omega. When his head disappeared inside the boy Frank felt shocks of pleasure go through him and his wolf howled in ecstasy. But Leo wasn’t having any gentleness; he just slammed back against Frank, taking all of him inside himself in one go.

Frank groaned and Leo cried out sweetly, the front of his body giving out so he slumped against the pillows, ass in the air. Frank leaned forward and bit his shoulder lightly, then sucked a hickey at the side of his neck and Leo panted and grinded back lightly against Frank. He was so hot inside, and so soft.

“It feels s-so good,” he whined, hands twisted into the covers, “Gods, F-Frank it’s so perfect...”

Frank pulled out, spurred by his lust and his desire to completely dominate Leo. He thrust back roughly and Leo cried out, “Mine,” Frank punctuated the word with another rough thrust.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Leo babbled, “Only yours, I don’t want anyone else... Frank, Frank-“

The Alpha started thrusting, his cock enveloped by the delicious heat of Leo’s passage. Slick spilled down the boy’s thighs. The scent in the air changed, becoming more musky and sweet and Frank knows how much pleasure Leo is in – he’s pinned beneath Frank, writhing, forced open by his cock and making the sweetest, broken sounds, as if he’s completely falling apart.

Frank thinks he’s falling apart himself. He had never felt pleasure as intense as this, he feels that he could pass out as his hips snap forward, faster and faster, driven inside Leo at a brutal pace. The Omega takes it like he’s made for it, like he’s made for Frank’s cock.
“I-I’m gonna come,” Leo whimpered suddenly, “I-I’m gonna-“

He spurted come all over the blankets and he shuddered as he does so, insides clenching around Frank. The Alpha gritted his teeth and it took everything he had to stop himself from exploding inside the boy right then and there. Instead he grabbed his hips and flipped him around. Leo was still in the last moments of his orgasm, shaking, cock still hard. Frank threw his skinny legs over his own shoulders and bore down on Leo as he started to pound him once more.

Leo’s arms shot out and he wrapped them around Frank’s neck, sobbing as the Alpha thrust into him violently. His fingers dug into the Alpha’s back and he scratched. Frank moaned low and the delicious pain that mixed with the intense pleasure he was feeling. His insides were burning up just like Leo was, looking like a debauched God, all splayed and open for Frank, submitted to him.

“You’re so beautiful,” Frank growled, and Leo’s eyes snapped open. He tried to speak but all that came out were breathy moans. His cock twitched against his stomach he started sobbing.

“Oh G-Gods,” his words were slurred, as if he was going to pass out, “Oh Gods Frank...I love you, oh Gods, I love you so much, fuck...harder, harder, please-“

Frank fucked him harder, until he got scared that he was going to break Leo. But Leo didn’t look scared – he looked like he was in ecstasy. He’s mine, Frank thought, awed, He’s actually mine. Leo saw the way the Alpha was looking at him and bared his neck again.

“Bite me,” he whimpered, “F-Frank please-“

“L-Leo...,” Frank’s hips stuttered and he lost his rhythm a little, “Leo, I can’t-“

“Please,” Leo sobbed, flushed and helpless and looking so tiny and wrecked, come drying on his skin, cock still hard, “I want you. I need you. Claim me, make m-me yours, I want it so badly, I want you so badly Frank-“

The Alpha was weak and Leo was everything he wanted. He couldn’t stop himself as he bent down and buried his face into Leo’s neck, sucking a rough hickey there as Leo arched up again. The boy’s legs slid from Frank’s shoulders to wrap around his waist. And then Frank bit him, sinking his teeth into the boy’s delicate skin. The Latino screamed and came again, shuddering against Frank, sobbing and clawing at his back.

Frank pulled away, feeling his orgasm approaching, and he looked down at his mate, dazed and perfect and properly his now, the bite mark red against his neck. Leo was looking up at Frank with tears in his eyes and when the Alpha leaned one hand next to his head Leo reached up and clung onto it, sobbing as Frank continued to fuck him brutally.

“You’re so good for me,” he growled and Leo’s still-hard cock spurted pre-cum against his already soaked stomach, “So perfect, my Omega, only mine. I’m not going to let you anybody else ever touch you,” he promised as he thrust deeper into the boy, “You’re going to look so good with my pups, you’re going to be so perfect, I-“

He wanted to say I love you but just then Leo let out a tiny whimper of Alpha and Frank felt his orgasm washing over him. His cock twitched in Leo’s tight passage and then he was filling the boy up with his come. Leo mewled, hair sticking to his forehead, and clamped his legs around Frank’s waist as if to keep him there. He didn’t have to, because just then the Alpha felt his knot pushing out of his cock and through the rim of Leo’s hole.

“Oh my Gods,” the Latino gasped, mouth falling open, “O-Oh...nghhh...Frank-“
He came again, and Frank honestly had no idea how he was able to do that. He himself collapsed onto the bed, exhausted, his knot keeping him firmly attached to Leo. The Latino was panting when Frank re-arranged them, pulling the boy against his chest and wrapping his arms around the boy’s waist. He nuzzled his neck, kissed him there, and tried to find words. But he was so warm and content that he didn’t even want to speak, so they just laid there, joined together, and it was perfect.

After about half an hour of being completely blissed out and tangled in each other, Frank’s knot started to go down. He peppered Leo’s neck and shoulder with kisses and his mate didn’t even move. That was understandable, he was probably exhausted. But Frank knew he had to take care of him properly. Slowly he untangled himself from the boy and climbed off the bed. He picked up his boxers and shrugged them on before climbing up the stairs and going out into the main part of the Hephaestus cabin.

There were a few of Leo’s siblings there – Nyssa, Beckendorf and Jake. And they all gaped at the practically naked Frank that had suddenly appeared.

“Hi,” Frank said, still too content to be embarrassed.

“What the fuck,” Nyssa whispered.

“I need a wet towel,” Frank replied, “and like some food or something.”

“Is Leo in heat?” Jake demanded. Frank offered him a sheepish grin.

“Not anymore.”

“You fucked him?!” Beckendorf yelled. Frank glared at him.

“I claimed him,” he growled, eyes flashing red, “He’s mine. My mate.”

“So you bit him,” Nyssa crossed her arms over his chest, “Are you gonna stick around or move on to another Omega.”

“I don’t even understand how you can say that,” Frank shook his head, “I’m in love with him.”

“O-Oh...,” the three visibly relaxed, and then grinned.

“Great!” Nyssa exclaimed, “That’s perfect!”

Jake ran for a wet towel and brought it back while Beckendorf offered Frank a packet of Doritos.

“Perfect, thanks,” Frank said, and then went back to Leo’s private little room.

It still smelled like sex and sweat down there, but Frank didn’t care as he slowly descended, quietly closing the door behind him in case Leo was asleep. He wasn’t. He was curled up under the covers – not the one that the cum on them, those were on the floor – facing the wall. And crying.

The bitter smell of his tears and sadness filled the room, just like his sobs did. Frank’s heart dropped and his happiness disappeared suddenly, “Leo?” he asked.

The Omega sat up abruptly, eyes wide and shocked. He looked beautiful, still naked and throughout fucked, despite the tears tumbling down his cheeks, “I-I...,” he sniffled, “I thought you left.”


“Because y-you got what you wanted,” Leo stuttered.
“And that is?”

Leo shrugged and wiped his cheeks, looking away, “I-I don’t know...maybe you just wanted to f-fuck an Omega...”

“You’re an idiot,” Frank interrupted him, a little bit angry. He threw the Doritos onto the water bottled by the bed and climbed on, “I bit you, didn’t I?”

“That doesn’t mean anything,” Leo said quietly. Frank grabbed his face and forced the boy to face him.

“Look at me,” he growled, and Leo did, “It means everything. I would never bite or claim someone I didn’t love.”

“You’re in love with me?” Leo whispered in disbelief. Frank’s expression softened and he let go of the boy’s face so he could lean their foreheads together.

“Of course, idiot,” he murmured, “Only with you. You’re my mate, I love you. I’ll never have anyone else but you, you understand? You’re the only one for me.”

“F-Fuck,” Leo whispered. Frank took the wet towel and carefully cleaned the come off Leo’s thighs and stomach, then he got the shaky boy to get off the bed and rearranged everything so clean pillows and covers were at the top. He made Leo eat some Doritos and drink a bottle of water and then forced him to lie down. Leo stopped complaining when Frank climbed into bed with him, pulling some fluffy covers over them.

“Now you need to rest,” Frank said, facing Leo. The tired Omega rolled his eyes.

“You’re like a mom.”

“I’m not a mom,” Frank cradled his cheek gently, “I’m your Alpha. I’m going to take care of you.”

Leo smiled and nuzzles his hand, “I’m glad. I wouldn’t want anyone else as my Alpha, or my mate.”

“Say you love me,” Frank whispered.

“I already did,” Leo blushed.

“That was when you were in heat. I want to hear you say it again.”

Leo leaned forward and kissed Frank sweetly, throwing a leg over his waist, “I love you,” he whispered.

Frank kissed the bite mark on the boy’s neck, “Mate.”
Our Very First Date

Person A gets stood up on a date and keeps asking the waitress for more time to the point where people start to stare and give apologetic looks but before Person A decides to finally leave, Person B sits down saying loudly “sorry I’m so late babe traffic was terrible” before quietly introducing himself and telling Person A to just go with it and how the person who stood him up was an idiot. Overall they have an amazing night as both leave very happy. I was appreciate it if Person A was Leo and Person B was Nico

for anonymous

Leo sat at his table, swirling his straw in his coke and wondering if he should order food. He was starving, and he had deliberately not eaten before his date because although this pub wouldn’t break the bank of an average person, Leo was a university student, so he didn’t even have a bank to break. So now his stomach grumbled and Leo looked longingly at the menu.

He hadn’t had a date since...well, ever. It was kind of embarrassing actually; he was nineteen and never had a date, never had a boyfriend, never even had a kiss. It was understandable to an extent – he had grown up in a tiny village in Wales called Dolwyddelan and he already didn’t have a lot of friends because he was Hispanic, and because he was small and scrawny and gay. He was pretty sure he was the only gay guy in Dolwyddelan. He had thought that in Newcastle he’d find somebody for himself, but for the whole of his first year nobody paid attention to him. Which wasn’t surprising since Leo wasn’t exactly the epitome of attractiveness. But somehow, magically, he had managed to score a date with one of the more good looking guys in his engineering classes called Alabaster. They had decided on this pub on Wednesday night at six. It was now Wednesday, and it was six thirty but Leo tried to keep positive.

He sipped on his drink and kept glancing at his phone but no new messages came from Alabaster, despite the fact that Leo had sent him a hey, where are u? text fifteen minutes ago. His coke had lost the nice coolness it had by now, and Leo debated ordering, and having a bit of the food before Alabaster arrived. Because he was sure he would come, why would he ask Leo out otherwise?

Laughter drifted towards him from the bar and Leo looked up. The blond bartender there was having an easy-going conversation with the only person on the stools. Leo recognised the blond vaguely from uni but the other boy was a complete stranger; dark hair, dark eyes, a mysterious aura around him, his laughter was surprisingly warm. He was exactly Leo’s type but the boy didn’t even let himself look at the stranger, because he knew that he was way out of his league.

“Hiya,” the waitress that brought him his drink appeared out of nowhere, her brown hair pulled into a braid, multi-coloured eyes sparkling. She had introduced herself as Piper earlier and now she gave Leo a bit of an awkward smile, “Um, just wondering if you’d like a drink refill? Or if you’d like to order some food while you wait?”
Leo made up his mind then and he forced a smile, “No, it’s alright. He should be here any moment.”

“Alright,” Piper gave him another warm smile and then sauntered through the relatively busy pub to the bar, where she joined the two laughing boys. Leo sighed and took a tentative sip of his drink. He didn’t have money to buy another one so he had to make this one last. Subconsciously his foot started tapping on the floor, and his eyes drifted to the window that showed the road outside. No Alabaster.

Another half an hour passed, making the boy an hour late. Leo’s impatience then turned to anxiety. What if he wasn’t coming at all? He wondered, what if something happened and Alabaster got hurt and he had no way of contacting Leo?

Spurred by his paranoia Leo sent a sequence of consecutive texts to Alabaster.

You: Hey are u coming?
You: did smthing happen?
You: r u ok?
You: pls call me

He bit his lip and drank his drink and worried and when Piper came around again, looking apologetic, he ordered, just to give him something to do rather than worry. It was starting to rain outside then and the pub was packed, and Leo felt awkward just sitting by himself. Another fifteen minutes crawled by and Piper returned with his order – fish and chips. She brought him a coke with it, that she said was on the house. Leo knew that he should’ve been grateful but he knew that the waitress simply pitied him.

Gloomily he drank his coke and picked at his food as his hunger passed. He was beginning to realise that, most likely, he had made a fool of himself and fallen for a stupid prank. He remembered little details of how Alabaster had asked him out; his group of douchey friends had been in the background, snickering, but Leo hadn’t paid much attention to them. Then Alabaster hadn’t texted him at all over the weekend or on Monday or Tuesday. As more and more people filled up the pub, he was beginning to recognise some people from uni – a grip of snickering girls and grinning guys were watching Leo from a few tables over, whispering to themselves, and Leo thought they might’ve been his late date’s friends.

Having a bad feeling, Leo swallowed and decided to call Alabaster. He brought the phone to his ear.

The number you have called does not exist.

The sentence made Leo’s heart drop and he brought his phone down, staring at his plate of cooling food. He’s not coming, Leo realised. His eyes filled with stupid tears that just pissed the boy off. There was no point getting upset, Leo should’ve known better than to think that Alabaster was actually interested in him. Upset and hurt, the boy gestured for Piper to come over.

“Can I have my bill please?” he asked, not looking at her.

“Is he not coming?” the girl asked softly. Leo shook his head, still feeling the eyes of the other kids on the back of his head

“I don’t think so,” he mumbled. When Piper walked off Leo glanced up at the bar, but the mysterious boy was gone, and somehow that made him feel even worse.
“That boy over there looks like he’s being stood up by his date,” Jason said. Nico, who usually wasn’t interested in the customers of his friend’s workplace, turned around on his stool. His eyes landed on a solitary boy at a table by the window, swirling his straw in his drink aimlessly. His long eyelashes cast a shadow on his tanned cheeks, and his curls fell around his cheeks prettily. Nico turned around.

“You only told me that cause he’s my type,” he grumbled. Jason shrugged, wiping a glass.

“He’s been there for half an hour, and he hasn’t stopped looking at his phone.”

“Actually he looked up a few times to stare at Nico’s back,” Piper, who was standing next to the Italian, winked. Nico rolled his eyes, “I’m gonna go over and ask him if he wants a refill.”

She disappeared and Nico forced himself not to turn around as he sipped on his beer.

“You should stop drinking in the middle of the week,” Jason scolded.


“Sassy.”

Piper came back, “He doesn’t want a refill. He still thinks the other guy’s coming. Poor kid.”

“Guy, huh?” Nico asked innocently, taking a swing of his drink. Jason raised an eyebrow.

“What, you interested now?”

Nico shrugged, “It’s just sad that he’s getting stood up.”

“Hey, maybe the guy’s just running late,” Jason offered. Piper shook her head, “I’ve witnessed this scenario a million times. He’s not coming.”

Nico was starting to think she was right when an hour later the little Latino was still alone. He had ordered some food and looked miserable, and Nico, who couldn’t stop from turning around a few times, was starting to feel sorry for him. The boy was cute and Nico kind of wanted to go speak to him, if only to make him feel better. Also, he was noticing some of the other students in the pub sending the boy weird looks and giggling. Clearly he had been made a joke off. When the kids came to order drinks Jason ID’ed them, just to annoy them.

“This is horrible,” the bartender sighed after they went back to staring and snickering at the boy, “I feel so bad.”

“Me too,” Nico admitted. They both watched as the object of the amusement shakily lifted his phone to his ear, his eyes still glimmering with hope as he stared at the table. His crestfallen expression explained everything as he put his phone back down.

“Bastard,” Jason shook his head. Piper walked over to the boy and came back, looking sad.

“He’s such a sweet kid.”

“Did he ask for the bill?” Jason asked. Piper nodded. The group of kids burst out laughing and looked at the boy, who looked close to tears.
“I’m going to sort this out,” Nico said, standing up, “Don’t give him the bill.” Jason and Piper blinked at him but before they could react Nico had slipped out of the side door.

It was raining heavily but Nico didn’t care if he got his leather jacket and hair wet as he rounded the pub, entering in from the front. He strode right past the snickering group of teens and slid into a chair opposite the stood-up boy.

The curly-haired beauty looked up, shocked.

“Sorry I’m so late babe, traffic was terrible,” Nico said loudly, so the other teenagers could hear and, ignoring the boy’s shocked expression, leaned across the table to kiss him on the cheek, “My name is Nico, just go with it,” he murmured into the boy’s ear, leaning back. The curly-haired boy blinked and nodded, and Nico smiled, glancing at the room.

The giggling table wasn’t giggling anymore, and they were all shocked silent, staring at the two boys. Nico smirked, “What’s your name?” he asked in a whisper.

“Leo,” the Latino replied softly.


Leo dropped his gaze, “I-It’s okay. You can’t control traffic.”

Nico also couldn’t control the smile on his face either, “Your food got cold, let me order you something else.”

“No, it’s fine!” Leo said quickly, “I’ll eat this-“

But Nico had already called Piper over. The girl was grinning, “Hey, can he get the same order again, and can I get what he’s having. And two beers, please. Put in on my tab.”

“Gotcha,” Piper winked at him and sauntered off. Leo gaped.

“Y-You didn’t have to d-do that,” he stuttered.

“No, it’s fine!” Leo said quickly, “I’ll eat this-“

The group of teenagers grudgingly stood up and, throwing Leo and Nico weird looks, left the pub. The Latino relaxed visibly then, “Fucking hell.”

“You got stood up?” Nico asked. Leo looked at him and bit his lip.

“Yeah. I don’t think he was ever planning to come. He gave me a fake number.”

Nico winced, “What a cunt.”

Leo smiled, “It’s my fault for falling for it, honestly.”

“No it’s not,” Nico said, “I was watching you from the bar, and I thought you were really cute. So do you want to go on a date with me?”

“W-What?” Leo spluttered.

“Do you want to go on a date with me?”

He blushed adorably, “I-I...I think we’re already on one.”
“Perfect,” Nico grinned. Piper brought their drinks and cleaned Leo’s cold plate from the table. The Italian leaned forward, “So your name is Leo. That’s all I know about you. Tell me something more, since we’re on our first date.”

“Uh...,” Leo swirled his straw in his almost finished coke and Nico was beginning to understand that it was a nervous gesture. Leo was nervous. It was cute, “I study at Newcastle University. Um, I do mechanical engineering.”


Leo shrugged, “It’s like robots and stuff.”

“So you can build robots?” Nico asked, awed. Leo shrugged again and gave Nico a timid smile.

“Yeah, but let’s move on to you. All I know is that your name is Nico. Do you go to Uni?”

“I’m twenty two. And no, I dropped out.”

“O-Oh,” Leo blushed, “You look...younger.”

Nico grinned, “Thanks, I still get ID’ed.”

“So do you work?” Leo asked.

“Yeah. I’m a forensic photographer, though I’m still in training.”

“That’s cool. Like really cool,” Leo smiled, relaxing a little, “So you photograph crime scenes and stuff?”

“Yeah, basically. Bit of a grim job but I like it,” Nico admitted, hoping Leo wouldn’t get freaked out. Instead the Latino’s smile grew.

“That is really really cool. You’re really cool,” he blushed as soon as he said that. Nico laughed and Piper showed up with their food. For a minute they were silent, digging in. By then the pub was starting to empty out of those who were eating, and filling with people holding pints despite the fact it was the middle of the week.

Then the conversation flowed again, as easy as if Nico and Leo had known each other forever. The Latino told him about Alabaster and Nico told him more about work and how he knew Jason and Piper. When they finished their food, they ordered more beer because they couldn’t stop talking about their families, and music, and where they come from, and by the time they finished that the pub was closing. Nico paid their bill, much to Leo’s gratitude, and they walked out into the cold, Newcastle night.

It had stopped raining but the air was full of mist. Leo exhaled and smiled, turning to face Nico in a square of light still spilling from the pub. Someone was puking in an alleyway and the ground vibrated from the music of a nearby club. Leo smiled at Nico.

“Thanks for saving me tonight.”

Nico decided that he wanted to see the boy’s sweet smile more, “Anytime.”

“So...um...,” Leo looked away, “I guess we part ways here.”

“Do you live far?”
“Uh, no, five minutes,” Leo said.

“Let me walk you to campus then,” Nico offered. Leo shook his head.

“It’s okay, I already wasted enough of your time.”

Nico frowned, “I didn’t waste any time. In fact I had a really awesome evening. Thanks to you.”

“Look, you don’t have to say that,” Leo said, “What you did was amazing and I’m grateful, but I know you did it out of pity-“

Nico leaned forward and kissed Leo, though he hadn’t meant to be so forward. It was short and close-mouthed, and Nico pulled away faster than he would’ve liked. Leo was staring at him in shock.

“Sorry,” Nico winced, “Probably shouldn’t have done that.”

“N-No, it’s okay,” Leo stuttered, still staring at him.

“Anyway I was going to ask for your number but it’s okay if you don’t want to give it to me,” Nico said. Leo blinked, then blushed.

“N-No, of course, uh, h-here...” he scrambled for his phone and pulled it out, his hands trembling. He dictated his number and Nico put it in his own phone.

“It’s your real number, yeah?” he teased. Leo smiled.

“Yeah,” he said breathlessly. Nico nodded and looked at him briefly.

“Right,” he said.

“Right,” Leo replied.

“Goodnight then,” Nico murmured. Leo stood on his tiptoes and kissed him quickly on the mouth.

“Goodnight,” he whispered, and then ran off down the road and Nico was left in front of the closing pub with his heart pounding, already looking forward to their second date.
Baby's Got Blue Eyes

Luke x Ethan soulmates au where your left eye is the colour of your soulmate’s and Ethan knows damn well that he and Luke were soulmates, but Luke doesn’t, until he finds old pictures of Ethan before he got an eye patch and confronts him about it. Ethan thinks that Luke is disappointed and apologizes for being his soulmate, but Luke isn’t having any of that and makes out with him, right then and there.

For contumeliousMuse

Image result for blue eyes gif

Ethan always thought that his mom took his eye to teach him a lesson – an eye for an eye, you can’t get something for nothing – but as he grew up he realised it was so she could ensure that he could never be happy.

At the age of ten your left eye changes colour to match the eye of your Soulmate. Everyone’s eyes are unique and although sometimes it’s harder to match eyes, usually people find their Soulmate, and when they do their eyes return to their normal colour after their first kiss. Ethan was young when he first encountered his mother, but it had already been two years since his left eye changed colour. He remembered staring into mirrors at his brilliant blue left eye that was so different to his own brown, so dark it was almost black. He looked at it so much that he committed the colour to memory, knowing that it was the eye-colour of his Soulmate.

When he first met Nemesis he had been angry and irritated and upset because he had been alone for ages, and so when his mother asked for his left eye – the eye of his Soulmate – he allowed her to take it. He grew to regret that decision because when he was thirteen he met Luke Castellan – the boy with a brilliantly blue right eye, and a brown as his left, so dark it was almost black.

And he didn’t have the guts to confess that Luke was his Soulmate, or that Ethan was in love with him.

***

I’m eighteen, I should’ve found my mate by now, Luke thought bitterly as he stared at himself in the mirror in the Hermes cabin bathroom, listening to the shouts and laughter of his siblings from the dormroom. The normal age for finding your Soulmate was sixteen, and yet despite being two years older than that Luke still had no idea who it could be. He stared at his eyes now, and especially at the one that belonged to his Soulmate. It was dark and Luke had thought for a long time that it was black, but then he realised that actually it was a very dark brown with even flecks of gold appearing here and there occasionally. The problem with dark eyes was that there were a lot harder to identify than light eyes since they were usually too deep to notice much of their details, which was why Luke still hadn’t found his Soulmate. He had thought he had a few times, but many kisses ended with his eyes retaining their two separate colours. It was frustrating.

“Luke!” Travis pounded on the door, “Stop hoarding the bathroom, asshole!”
Luke sighed and gave his brown eye one long, last look before leaving the bathroom. He picked his way through his squabbling siblings and went outside into the morning. Ethan was already waiting for him on the porch of the cabin, looking impassive as always. Ethan had been Luke’s best friend since they were thirteen and now, as they grew closer to nineteen, they were both leaving Camp together to start a life up in the normal world.

“The flat’s in Brooklyn,” Ethan said instead of a good morning, holding up a GPS. Luke grinned at him.

“Perfect, it’s close enough that we could still visit camp.”

“How would you want to visit here?” Ethan glanced around the cabins with distaste. Luke shook his head.

“Cheer up,” he teased and playfully poked Ethan’s cheek. The boy swatted his hand away and started walking to his old, beaten up range rover that he had gotten for his eighteenth.

Luke looked at Ethan as they walked. The boy had an eye patch over his left eye which always made Luke a little sad since it meant Ethan would never be able to know what his Soulmate’s eye looked like. His other eye just barely peeked through the curtain of his dark hair, as if Ethan wanted to hide his face completely. All Luke knew about his eye was that it was brown and although many times he fantasised about it being exactly like his left one, he knew that he was only imagining it because he was in love with Ethan and wanted him to be his Soulmate.

The drive to Brooklyn was nice, and although Ethan wasn’t talkative – he never was – Luke entertained him by telling him recent stories about the antics happening in the Hermes cabin, earning himself a few giggles and even a few outright laughs from his best friend. Luke loved it when Ethan smiled and laughed and he wished the boy did it more often. It was intoxicating.

The flat that they had found online was small and almost dingy, set in Chinatown, though it was affordable and cozy. The landlord took the two boys around the rooms, rattling on about statistics and things neither Demigod cared about as they both wandered about. Luke had no idea what Ethan was thinking but as his eyes slid over the most bare and unfurnished rooms he imagined them living there, together. He imagined waking up in the same, sunlit bed as Ethan (even though they would have separate bedrooms), imagined them making coffee and breakfast side by side. He imagined coming back from work so they could eat leftovers in the little living room and watch some TV. He looked at his friend, absentmindedly touching the walls with his fingertips, and he imagined what living with Ethan would be like, how wonderful it would be, and his heart twisted with want. At moments like these Luke wanted to fuck the whole Soulmate system and just take Ethan into his arms and kiss him and tell him how he felt.

“So, will you take it?” the landlord asked abruptly. Luke glanced at Ethan.

“We’ll think about it and let you know by next week.”

They said their goodbyes and left, walking along the sunny street, “So?” Luke asked, “What did you think?”

“I think it’s nice,” Ethan said carefully.

“Tell me the truth,” Luke nudged him with his arm. Ethan bit his lip.

“I...I really, really like it, honestly.”

Luke grinned, “Perfect! I like it too. I love it, actually.”
“I’m glad,” Ethan smiled up at him sweetly and Luke’s heart stopped for a second. Ethan rarely smiled at him like that, and it was a moment to treasure, “Hey, do you want some snacks for the way back?” the son of Nemesis gestured to a corner shop closeby, unaware of the effect he had on the son of Hermes.

“Sure, some Doritos would be nice,” Luke admitted, “and something cold to drink.”

“Okay,” they came to a stop outside Ethan’s parked car and the boy unlocked it, “I’ll be just two minutes, get comfy.”

He walked towards the corner shop and Luke slid into the passenger’s seat, sighing with pleasure. The inside of the car had heated up and everything smelled a bit like rubber and leather. Luke would miss camp, he knew that, but starting a new life with Ethan as his housemate...that sounded incredible. The blond leaned back in his seat and looked around the car.

Ethan had gotten it from his dad a few weeks ago, and though they didn’t have a good relationship the son of Nemesis was grateful for the present. Luke had only been inside it a few times and now he glanced around with curiosity. Despite knowing each other for years there were many things Luke still didn’t know about the other boy, who rarely talked about himself. Now the blond took some time to have a little look around, in a true son of Hermes fashion.

He looked at what Ethan had in the holders on his door, but apart from a gum wrapper and a pair of tangled up earphones there wasn’t much. The blond then moved on to the two compartments in front of both the front seats. The one in front of him was mostly empty, with just a map of the camp and some dance school leaflet stuffed inside. Ethan’s, on the other hand, was much more interesting.

Luke’s eyes widened when he opened the compartment and saw a small stack of photos tied with a hair band at the very back. Eagerly the son of Hermes pulled the stack out, immensely curious about what kind of pictures Ethan kept in his car, since he kept none in his cabin. He glanced up to make sure that Ethan was still in the shop, and the pulled the pictures into to his lap.

The first one was a sepia picture of an Asian teenager, who looked a little like Ethan, but with a stronger jaw and narrower eyes. And a big, bright smile. That’s probably his dad, Luke thought, looking at the next picture. It was a slightly blurry photo of a huge family. Luke peered closely at the faces of the people until he spotted Ethan – a tiny little thing back then, maybe four or five, sitting on the grass, his face unclear because of the distance. Luke smiled though, because Ethan looked adorable. He moved the picture aside and looked at the next one.

His mouth flew open in shock.

Looking at him from the picture was a slightly grumpy and very young Ethan. He looked around the same age as when Luke had first met him...except both his eyes were intact. His dark hair was a lot shorter so Luke had a good view of the boy’s brown eye. More importantly it was his left one that Luke was staring at. He knew that eye all too well, that bright blue, sparkling with mischief. Because it was his own eye.

The world seemed to slow down abruptly around Luke as he tried to breathe past his shock. The photos tumbled out of his hands and exploded all over the driver’s seat and Luke’s hands trembled.

He’s my Soulmate, he told himself and then, just to make sure, he whispered it aloud.

“He’s my Soulmate.”

The words just sounded right in his mouth. But that meant that Ethan must’ve known...Luke, barely registering what he was doing, pushed the door of the car opened and stepped out just as Ethan
emerged from the shop, heading for the car. As he neared and Luke rounded the car, he saw the blond’s angry expression.

“Luke?” he stopped and blinked his one eye, the eye that Luke should’ve recognised if he wasn’t so much of an idiot, “Is everything okay?”

“No,” Luke snapped, suddenly angry at the boy, “No, because you didn’t tell me!”

“Tell you what?” Ethan asked, puzzled.

“That’s we’re Soulmates!” Luke shouted. Ethan flinched back and he had to set the plastic bag full of snacks on the ground shakily.

“I-I...how...how do you...?”


“You looked through my car?!”

“I was curious,” Luke growled, anger boiling inside him, “But don’t change the subject, you knew that your left eye was mine before your mother took it and you didn’t say anything!” Ethan dropped his gaze and Luke’s heart clenched, both in heartbroken confusion and anger, “Why didn’t you say anything?”

“I didn’t want you to be disappointed,” Ethan said quietly, “I hoped that you’d forget the whole Soulmate thing and find yourself somebody who’s really worthy of being with you.” Luke stared at him, shocked at his words, “I-I...,” Ethan continued, shoulders shaking, “I’m sorry i-it’s me. I know you wanted s-somebody better and that you’re disappointed, and I’m j-just so s-sorry-“

He didn’t get to finish his stupid apologies because Luke closed the space between them and took Ethan into his arms, kissing him violently. Ethan stiffened against him as if he had expected a punch and not a kiss, but Luke didn’t care. He bowed his head and angled his face and his lips slotted perfectly against Ethan’s. The sun was warm above them and Ethan’s fingers dug into Luke’s biceps as the blond kissed him feverishly. Finally, after his initial surge of emotions had passed, he pulled away.

“Don’t ever say that again,” he said quietly, and Ethan looked up at him, shocked.

“Y-Your eyes,” he whispered, “They’re both blue.”

“Of course they’re blue, idiot,” Luke scoffed, “You’re my Soulmate so they’ve gone back to normal.” Ethan dropped his head, and sniffled as if he was sad. Luke couldn’t take it, “Gods, why are you so unhappy?”

“I’m not,” Ethan whispered, “I’m really, really happy. I just-“

“Don’t say those dumb things again,” Luke said, “You’re my Soulmate, and you have no idea how happy that makes me. Christ, Eth, that makes me so incredibly happy that my heart won’t calm down right now,” Ethan looked up at him in shock, “I’m not disappointed. Surprised, yes, and insanely happy, but not disappointed. Not with you. You’re all I ever wanted.”

“Fuck, shut up,” Ethan dropped his head to Luke’s shoulder. The blond kissed the side of his head and held him close, scared that if he said the wrong thing this amazing boy in his arms would disappear.
“So, I suppose we should go tell that landlord that we’re looking for a one bedroom flat after all.”
I Don't Want to Spend the Night Alone

Percy and Ares where Ares always liked Percy for not fearing him and always talking his mind even when Ares was Mars, but Percy didn't know Ares liked him. Now Percy is about to be killed by one of Poseidon's sons, so Ares saves him. Percy is so confused and oblivious even when Ares tells him he liked him and with many, many kisses(in which Percy is freaked out) they finally figured it out for Ignis

Ares was bored, which wasn’t uncommon for Gods. That was why they did the stupid shit they did like take part in wars, fight over cities and have affairs. But even that got dull after a while. But following the Titan and the Giant war most of the Gods were grateful for the peace, lounging about in Olympus or their palaces, catching their breaths.

Not Ares. Ares was bored. Ares was also tired of his life on Olympus, or at least his life as it was. Even his affair with Aphrodite had fizzled out a few hundred years ago and now there was nobody to flirt with except the dryads and minor goddesses that just didn’t cut it anymore.

That’s why Ares started watching Percy Jackson.

He knew that the Gods had rules to not constantly watch Demigods after Hermes had an upsetting encounter of looking down on Achilles as he was in a situation with his ‘best friend’ Patroclus a couple thousand years ago. But Percy Jackson was someone Ares was willing to piss some Gods off for.

He was the only person in all of history who hadn’t been afraid of Ares...and hadn’t lost his life for it. To this day Ares wondered why he hadn’t struck down that infuriating kid when he had first disrespected the God. Now that kid was arrogant to the point where he didn’t even seem to remember that the Gods could kill him in the blink of an eye...and he wasn’t a kid anymore.

He was nineteen. Where Ares had once liked the fact that Percy wasn’t scared of him and always said exactly what he wanted, now he liked him for other reasons too, inappropriate reasons that he decided to never mention. Reasons like the way Percy looked when he slept, or when he fought, or just how he looked overall. It was creepy, how much Ares watched Percy, and he’d be lying if he said he did it only out of boredom. When he had himself conflicting with his Roman aspect, he had watched Percy, because it helped him focus more. He would lie in his chambers in Olympus and give offerings to Iris all day, feeling nauseous and shit and angry, and watching Percy on his quest was calming.

It was terrifying, Ares relying so much on a mortal. It was terrifying to acknowledge that his feelings for the young man had grown from grudging respect and admiration to attraction and care. Many times during the Quest of the Seven Ares wanted to scoop Percy up from Argo II and into Olympus
to ensure that the boy was okay, hold him in his arms, away from harm’s way.

Now in times of peace Percy was still on Ares’ mind, constantly.

It was night-time over Olympus and the stars shone ridiculously bright outside of Ares’ window. The gentle summer wind blown by Notus slipped into the bedroom and made the sheer window curtains shift gently. The Muses had stopped singing hours ago but Ares could still hear the parties going on all over the mountain. Instead of going to one or two or six, Ares laid in his humongous bed, agitated. He had a bad feeling that something was going to happen.

Percy was on a minor quest, all by himself, something that didn’t happen much, and Ares was forcibly stopping himself from spying on the boy. Instead he sighed in frustration and turned over and over, trying to fall asleep, grumbling under his breath to Hypnos to allow him into the land of dreams. But for some reason the other God wouldn’t give it to him, as if he had other plans for Ares. The God was starting to feel seriously pissed off, and debated whether he should go over to see Hypnos and rough him up a little into letting him go to sleep.

Ages passed by. Ares wondered if a warm body next to his would make sleep easier, but he didn’t really want anyone with him. Except Percy. Frustrated, Ares sat up and ran a hand down his face. He glanced at the window and his reflection looked back at him. He looked younger than normal, his black hair fluffy and overgrown, his tank top exposing his muscles. He rubbed a hand over his jaw, and felt stubble. He would have to shave soon. Mundane actions like that kept the Gods sane.

“Fuck this,” Ares grumbled, shoving his covers aside with a wave of his hand. He stood on his floor and called Iris under his breath and the Goddess appeared in his room, only a rainbow, shifty outline, looking unimpressed, “I want to see him,” Ares said.

Iris looked at him, “Again?”

“Show me,” Ares growled, eyes burning red. Iris gestured with her hand and faded into the darkness as a watery image of Percy appeared in front of the God of war.

Ares’ heart plummeted and that was saying something since the God didn’t think he even had a heart anymore. Percy was in some forest, collapsed against a tree. His eyes were wide and his face was scratched and bloody. His sword lay a few feet away. Looming over him with an axe raised over his head, ready to strike the Demigod, was a familiar figure and one of Ares’ least favourite sons of Poseidon. He gritted his teeth and in seconds he was teleporting.

He appeared in the cold forest instantly, making the leaves shake on the trees. The power of his sudden appearance knocked the villain backwards, into a tree, and Percy scrambled away.

“Neleus,” Ares seethed, turning his eyes to the collapsed figure. During his teleportation he had summoned his usual attire – leather and sunglasses, wanting to keep up the image he had built up over the years.

Neleus stared at him in fear, and the white around his edges made it clear that he was a ghost. Of course he was, he died thousands of years ago, murdered by Heracles. Ares remembered it.

“A-Ares,” the man stuttered.

“What are you doing out of the Fields of Asphodel?” Ares growled, approaching, a gun materialising in his hand.

“I-I the doors-“
“The Doors of Death had been closed weeks ago,” Ares snapped, pointing his gun at the ghost, “What are you still doing here? And why are you bothering other children of Poseidon?”

“He came into my territory,” Neleus spat at Percy.

“You’re dead,” Ares seethed, “You don’t have a territory. Your brother has the undying hatred of Hera, and you have mine, and I will kill you over and over until your sorry ass end up in Tartarus.”

“L-Lord Ares please-,” Neleus threw himself down at the Gods feet and Ares raised his gun impassively and fired. The ghost disappeared into a cloud of smoke. Silence descended onto the forest, the gunshot echoing through the trees, and Ares stood there, facing where Neleus had been moments ago. The gun disappeared from his hand.

“Why...,” Percy sounded a bit choke up, “Why did you do that?”

Ares turned around, “I have a bone to pick with Neleus, Jackson,” he said, hoping he sounded confident and intimidating even though his heart was pounding just from looking at the boy. He hadn’t actually been face to face with him in so long...the boy looked a lot older in real life than in his visions.

“I...,” Percy struggled to his feet and then wobbled dangerously, tumbling back down. Ares was at his side in seconds and caught him easily before the boy could hit the ground. Percy was warm and firm in his grip, staring up at him in shock. They had never been that close, “I don’t know if I should fear for my life,” Percy whispered. When Ares tried to hurriedly let him go the boy swayed and clung onto his arm and he felt so fragile that Ares’ stomach twisted with the need to protect him.

“What’s the matter with you?” he demanded.

“We had a fight,” Percy winced as he tried to stand on his own feet, “h-he hurt my leg...,” he gestured down. Ares eyes shifted down and he saw that Percy’s trouser leg was matted with blood.

“Fuck’s sake,” Ares grumbled.

“Since when do you care, big guy?” Percy asked, averting his gaze, as if being that close to Ares for that long was making him uncomfortable.

“Shut it or I’ll turn you to dust,” Ares growled, and Percy just grinned. He was never afraid of him, and he wasn’t going to start now. The God of war let out an annoyed sound and pulled the boy up into his arms, bridal style.

“What are you doing?!” Percy spluttered and blood rushed to his cheeks adorably.

“Making sure Poseidon doesn’t find out about this,” Ares said, “Close your eyes.”

Percy hurriedly shoved his face into Ares’ shoulder as the God teleported back to Olympus, flashing too brightly for a mortal, and for a second the man allowed himself to revel in the way Percy was clinging onto him and he cradled the boy close, letting himself be protective just for that moment.

The next moment they were both in Ares’ chambers, modelled after the great ancient Roman times. Percy quickly scrambled out of the God’s arms, as if he didn’t want to be close to him, but the second he put his feet on the ground he hissed in pain and flailed backwards, landing on Ares’ bed. The God smirked.

“What are we doing here?” the Demigod didn’t seem as amused as Ares.
“I just saved your ass, be a little grateful,” he said.

“Grateful for what?” Percy looked around the chambers, eyes wide and full of awe, “You brought me to Olympus so you could finally torture me for the stupid shit I said when I was eleven?”

“Yes,” Ares decided to finally try and scare Percy and he slowly approached the bed, pleased when the Demigod shifted backwards ever so slightly, “Our private apartments on Olympus are the only place we can’t see into. Not even Zeus can see in here. Which makes it perfect for a murder scene.”

He held out a hand and an axe materialised in it. Percy stared at him, mouth open. Ares thought that he finally had the boy...and then the Demigod spluttered out a laugh and the God felt irritation spike inside of him.

“Nice toy.”

“You still disregard me as if I couldn’t just kill you with the blink of an eye,” Ares said. Percy grinned and cocked his head to the side.

“You won’t.”

“How do you know?” Ares took another step towards the bed, swinging his axe casually in his hand.

“Because you would’ve done it by now,” Percy’s eyes were on his, piercingly green and unwavering. Why wasn’t he scared? He didn’t understand, but he sighed and the axe in his hand turned to a box of ambrosia. He offered it to Percy who took it, looking suspicious.

“You’ll be staying here tonight, until your leg heals.”

Percy gaped at him, “No way I’m staying in here with you!”

“Great, have fun finding your way back,” Ares replied and with a flick of his hand his leather jacket and shades evaporated and he returned to the state he was in before he saved Percy – he wore only a black tank top and loose black sweatpants. The son of Poseidon didn’t say anything and so Ares turned around to make sure the boy hadn’t spontaneously died.

He found Percy staring at him, open-mouthed.

“What? You saw a ghost or something?”

Percy’s entire demeanour changed and he looked away. In the dimness of the room Ares thought he saw him blushing when he stuttered out a, “N-No...I just thought...you look younger than...normally...”

“Well, I’m thousands of years old,” Ares fired back. Percy suddenly grabbed one of the poles holding up the canopy of the War God’s bed, and pulled himself up to his feet, wincing. The ambrosia couldn’t heal his leg in such a short amount of time. “Where are you going?”

“I-I need to leave,” Percy said, and almost fell. Ares was at his side, an arm around his waist.

“Woah, slow down-“

Percy turned away from him, his hand pressing against Ares’ chest as if to push him away, “I shouldn’t be here...not with you...”

Ares frowned, “I’m not going to kill you, it was just a joke-“
“L-Let go,” Percy pushed at him, “I don’t understand why you’re suddenly like this–“

“For fuck’s sake,” Ares gritted, “Stop squirming and get back on the bed–“

“No- stop it, let go!” Percy was shouting now, almost hysterical, and Ares didn’t understand why.

“Shhh, shut up, the other Gods can’t know you’re here–,” Ares kept the struggling boy in his arms, much stronger than the Demigod, but Percy pushed at him, trying to get away.

“No, stop it, just l-let go I–“

“I’m not going to hurt you for fuck’s sake!” Ares shouted suddenly, and Percy slumped in his arms, relaxing completely, staring at the God’s chest. Ares found his heart jumping in his chest when he saw tears glimmering in the boy’s eyes. He couldn’t comprehend what he had done to make Percy like this, “Are you okay now?”

“Why are you being nice?” Percy whispered softly.

*Why am I scared of this confession?* The God wondered, *I’m an Immortal and in a couple short years this boy will be gone...* “Because I like you.”

“What?” Percy looked up at the God in shock, “You actually like me? As in you don’t hate me?”

“As in I’m in love with you,” Ares said calmly. He felt the shiver that went through the boy in his arms, and he couldn’t take it anymore.

Fuck all of this, he didn’t care about Poseidon’s wrath anymore, or how Percy might react.

He ducked his head and angled his head, pressing his mouth to Percy’s the way he had done a million times before...with a hundred people that had never made this peculiar sizzling heat erupt in his stomach. Not even Aphrodite made Ares feel as alive as kissing Percy did. The boy let out a surprised noise against the God’s mouth but he didn’t push him away, and Ares could not pull away either. He lost himself in Percy’s warm, soft lips, in his smell and his body heat. He knew that the boy was strong and had muscle and could hold his own, but he still felt small and delicate in the God’s arms.

When Ares pulled away, remembering that Percy needed to breathe, he saw that the boy was blushing and in shock, staring at him with wide eyes and Ares just couldn’t. He only ever lost control on the battlefield, and then his fury raged violence and destruction on the world. This time the only thing he was destroying was his own heart, by pretending he and Percy would ever work.

“What...,” Percy whispered, trying to pull away, obviously shaken, “I...”

Ares knew he should’ve let the boy go, but he couldn’t bear to. One more kiss, he promised himself, and he pressed his hand against the back of the boy’s neck, forcing their mouths together again. Percy didn’t fight him, but he trembled in the God’s arms, and he was more perfect than anyone Ares had ever touched, or kissed. His stomach twisted and for a moment he felt like a mortal.

And then he realised what he was doing. He let go of the Demigod and stepped back, trying to keep himself under control. Percy’s eyes were still wide and shining with tears. The boy slumped against the closest wall, shocked, eyes trained on the God as if he couldn’t believe Ares had just done that.

*I’m sorry,* the God thought, but he had too much pride to say it out loud. He gritted his teeth to stop himself from grabbing Percy again, and lifted his hand. The boy disappeared from the room, and Ares teleported him back to the Poseidon cabin at Camp. As soon as Percy went Ares collapsed on the bed and closed his eyes. He was a fool.
Ares woke up in the middle of the night because of an insisted pounding on his door. He was confused, but immediately alert, sitting up in bed. Outside the window the stars were winking out, the sky lightening. The Gods didn’t need to sleep but recently life had been so tedious that Ares preferred to lose himself in the land of dreams. He had been jerked out of a nice little episode that involved a field full of flowers and Percy.

Another insisted knock. Ares groaned and stood up. He could sense warmth on the other side of the door to his chambers, but it didn’t hold the power of the other Olympians. A Nymph then, or a minor God or Goddess. Annoyed about being woken, Ares waved a hand at the door, and it swung open.

Percy Jackson came tumbling in through the door, and barely managed to catch himself as he fell through the threshold. The door slammed shut behind him and Ares stared.

“Fucking hell,” Percy looked annoyed, and his clothes and cheeks were dirty as if he had rolled in dust, “Who knew the walk here was so long?”

“How the fuck did you get here?” Ares was shocked for the first time in millennia. Percy shrugged, as casual as ever.

“My horse took me here.”

Ares stared, “Do the other Gods know? Why are you here anyway?!”

Percy’s demeanour changed, and suddenly he seemed pissed off. He pointed at Ares, “You. I have a bone to pick with you.”

“How about what happened earlier?” Ares scoffed, “It was just a-“

He was going to say joke but then Percy closed the space between them and stood on his tiptoes, pressing his mouth to Ares’. He was the only Demigod that had ever managed to make Ares feel like this – lost, and unsure and powerless, like a child.

Percy was full of surprises, and he pulled away before Ares could’ve fully comprehended the kiss, “You can’t just leave me hanging like that,” Percy was blushing and not meeting his eye, and it was clear he was nervous, “And don’t send me home like some brat. I’m an adult, y’know.”

“Why are you here, Percy?” Ares whispered. Percy looked at his feet.

“You never let me say it back,” he whispered, and Ares’ eyes widened. His heart pounded, “I mean I don’t...I don’t know if what I feel...i-if it’s love, or something but...but all I know is I wanna be with you, a-and...”

Ares grabbed his wrist and pulled him close and kissed him. He didn’t need explanations or promises. To him Percy’s life would just be a blink, a few seconds long in his thousands of years of existence. He wanted to make the most of the short time they had together.
I Met a Man

Jason, a prince, narrowly escapes an assassination plot on a hunting trip and heads to a forest nearby, gravely wounded. Nico, resident hermit/necromancer finds and nurses him back to health for days. Jason, healed and smitten, convinces Nico to come back to his kingdom with him. But the one hiring the assassin (Octavian maybe? Your choice) is still in court, and wants them dead to steal the throne for real this time. Also, the reigning king Jupiter does not take too kindly to Jason's relationship with Nico, a necromancer and "witch". Nico proves his dedication to Jason with his life after a tragedy strikes Jason (attempted soul deal, maybe, or soul sharing) somehow (your choice). The smutty rest is up to you if you want this prompt.

For Lulu

Cold, late autumn wind bit at the exposed skin on Jason’s face as his stallion raced through the forest. The trees were almost bare, their naked, dark branches reaching towards the steely sky, and the leaves that they had lost, so vibrant and beautiful only weeks ago were now damp and dirty on the ground.

Around him the hunting party laughed as they chased after a stag, bloodthirsty and excited with the prospect of getting such a wonderful kill. Jason didn’t care much for this sport and had only come along on this bitter afternoon because of his father.

Zeus, the king of Olympus, had never been a kind or warm man, concerned more with governing his kingdom and securing his dynasty rather than taking care of his two children. Jason’s tutor, Chiron, had been more of a carer to him and yet now that the blond had finally come of age the King took an interest in him. He disliked children, but he approved of Jason’s strength and wanted to ensure that he was ready to take the throne when he passed. Which meant that he now asked for his son to accompany him to hunts like these.

“Faster!” Zeus bellowed now, his horse kicking up leaves and dirt as he raced after the stag, at the head of the party. His men cheered and followed and Jason lagged behind, not wanting to kill the poor animal.

Jason caught a movement from the corner of his eye, a figure high up in the naked trees. He turned his head just as an arrow raced past, and struck the man in front of him in the neck.

The man let out a chocked noise and grotesquely tumbled sideways off his horse, while the animals around him reared and screamed horribly. Jason’s own horse, Tempest, stood on its hind legs, kicking at the air, and the party collapsed into chaos. Suddenly arrows were whirling through the air, striking at horses and riders alike, but it was clear where they were aiming. Several pierced Zeus,
whose horse threw him off. Someone screamed, the remaining riders reached for the swords.

In shock, Jason stared at the dead king on the ground, eyes open and glassy, blood soaking the ground around him. It had happened so fast... Jason felt shock and horror, though no sadness and heartbreak that should’ve accompanied him upon witnessing his father’s death. After all, he was not much of a father.

Jason didn’t know what to do. Around him men were dying and screaming and the silent assassins were only blurs in the trees. The Prince didn’t know how many there were and his heart pounded as he turned Tempest in a circle, trying to gather his bearings. The horse had other ideas though, because it reared back once more and Jason felt himself loose hold on the animal and fall backwards.

He landed painfully on his back and groaned at the impact, though he quickly forgot his pain when he rolled to his side and came face to face with a dying Lord, one of his father’s friends, eyes wide and full of agony, choking on his own blood, pierced like a pincushion. Jason scrambled to his feet in panic and fear and reached for his sword.

He didn’t manage to pull it free of its sheath because just then he saw, as if time had slowed, an arrow sailing toward him. The air went still, the world silent. Jason no longer heard the screams of dying men, or the sounds of shouting. He couldn’t move and watched, detached, as the arrow made right for him. It impaled him in the stomach, a gruesome patch of feathers, protruding from his gut.

Jason turned and stumbled against a tree, slid around it and deeper into the forest, away from the havoc of the rest of the hunting party, away from the corpses. He didn’t know what he was doing, his ears rang, and his eyes watered. He walked, no, stumbled on, leaning on trees, almost tripping on the underbrush. The arrows disappeared, nobody followed.

Jason didn’t know how long he walked for in his state of shock, blood pouring from his stomach and wetting his breeches. One of his hands hovered over the arrow, but he did not touch it. His world was spinning. The sound of running water broke through his mind, and as he stumbled through the tree-line he suddenly found himself at a narrow river, glimmering as it raced downhill. Jason stared at the water. He didn’t know where he was.

He collapsed to his knees and reached out with a trembling hand, his fingers dipping into the river. The shock of cold travelled up his arm, and the agony followed soon after. Jason gasped at the sudden white-hot burn he felt fill his body, coming from his wound. He choked on air and doubled over in pain, his head spinning. He let out a quiet, pained moan and collapsed on his side. Dark spots danced in his vision and the last thing he saw before darkness took him was a lone hut on the other side of the river.

***

Nico enjoyed solitary life. He had always lived in the little cottage in the woods with his grandmother and sister, and it had been a good life. He was a happy child, working some in the bakery in the nearby village and spending his free time aiding his grandmother with her spells and rituals – a part of his daily life – and playing in the forest with his sister.

Then both his sister had died – killed by a man who accused her of murdering his babe and wife while she was delivering a birth. Nico’s grandmother buried her body by the river, and that same winter she passed away. Since then the little boy had been alone.

He was seventeen now, and a man grown, and he had learned to like the isolation. He went to the village rarely and was considered the peculiar hermit who everyone stayed away from. Not that Nico minded, he had the company of the woodland animals and his potions and spells and he hated
people, for their judgement and for their crimes.

That morning Nico had spent out in the forest. He had taken a long hike to the nearby mountain and climbed it in search of the goats that lived there, so he may collect their milk and also gather some herbs he needed for his potions. By the time he returned twilight had settled over the kingdom and the shadows in the forest were deep.

Nico’s cottage was nestled by four evergreen trees, that cradled it protectively among their great branches. The cottage was old and small, but cozy, and a place Nico happily called home. Inside there was a large room with a bed, a fireplace, a rough wooden table. It was all Nico and Bones, his cat, ever needed. He saw it as he climbed down the last gentle slope of the mountain and reached the river that separated him from home. Nico had a sack over his shoulder and the cold evening air bit at his exposed face despite the fact that the rest of his body was bundled up in cloaks and furs. Winter was at hand, and Nico was gathering supplies in case he were to be snowed in.

He had to cross the shallow river and then he’d be home. He would make supper and perhaps read a little and have an early night in. He was exhausted after his day of walking.

However his plans were ruined by the man laying at the bank of the river. Nico’s heart stuttered in his chest in panic and he reeled back, under the cover of the trees, terrified. He didn’t like men, didn’t like them wandering near his cottage. If there was a corpse here...anxiously the hermit watched the body for a while. The man’s back was broad and he was dressed richly, his golden hair glimmering in the last of the day’s sun. Nico held his breath and watched him, but the man didn’t move and nobody came to retrieve the body.

Finally the boy worked up the courage to slip from between the trees and towards the body. The sky was darkening fast the stars beginning to gimmer shyly, and Nico approached the collapsed man. He swallowed when he rounded him, and looked down at his face.

The man was younger than Nico expected, and that startled him. His jaw was strong but his brows soft, eyes closed. His blond locks tumbled onto his forehead, and there was an arrow sticking from his stomach. Nico winced and then let out a muffled yell when the man shifted. Not dead then.

The hermit swallowed and looked longingly at his cottage. It was dark and he wanted to light the fire, and have a drink, and be out of this cold. The night was at hand, and Nico didn’t want to be out in the darkness...but he couldn’t leave this man, if he was still alive. As much as Nico hated humanity he wanted to believe that there was still kindness in the world. He let out a frustrated groan and reached for the blond.

The man was tall and muscular and heavy. It took Nico a ridiculous amount of time to drag him through the water and by the time he reached his doorstep he was soaked through, sweaty and exhausted. His limbs felt heavy as he pushed his door open and dropped the blond man onto the ground. He didn’t stir and he bled, and Nico was afraid that all this was for nothing. As he closed the door to his cottage he looked out at the dark forest and dark river, but the opposite bank was still and silent – nobody was there.

The hermit shut and barred the door and drew the curtains over the windows. For a moment the cottage was cold and dark but in moments Nico had gotten the fire going in the pit, and had lit some candles. He boiled water in a large cauldron and then took to the tedious task of undressing the blond. He peeled back his wet and bloodied clothes and then carefully and slowly pulled out the arrow, like his grandmother taught him. He was horrified at the deep and nasty wound that the arrow had left, ragged and weeping blood so dark it was almost black.

Poison.
Nico knew exactly which poison it was, and yet he pulled out a heavy and dusty tome just to be sure, flipping the pages in search of the antidote. It didn’t take long to prepare it and Nico had all the ingredients at hand. The poison had been intended to work slowly and agonisingly, but Nico was still unsure if this Lord – for he assumed the blond was a Lord, as he was too richly dressed to be anything else – would live till morning.

Nico washed his wound with water then with the antidote, and wrapped the man’s midsection with clean strips of cloth. All the while the Lord did not stir. The boy pulled off the man’s breeches and it took him a moment to dress him in new ones, ones he had once bought in the village that had always been much too big for him.

“Why do you have to be so big,” Nico grumbled as he dragged the blond to his own bed, “I should just leave you on the floor.”

But Nico was too kind for that, he had always been, and so he laid the Lord in his own bed, and covered him with furs and blankets, and then turned to the water he had boiled. He was tired, but first he wanted to wash himself.

***

Jason woke up, even though he didn’t expect to. The first thing he realised was that he was lying on a bed, soft but firm at once, his head nestled against pillows. The second thing he became aware of was a dull throbbing pain in his stomach, nothing in comparison to the agony he had felt at the riverside.

Jason cracked his eyes open, and found that he was in a small, oval room. The roof was thatched, wooden beams supporting it from which hung bundles of fragrant spices and dried herbs. The floors and walls were wooden, the ground laden with thick rugs, and there was a happy fire buzzing in the fireplace. Outside the windows Jason could see the forest and a grey, dark morning of autumn. Or perhaps winter now? Jason had no idea how long he had been asleep.

He shifted into a sitting position, and winced. He pulled the furs he was laying under aside and saw that his shirt had been removed and the wound where the arrow had stuck washed clean and bandaged. His breeches were also ones he did not recognise, rougher and less sophisticated in comparison to what he usually wore. Jason looked around and tried to understand what had happened – he remembered the hunt, the silent assassins, the massacre, his father’s death, and then the searing pain of the arrow hitting him. The river, the cottage, then nothing-

The cottage. Surely, this was where he was. But who was the owner? As far as Jason could see, he was alone, though the pot over the fire bubbling happily and letting out delicious aromas alluded to the fact that the owner of the house was not far away.

A sudden mewl made Jason flinch and with some difficulty he leaned over the side of the bed and looked down onto the floor. He blinked in surprise when he saw a small black cat standing there, looking up at Jason’s with big, piercing eyes and mewling. Jason smiled, “Hello,” he murmured and carefully scooped the feline up and into his lap. He petted it gently and the cat seemed content to chase after the blond’s fingers, “Aren’t you a little thing?”

“I see you have taken a liking to my cat,” the voice made Jason jump more than the cat had and his head snapped up. He had not heard the door open but now he saw a figure standing by it. The person was small, with a heavy cloak over their shoulders, the hood covering their faces. With a happy sound the cat launched off Jason’s lap and padded over to the newcomer, who was undoubtedly its owner. As if to confirm that, the pet began to rub himself against the person’s leg.
“H-Hello,” Jason swallowed nervously and his mind suddenly offered the question of where is my sword? “I...I’m sorry.”

“What are you sorry about?” the voice of the person was soft but strong, almost melodical.

“I...I assume I must’ve cause you much trouble,” Jason said, nervous all of a sudden, “I apologise, and thank you for your hospitality-“

“Do not thank me,” the person said abruptly, and closed the door. The hood was thrown back and Jason was shocked to find himself looking at a boy only a few years younger than himself. And a beautiful boy at that; his skin was olive, his hair and eyes ebony. His mouth was full and soft, his cheekbones high, his nose upturned ever so. Jason couldn’t guess at what his body was because the boy wore too many clothes. He didn’t look at Jason as he turned to the cauldron, putting down a basket he was holding that contained several eggs.

“I-I...,” Jason didn’t know what to say, and the boy seemed reluctant to speak at all. But the Prince had questions, “Who are you?”

“Just a crazy hermit living in the forest,” the boy said dismissively, throwing some herbs into the cauldron.

“Hermit?” Jason frowned and cast his mind back to the stories Chiron had told him, the folklore and bedtime tales about magical beings and horrors of this very forest. He told him about an old woman – a witch – living in a small cottage, a witch who could do magic, “I...I thought an old woman lived here.”

“She did,” the boy said briskly, “She was my grandmother, and she died.”

“I’m sorry,” Jason said immediately.

“It’s alright,” the boy’s replies were short and curt.

“What’s your name?” the Prince refused to give up his questioning – this boy intrigued him. Was he a witch also? Jason wasn’t even sure he believed in witches...

“Nico,” the boy replied. It was a sweet name, and it suited the boy. Jason smiled.

“It’s lovely.”

Nico froze, and turned around to look at Jason with his wonderful eyes, “What is?”

“Your name.”

“O-Oh,” the boy turned again and Jason thought he saw a glimpse of a blush on his pale cheekbones.

“I’m Jason,” the blond continued, “Jason Grace.”

The boy turned around sharply, “As in the Prince?”

“Yes.”

Nico swallowed visibly, “I...I...”

Now it was clearly his turn to be at loss of words. Carefully Jason climbed out of bed, or rather tried to, because the moment he tried to stand he found a shot of paralyzing pain going through him. He
let out a quiet groan and sat back down, and Nico was at his side in moments.

“Don’t, you’ll make it worse,” he chastised, and his fingers gently skimmed the bandages around the man’s stomach. He was close, suddenly, closer than Jason anticipated, and as the blond inhaled he noticed that the boy smelled like herbs and rain and something underlyng and pleasantly sweet. Subconsciously Jason leaned into the boy, but Nico drew away quickly, “I should change your dressing.”

“Do you have any news?” the blond asked suddenly, “About what happened? The assassination, my father?”

“Not much,” Nico admitted, “I went into the village upon the morn to gather eggs, and I heard some gossip. Your father is dead, I’m sorry.”

Jason already knew that, “What of the kingdom?”

“Prince Octavian had assumed regency as you were believed dead, I didn’t know...,” Nico gave Jason a quick look, a little fearful. The blond smiled.

“Naturally. I understand. It’s fine.”

He was more concerned about Octavian. Octavian was his cousin, and with Thalia, Jason’s older sister, away in the kingdom of Jupiter, he would be the obvious choice for regent. Still, it unsettled Jason. He didn’t trust Octavian, never had, and the thought that he had the throne...Jason didn’t want it, he hadn’t expected to be king, but he didn’t want Octavian governing either...

“I...I assume you want to return to your castle soon,” Nico said, approaching Jason again with an armful of vials and bandages, “But that will have to wait until you get better.”

Jason had been told all his life to not trust strangers, but now he lay on the bed and allowed Nico to hover him. Something inside him made him trust the hermit, even if he was a witch. There was simply something calming about his presence.

“How long was I unconscious?” Jason asked.

“Two days,” Nico was at the side of the blond’s bed and he started carefully unwrapping the bandages around his stomach. Jason could feel the warmth radiating off of him,

“Oh, I see. Thank you for taking care of me, and for saving my life.”

Nico looked at him briefly, “It was the right thing to do.”

Jason reached out without thinking, going to touch Nico’s cheek, and the boy flinched away, “Sorry,” the blond dropped his hand quickly. It was worth it, if only to see the hermit blush. Jason almost smiled, but was quickly reminded of his position when Nico removed the bandages completely. His wound wasn’t bleeding anymore, but the skin around it was red and the wound itself was deep.

“It’s healing well,” Nico said calmly. Jason watched as he carefully dressed the wound in fresh bandages, and then stood to wash his hands. The boy stripped off his furs and cloaks, and beneath he wore a simple shirt and breeches, and the room was warm enough for it. The blond’s eyes slid over his body, “There will be stew ready soon. Would you like some?”

***
“It’s going to snow soon,” Nico said two days later, staring out of the window into the dark forest. It swayed in the strong night wind. Across the table Jason looked up from the maps he was studying. Nico had never found much use for them but Bianca had collected them and Jason seemed to enjoy looking at them.

“Oh. Is that good?”

“No,” Nico propped his chin on his hand. He had wanted to study the old book of spells open in front of him, but kept getting distracted by the blond. Nico had been alone so long that he forgot how comforting it was to have another person around. And someone as non-judgmental and kind as Jason at that, “If it snows we might not be able to leave the cottage for some time.”

“That wouldn’t be so bad,” the warm smile Jason offered Nico made the hermit’s heart pound and forced him to look away.

“Surely you want to return home,” he said, trying to remain off-hand, “a week, perhaps two, and you’ll be fit to travel, I have a horse in the stable closeby...”

“Yes, right,” Jason cleared his throat, “Though sometimes...,” he trailed off. Nico looked up.

“Sometimes what?”

Jason smiled, “Sometimes I wonder what would happen if I were not to return. If I just stayed here.”

“Certainly not!” Nico scoffed, “You have a kingdom to run. Besides, it’d be a great suffering to have you around all the time.”

Jason smiled, knowing that Nico was only jesting, and the corners of his eyes crinkled adorably. Nico dropped his gaze to his book and tried to keep up the pretence that he was reading but when after a few moments he looked up he saw that Jason was still staring at him. The hermit’s stomach felt heavy.

“What?”

“Nothing. I’m tired. I think I should rest.”

“You’ve rested all day,” Nico said, but closed his book. They silently got ready for bed side by side, as if they had done it for years. The hermit never thought he would feel so comfortable with another human being. He was vaguely aware of Jason’s gaze on his naked back when he changed into his nightclothes, but when he looked over his shoulder the blond had turned, his own broad back rippling with muscle. Nico imagined touching that muscle and guiltily looked away.

He finished first and headed for the make-shift bed he had made for himself by the fire, since Jason was in greater need of the proper bed, “Wait,” the blond said suddenly, “You...I'll sleep there.”

“Don’t be foolish,” Nico dismissed him.

“No, I...I feel bad, taking your bed,” Jason said. Nico rolled his eyes.

“It’s fine,” he said, “I’m not some delicate dame, I can sleep on the floor. You need to be well rested so you can return home.”

“The bed’s big enough for both of us,” Jason blurted. Nico looked at him, and swallowed. Jason looked at him, and Nico looked at Jason, and then they both looked at the bed. Indeed it looked like it would be comfortable for two people. Nico felt nervous though – he hadn’t shared a bed with
anyone since he was a child and Bianca slept at his side. He didn’t know how human closeness and contact would make him relax, “It’s fine if you’re uncomfortable,” Jason told him softly, and Nico made up his mind.

“No. It’s fine. It’s just a bed,” he strode across the room with faked confidence and climbed beneath the blankets before his fear and anxiety got the better of him. He laid close to the wall, face almost pressed into the wood, tense.

He felt the bed dip as Jason laid at his side. The fire crackled in the fireplace, and the warm was still warm and full of light, though soon Nico knew it would grow cold and dark as the embers died out. In the autumn and winter he oft woke up cold and shivering in the night but now, as Jason settled down, the hermit could feel warmth radiating off of him. He wondered if he would be cold again.

The next morning the snow had made the world outside white.

***

“Don’t you miss home?” Nico questioned. It had been over a week since Jason had woken up in the boy’s cottage, though an eternity had seemed to pass. Here, in this secluded part of the forest, Jason felt like he was living in a dream. A wonderful, paradisiacal dream. He woke with Nico, ate breakfast of eggs and oats with him, spent the morning shovelling newly fallen snow from the doorway. The afternoon was full of wandering the forest and gathering food, the evenings filled with candlelight and interesting new books, and finding out more and more about the mysterious hermit. The nights were tense though – with inches between the bodies of Jason and Nico, inches that the blond wanted to disappear.

“No,” Jason said, “The castle...it’s not much of a home at all, really.”

They were by a little lake that opened up to the river Jason had collapsed at. Part of the lake was frozen over, a light, crisp blue and glimmering white. The trees surrounding it were heavy with snow. Jason and Nico were standing on the ice of the lake, sliding about, seeing how far out they could go.

“You’re not truly wanting to stay here with me?” Nico asked quietly. The sky was heavy with clouds and a promise of more snow even though the forest roads were all blocked off by what had already fallen.

“I...” Jason wasn’t sure how to answer Nico’s question. He didn’t want the dream to end, but he had duties, “It would certainly be nice. A life without obligations.”

“Beneath everything you’re still a child,” Nico shook his head and shifted further from the edge of the forest. But the lake was deep, and the ice wasn’t strong enough, and a loud crack echoed through the forest. Nico’s eyes widened and he turned to look at Jason. A spiderweb of cracks appeared on the ice and Nico had time to suck in a breath before the ground gave way beneath him and he was enveloped in a wet, suffocating darkness.

Ice pierced his blood and pain gripped at Nico’s muscles. He couldn’t move and he saw watery light above his head, but he was getting dragged down. He tried to breathe, but water rushed to his mouth, up his nose. He could feel the lake whispering about him, full of malice where in the summer it was kind. This time it was hungry for blood.

It didn’t get it though. Just as Nico felt iron fingers closing around his lungs a hand was thrust through the water, and wrapped around Nico’s wrist. The next thing the boy knew was that was back up on solid ground, spluttering and chocking on the lake water. Then came the cold, piercing
and deadly.

“Nico,” Jason’s panicked voice sounded in his head, “Nico-“

Hands, pressed against his shoulders. Nico was cold, disoriented. Then he was being hauled upwards and into Jason’s arms, as if he weighed nothing. He pressed himself into Jason’s warm chest, shivering, his teeth clattering. He was a fool – how had he let that happen? How had he fallen?

“Shhhhh,” Jason was murmuring above him urgently, “Shhh, you’re alright, I’ll take care of you.”

The cottage was cold when they entered and Jason moved about frantically to get the fire going once more. He shut the door and pulled Nico to the freshly burning flames. He started to peel the boy’s clothes off but Nico batted his hands away.

“I-I’m f-fine.”

“You’re going to get ill,” Jason said firmly and, ignoring Nico’s protests, he stripped the boy’s clothes off. He hung them by the fireplaces and quickly dressed the hermit again and it felt bizarre to be taken care of.

“This is peculiar,” Nico mumbled, the fear of almost drowning seeping out of him and leaving him exhausted.

“What is?” Jason asked distractedly. Bones meowed in the corner.

“You taking care of me like this,” Nico whispered, “Nobody had ever done it before. Taken care of me, that is.”

Jason’s hands stilled where they had been buttoning up Nico’s shirt and he looked up at the boy. Their faces were inches apart and Nico’s heart stuttered in his chest – he feared that Jason had felt it beneath his palm. The blond smiled.

“Well, I’m glad I can do this for you. Now you need to get into bed.”

***

When Nico woke up in the middle of the night he felt warm and cold simultaneously. His head throbbed and heat pulsated behind his eyes, but he couldn’t help shivering.

The cottage was dark and cold, which meant it was late, and through a sliver between the curtains in the window Nico saw snow falling in fat, white petals. The boy felt unlike himself. Bones was curled up in the space between him and Jason – whose back was turned to Nico – and the hermit cradled the cat to his chest, seeking warmth.

It wasn’t enough and Bones didn’t appreciate the cuddles because he stood up and dashed off the bed. Not thinking quite straight, Nico pressed himself against Jason’s back.

“J-Jason,” he stuttered, squeezing his eyes shut.

“H-Hold me.”

“What?” Jason sounded confused as he suddenly turned around to face the hermit. His eyes widened, and he lost all sleepiness when he saw Nico, shivering, cheeks flushed, “Nico?” The hermit whimpered and pressed himself into the blond’s chest, “God, you’re feverish.”
“Just h-hold me.”

“Nico-,” Jason sounded concerned.

“...please,” the hermit gripped the Prince’s shirt and pressed his forehead against his collarbones, and Jason wrapped his arms around the boy. Nico exhaled and relaxed and Jason stroked his back.

“How do you feel?” the blond asked.

“Good,” Nico mumbled. Jason cradled him a little closer, “I’ll make myself a draught tomorrow.”

“Alright,” the Prince sighed, “Just don’t die.”

Nico smiled, “I won’t.”

He felt so safe and warm in Jason’s arms that he couldn’t imagine ever leaving.

***

Nico’s fever lasted three days, in which Jason fretted over him in the most endearing way, which made the hermit realise how painful parting ways would be.

The snow didn’t last long and in a few days the sun had grown warm enough that some of it had melted. Nico didn’t mention this, but it became clear soon that it was possible for Jason to return to his kingdom. The fact hang between the two men and made the air too heavy to breathe it in freely.

Finally, when no new snow fell for two days, Nico couldn’t take it anymore, “I think you ought to return to the castle,” he said over breakfast. Jason looked up at him sharply.

“W-What?”

“The snow...it’s cleared. There is no reason for you to remain here anymore,” Nico said, though the words pained him. Jason looked away.

“You want me to go,” it was a statement, not a question. Nico closed his eyes briefly.

“No.”

Jason looked at him, “Then why?” he asked suddenly, desperately, “Why do you ask me to leave?”

“I just...,” Nico bit his lip and stood, “You have duties, and you can’t remain here forever-“

“Why not?” Jason demanded.

“You need to find a wife;” Nico snapped, “and have children, bear an heir, claim your throne.”

From Jason’s expression he knew that the blond realised that he was right. The blond exhaled, “I will leave upon the morrow.”

“So soon?” the desperate words slipped from Nico’s mouth and he quickly turned away to hide his upset, “No, that is best.”

He walked to the cauldron and poured fresh water inside it to scrub it clean. He wanted to cry, but didn’t want to show Jason his tears. When he had saved him he had never wanted it to end like this – in heartbreak. When had Nico fallen in love with Jason?
"Come with me," Nico hadn’t expected the words, but when he turned around Jason was looking at him, unwavering, and it was clear he had not asked on impulse.

"I can’t," Nico stuttered.

"Why not?" Jason demanded, "You would be useful with your knowledge of medicine."

"I-I..." Nico looked down. The request was so surprising and sudden and it was everything Nico wanted, even if he hadn’t realised it. He thought he was happy, living in this cottage with just Bones. But now he couldn’t bear to part with Jason. He couldn’t imagine eating alone, and sleeping alone, but what would life at court be like? Would the Prince forget him when he was surrounded by his friends and family?

"Please," Jason stood up and looked at Nico with such desperation that the boy’s heart twisted, "You saved my life and I can’t...I don’t want to leave without you."

"I’ll come," Nico whispered, quietly and breathlessly, and in his heart he knew it was the right decision. Jason’s shoulders sagged with relief and a smile blossomed on his handsome face.

"Thank you," he whispered. They stared at each other, and there seemed to be unspoken words hanging in the air between them. Nico wanted to say those words, but he was too afraid, and he turned away.

***

Two days later they set out, and by the early afternoon of the third day Jason saw the grey, stone towers protruding from the forest and he knew he was home. Or at least what he should’ve considered home...though more than anything he yearned to return to the little cottage that he and Nico had left abandoned in the woods a whole day’s walk behind them.

Nico had been silent for the majority of the journey, his sack full of old books and herbs and bottled vials on his back, boned cradled in the crook of his arm. Jason kept glancing behind himself to ensure the hermit was following. A part of him was afraid he had dreamt the weeks of the cottage and the snow and that if he wasn’t careful Nico would disappear.

But no, he followed behind Jason. Silent, but unwavering in his decision to accompany the Prince. Jason was glad.

The village surrounding the castle was bustling with life at this hour; the marketplace was bursting at its seams, and everywhere there was shouting and laughter, entertainers on every street corner, chickens running around with children. It was mayhem that Jason had been used to, and one that was uncomfortable after the weeks spent in the peaceful seclusion of Nico’s cottage. The boy himself seemed anxious too, and as Jason weaved through the familiar streets, between tall, stone houses, the hermit followed close behind, flinching at every shout and drunkard stumbling from alleys. The bells of the nearby church tolled as the two approached the gates of the castle, barred shut. The flags on the towers were black – mourning. The kingdom was mourning Jason.

"Halt!" the guards at the gate lifted their spears when Jason and Nico approached. Here the streets were emptier, and nobody went as far as the gates...except for Jason and Percy, "Who goes there? Be-gone, peasants!"

Jason didn’t look like himself – Nico had long ago burned his rich and ruined clothes, and now he was dressed simply in a deeply green shirt and brown breeches, a cloak cast over his shoulders, dusted with snow.
“I must speak with the regent,” Jason said. One of the guards barked out a laugh.

“What business have you with the regent, peasant?” he demanded, “the castle is in morning, can you not see?”

“They need not mourn any longer,” Jason said, “The Prince is returned.”

The guards laughed, exchanged an amused look, glanced at Jason. Their faces fell, lips parting, eyes bulging from their heads. Jason knew these guards, their faces, he saw them about the castle plenty. And he knew they recognised him. Simultaneously the two fell to their knees.

“Y-Your Grace,” they stuttered, “Forgive our insolence-“

“It’s quite alright,” Jason ushered them to their feet, “Now open the gates so I may speak to my cousin.”

“Naturally, your Grace.”

The guards scrambled to do as they were told and only cast Nico a passing look as the two walked through, climbing up the snowy pathway to the castle. The moment they were let in through the main door, a commotion began. Maids and servants and courtiers and councillors all crowded around Jason, praising God for his safe return and demanding answers about what happened. They shoved Nico aside, and the boy stayed by the shadows, until Jason pushed through the crowd and grabbed his wrist, pulling him close.

“He is the one who saved me,” he proclaimed, “he nursed me to health.”

“God bless you son!” the Master of Coin bellowed and everyone gushed over Nico, who blushed and averted his gaze. Jason smiled, and looked up, and his eyes landed on the pale blond, watery figure standing closeby.

“Cousin,” Jason straightened.

“Cousin,” Octavian replied stiffly, and his eyes were full of a cold fury. Jason always knew the boy wanted his throne, but he had hoped that he would at least be happier to see him, “You are alive.”

“Yes. Thank God,” Jason said.

“Thank God,” Octavian replied coldly.

“Quick!” the Lord Chancellor called, “take down the black-“

“Alas,” Octavian interrupted him, “the Prince is exhausted and unwell. There are matters to attend to, for he is next in line for the throne.”

The servants and councillors all scattered away and Jason looked at Nico, but the hermit was nowhere to be seen, undoubtedly taken away by the kitchen girls so they could feed him and ask him for details. Jason saw Bones scuttle around a stone corner.

“Come, cousin,” Octavian turned on his heel, his cloak flapping, “You must bathe and dress, for there are matters to discuss.”

“I take it you had been regent,” Jason said, following behind the other boy as they rounded a familiar corner and went down a hallway, and up a pair of stairs.

“Yes. We thought you dead. The bodies of your father and the rest of the hunting party were found
some weeks past in the forest.”

“She had assassinated them,” Jason said.

“Yes, but we do not know who,” Octavian’s gaze slid to the Prince, “Perhaps you know?”

“No. I did not see them,” Jason said. Octavian gave him a long look full of familiar hatred. Already the walls around Jason seemed stifling. He did not want to be here, “Groom yourself, cousin, then we shall speak.”

The servants drew up a bath for Jason in his chambers – it felt peculiar to be there again, in the place he had lived in all his life. It felt alien, strange, cold. Jason wanted Nico but he knew he had to take care of business first; he knew he would be King soon, and he had to secure a date for the coronation. He only hoped Octavian would not go out of his way to make things difficult.

He bathed, ate some though he was not hungry, and allowed his servants to dress him once more in silk and satin and fur, all the while thinking about later that evening, when he would see Nico again. But first he had to pain through his meeting with Octavian.

The regent waited for him in one of the office. The fireplace was cold and dead like, undoubtedly, Octavian’s heart. The Prince felt a chill go through him but his cousin seemed immune to it from where he sat at a grand mahogany desk, littered with papers. The curtains were almost drawn against the windows, only pale shafts of light coming through to illuminate the room.

“Perhaps you should start a fire,” Jason tried to remain cheerful as he closed the door.

“Perhaps not,” Octavian said coldly. Jason walked over and sat in a chair opposite his bitter cousin, “You look well for a man who was meant to be dead.”

“Thank you,” Jason smiled, “You took care of the kingdom well, I suppose.”


“What?”

“Drink,” the blond produced a jar of wine suddenly, and two goblets. He poured some of the wine into both and Jason drank eagerly. He had not had alcohol in a long time.

The wine tasted sickly sweet, “What is this?”

“Wine,” Octavian wasn’t looking at him, signing some document.

“So...,” Jason cleared his throat, “I suppose I am the new King.”

“I suppose,” Octavian said dismissively. Jason frowned and opened his mouth to say more, but it suddenly felt as if something was lodged in his throat. He tried to clear it, then coughed, and looked at Octavian. The world tilted.

“What...,” he whispered.

“Ah,” Octavian smiled coldly, “So it’s working then.”

“What’s...what’s working?” Jason whispered, and it felt as if an invisible hand had clenched around his lungs. Breathing was hard.

“The poison.”

“I thought you were smarter than that,” Octavian taunted, standing, and looking down at Jason with a smirk, “Who do you think hired the assassin? Some crazed madman? Your enemy from a different country?”

Jason tried to speak but his throat was closing up. He jerked to his feet and stumbled, falling to his knees. Octavian laughed and circled him and through the light-headiness he felt he thought I’m going to die. His next thought was Nico.

“I thought they’d do the job right. I paid them well to eliminate both you and your father. It’s nothing personal, Jason, I simply want your throne.” Jason chocked and reached out, trying to grab his cousin, but Octavian remained just out of reach. He tutted, “None of that now,” he taunted, “It’ll be over soon. The poison is quick to work, unlike the one on the arrows. I’d love to wait here and see you die, really, but unfortunately you’ve brought an uninvited guest into this castle and I must take care of him also. Perhaps framing him for your murder will be easier than I thought.”

No Jason thought, but he couldn’t breathe and the world was spinning. He laid on the ground, helpless, and watched as Octavian left the room, slamming the door shut behind him. Jason closed his eyes. He could feel the poison working inside him, burning through his veins.

Then suddenly Nico was there, rolling Jason over onto his back, a panic in his dark eyes. Jason didn’t know how he was there, or why, but he reached for the boy as agony spread through his body.

“No, no, no,” Nico whispered feverishly. Then a peculiar thing happened. The air around Nico shimmered, then suddenly glowed blue. Jason gasped and the hermit placed a hand on his chest and squeezed the Prince’s shirt in his hand and suddenly Jason could breathe again, air rushing into his lungs.

The blue glow disappeared and Nico collapsed on his side, whimpering. Jason sat up, shocked and confused, shaking and clawing at his chest, which had moments ago felt too tight and constricted. He had no idea what the other boy had done but now he leaned over him.

“Nico?!” he asked, and the boy had his eyes squeezed shut and was shaking, just like he had when he had fallen into the lake, “Nico!”

“I’m fine,” the boy gritted, “I-I’ll be okay. The poison won’t kill him. It just…it hurts...” he whimpered again, curling in on himself. Jason pulled his tense body into his arms and cradled Nico close.

“Shhh,” the Prince whispered, kissing the boy’s forehead and hair foolishly, not caring. He was afraid for the life of the boy he loved, but Nico squeezed his hand reassuringly, and Jason knew it was true – the poison wouldn’t hurt Nico. The boy was special, more than just some hermit living in the forest. Maybe the stories had been true after all.

“Your c-cousin,” the boy whispered, and Jason remembered Octavian. Fury burned through him.

“Servants!” he called, and moments later a guard ran into the room. His eyes widened when he saw the scene; Jason, pale, holding a shaking Nico in his arms.

“W-What happened your majesty?!” the guard spluttered.

“Octavian,” Jason rose, and laid Nico carefully on the ground, “He attempted to poison me and once again Nico saved my life,” the guard looked shocked, “I need him arrested at once, and thrown into
jail, and Nico...,” his voice faltered then, heart clenching, “take him to my chambers at once, and have a medic called.”

***

Nico woke up in a soft bed, a great crimson canopy spread above him. It was warm, a fire crackling in the great marble fireplace across the room. The chamber was grand, rich wallpapers on the walls and lush rugs on the ground, and Nico knew at once that he was in Jason’s room.

“You’re awake,” the voice of the Prince made Nico’s head snap to the side and his heart clenched when he saw that Jason was perched on the windowsill of a large window outside of which thick snow fell. It was night. Nico had no idea how long he had slept for but he could feel the last of the poison seeping from his body, leaving him exhausted.

He remembered what happened. He had used his magic. In front of Jason. His grandmother had always told him that he should never use it anywhere, and that he should never use soul sharing to save someone’s life, because it was dangerous. And yet Nico had taken the poison out of Jason’s body with a spell, and put it inside himself. Because he loved the Prince.

The boy struggled into the sitting position, the covers falling around his waist. He was dressed in one of Jason’s shirts, too big and too soft. He was afraid now – would the blond be disgusted by his nature? Or would he be angry? Would Nico end up in a cell, or banished?

But as he looked at the blond, Jason simply smiled his warm, caring smile, “I’m glad you’re alright.”

A soft meow from the corner of the room alerted Nico to the presence of Bones.

“So you are a witch.”

The words were like knives in Nico’s gut and he dropped his eyes, “I’m sorry,” he whispered. Jason stood from the windowsill and approached the bed.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I-I didn’t...I was told it wasn’t safe,” Nico whispered, then added, “and I was afraid you’d hate me.”

“I could never hate you,” Jason whispered.

“I didn’t want to use magic around you,” Nico clutched the covers, “You would’ve died, that day I found you. I had to use magic to save you.”

Jason sat on the bed, right next to Nico, too close, “I’m glad you did,” he reached out and pressed his hand over Nico’s. The boy’s eyes snapped up to look at him and swallowed when he saw how Jason looked at him. It was all too much and he knew he ought to have snatched his hand back, but he couldn’t bear to, “I’m really, really glad you did,” Jason whispered, and he leaned in closer.

Nico looked down, heart pounding maddeningly, but the Prince cradled his cheek suddenly, his fingers warm against Nico’s skin, and he turned the boy’s face so their eyes met again.

“Don’t look away,” the blond murmured.

His hand slid from Nico’s cheek, and into his hair, so he could keep the boy facing him as he leaned forward and captured his lips in a kiss that the hermit both anticipated, and was shocked by. His mouth was wet and simultaneously rough and soft, as if he was holding back.
Nico’s head spun and his eyes fluttered shut. He couldn’t keep himself upright and without meaning to he fell backwards against the pillows, dragging Jason down with him. The blond was a comforting, warm weight on top of him. The hermit didn’t know what he expected or what he was prepared for, but he simply knew that having Jason so close, kissing him, was right.

“I’ve wanted to do that for so long,” Jason whispered against his mouth, and then his lips slid away and down Nico’s neck. The boy gasped, and his fingers dug into the Prince’s shoulders as Jason kissed further down and down, unbuttoning Nico’s shirt as he went, kissing every inch of skin that was exposed.

Nico’s heart pounded, his skin burned everywhere Jason’s hands touched. They pulled their garments off as if they were on fire, hands grasping at each other’s bodies with desperation. Nico hadn’t meant for this to happen, and yet with every second that he pressed himself closer to Jason he knew that he wanted more.

When Jason thrust into him, after what seemed like agonizing hours of kisses and touches that weren’t quite enough, after their bodies were slick with sweat, Nico arched up against him and cried out, and the magic inside him threatened to overflow.

He tangled with Jason and the blond whispered words feverishly into Nico’s hot skin, as he claimed him, and all the boy could do was sob and cling onto him, shivering over and over in the Prince’s arms.

Afterward they laid side by side, facing each other, in a blissful afterglow, and questions flooded Nico’s mind, ones that he was too tired to keep back.

“What now?” he whispered. Jason stroked his hair.

“I don’t want to be King,” he murmured, “I don’t want to be here. I want to return home.”

Nico knew that he meant the cottage. He himself yearned for the sparkling water of the lake, and the whisper of the trees. The Court was strangling him, “But Octavian is imprisoned, who will be heir?”

“My sister will take the throne,” Jason said calmly, “She will be a better ruler than me.”

“And us?” Nico’s gaze dropped, “What about us?”

Jason drew him close, “I’ll tell you when he go home.”

***

A fortnight later, when the harsh snow storms of early winter had given way to softer winds and softer snow, Nico and Jason arrived back at their cottage, and it was as if they had never left. The blond – now no longer a Prince, having revoked all titles – went into the forest that he had fallen in love with, and gathered wood and Nico prepared a meal and when Jason returned home it was dusk and fire was burning in the fireplace.

It was perfect.

Later he and Nico once again made love, this time in the bed that Jason had always thought they’d do it in, and they then laid in each other’s arms, enjoying the silence surrounding them, smiling at each other. It was then that Nico remembered.

“What were you going to tell me?” he asked as Jason nuzzled his nose against the boy’s cheek, “Back at the castle?”
The blond smiled, “You remembered that?”

“Yes. Of course.”

Jason kissed him quickly, warmth and content spreading in his heart, “All I wanted to say was that I love you.”

Nico sucked in a breath, “O-Oh.”

Jason smiled, “Good night.”

“I-I...,” Nico blushed and pressed himself close to the blond, “I love you too.”

Jason wanted to pull him closer but just then Bones jumped onto the bed and nestled himself between the two boys, without shame. The hermit and the former Prince chuckled in amusement and slept with their arms intertwined around the cat.

And all was good.
Touch and Kiss me Up and Down

Nico loves how sensitive Leo is to touch and how the son of Hephaestus goes crazy whenever Nico fucks him? Just some good ol’ sexy smut.

For BoomBoom

Image result for gay porn twinks gif

Nico was starting to get bored of the movie they were watching because he had already seen it a million times, but it was Leo’s favourite, and all Nico wanted in life was to make his boyfriend happy. Besides, it wasn’t so bad; the two were curled up on Nico’s bed in his cabin, Leo’s back settled against Nico’s chest, nestled between the Italian’s legs, giggling along to the movie. Nico loved it like this, loved holding the boy he loved in his arms.

He bent his head a little and kissed the top of his boyfriend’s head, the curls tickling his face. Leo nestled into him more and squeezed one of Nico’s hands, which was resting casually in the dip of his waist. He tightened his arms around the Latino’s waist.

His hand, almost on accident, slipped downward and his fingers skimmed Leo’s naked thigh. The boy usually only wore a t-shirt and shorts when he slept over at Nico’s cabin, which allowed the Italian to freely take in his boyfriend’s long, tanned legs.

Now, as his fingers gently brushed over the boy’s skin, he felt the Latino shiver. Nico smirked. This was a thing he discovered at the beginning of his and Leo’s relationship, almost a year ago, and it was something that hadn’t disappeared over time – Leo was sensitive, to the point where it was surprising. He often came without the Italian touching his dick, and got hard over stupid little things like kissing. Even now, with Nico just skimming his fingers over the boy’s thigh, the Italian could feel the boy begin to squirm.

Deciding he could have some fun with this, Nico’s hand travelled upwards. He pushed Leo’s shorts up slightly, his thumb slipping underneath them so he could brush the skin there.

“Nico,” Leo complained, fidgeting, “I’m trying to watch the movie.”

“Watch then,” Nico murmured, dipping his head so he could kiss the place where Leo’s neck met his shoulder. The Latino exhaled shakily and the moment Nico started to kiss up his neck he melted back against him. The film forgotten, Nico’s hand slid beneath the other boy’s t-shirt, and he lightly touched Leo’s nipple. It was gentle, barely there, but Leo still jumped and let out a tiny moan, turning his head to press his mouth to Nico’s. The kiss was slow, lazy, and the hand on Leo’s thigh pushed at it, urging the Latino to open to his legs. His gasp was swallowed by Nico, who pounced on him then.

He flipped them over, pressed Leo down into the pillows, and kissed him passionately, plunging his tongue into the boy’s mouth. Leo arched up against him, moaning, arms wounding themselves
tightly around Nico’s neck.

The Italian felt arousal in the pit of his stomach and he rucked Leo’s shirt up, his hands sliding down the boy’s sides.

“F-Fuck,” the boy whimpered. Nico couldn’t help but grin, despite his cock twitching into semi-hardness in his pants. The Italian swallowed his further moans as he covered the boy’s mouth with his own, grabbing his shorts and pulling them off his legs and discarding them to the side.

Leo wore no underwear, “Nice,” Nico said, looking down at his boyfriend’s flat, tanned stomach and his pretty cock, already fully hard. Leo smacked his arm.

“Idiot.”

Nico playfully ran one finger down the boy’s member, and Leo shuddered and bit his lip, trying to keep himself under control. Nico was determined to have him lose that control.

He grabbed the boy’s legs and threw them over his shoulders, kissing along Leo’s thigh. He bit gently at the boy’s hip and Leo whimpered.

“Don’t tease,” he asked breathlessly, “Fuck. Please d-don’t tease me.”

“I’m not teasing,” Nico lied, kissing his way up Leo’s body until he reached his chest. He took one of the boy’s nipples into his mouth and sucked it gently and Leo let out a chocked moan, hands grasping at the covers of the bed.

“Gods, I hate you,” Leo whimpered. Nico grinned and pulled away, looking down at his flushed, breathless boyfriend, who glared up at him heatedly.

“Don’t say that,” Nico reached down and squeezed one of the globes of Leo’s ass. The boy whined and arched up, eyes falling shut. Nico shoved his hand under the pillow, the sight of his boyfriend all flustered and aroused made the boy just want to fuck Leo. He pulled the lube out from under the pillows and hurriedly coated his fingers.

When he pushed one inside the boy, Leo tensed and his mouth fell open in a perfect ‘O,’ brows scrunching up, “F-Fuck,” he stuttered out.

Nico fingered him gently, opening him up, and in just a few short minutes the Latino was writhing on the bed, whimpering and moaning, shivers wracking his whole body. Nico had never seen anyone react like that to only fingers, and he eagerly drank up Leo’s every little moan, every twitch of his body, because it was the hottest thing he’d ever saw.

“Gods, you’re so gorgeous,” he murmured, three fingers deep inside Leo. He twisted them, finding the Latino’s prostate, and with a helpless, high-pitched moan Leo shuddered and came without warning. That wasn’t unusual – Leo usually had little control over his body. Not that Nico minded. He withdrew his fingers and looked down fondly as Leo tried to catch his breath, “Gorgeous,” Nico repeated quietly, placing a little kiss on Leo’s shoulder.

“Just fuck me already,” the Latino said sluggishly, eyes half-closed, mouth swollen. Nico grinned, kissed underneath Leo’s ear, earning himself a small, happy sigh, and pulled off his own shirt and trousers. His cock was hard by then, his whole body tense and thrumming with the need to be inside the boy underneath him.

“I love you,” Nico said, lubbing up his cock and leaning over Leo, sliding their mouths together. Leo’s legs wrapped around the Italian’s waist and he pulled the boy forward, against him.
Nico slid into his boyfriend easily, his willing body hot and tight, but giving way happily for Nico’s cock. Leo started trembling in the Italian’s arms, the way he usually did, and Nico moaned against his mouth, dizzy with pleasure. He didn’t think he’d ever tire of the two of them like this.

He pulled away from the kiss, “You’re so perfect.”

Leo was gasping for air, toes curling, face flushed and cock hardening again, “Nico I-,” he started, but his boyfriend pulled back and thrust back into him roughly, and Leo’s words caught in his throat as he let out a sweet moan. Nico established a pace — slow and deliberate, and every one of his thrusts hit the special spot inside Leo, the spot that Nico knew off by heart.

“Oh my- fuck,” Leo shuddered, clawing at the blankets, face and collarbones flushed. Sweat beaded on both of their bodies and the room filled with the sounds of moans and skin slapping against skin. Leo sobbed, threw his arms around Nico’s shoulders and pulled him down, nails digging into Nico’s back. His legs tightened around Nico, “fuck...oh fuck...f-fuck.”

Nico was light-headed not only from his own pleasure, but from Leo’s too. He loved the way the boy completely fell apart below him and he continued to fuck him into the bed, cock throbbing inside the boy’s tight passage, muscles clenching

“S- shit, shit, shit,” Leo’s back arched and he kissed Nico clumsily, tears of pleasure welling up in his eyes as he shivered, boneless, helpless, completely melted, “O-Oh fuck, I-I’m gonna c-come...”

“Me too,” Nico gritted out, feeling the heat inside of him build. All of it, the way Leo looked, the sounds he made, the way his body clenched around Nico, was all too much.

“N-Nico...oh Gods, Nico-“ Leo let out vulnerable sob, clinging onto Nico as he shuddered and came once more, splattering his stomach with come. The Italian groaned into Leo’s shoulder and tensed as his cock twitched inside Leo and he spilled inside the boy only seconds later.

They lay, connected, for a moment, and then Nico tiredly pulled out. He wanted to sleep now and the movie that both the boys had forgotten about was ending.

Leo lay on the bed, gasping for air, “Fuck,” he whispered, “I fucking love you.”

“I know,” Nico nuzzled his shoulder, “I love seeing you like that.”

“Yeah well, not only did I miss my movie, but I’m gonna have to take a shower too. Thanks a bunch, asshole,” Leo grumbled.
Hogwarts!au, where Leo "the loud, weird, awkward, mudblood nerd (credits to Percy)"
Valdez is brewing a love potion to his long time crush, Calypso. And Percy "The Great,
headboy, talented, Quidditch captain, resident playboy" Jackson purposefully drank it when
Leo is about to give it to Calypso, just to rile him. Leo got away from the profs by playing it as
an accident, though it's still difficult to find an antidote. Potion lasted a week, so was Leo's
misery. When potion ran off, Percy's memories of courting Leo and following him like a
puppy faded as well. You can take it from there. A fluffy ending, if you will.

For Anyone

“You know what?” Piper said, “This is stupid. Like, really stupid.”
Leo looked up from his cauldron to glare at her, “Alright smartass, ask the Sorting Hat to change
your houses and put you into Ravenclaw since you’re so bloody intelligent.”

The Gryffindor rolled her eyes, “Eat shit, Leo.”

They were in the lowest part of the dungeons where nobody, not even Akhlys the Potions professor,
ever came. It was more a cell than anything else, with damp walls and water dripping from the
ceiling. It was a perfect place to brew an illegal love potion.

“When you get caught and expelled don’t think I won’t say I told you so,” Piper was perched on an
empty crate in the corner of the cell.

“You won’t,” Leo grinned at her, “You’ll be too busy crying because you love me too much.”

“Shut up,” Piper rolled her eyes at her fellow Housemate, “pass me the powdered Moonstone.”

The girl did as she was asked. It was late at night, and the dungeons were silent. Over the past few
weeks Leo had come here almost every night, creating his Love Potion. He knew it was illegal but he couldn’t think of any other way to go about his plan. And his plan was to woo Calypso, the beautiful Slytherin girl who he had had a crush on since second year. She was well aware of this and had turned Leo down many times, not that the Gryffindor was surprised; he was small, awkward, not conventionally attractive, and he talked way too much, and Calypso was a popular beauty. Of course she would never want Leo...but the Gryffindor hoped that maybe the love potion – whose effects were only temporary – would make her change her mind and give him a chance.

“I can’t wait to rub this in Jacksons face,” Leo grumbled, stirring the bubbling pot.

“What if Calypso doesn’t want you after and tells on you?” Piper questioned. Leo didn’t reply and the girl sighed, “Leo, you’re making a mistake. It’s just a crush, you don’t even love her.”

“I just want to throw it back in Jacksons face.”

“You know he wasn’t serious,” Piper said, “About what he said.”

Percy Jackson, also known as the great, headboy, talented, Quidditch captain, resident playboy, was Leo’s arch-enemy. It didn’t help that they were both in the same Hogwarts house and shared a dormroom, and so were virtually always together. Percy was exactly what Leo always wanted to be – tall, handsome, charming, popular. He was headboy and the captain of the Quidditch team, and got any girl he wanted in Hogwarts. Leo got none. Last month the two had been at each other’s throats like always, and Percy had made an offhanded comment of Why don’t you go back to drooling over Calypso. It’s not like she’d ever look twice at someone like you. The comment shouldn’t have stung, because Leo was used to stuff like that, but it did, because it came out of Jackson’s mouth. Leo became determined to prove to the other boy that he could get Calypso.

Hence the love potion.

“How much longer until it’s ready?” Piper asked, yawning.

“Two days,” Leo stood up and wiped his hands on his trousers, “I just have to add the moonstone, and then the pearl dust,” he glanced at his sleepy friend, “You don’t have to be here, you know, I can do this alone.”

Piper shrugged, “I wanna supervise. Besides, I like hanging out late at night. It’s rebellious,” she grinned and Leo mirrored her expression. They shoved the cauldron beneath the empty crate to conceal it from anyone who might accidentally stumble into the cell, and then they left the dungeons, climbing up the stairs silently to the Gryffindor tower, avoiding the patrolling professors. They parted in the common room and Leo went up to his dormroom.

His roommates were all asleep. Jason was on his stomach, the crimson curtains of his bed pushed aside, one of his arms hanging over the bed and skimming the floor. Connor Stoll’s curtains were pulled closed, while Travis’ bed was empty as the boy had probably gone on one of his many escapades.

Jackson was awake, sitting up in his bed with a candle, flicking through some book. He looked up when he heard Leo walk in, and the Latino froze. Jackson smirked and closed his book.

“And so the prodigal son returns.”

“I’m not your son,” Leo grumbled and made for his bed. He pulled off his cloak, revealing his night clothes underneath, and climbed into bed. Percy watched him, “Can I help you?” Leo snapped at him.
“Where were you?” Percy questioned, cocking his head to the side and studying Leo, “You’ve been sneaking off loads recently.”

“None of your business,” Leo laid down and threw his covers over himself, turning away from the other boy. Percy still watched him, amused.

“Don’t tell me you’re still mad about the thing I said last time?”

“Fuck off and shut up,” Leo said, confirming that he was, in fact, still mad.

***

Leo watched the pearl dust swirl in the cauldron, turning it a shimmering silver for a moment. It smelled sickly sweet and Leo watched as the colour changed into a light pink. A cloud of white smoke suddenly poured from the cauldron and when it disappeared there was only a tiny pink puddle at the bottom, enough for one dose. The potion was ready. Clumsily the boy pulled out a little glass vial from his pocket and poured the potion inside. He would only need a little bit, and he’d need to slip it into Calypso’s drink or something like that.

“So,” the voice, so sudden after the past hour of silence in which Leo worked, made the boy jump and whirl around, vial of love potion in hand. He was shocked to find Percy standing in the doorway, arms crossed, eyes focused on the bubbling cauldron, “This is why you’ve been sneaking out at night.”

Leo uselessly tried to hide the cauldron with his body, gripping the vial, “No,” he blurted, “It’s none of your business.”

“Oh yeah?” Percy raised an eyebrow, “Is it the professors business? Do they know you’re brewing some potion down here?”

“Leave,” Leo seethed, eyes narrowing. He couldn’t have Percy fuck up his plans.

“No, I’m curious,” the other boy grinned, enjoying teasing Leo, “what kind of concoction have you created?”

Before Leo could stop him the boy strode across the cell to the crate in the corner, on which was open the potions book, the recipe for the Love Potion on the pages. Leo made a noise and with panic ran after Percy, trying to stop him before he saw, but Percy was faster. He grabbed the book and lifted it out of Leo’s reach, laughing when the annoyed Latino tried to reach it, standing on his tiptoes.

“Stop being an asshole!” he yelled.

“Aw, baby’s too short to get it?” Percy taunted, and then dashed away from the frustrated Leo, eyes scanning the pages of the potions book. Leo saw his eyes widened and his shoulders slumped in dejection – it was too late, “A love potion?!” the headboy spluttered, “Valdez that’s illegal.”

“Shut up and give me the book.” Leo growled, closing the space between them and ripping the tome out of Percy’s hands. The taller boy’s demeanour changed,

“Who you making a love potion for, Valdez?” he teased. Leo could feel his face burning.

“Mind your own fucking business, Jackson.”

“It’s Calypso, isn’t it?” Percy laughed, “Oh Merlin, you’re making a love potion for Calypso. You
really are pathetic."

Leo felt so embarrassed, he could’ve cried, and he didn’t know what to say. Percy was right – what he was doing was pathetic. He was so lost in his sudden misery that Percy had no problems reaching out and plucking the vial of the potion from Leo’s hand.

“Give it back,” the Latino said half-heartedly. Percy watched the shimmering liquid.

“So, you’re going to give this to Calypso then?”

“Just fuck off,” Leo was annoyed, “Why do you always have to piss me off? Just give me my shit and go.”

Percy looked down at him and smirked, “Nah, I can’t do that, can’t let you hurt that poor girl like that. Falling in love with you? That would be the worst thing to ever happen to her.”

“S–Shut up,” Leo was shaking with anger, “You think you’re God’s gift to humanity, don’t you? You’re such a cunt, do you know that? You’re a cunt, and I hate you.”

Percy’s eyes narrowed and the smile slipped from his mouth, “Well you’re a loud, weird, awkward, mudblood nerd,” he hissed. Leo recoiled at the offensive slur. He wasn’t used to being called a mudblood, and hearing it from Percy of all people was bad.

“F–Fuck you,” Leo whispered shakily.

“Fuck you too,” Percy snapped and then, without warning, he lifted the vial of the Love Potion to his lips and tossed it back like a shot. Leo gasped out of both shock and horror, and Percy threw down the vial, “There,” he smirked, “Now your little plan to seduce Calypso won’t go through.”

“Oh Merlin,” Leo trembled, “Do you know what you just did?”

“Shut up you little...,” Percy trailed off suddenly and his eyes widened as he looked at the Latino, “You’re...you...” he couldn’t find his words, “You’re so...,” he seemed unable to remember his words, “You’re so beautiful.”

Leo flinched away, clearly in a state of shock, “No. No. No, no, no, this is bad, this is so bad...”

Percy reached for him, grabbed his wrist and pulled him close, “Don’t say that baby,” he murmured gently, caressing the boy’s cheek. Leo jerked back.

“D–Don’t touch me.”

Then he turned and ran out of the cell.

***

“An accident?” Chiron lifted an eyebrow, and he didn’t look convinced.

“Yes,” Leo sighed, “Jackson found the vial in the library and drank it and now...now this,” he gestured helplessly at the taller boy at his side, who had firmly been holding his hand for the past ten minutes as Leo tried to clumsily explain to the headmaster how Percy came under effect of an illegal potion.

“Right,” Chiron sighed, “Well, since it’s an accident,” he gave Leo a pointed look, “I won’t report it to the ministry. Undoubtedly it was one of the younger years playing a prank.”
“What about him?” Leo forcefully pulled his hand out of Percy’s. Last night he had to sleep in Piper’s dormroom because Percy had wanted to share a bed with him, something that truly freaked Leo out, “Is there any kind of antidote to stop him acting like this?”

“Why would you say that?” Percy pouted, slipping an arm around Leo’s waist, “There’s nothing wrong, I’m happy. Aren’t you?” he pulled Leo closer and nuzzled his curls, “Why aren’t you happy?”

Embarrassed and blushing, Leo shoved the other Gryffindor away and gave Chiron a pleading look. The headmaster just shook his head, “Unfortunately there is no known antidote for the Love Potion, but it should wear off in a week.”

“A week?!” Leo demanded.

“There is nothing we can do, just bare with him, he seems quite harmless,” a small smile appeared on Chiron’s mouth, and Percy had taken Leo’s hand again.

Moments later the Latino was racing down one of the staircases, trying to get Percy to leave him alone, though the Gryffindor was firmly following him, “Don’t avoid me, love!” he shouted after Leo.

“Leave me alone,” Leo called back, ducking into a random hallway. A sudden hand on his wrist made the Latino jerk backwards and suddenly he was being pressed against the wall, Percy firmly against him, “Jackson!” Leo squeaked, blushing at how inappropriately close they were. Percy wasn’t smiling and the fact that his eyes were so serious freaked Leo out. He couldn’t move though, as Percy took his face in his hands. Leo’s heart pounded, but his body wasn’t telling him to move away, and that was weird.

“I love you,” Percy whispered gently, and it sounded so sincere that Leo’s heart twisted and for a moment he couldn’t breathe.

“N-No you don’t,” he whispered shakily, “It’s just the potion talking.”

Percy shook his head and leaned his forehead against Leo’s, “No. No it’s not. I’m saying the truth. I love you, Leo.”

“Jackson, listen-,” Leo turned his head to the side, because it was all getting too much.

“Percy,” the headboy interrupted, “Call me Percy.”

“Percy I-,” Leo tried again.

“Let me kiss you,” Percy said suddenly. Leo sucked in a breath and the other boy turned his face, so they could look at each other. The Latino felt dizzy and breathless and his heart ached. Why am I feeling like this?!! His mind shouted at him, I like Calypso!

“No,” he forcefully shoved Percy off and this time when he stormed down the corridor, the other boy didn’t follow him. Leo couldn’t help but feel a little disappointed.

***

The next day Piper came and sat next to Leo in spells, and gave him a tired look, “You’re sleeping in your own bed today,” he informed him. Leo gaped at her.

“I can’t!” he exclaimed.
“Well I can’t either,” Piper said, “I can’t keep sharing a bed with you, you’re all bony and you elbow me in your sleep.”

“Well what else am I supposed to do?!” Leo hissed.

“Go back to your own bed,” Piper replied, “It’s not like Percy will rape you or anything.”

Leo remembered the way the other boy had pressed him up against the wall and he blushed, “Well yeah but...”

Just then the whole classroom fell silent and Leo thought it was because the professor had come in, but when he turned, he found that it was a completely different reason. The class was silent because they were all staring with shock at Percy, who had just come in...with an armful of red roses in his arms and a beaming smile on his face.

“Oh no,” Leo whispered, and Piper giggled.

“Karma.”

Percy strode across the classroom and offered the roses to Leo, “Good morning, baby,” he said. Leo blushed.

“O-Oh my God, you’re not serious.”

“Awww,” one of the girls cooed.

“I ship it,” the other added. Leo glared at them.

“Percy, you need to leave me alone.”

The crestfallen expression on the boy’s face made guilt erupt in Leo’s body and he regretted his words immediately.

“Come on,” Piper teased, “Don’t hurt his feelings.”

Percy looked at him hopefully and Leo exhaled, and grudgingly took the flowers. The class laughed and cooed as if it was some adorable scene, but it was almost worth it for the gorgeous smile that bloomed on Percy’s face. *Wait, did I just think he has a gorgeous smile?*! Leo thought.

Percy, happier than he thought possible, leaned down and dropped a casual kiss on Leo’s forehead, ignoring the boy’s burning face. Leo gasped and Percy winked and went to his seat, leaving the Latino shaken, and with an armful of roses.

***

Leo was just falling into a nice sleep, wrapped up in his covers and listening to the distance howling of an owl outside of the castle. The curtains were drawn around his bed but Leo could see a faint glow from the candles on the other side.

That’s why he saw the shadow, a sudden shift, and a human outline sneaking across the room towards him, the shadow growing smaller and smaller against the curtain. Leo tensed, and he had a pretty good idea who was approaching him before the curtains shifted aside.

“You awake, baby?” Percy asked, looking down at the Latino.

“No, I’m fucking sleeping,” Leo replied sarcastically. Percy’s mouth twitched into a smile. By
candlelight he looked softer, his features losing some of their sharpness. His hair was tousled as if he had tried to sleep but couldn’t and his green eyes looked down on the boy with impossible softness that made Leo feel weird.

“Sorry,” Percy said quietly, “I couldn’t sleep.”

“Oi you two, shut it!” Travis grumbled from his bed.

Percy slipped past the curtain and down onto the mattress, pulling the curtains shut. Leo gaped at him.

“What do you think you’re doing?!” he spluttered, sitting up.

“Silencio,” there was suddenly a wand in Percy’s hand as he cast the silencing spell about the bed, before turning to Leo with the same charming grin that he often offered the girls he was wooing. Leo felt his irritation spike.

“Get out of my bed,” he hissed, even though the other boys couldn’t hear them now.

“You’re so mean,” Percy reached out and took Leo’s hand, but the boy snatched it back, glaring, “Why do you keep rejecting me when I love you so much?”

“It’s the goddamn potion,” Leo groaned in annoyance. Percy’s hand found his cheek and Leo flinched. He didn’t like it – didn’t like how gentle Percy’s touches were, or how kind his words. It was really unlike him.

“Can I sleep with you tonight?” Percy asked quietly, his thumb stroking Leo’s cheek.

“N-No!” the Latino objected, face red. Percy smiled.

“I meant just sleep. Nothing more. I want to hold you.”

“You’re crazy,” Leo breathed, but for some reason didn’t pull away from Percy’s hand, “the Love Potion is making you crazy.”

“Is that a yes?” Percy leaned in closer to Leo, and the Latino’s heart started pounding. He was starting to realise that this was far from funny or a joke, as he had initially thought. He swallowed, and looked at Percy. It was making him feel warm, having this love poured over him, love that he had never gotten from anyone. But he knew that it was just the Potion, “Please,” Percy whispered. Leo averted his gaze.

“Fine,” he grumbled, “whatever, just stop being weird.”

He collapsed onto his bed and turned his back to Percy. The headboy made a happy sound and slid under the covers. When Leo felt his warmth against his back he tensed, and started regretting his decision. But Percy didn’t do anything, he just laid there.

Leo had to admit that he liked having someone else in bed with him, liked the kind of warm bubble it created. Subconsciously his body shifted backwards, closer to Percy, as his comfort grew into sleepiness. He felt warm, safe.

Percy’s arm slid around his waist, sudden and strong, and Leo gasped, instantly awake.

“Jackson what the-,” he looked over his shoulder to scold the other boy, and suddenly he found himself face to face with Percy. The breath died in Leo’s throat. Their lips were inches apart, their
noses brushing. Percy’s eyes fluttered downward to look at the smaller boy’s lips, and Leo felt his whole body melt. His heart clenched as his mind told him no, no, no. He shouldn’t have liked this as much as he did. First of all, he liked Calypso. Second of all, he wasn’t gay. Third of all, he hated Percy. Fourth of all...

Leo’s thoughts trailed off and his brain shut down because Percy had shifted only half an inch closer, and their lips almost brushed. The Latino could feel the other boy’s breath, and Percy nudged his nose against Leo’s.

The moment of stillness was broken when Percy caved in and closed the last inch between their mouths, kissing Leo. The Latino had never imagined kissing another boy, and Percy at that, but he knew that the kiss was nothing like what he could’ve ever expected. Percy’s mouth was rough and his lips chapped, but the kiss itself was gentle and loving. Leo gasped, unable to hold it back, and Percy turned him around completely in his arms.

His body was hard, but he was warm, and he held Leo strongly. The Latino didn’t know what to think; his head and heart were all over the place...but he didn’t hate the kiss. Far from it. Why am I enjoying kissing a boy? Leo thought distractedly, but he forgot to answer when he felt Percy’s tongue brush against his bottom lip, asking for permission.

For some stupid reason, Leo granted it, and Percy’s tongue slipped into his mouth. The kiss changed then, it became deeper and more passionate. Percy squashed Leo in against his body, and the Latino kissed back, clumsy and experienced. He didn’t know why.

“E-Enough,” he got his mind back enough to push Percy away a little. He felt dizzy and shaky, and couldn’t bear to look at Percy.

“Sorry,” the headboy murmured apologetically and brushed a stray curl from Leo’s forehead. It was all too much. Leo twisted back around, heart threatening to leap from his chest, and pressed his face into his pillow, “I’m sorry, baby,” Percy wrapped his arm around Leo’s waist and kissed his shoulder.

Leo squeezed his eyes shut, feeling like he could cry.

Everything was too confusing.

***

For the next three days things continued in the same way; Percy followed Leo around like a puppy, touching him constantly. At night they slept in the same bed, but Percy didn’t try to kiss Leo again, realising that it had upset him.

It almost felt real.

Leo started to realise how much he would miss the affection and love Percy gave to him, even if it was fake. He found that he actually liked the boy, and he didn’t want it to end. Merlin, he didn’t want it to end. Calypso was far from his mind and Leo found that the feelings he once had for her were now transferred onto Percy...only much stronger.

He should’ve been counting the days more carefully.

It was Saturday morning and the rest of the boys were off at Quidditch practice that Percy didn’t go to...well, because he was too busy cuddling with Leo. The Latino woke up with all of his roommates gone. Percy was laying beside him, all soft and asleep, arms loosely wrapped around the Latino. Leo laid on his side and watched the other boy, trying to figure out what to do. How did he deal with
these new feelings that he had for Percy? He had no idea.

Sighing, the boy snuggled into Percy’s chest, closing his eyes in hope he’d get a few more minutes of sleep. Percy’s arms tightened around Leo for a second, and then the boy felt the headboy tense. He didn’t pay attention to it, until Percy was suddenly pulling away, so violently that he fell right off the bed.

“What the fuck?” Leo grumbled, eyes still closed, “Why you going crazy?”

“W-What the f-fuck?!” Percy stuttered the same. Leo’s eyes flew open and he saw the headboy sprawled on the floor, looking at him in shock. All traces of content and love were gone from his eyes, replaced by shock instead. Oh Merlin, Leo thought and felt nauseous, the Potion wore off. He sat up quickly, a million excuses running through his head, “Why the fuck am I in your bed, Valdez?” the harshness of Percy’s voice made Leo flinch.

“Y-You...,” he swallowed, “You don’t remember?”

“Remember what?” Percy demanded, scrambling to his feet. Leo felt vulnerable, sitting in the bed.

“I...uh...,” he cleared his throat, “The Love Potion-“

“The one you were making for Calypso?” Percy demanded sharply.

“Yeah. Um. You drank it.”

Percy’s eyes widened, “Oh. Oh shit.”

“Yeah, u-um,” Leo tucked a curl behind his ear and let out a nervous laugh, “So for the past five-ish days you’ve been...,” another nervous laugh, “um, in love with me, I guess.”

Percy stared at him, “Did I...I didn’t do anything weird did I?”

“You, uh, you held my hand and stuff. You cuddled me and slept in my bed at night. Y-You...You kissed me,” Leo whispered, looking away. Percy was silent for a long moment.

“Oh. Okay. It could’ve been worse,” he grinned, “I could’ve fucked you and not remembered it.”

Leo swallowed, “You kept telling me you love me. But I guess that was the fault of the potion.”

“I guess it was,” Percy laughed, a mocking, careless laugh that felt like a dagger in Leo’s heart. The Latino closed his eyes briefly and listened as Percy walked away and out of the dorm room. When he opened his eyes, he was alone. His eyes welled up with tears and he choked on a sob. God it hurt, so badly.

“Fuck,” Leo pressed the heels of his hands against his eyes to stop the tears, “Fuck.”

The door burst open and Leo flinched, pulling his hands away. Percy stood in the doorway, and there was something wild in his eyes, “I lied,” he said breathlessly, shoving the door closed behind him, “It wasn’t the potion’s fault. I meant every word I said to you, even if I can’t remember it.”

“W-What?” Leo stuttered. Percy crossed the room and gathered Leo up in his arms, lifting him up so he could crash their lips together. The Latino shivered and leaned into the boy automatically. He remembered who he was kissing then, and turned his head away, “J-Jackson.”

“Percy,” the boy whispered, and kissed Leo’s cheek, the side of his neck, keeping him close despite the boy’s attempt to squirm away, “Stop calling me Jackson and call me Percy.”
“Percy,” Leo mumbled, “Stop.”

Percy stopped and looked right at Leo, “I love you.”

Leo flinched, “Don’t lie to me.”

“Okay,” Percy smiled, “I won’t lie to you,” he cradled Leo’s face in his hand and leaned forward, “I love you. I drank the potion because I love you. I didn’t want Calypso to drink it. I didn’t want you to look at her anymore. Only at me. I only want you to be mine.”

“Woah,” Leo breathed, “That’s...intense.”

“Sorry,” Percy murmured and leaned away, but Leo quickly threw his arms around the boy’s shoulders and kept him close.

“D-Don’t, I...”

“I know,” Percy murmured, and kissed Leo again.
Dazzling in White

Jason x Leo one?? The seven plus many others are like 'celebrating' Frank's grandma's granddaughter’s cousin's relative's wedding as an excuse to reunite because they missed each other so much since leaving camp. When the bride throws the bouquet, Leo freaked out on something and accidentally caught it. At night, Jason is batshit drunk and the boys decided to prank him-- dragging a sulking, much sober Leo in the process-- into... marriage. The girls borrowed the gown from Frank’s grandma and he just looks so gorgeous (accdg to Jason). Jason took the wedding a little too srsly. Everyone panicked when he suddenly lifts Leo up and flies away. Jason is super ashamed in the morning. Cute, fluffy endinggggg~

for Ragdull

Leo found himself holding the bridal bouquet.

Everyone knew that this wedding – of Frank’s grandma’s granddaughter’s cousin’s relative’s – basically Frank’s cousin twice removed – was just an excuse for the Seven to fly in to England and meet up. They were all twenty four and had been gone from Camp for seven years, meeting sporadically and in twos and threes. This was the opportunity for all of them to finally be a family again, even if it was at a slightly bizarre English wedding in the rainy countryside.

Everyone’s lives had changed much since the end of the war with Gaia. Percy and Annabeth moved back to Brooklyn where they both went to university; Percy for marine biology and Annabeth for architecture. They got engaged two years ago, seeing no point in pretending that their love for each other would ever deteriorate. Frank and Hazel travelled the world together, working as agents of the Gods in finding other Demigods and living for part of the year at Camp Jupiter, where they had a small house. Meanwhile Piper’s and Jason’s relationship fell apart only a year after the war with Gaia and they both went their separate ways, even though they remained friends. Piper went on to do some freelance photography in South America and Jason stayed on at Camp Half Blood as a trainer and protector with some of the other Demigods like Clarisse and Will.

Leo...well, Leo’s life didn’t change all that much. He finally had Calypso and thought he loved her, before suddenly and abruptly realising that he was gay. He didn’t tell anyone and kept it a secret as he went to University in Alaska of all places, doing mechanical engineering and staying at a special dormitory for Demigods. After that he became an apprentice at a little mechanics shop and rented a flat in Chicago. He enjoyed his work and yet he was, once again, alone. Alone, and heartbreakingly lonely. Nobody seemed to love Leo and his friends were all busy with their lives. Out of all of them Leo saw Jason the most, and the blond popped round multiple times a year to stay with Leo for a while. It was nice, having him there. It was nice...because Leo loved Jason.

This wedding, Leo decided, as he sat at a little table and looked at the dark dance-floor, where lights danced off the walls and a slightly drunk party dance, was going to do more harm than good.
Everyone else seemed to be having the time of their life; Jason and Percy were getting drunk in the corner, slowly but surely. Hazel and Frank were slow dancing and Piper and Annabeth jamming out, both to the same song. It was kind of funny, but Leo wasn’t in the mood to laugh, because he knew that in two days, when they all went back to America, he’d be alone again, and this would just serve to remind him what he didn’t have – friends, a lover, anyone who cared for him on a deeper level than an acquaintance.

“Leo!” Jason slurred as he stumbled towards the Latino, a gorgeous smile on his equally gorgeous face, “Come! The bride’s throwing the bouquet!”

The blond’s suit, which had been so crisp and neat earlier that day, was now messy, his tie hanging loosely around his neck, the two top buttons of his untucked shirt undone. He seemed to have lost his suit jacket somewhere and now he offered Leo his hand.

“I don’t care who catches it,” he said, forcing a smile. Jason rolled his eyes, “Come on it’ll be fun,” he said, drunk, eyes sparkling. Leo couldn’t say no to him and so he sighed and took the blond’s hand. The son of Jupiter roughly pulled Leo forward, too strong for Leo, causing the Latino to stumbled into his side. The blond didn’t seem to mind as he laughed loudly and threw an arm around Leo’s shoulders, dragging the blushing boy towards the crowd of gathered ladies.

“I hope Annabeth catches it,” Percy was grinning when the two boys joined the others. Leo allowed himself to lean into Jason’s warm side, enjoying it while he could and while the blond was too drunk to question it. The bride, Cat, had her back to all the ladies, holding the pretty bouquet of white roses in her hand, and all the girls giggled.

“Come on!” Frank called out, “Throw it, cousin!”

The men cheered. Jason smiled and then casually kissed Leo’s forehead. The Latino jumped, surprised, and stumbled out of the blond’s arms, backwards into the semi-circle of girls. He had been shocked by the sudden sweet gesture from the blond, and didn’t realise that Cat had thrown the bouquet. It flew through the air, and when Leo turned, it happened to hit him right in the face. The boy stumbled back, scrambling for it, and that’s how Leo found himself holding the bridal bouquet.

Everyone present cheered and some of Frank’s young nieces made a circle around him, holding hands, and chanting ‘Leo’s gonna get married, Leo’s gonna get married.’ The Latino felt awkward and, blushing, he tried to laugh the matter off and give the bouquet back to the beautiful, dark-haired bride.

“No!” Cat protested and some of the guests returned to dancing as the bride dragged Leo back to his group, “No, Leo, you must get married at once!”

“W-What?!” Leo spluttered. His friends, the devils they were, all grinned.

“Yes!” Piper grabbed Leo’s hand, “Yes, let’s get him married, to...to...”

“Jason!” Percy pulled the drunk and surprised blond forward, “Jason and Leo should get married.”

They were all intoxicated and laughing and Leo’s heart pounded when he saw the stupid, drunken and adorable grin on Jason’s face and the blond agreed, as if it was all a joke. Leo couldn’t do it, but before he could protest he found himself being whisked away by Cat, Piper, Annabeth and Hazel. They all pushed him into a bathroom, and started taking his clothes off.

“W-What are you doing?!” the boy was bright red and confused and the drunk girls were
surprisingly strong as they peeled off his suit, mussing his hair up in the process.

“You can’t get married without the dress!” Hazel said, and they all laughed merrily when Annabeth helped Cat climb out of her wedding dress. Leo suddenly understood what was happening and his heart twisted. He didn’t want to be the joke here.

“No, stop it,” the Latino said, “This is stupid.”

But the girls weren’t listening and Leo didn’t want to be a killjoy and so he grudgingly let the girls pull the soft dress over his head. They re-arranged his hair and laughed and turned Leo to the mirror. The Latino flinched. He looked horrible, like some stupid parody. His hair, which he had styled carefully that morning, was back to its normal disarray. The dress, although a nice contrast against his tanned skin, made Leo look worse than usual; his collarbones stuck out above the lacy top, whose sleeves exposed the tops of Leo’s shoulders. The dress was tight around Leo’s torso, making his waist look small, and the skirt went out too much, fluffy and white and lacy and much too pretty for Leo.

“I look stupid,” he said quietly, but the girls weren’t listening as they pulled him out of the bathroom. No matter how much the Latino struggled he wasn’t strong enough for the four girls, who thankfully didn’t force him back into the main hall, but instead in the garden. It was cold and the grass was wet, but the giggling, drunk girls didn’t care. Cat seemed to be enjoying herself, having dressed in Leo’s abandoned clothing, “Guys seriously,” Leo desperately didn’t want the other boys – namely Jason – to see him in this state, “This is embarrassing, and not funny.”

“Shhh, you’ll see your husband soon!” Hazel teased. They rounded the corner of the mansion where the wedding party was taking place, the music fluttering out into the night. Leo saw that the boy’s had gathered around a little gate made of roses that had been used earlier to take pictures, and were all swaying and chuckling, holding bottles of alcohol. Leo swallowed and tried to stop walking.

“Guys s-seriously-,” he tried to persuade the girls to let him go, but they weren’t listening, and it was too late; the boys looked up and their eyes widened, before grins broke over their faces.

“Look who it is,” Percy smirked, “It’s a princess.”

Leo felt himself flush red as the girls finally let go of him when he was standing opposite Jason. He refused to look at the blond, scared of the way he would react. He couldn’t bear the jokes the boys were cracking right now and looked at his feet.

“Does anyone know how to conduct a wedding?” Cat asked loudly.

“Girl, you just got married!” Piper laughed.

“Hey! I’m not a priest!”

“Let’s keep this short,” Frank cleared his throat, clearly deciding he was holy enough for this position, “Leo Valdez do you take Jason Grace as your lawfully beloved husband or some shit?”

The group laughed merrily, “Yeah. Cool. Whatever,” Leo just wanted the joke to be over. He felt awkward and uncomfortable.

“And Jason Grace do you take Leo Valdez as your lawfully beloved wife?” Percy continued, trying to keep a straight face.

In an impossibly serious voice Jason said, “Yes.”
Leo’s eyes snapped up and his breath died in his throat when he saw the way Jason was looking at him. He wasn’t smiling, and he wasn’t joking. He was looking at Leo with an intensity that was a little scary. The group cheered and Annabeth urged Jason to ‘kiss the bride’ but when the blond stepped forward – undoubtedly because he was drunk – Leo flinched backwards.

Suddenly Jason grabbed Leo and pulled him into his arms, shocking everyone. He was staring at Leo, like he couldn’t look away, and the Latino’s heart started pounding. The group looked at each other and let out awkward chuckles.

“Jason, relax,” Percy put a hand on the blond’s shoulder, “It’s a joke.”

“Yeah,” Piper giggled, “Let’s go back now-“

But Jason didn’t let go of Leo, only held the Latino closer, and suddenly the boy felt his feet leave the ground. He squeaked and his hands flailed to grab onto Jason’s shirt, because they were suddenly rising up into the air.

“W-What the-,” Leo’s voice died away when he and Jason ascended. The blond held him and didn’t say a word as the group below called after them. The air grew chilly and icy and Leo clung onto Jason, terrified as his white dress fluttered around his legs, and looked down to the see the bright lights of the mansion, growing smaller and smaller below. Surrounding the mansion was darkness of the fields, “J-Jason,” Leo felt a tightness in his throat and he buried his face in Jason’s shoulder. The blond smelled like alcohol.

The next thing he knew was that they were landing on the small balcony of Jason’s room in the nearby hotel where they were all staying. Leo was shaking, both from the cold and fear, and Jason threw open the door to his room, dragging the Latino in after him.

“Jason!” Leo protested, confused, “Stop it! What are you doing?!”

With a wave of his hand the blond slammed the balcony door shut, and then roughly shoved Leo onto the double bed. The Latino gasped and scrambled back, the dress tangling around his legs, and Jason swayed a little – still drunk – before climbing on top of Leo. The Latino didn’t understand what was going on, “Jason,” he choked out.

“Shhh,” Jason bent his head down and Leo shoved him away, sitting up.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” he asked, panicked.

“You’re so beautiful...,” Jason seized his wrist and pulled him closer, his free hand resting on the dip of Leo’s waist, “you’re so fucking beautiful.”

“Shut up,” Leo struggled in his arms, trying to get away, “Shut up, y-you’re drunk.”

Jason leaned down and kissed Leo’s exposed collarbone and the Latino gasped and tried to squirm free. His face was red and his heart threatened to jump from his chest as the blond kissed up his neck, hand running down Leo’s dress. The Latino wanted to cry.

“S-Stop,” he blabbered.

“I love you. You’re beautiful. Let me have you,” Jason murmured feverishly into Leo’s skin. His hand grabbed the hem of the dress and started pushing it up, so Jason’s palm dragged over his leg. Panic settled in Leo’s heart.

“No, no, no,” he blabbered, “Jason you’re drunk.”
“I don’t care,” Jason growled, “I love you.”

He grabbed Leo’s chin and turned it, his eyes sliding to the Latino’s lips. Leo thought he died for a moment, just then and there, as the blond leaned down, almost in slow motion. Leo violently turned his head away.

“No,” he whispered.

Suddenly the weight of the blond on top of him grew, and Jason slumped against him, crushing Leo against the bed, his head rolling uselessly against the Latino’s shoulder. He was unconscious. The boy tried to squirm away but Jason was too strong and the Latino left helplessly trapped, pinned down.

“Fuck,” he whispered, staring up at the ceiling. What the fuck had just happened?

***

Jason woke up groggily and the room spun as he opened his eyes. Everything was flooded with golden sunlight. And there was a body pressed into Jason’s side, warm and plaint. The blond closed his eyes briefly. *Fuck,* he thought, *who the hell did I sleep with?*

When he turned his head his heart skipped a beat in shock because there wasn’t a random girl laying next to him, but Leo. Leo, in a wedding dress. *Oh my Gods...* the events of the previous night came flooding to Jason’s mind; how he had basically kidnapped Leo, unable to help himself with how gorgeous the boy looked in a dress. And then he had touched him and tried to kiss him and *shit.*

He had confessed his feelings.

The Latino at his side frowned suddenly in his sleep, and wrinkled his nose adorably before his eyes fluttered open. Jason found himself staring into pools of sleepy, melted chocolate, and he felt shame inside himself.

“Hey,” Leo whispered hoarsely, half-asleep.

“I’m sorry,” Jason breathed. He realised he still had an arm around Leo but he couldn’t bring himself to remove it.

“So you didn’t mean it last night then, huh,” Leo murmured, closing his eyes again as if he didn’t want to wake up.

“Which bit?” Jason murmured.

“The bit where you said you love me,” a blush appeared on Leo’s cheeks, “Or that I’m...that I looked beautiful. You regret it, don’t you?”

“I regret forcing myself on you,” Jason said quietly, deciding there was no point lying anymore. He had already fucked up, “I regret scaring you,” shyly, hesitant, the blond cradled Leo’s cheek in his hand. Slowly Leo looked up at him, “But I don’t regret the rest of what I said. And I *did* mean it. I think you look beautiful in the dress, but honestly I think you *always* look beautiful. And...I love you.”

Leo looked away, frowned, cleared his throat, tensed in Jason’s arms, and then relaxed, “Oh.”

“Yeah,” subconsciously Jason’s arm tightened around Leo.
The Latino looked up at Jason again and bit his lip. The blond stared at him, and all he could think about was how badly he wanted to hold him, and then out of nowhere Leo leaned up and kissed him – quick and clumsy and cute – and then climbed out of bed; his dress was crinkled but he still looked stunning.

“I need to get my suit back,” he said.
Who Is In Control?

Octavian is super bossy towards Michael, to the point where the rest of Camp Jupiter is left wondering how Michael puts up with it. Little do they know that when the two boys are alone, Michael is the one putting Octavian in his place (probably smut :D) for MelancholicSeer

Michael was relaxing in the dining room of Camp Jupiter, catching up with Gwen and Dakota while picking at some snacks and talking about their recent quests, when Octavian burst in. The trio, who were the only Demigods present, looked up in surprise as the angry blond stormed towards them. His purple and white robes fluttered as he walked and Michael’s stood up; his mouth twitched into a smile at the boy’s pissed-off expression.

“Michael,” the augur barked, crossing his arms over his chest and stopping in front of the much bigger boy, “What the fuck did I tell you?”

“I don’t know, Tav, you tell me a lot of things,” Michael said, knowing full well it would just annoy Octavian more. He was pleased when the boy’s eye twitched, and Dakota exchanged a look with Gwen.

“I told you to stop leaving your boxers strewn all over the floor,” Octavian hissed, not caring about the two Demigods listening to them. Michael didn’t care either and he let his boyfriend rage, “I almost tripped over them this morning again! When will you get it through your thick skull that I want our room to be fucking clean?!”

“I’m sorry, love,” Michael said.

“Shut up,” Octavian fumed, hands clenched into fists, “Do this again and I swear to Gods I will kick you out of our flat and you can live by your goddamn self in a fucking sty for all I fucking care!”

“Jupiter,” Gwen let out a nervous giggle, “Relax, Octavian-“

“Shut up,” Octavian snapped at her and turned on his heel, storming out of the hall. Michael watched him go, smiling.

“Shit, you alright man?” Dakota asked, staring at him.


“What the fuck?” Gwen spluttered in shock, “He just had a go at you! How can you put up with it?”

“It’s just his way of showing he cares,” Michael said, “the fact that he minds these little. I like when he gets angry at me, because it means he cares. He’s hard to read sometimes.”
Gwen shook her head, “Gods, you two are actually insane.”

“Well it’s obvious who wears the pants in the relationship,” Dakota teased. Michael smiled, a private little smirk, because he knew things that the two Demigods beside him didn’t. He knew a side to Octavian that nobody else had ever seen, and that pleased him.

“Yes,” he said, “It’s obvious.”

***

Michael came back to their little flat when it was already dark and found Octavian sitting on their double bed, legs crossed, looking over some old parchment. He had cleaned up the boxers he had complained so much about in the morning and now he looked up grumpily at Michael.

“Hey,” the son of Venus said, toeing off his shoes. Octavian glared and looked away. He looked different out of his robes, wearing a grey t-shirt and a pair of shorts, his feet bare, blond hair fluffy. He looked young and vulnerable.

“I shouldn’t even speak to you,” he huffed, “you pissed me right off.”

“I apologized, didn’t I?” Michael asked, pulling his jacket off.

“Whatever,” Octavian snapped, shoving his parchment off the bed, “You’re so annoying sometimes, why don’t you ever listen to me?! ”

Michael was at his side in seconds, climbing on top of the boy with surprising grace for someone so big and stocky, and he shoved the blond down into the bed. The augur inhaled sharply and the son of Venus caged him in with his arms on either side of the boy’s head, looking down at him.

“You forget that we’re not in public anymore,” he said quietly, his voice low and growly, “You don’t get to boss me around anymore.”

“I-I...,” Octavian was speechless, something he never was outside of their room, and Michael smiled. He leaned down and nudged his nose against the blond’s teasingly. Octavian leaned up, trying to catch Michael’s lips. The son of Venus didn’t let him, pushing him back down with a hand on the boy’s hip, “Michael,” Octavian whined.

“Shhh, be a good boy now,” the bigger boy whispered, and kissed his neck gently, lovingly, “Say you’re sorry for being a dick.”

“No,” Octavian grumbled. Michael flipped him around as if he was a doll. That was one of the million things Michael loved about him, how small he was, perfect for manhandling. Now Michael pressed him down into the bed with just enough strength that the boy felt powerless, but not enough to actually hurt him. Michael would never hurt him.

“Say you’re sorry,” he said, wrapping Octavian up in a cage of his arms. The blond’s response was a shaky breath, and then a little backwards wriggle as he pressed his ass against Michael’s crotch. The son of Venus felt blood rush south; Octavian always tried to get the upper hand by doing things like these. Michael had his own weapons though and now he buried his face in the side of Octavian’s neck and kissed him, hot and wet, before biting his skin. Octavian shivered in his arms and let out a chocked moan, “Good boy,” Michael murmured, reaching down so he could grasp one of the boy’s ass cheeks in his hand. He squeezed and then pushed the boy’s milky thighs apart, still pressed firmly against him, “You’re so good for me, just say you’re sorry.”

“No,” Octavian said, and Michael knew that it was partly because of his pride and partly because he
liked this – he liked Michael having all the power.

Michael roughly shoved the boy’s shorts and underwear off in one swift movement and threw them aside, before pulling his shirt off over his head. Octavian glanced at him over his naked, pale shoulder, and his eyes were dark with lust as his blond locks tumbled into them. Michael couldn’t stop himself from finding his lips and kissing him passionately as he slowly grinded his hard, clothed cock against the boy’s ass.

“M-Michael,” Octavian whispered against his mouth, his breath brushing the other boy’s lips.

“Say sorry,” Michael said softly, nudging his nose against Octavian’s again in a fond little gesture, “Or I’ll fucking wreck you.”

“I’m not sorry though,” Octavian whispered. Michael smiled, pecked him on the lips and drew back before shoving the augur’s head into the pillows and pushing down on the small of his back with a free hand, forcing the top half of the boy’s body to lay against the bed while his ass was up in air, pressing against Michael’s crotch.

Michael grabbed the lube from the bedside table and coated his fingers. Octavian was breathing hard and when Michael let go of his head and the blond looked at him again, his face flushed. The son of Venus wrapped an arm around his thin waist and then, without warning, shoved two fingers inside the boy. Octavian’s back arched and he cried out helplessly, shaking as he gripped the pillows.

“F-Fuck,” he whimpered, “Fuck, fuck- ah!”

He choked on a moan as Michael started thrusting his digits inside of him, rough and hard, though it didn’t hurt since Octavian was still all soft from when they did it that morning, and although his hole clenched around Michael’s fingers there was no resistance. The dark haired boy only prepared him for seconds before he withdrew his fingers and pulled his cock out, slicking it up with lube.

“Are you sure you don’t want to apologise?” he asked sweetly, stroking Octavian’s side gently, “I’ll make love to you then,” he covered the boy’s body with his own, teasingly dragging the head of his hard cock over the boy’s entrance, “I love you so much, Tav.”

“Fuck you,” Octavian whispered heatedly.

Michael thrust his cock inside the blond in one swift movement.

“O-Oh Gods-,” Octavian moaned, “Oh Gods...fuck...”

Michael gritted his teeth, trying to keep himself back as he was swallowed up by Octavian’s hot, willing, tight body. He drew back, gripping the blond’s hips in his hands bruisingly as he impaled Octavian on his cock, over and over. The blond was sobbing against the pillows in moments, trembling, and Michael lost himself in the boy, in the sweat that beaded on his pale back, in his sweet moans and soft, helpless sobs.

He flipped the boy over, because he wanted to see his face, and leaned over him, forcing Octavian’s legs over his shoulders as he bent down to kiss him, still thrusting into him with borderline violence. The augur’s thighs trembled and Michael pinned his wrists down to the bed.

“Say you’re sorry,” he gritted out, hitting Octavian’s prostate with each thrust. The blond looked up at him, all messy and flushed and perfect.

“I’m s-sorry,” he sobbed, “Michael I-I...nghhhh, fuck...f-fuck...Michael-“
“You’re mine,” Michael growled, releasing Octavian’s wrists only to have the blond wrap them around his neck and pull him close.

“Y-Yes, Gods, Mike, I-I’m yours, all yours...please, fuck...,” Octavian tensed suddenly in the son of Venus’ arms and his eyes fluttered shut, “S-Shit-,” he choked out breathlessly and his cock twitched against his stomach, spilling come over his skin.

“Gods,” Michael whispered, and kissed the boy feverishly as he continued to fuck him, faster and sloppier, feeling that he was close to coming himself.

“Come on,” Octavian whispered, whimpering and kissing Michael everywhere he could reach, “C-Come on, fuck, Mikey, I love you. I-I love you so much, I’m sorry...”

With no warning, biting the boy’s shoulder, Michael spilled inside Octavian. They laid wrapped up in each other and gasping for air for a few moments and stroking each other’s bodies, pressing feather light kisses into each other’s skin.

“Mike...,” Octavian whispered eventually, voice soft and innocent, and when Michael looked at him he didn’t see the harsh, angry augur, but a soft angel with tired, content eyes and so much softness around his edges, as if he had just melted under the son of Venus, “You’re crushing me.”

Michael kissed his forehead, “I love you so much baby, you have no idea. I’m sorry if I hurt you.”

“You didn’t,” Octavian arched up to kiss Michael quickly, “but I feel disgusting and sticky so I’m gonna shower.”

When he left and Michael heard the shower turn on, he smiled and re-arranged the pillows on the bed, ensuring there was no come on any of the covers before he climbed underneath and laid down comfortably. He couldn’t stop smiling, remembering the scene from the morning. He found it funny how other Demigods thought that Octavian had power over Michael, when in fact it was just an image the boy had to keep because of his status in the Camp. In reality he confessed to Michael, early in their relationship, that he wanted to be powerless and dominated, and Michael was happy to give that to him.

Octavian came back into the bedroom, just in underwear and a fresh t-shirt, hair a little damp and a little curly. Michael peeled back the covers, “Come sleep.”

Suddenly Octavian’s face changed and anger re-appeared in his eyes. His jaw clenched, “Michael,” he growled.

“Hmmm?” the son of Venus asked innocently.

“Pick you fucking clothes up off the floor you pig.”
Would You Lie With Me and Just Forget the World

Percy x Nico. Nico is a stay-at-home illustrator and writer and Percy is his next-door, oh-no-he's-hot police detective neighbour. Percy gets an urgent call to work on a weekend and asks Nico to look after his baby little sister for there is nobody else (Paul and Sally are out travelling around Europe or something). Nico agrees. This arrangement continues every time Percy is busy and then, the child decides to play matchmaker to bring her favourite people together.

For Lily

Nico tried to ignore the ruckus next door as he sketched roughly a panel for a new comic he was working on while in the flat on the other side of the wall a war seemed to be going on. Nico gritted his teeth, ignoring the shouting and the sounds of furniture moving about. He knew that someone new was moving in next to him, but he didn’t realise it’d be a fucking frat house.

A sudden bang made Nico jerk, and his hand slipped across the page, creating an ugly, harsh line across the face of the character he was drawing.

“Fuck,” Nico growled in annoyance, throwing down his pencil and standing up. It was almost nine at night and this level of noise was unacceptable. After college Nico had deliberately chosen a quiet part of New York to live in because it was peaceful and calm, so he could work on his illustrations, and he did not sign up for this disturbance. Whoever his new neighbours were, Nico was sure they’d be a pain in the arse.

Frustrated, the Italian walked out into the corridor, where half the lights haven’t been working, and saw that the door to the next door flat were open, cardboard boxes spilling out of the room along with the loud noises. Nico picked his way through them, wanting to tell their owner to shut the fuck up, when suddenly he walked face first into a hard, muscular chest.

“What-,” the boy flinched backwards, looking up at the person he had walked into. His breath caught in his throat when he saw who he assumed was his new neighbour. Fuck, just my luck, the Italian thought, he’s fucking hot.

The young man was exactly Nico’s type. He looked a few years older than the Italian himself, with dark, artfully messy hair and piercing green eyes. He wore a blue t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants, and looked quite surprised to see Nico. The Italian wanted to draw him.

“Hello,” the stranger blinked at Nico.

“Hello,” the Italian’s annoyance evaporated, and now he just felt shy and awkward, “I...uh...”

“Sorry,” the stranger grinned an easy, charming grin that came to the people who had always been adored by everyone around them, “I reckon I was making lots of noise. My name’s Percy,” the man
stuck his hand out, “Percy Jackson. I’m your new neighbour.”

“Uh...hi,” Nico shook Percy’s hand quickly and tensely before snatching his hand back, painfully aware of the paint on his fingers. He cleared his throat, “I was just gonna ask you if you could keep it down. I’m trying to work.”

“Work?” Percy’s eyes sparkled, “What are you working on?”

“Just some art s-stuff,” Nico said, looking away.

“Art?” Percy smiled, “You draw?”

“Yeah. I’m an illustrator,” Nico hadn’t meant to start a conversation with this person, but now he couldn’t find a way out of it. Percy’s grin widened,

“Sorry, I didn’t catch your name.”

“It’s Nico.”

“Italian?” Percy asked.

“Yeah,” Nico swallowed and vaguely gestured at his door, “Uh I...I better get back to work.”

“Yeah. Okay,” Percy was still looking at him, and smiling, and it made Nico uncomfortable, “Sorry about the noise.”

Nico nodded and then dashed back into his flat, blushing and shaking. He slammed the door shut and leaned against it, swearing softly under his breath.

That was his first meeting with Percy Jackson.

***

It took Nico a whole month to find out that Percy was a police officer. It took so long mostly because the Italian avoided his neighbour; naturally Percy came over multiple times, as neighbours do, asking for sugar or help setting something up in his flat. A couple of times Percy quite forcefully invited himself over for coffee, and ask Nico over even more often, to watch a TV show or go out for drinks, which the Italian always declined. As an illustrator he didn’t go out much, spending most of his time at his desk safe for the few times a month he had to go into office to deliver a project.

It was a hectic evening and at midnight Nico’s editor called him that he had to immediately deliver the newest comic because the deadline were first thing in the morning. So Nico found himself rushing out very late at night, into the half-dark corridor. The lift was broken so the Italian made for the stairs, and the moment he stepped out onto them he barged right into Percy.

“Jesus,” the man laughed, grabbing Nico’s shoulders to help the Italian keep his balance, “We need to stop bumping into each other like this.”

“Yeah, right, sorry-,” Nico started and then blinked. Percy stood in front of him, tall and muscular, dressed in a navy uniform, a police hat on his head, “What the hell are you wearing?” he asked, “You coming back from some costume party?”

Percy seemed surprised, “No, I’m coming back from work.”

“Y-You’re a police officer?” Nico stuttered. Percy laughed and rubbed the back of his neck nervously.
“Yeah.”

“O-Oh,” Nico said, and swallowed. *Fuck, he looks hotter than usual*, he thought, “That’s...that’s really cool.”

“You should come over for some tea, or a drink, or something,” Percy said cheerfully.

“Uh, no,” Nico looked away, “I need to go deliver a project to work, next time maybe.”

“Right, sure,” Percy seemed a little disappointed as he stepped aside, “You have to let me look at your drawings sometime.”


He raced down the stairs hurriedly.

***

Nico *hated* driving but sometimes it was necessary; especially now, late at night, when Nico was too scared to take the tube. He was coming back from the office and it was snowing and Nico was anxious. Snow often made him anxious because in New York it kind of came out nowhere and at night it made everything harder to see. Even now the shadows on the sides of the empty road were jumping out at the Italian, making him skittish. The trees looked like monsters, the snow tumbled from the sky.

A little red light turned on next to Nico’s steering wheel and he cursed when he saw that he was running low on gas. Very low, “Shit, shit, shit,” Nico cursed, looking ahead. He was in some dodgy, dark part of town, seemingly abandoned. How could he have forgotten to go to the station? He was an idiot, his head always in the clouds.

*Ping. Ping. Ping.*

Nico sighed and pulled over to the side of the road, only to have his car die seconds later. The light and heating turned off and the Italian rested his forehead against the steering wheel, dejected and depressed. He was often so invested in his drawing that he forgot to eat or shower, or fuel up the car. And now he had to sow what he reaped.

He sniffled and hugged himself. Fuck, it was cold. Nico reached for his phone and yelled in frustration when he saw that the battery was dead. He also forgot to charge it.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he hit his head on the steering wheel and then looked up at the road. It was dark and silent, and there were no cars anywhere that could come save him. Just his luck. Nico sighed and leaned back in his seat, wondering if he’d have to sleep in the car. When he exhaled his breath made a cloud in front of his face.

Snow fell around the car. Nico’s eyes fluttered shut, and he relaxed. He was so tired – the last project had tired him out.

Sudden bright lights filled the car and Nico opened his eyes, squinting, and saw a car pulling up behind him. *What if it’s a rapist?* His tired mind supplied him, *what if it’s a serial killer?* Nico sat up a little straighter and shivered as a dark figure approached his car. He was sleepy, and irritated.

Someone knocked on the frosted over window. Nico flinched and sunk down in his seat, pretending he wasn’t there, but another insistent knock sounded on the door.

“Open up, police,” the muffled voice came from the opposite side of the glass. Before Nico could think that it could be a fake officer or an alien, he found himself opening the door.
He found himself facing Percy as the freezing night enveloped him.

“Nico,” Percy smiled, “I thought it might be you.”

Nico had to admit that seeing Percy here was a comfort. He slumped against his seat, “Hi.”

“What happened?” Percy asked.

“My car died,” Nico’s words were slurred and his eyes slipped shut again.

When he finally woke up again he was in the warmth of Percy’s car. A police car. The man, in uniform, sat beside him, driving, relaxed. Nico shifted and the jacket which was thrown over him slipped a little. It was Percy’s jacket.

“What happened?” the boy asked sleepily. Percy glanced at him.

“I called the mechanic,” he smiled, “They’ll tow your car. I’m taking you home. You’re lucky I was...”

Percy’s words filtered away as sleep once again descended onto Nico. He was anxious and a little uncomfortable and the distant sound of the car’s engine filled Nico’s head as he dozed into sleep. When he once again opened his eyes it was because he was being jostled, and he found himself in Percy’s arms. The boy was holding him bridal style, carrying him up the stairs to their flats. Normally Nico would’ve been embarrassed but it was coming up to three in the morning and he was too exhausted to care so he gave in to his instincts and snuggled up in Percy’s chest.

His shame only came when Percy put him down and Nico had to fish out his keys.

***

Nico was taking a nap in the afternoon, lulled into sleepiness by the snow outside his window. He had a writer’s block and didn’t feel like drawing so he slept. He had avoided Percy for the past two weeks after the whole embarrassing carrying-up-the-stairs affair but now he was suddenly startled out of sleep by yelling and laughter from Jackson’s flat.

“Fuck this,” Nico groggily sat up in his bed. It was dark in his room but when he glanced at his phone he saw it was only five in the afternoon. Fucking winter. He climbed out of his bed and padded across his bedroom and out into his corridor. Moments later he was out in the hallway, knocking in annoyance on Percy’s door.

The door clicked open after a second and a little girl came tumbling from Percy’s flat, laughing and squealing as she threw herself at Nico’s legs, almost knocking the boy over.

“What the-,” the Italian stumbled back and the girl pulled away, craning her neck up to look at Nico up with big, green eyes. She was very young, maybe five or six, with black hair in two clumsy braids, dressed in sea blue pyjamas with dolphins on them.

“Hello,” she grinned up at Nico brightly, showing her tiny teeth. With no warning she wrapped her arms around the Italian’s leg and the boy recoiled. He hated children.

“Hello,” he said tensely, pushing the girl off of him gently.

“My name is Alice,” she said proudly, “What’s your name?”

“Nico,” the Italian said carefully, looking into the flat. The smell of dinner wafted out into the
corridor, “Er...where’s Percy?”

Alice let go of Nico’s leg and waddled back into the flat, “Bro!” she called, “Brooo!”

Percy popped his head out of the kitchen and his eyes widened, “Ally!” he ran out and scooped the little girl into his arms, “Did you go open the door? I told you not to do that!”

“But I’m tall enough now!” Alice huffed, “and it’s just a pretty boy outside!”

“P-Pretty boy?!” Nico spluttered. Percy looked up at him and a grin broke over his face.

“Oh! Nico, hey!”

“Hey,” Nico hovered in the hallway, “I was wondering why you were being so loud.”

“Oh, sorry,” Percy laughed and put Alice down, “my mom dropped my little sister over because she and my stepdad are both working the whole weekend.”

Alice giggled and ran off to the kitchen, “Oh, so it’s your sister,” Nico was a little relieved. Percy laughed.

“Did you think she was my daughter or something?” he asked. Nico blushed, shrugged, gestured vaguely at his flat,

“I should go-“

“No!” Alice appeared suddenly, racing across the flat, a little clumsy, and grabbed Nico’s hand, “No! Stay! Watch cartoons with me!”

“Aw, looks like she likes you,” Percy teased.

“Percy likes you too!” Alice proclaimed, and Percy turned around hurriedly, though Nico could swear he could see him blush.

“Come in, I’ll make coffee or something,” the man said and Nico had no choice as he was dragged inside Percy’s flat, the door falling shut behind him. Alice pulled him to the couch where she sat down happily, having Nico sit next to her. The Italian shifted awkwardly as Percy disappeared in the kitchen.

“Oh...so what are we watching?” the boy asked.

“Sesame Street,” Alice replied cheerfully and battled with the remote too big for her hands, switching on the TV. Nico looked around Percy’s living room; although laid out just like his it was much messier and homier, with family photos on the walls and clothes strewn about the place. Nico paid more attention to his surroundings than to the show, but Alice seemed to be enjoying herself.

Percy re-appeared with a tray in his hands, holding three cups. One was full of juice and he handed to his sister, the other two full of creamy coffee. “Thanks,” Nico said when Percy offered him a cup. The man sat on the other side of Alice.

“No!” the girl protested, “You should sit next to Nico!”

Percy laughed awkwardly, “It’s okay, Ally, I’m comfortable here,” he then frowned, “Ally, you messed up your hair again!”

Nico drank his coffee quickly, his heart pounding as he watched Percy’s soft eyes as he braided his
sister hair. They weren’t the prettiest braids, but it was sweet that Percy cared. He kept wanting to look at Percy but forced himself instead to focus on the ridiculous puppets on-screen. Alice fell asleep before she even finished her juice.

“I better go,” Nico said when the girl slumped against her brother, eyes closed. Percy smiled at him.

“Come again sometime soon.”

Nico nodded, put his cup down, and went back to his own flat.

***

Another two weeks of snow passed in which Nico finally finished the project that was causing him so much trouble. It was a week before Christmas and the boy was surprised when he heard a knock on his door one Saturday evening when he was just lounging around, bored. When he opened his door he saw Percy – a familiar and welcome face at that point – and his little sister, Alice. The man smiled apologetically.

“She wanted to see you,” he said.

“Nico!” Alice exclaimed and threw herself forward, wrapping her arms around Percy’s leg. The Italian patted her head, feeling a little fond.

“Hey, Ally.”

“Will you come round for a movie?” Alice asked, grinning up at Nico. The boy was powerless against both her and her brother. He looked at Percy, who smiled.

“Isn’t it a bit late for a movie, Alice?” Nico asked, “It’s almost nine.”

“Noooo,” Alice whined, “Percy said I can! So please come!”

So Nico found himself sitting on the couch next to Alice again, watching a Barbie movie. He had to admit that he actually enjoyed this; sitting with Percy and Alice. It felt almost as if they were a little family. Stupid, Nico looked away from where he had been looking at Percy’s face, I shouldn’t think that.

Suddenly the television and the lights overhead flickered off. Alice squeaked and climbed into Nico’s lap, surprising the Italian and almost making him throw her off, though he stopped himself in the last moment.

“What happened?” Nico asked, uncertainly wrapping his arms around the terrified toddler.

“I don’t know,” Percy got up and walked up to the light switch, flipping it on and off. The darkness remained, “Power cut, I think.”

“Oh, right,” Nico stood up, Alice clinging onto him with both his arms and legs, “I better go then.”

“No!” Ally held onto him harder, “Don’t go!”

Nico walked over to Percy and tried to pass him his sister, but Alice refused to let go, and started crying. Nico gave Percy a hopeless look in the dark and, realising that they were too close, he stepped away.

“Why don’t you put her to bed?” Percy offered, “Would that be alright?”
“I guess,” Nico admitted grudgingly, and Alice stopped crying.

Nico carried her to Percy’s bedroom and the girl made grabby hand motions over his shoulder at Percy, “Percyyyy! You toooooo!” she whined.

And so Nico found himself awkwardly lying in Percy’s bed, Alice curled up in his chest like a little teddy bear, while Percy laid behind her, an arm carefully wrapped around her waist. The girl was smiling as she fell asleep, clearly pleased, but Nico’s heart couldn’t stop pounding and he couldn’t relax, not when he was so close to Percy. The boy was stroking his sister’s hair gently, not looking at Nico, but because the girl was between their chests there was nothing between their faces.

*I could kiss him, Nico thought, or he could kiss me.* It was weird; the room was dark, snow fell outside. There was an intensely intimate atmosphere in the bedroom, and as Alice’s breathing slowed and she fell asleep, Percy finally looked up. Nico had been staring at him and now his heart jerked in his chest and he thought he should look away, but couldn’t. Percy’s hand slowly, slowly slid across his sister’s waist and his fingertips skimmed Nico’s hip.

The Italian didn’t know what to do, he forgot how to breathe. Percy leaned forward, and so Nico shifted forward too, on instinct. He couldn’t pull away when Percy bent his head forward, their noses almost touching. They didn’t speak, scared to wake Alice up.

Their lips finally met after what seemed like an eternity of just staring at each other. It was such a sweet, gentle kiss that Nico couldn’t stop his eyes from fluttering shut. He breathed out gently against Percy’s lips, and then the boy was pulling away.

They fell asleep, and the snow continued to fall.
All That Glitters is Gold

Leo: Jason you are literally dating the most beautiful human ever
Leo: AKA me
Leo: Earlier I ate a whole bag of glitter so the inside of me will look as good as the outside
Jason: You what
Jason: You- we're going to the hospital
Leo: Sounds good cause I think I'm dying
for RedTears

Jason would be lying if he said that this wasn’t exactly what he expected the moment Leo had, shakily and nervously, asked him out and he had said yes.

This was exactly what he had expected with Leo Valdez as his boyfriend.

Jason was sitting with Percy and Frank on the steps of the Jupiter cabin, cleaning their swords and basking in the sunlight after a workout session, when Leo came skipping towards them from the strawberry fields. Immediately Jason found himself grinning, his heart filling with warmth at seeing his boyfriend.

“Hey,” he said when Leo stopped in front of them.

“Hey guys,” Leo smiled brightly, and there was mischief in his eyes.

“Hi Leo,” the boys said. Jason grabbed the boy’s hand and tugged him down for a quick, innocent kiss. They had only dated for two months and hadn’t done much more than kissing, but for Jason it was enough.

Leo stood back and put his hands on his hips, “Jason did you know you are literally dating the most beautiful human ever? AKA me?” Percy and Frank snickered and Jason rolled his eyes, but before he could ask questions, the Latino continued, “By the way earlier I ate a whole bag of glitter so the inside of me will look as good as the outside,” he winked.

Jason gaped at him, “You what?!?”

Leo’s grin widened and Percy and Frank exchanged a horrified look, “Yeah, uh, turns out that it was not edible glitter. Ooops?” he offered. If Jason wasn’t so terrified of what might happen to Leo’s health he would’ve found the boy adorable. He was on his feet in seconds.

“You’re- we’re going to the hospital,” he grabbed Leo’s hand. The Latino laughed and swayed and said,

“Sounds good cause I think I’m dying.”
His eyes fluttered and he looked like he was going to faint so Jason quickly and easily hoisted him up into his arms, bridal style. Leo threw his arms dramatically around Jason’s neck and groaned, snuggling up into his chest.

“You’re such an idiot,” Jason gritted out and glanced at his friends, “I’m taking him to the medical bay.”

“Okay,” Percy and Frank both still looked like they were in shock. Jason started running towards the bay, jostling Leo in his arms, and the boy let out another groan.

“Stop,” he whimpered, “I’m gonna be sick.”

Jason set him down next to the Ares cabin and Leo leaned against it and threw up on the grass. His vomit glimmered with glitter and Jason almost laughed. Leo spat and made an unhappy noise again, and turned around. He was pale and a little sweaty and smiled weakly.

“Am I pretty enough yet?”

“Fuck, Leo,” Jason grabbed his hands and drew him close, “Are you high? Did you get high of the glitter?” Leo shrugged and giggled. Jason sighed and kissed his forehead, “I love you, stupid.”

Leo tensed, then pulled away and stared at Jason with big eyes. Up close the blond saw that there was glitter in his hair and even in his eyebrows, sparkling in the sun, “You never said you loved me before.”

“Oh,” Jason’s heart fluttered, “Well, I do. Even if you eat glitter.”

Leo smiled brightly, “I lov-,” his expression fell and his face went green, “Oh no,” he turned around and vomited again, and Jason patted his back and made sure his curls were out of his face, and then he gave him a piggyback to the medical bay.
You Stay On My Mind

Kind of an X-Men-like scenario, but not really. Basically, instead of going to CHB, they go to a school for kids with special powers. Will’s power is to cancel out another person’s abilities. He is assigned by Chiron to help this Nico with his ability to read minds, to control and not overwhelm himself with people’s thoughts. Romance ensues.

For SpaceAzulaIceZuko

18th April 2010

He’s the reason why we’re so poor.

Ten year old Nico was used to these thoughts radiating off of his mother, and now, as he laid next to her and his sister in the narrow bed they had to share in their dingy, dirty and cold flat in Italy, he felt tears well up in his arms. His mother was never cruel to him, but since Nico could remember she blamed the poverty they lived in on her youngest son, and Nico didn’t understand why. Since Nico could remember he could read people’s minds, and hear their thoughts, though only his sister Bianca knew about it, and she pushed him to stay silent about his abilities.

Nico’s mother didn’t know he could hear her thought and he wished he couldn’t, but everywhere he went he heard thoughts, no matter how much he tried to drown them out. It made him anxious, and he often had panic attacks at school, that made him bullied by the older boys who thought he was a weirdo. And so now the boy was subjected to lying in bed, squeezed between his mother’s back and the wall, listening to her pretend to sleep and thinking about how much she hated her son. It was painful.

I wish he had never been born. I wish I had miscarried him. God, why did I have to give birth to him?

Nico squeezed his eyes shut, trying to shut out the thoughts and fall asleep, but his mother hate and unhappiness kept attacking him, her thoughts like bees, stabbing at the boy.

I hate him. God forgive him, but I hate him.

I hope he dies.

That thought was so sudden and so violent that Nico tensed and his eyes flew open and then he was sobbing, his whole body shaking, terrified and heartbroken. His sister woke up and turned on the bare lightbulb overhead, and his mother started shouting about his making a ruckus in the middle of the night.

“What is wrong with you?!” she screamed in Italian, “Why are you like this?!”
“Mama, leave him,” Bianca told her, “Mama, don’t shout.”

“Y-You hate me,” Nico sobbed, curled up in the corner of the bed and rocked back and forth, trying to calm himself down while his mother stared at him as if she was crazy, “I-I heard y-your thoughts! Y-You hate me, y-you w-want me to d-d-die!”

“What?!” his mother demanded, “What the hell are you talking about, boy?!”

“Nico,” Bianca said pleadingly, climbing onto the bed and reaching for her brother, who flinched away, “Nico, please-

Don’t do this. She’ll send you away, Bianca insisted in her head, knowing Nico could hear.

Gods, my son is crazy, Maria thought. Nico’s head snapped to her and through his tears he screamed.

“I’m not! Stop thinking that!”

He was hysterical and eventually he passed out. The next morning there were two strangers in their tiny kitchen when Nico came down for breakfast, exhausted and red-eyed. One was a man had long hair in a ponytail, and he sat in a wheelchair. When he looked at Nico his eyes were full of kindness and his smile was warm. The boy couldn’t read his thoughts. The other was a girl a few years older than Nico, with blond hair and harsh, grey eyes.

So he can read thoughts, huh? She thought, hey, little boy.

Nico flinched, and the girl smiled, not mocking, but a little chilly.

“Hello, Nico,” the man said in English.

Scared, the boy hovered in the doorway. His mother stood by the counter in a nightgown, not looking at her son, and Bianca was nowhere to be seen. Nico didn’t run to his mother, because she wasn’t any more of a comfort to the boy than the strange man.

“Say hello Nico,” Maria barked, her English laced with a heavy Italian accent. The boy swallowed.

“H-Hello...w-who...who are you, mister? I can’t read-,” he stopped talking with a sharp, angry look from his mother, but the man only smiled.

“You can’t read my mind? No, you wouldn’t be able to. Your telepathic powers – actually powers of all Demigods – have no effect on me. I am immune and that, in a sense, is my power,” something about him was calming and Nico found himself talking tentative steps towards the man, “My name is Chiron, and I am a professor at a very special school in England.”

“What school?” Nico asked, a little curious.

“Half-Blood Academy was created for people just like you; kids with special powers that nobody else has,” she gestured to the blonde girl, “This is Annabeth, and she has powers like you.”


I can teleport, little boy.

“Stop calling me that,” Nico snapped at her, and both he and his mother flinched. Chiron smiled though and Annabeth giggled.

“That is quite extraordinary,” the man said, “You’re very special, Nico, and I’ve come here to ask
you to come with me and Annabeth to this school, where I might teach you to control your gift.”

“It’s not a gift,” Nico blurted, “it’s a curse.”

It was Annabeth who spoke then, and she had a clear American accent, “That’s what I used to think too. I used to teleport all over the place at random. A lot of people thought I was possessed,” she smiled then and suddenly she was gone from Chiron’s side and standing right next to Nico, in the blink of an eye. The little boy flinched and Maria cursed and blessed herself, “Now I know it’s a gift. A really cool gift.”

“Take him,” Maria said suddenly, sharply, “I don’t want him in my house.”

Wow, what a bitch, Annabeth thought and when Nico shifted closer to her, comforted by the girl’s defensive thoughts, she repeated it out right, “You’re a bitch.”

“Annabeth,” Chiron scolded, but he didn’t look angry. Maria’s eyes narrowed.

“I don’t want any of you in my house anymore,” she snapped, “esci.”

“Nico, would you like to come to Half Blood Academy?” Chiron asks.

“He gets no say,” Maria interrupted harshly, “I don’t want a freak under my roof.”

Nico’s eyes welled up with tears and he looked down, feeling his heart break. Annabeth put a comforting hand on his shoulder and pulled him closer protectively.

“I-I want to come,” he said quietly, even though he wasn’t really getting a choice. Chiron nodded, and clearly he was concerned about Nico’s state, as was Annabeth.

God, poor kid, she thought. Nico sniffled and Chiron wheeled his wheelchair towards them and took Annabeth’s hand.

“Thank you for having us,” he told Maria, but the woman was looking out of the window, her back to them. In that one, heartbroken moment Nico suddenly wanted his mom, and he almost ran to her. He wanted Bianca, but she wasn’t there.

Seconds later, they weren’t there either, but outside a beautiful mansion in a countryside. It had felt, for a second, as if they had tumbled through the air and Nico felt a bit nauseous and confused at the sun suddenly shining overhead. His tears were gone, replaced by awe. They stood outside a black, intricate gate on the other side of which stretched a stunning garden, full of blooming flowers and blossoming trees. Children ran around in the grass and among trees, dozens of them, looking happy and excited. Nico felt anxious, and he cowered into Annabeth’s side as he was assaulted by their thoughts.

Idiot, pass the ball!

Where did Clarisse go?
I’m hungry-
Ouch!—fuck...
Oi! Oi!
Nope, bad idea...hey! what an idiot! I can’t believe thisohmyGod—she’ssuchalittlebitch-

Nico whimpered and squeezed his eyes shut, his head throbbing. The gate was opened by someone that Nico couldn’t see, too focused on trying to distinguish his own thoughts from anyone else’s. Chiron led him into the garden, but Nico couldn’t appreciate his surroundings anymore. He started
“Chiron!” Annabeth sounded alarmed.

“It’s alright,” Chiron said calmly, but it wasn’t. There were too many people, too many voices, “Will! Come over here please!”

Nico’s legs were shaky and he wondered if he was going to be sick. The voices hammered at his brain, some loud and cheerful, other quieter and angrier, and all too much and too loud and-

Everything went silent, so suddenly as if someone had slammed a door shut. Nico looked up, shocked, and saw in surprise that there was a boy standing in front of him – a little older, a little taller, with blond curls, freckles and sparkling blue eyes. He was flushed from playing football, his clothes muddy and stained with grass, and Nico had a hand twisted in his shirt. He didn’t remember taking it.

“Hello,” the boy said. Nico stared at him.

“Nico,” Chiron said, “this is William Solace, or just Will. His special power is cancelling out other people’s.”

“You stopped the voices,” Nico blurted. Will laughed a bit awkwardly.

“I’m glad?” he offered.

Nico jerked forward and hugged Will suddenly, burying his face in the blond’s chest and clinging onto him as he finally let himself cry, holding onto Will for dear life. Annabeth ‘aww’ed’ and Will hesitantly wrapped his arms around Nico’s shoulders, keeping him close.

It’s alright, he thought, and he was the only voice Nico could hear in his head apart from his own. He pressed himself closer, Calm down, don’t cry, Will’s thoughts were soft and gentle, not prodding and violent like some of the other ones, and Nico didn’t mind hearing them.

31st October 2010 (6 months later)

Nico had been at Half-Blood Academy for six months and it was the happiest time in his life; he shared a room with Will, since he was the only one who could stop everyone else’s thoughts from intruding in Nico’s mind. However despite the beautiful mansion and the lovely people with the awesome abilities, Nico still felt out of place.

Everyone else around him seemed magical; there was Percy who had a water fight with half the students last month, standing on one of the fountains in the garden, and controlling the water. Leo Valdez, who was the same age as Nico, had spontaneously combusted multiple times during over-excitement while playing sports, and burned through way too much clothing, flashing way too many people. Then there was Frank, who during movie nights shape-shifted into a fat, black cat and curled up in people’s laps.

Nico, on the other hand, could barely stand to be around big groups of people, because it caused him painful headaches and anxiety. He, therefore, took to staying in his room for a lot of the time, making himself the antisocial emo boy of the school, not that he cared. He was almost eleven, and he hated people. Apart from Will, because Will made all the abusive voices go away, and maybe Percy, because Percy was always nice to Nico. The Italian wanted to be like Percy – strong, powerful.

Nico was sitting at the Halloween dinner that the school had organised on the 31st, with all the other
eleven year olds, even though he wasn’t technically eleven yet. He looked around the decorated main hall – pumpkins in the centre of every table, carved and flickering, candles on every surface, orange lanterns hanging from the ceiling. By the main door there were two huge pumpkins that Hazel, who had the power to control earth, had pulled out of the garden earlier.

Everyone was eating roast chicken and potatoes and pumpkin pie, but Nico couldn’t touch his food. He was trying to have fun, listening to some anecdote being told by Leo, but the thoughts of other filtered in the back of his head. The ones of the people sitting closely were the strongest. Leo’s thoughts followed his story, a few seconds ahead of his words—and then I told my Aunt Rosa that… while Hazel was looking at her pumpkins, half-listening and thinking wow, I did a really good job with those. I wonder if I can be a cool superhero in the future.

Then there were the thoughts of others, stupid, irrelevant ones like, ew I hate broccoli or if Jake doesn’t move his leg I will actually boot him across the room, and other ones that made Nico feel like he was invading on people’s privacy. Over at the fourteen year old table Jason, who could control air, was staring at Piper, who had a power of love (something Nico didn’t quite understand), and thinking Jesus Christ, she’s so beautiful, I want to kiss her.

Nico felt anxious, and that made the thoughts louder and more invading, as if he was losing control. The Italian’s hands were shaking and he stared at his plate and tried to focus on his own thoughts, but he couldn’t tell what he was even thinking anymore. His eyes sought out Will, who was laughing with the other twelve year olds at his table, and Nico didn’t want to bother him by having him come over and silence the other thoughts. He felt like such a burden to the blond.

“Nico,” Hazel frowned, “Are you okay?”

“I don’t feel well,” Nico said quickly and got up. Someone called after him but he wasn’t listening as he got out of the warm hall and out into the dark, chilly corridor. But the thoughts of others followed him, like echoes, and so Nico dashed outside into the garden. In October it wasn’t as pretty, with the trees losing their leaves and the ground hard and cold, but in the darkness of the night Nico couldn’t see any of that. He ignored the piercing wind and found a tree, sitting underneath it. The thoughts were silent and he breathed in deeply, trying to stop himself from crying. He was always crying.

“Hey,” Will’s voice made him look up, and Nico’s eyes glimmered with tears when he saw the blond looking down at him with worry that was reflected in his thoughts.

“You okay?”

“I c-can’t control it,” Nico whispered, choking on a sob, “There’s t-too many of them, too many voices, I-“

“Shhhh,” Will knelt next to him and touched his shoulder, “It’s okay. I know you get overwhelmed.”

Nico exhaled and closed his eyes, “It’s b-bad.”

“You’ll learn to control it,” Will said confidently. I know you will, you’re stronger than you think. The compliment made Nico look at him. He sniffled.

“I’m sorry, I don’t mean to be a bother,” he whispered. Will laughed.

“Don’t be stupid. You’re not a bother, I like helping you. Makes me feel like I’m actually useful, you know?”

Nico smiled. Will always made him feel better.
16th January 2012 (2 years later)

Nico had barely been twelve for two weeks, but he had been at Half-Blood Academy for two years, and he was getting really bloody frustrated.

“I can’t do it,” Nico snapped, wearing all black as he sat opposite Chiron in one of the classrooms. It was a dim, windy afternoon with a dark grey sky but some of the boys – including Will – were still playing rugby in the fields surrounding the school and Nico could hear them in the distance, their excited and loud thoughts, and it was getting on his nerves, “I can’t do it.” A girl hurried past the classroom outside and Nico heard her brief and depressed thought about her period. He grimaced, “I can hear them. All of them.”

“You’re reading their minds,” Chiron told him firmly, voice calm but confident, “Their thoughts aren’t making their way into your head, it’s your mind that’s seeking out their thoughts. You have the power here, not them.”

The words stayed with Nico for the rest of the day and at night he sat up in his bed and watched the shadows the moon cast on the wall through the window, mulling them over and over in his brain until they didn’t make any sense anymore. You’re reading their minds...you have the power...Nico was frustrated. He wasn’t strong, he couldn’t protect himself even from his own mind.

Will shifted on the bed next to Nico and the Italian glanced over at him – he was just a lump under his covers, and despite being asleep he was still a comforting presence. Nico’s mind started reaching out into Will’s head, and although people’s thoughts weren’t as strong when they slept, Nico could still hear them. He closed his eyes now and tried to push himself away from the trickle of sleeping thought coming from the blond, but he was too weak.

No...fight, fight. Come on, Will, just fight the monster. Get the sword. No! Why can’t I move?! Shit...

Will’s thoughts were chaotic and scared, muddled and confused as the ones of nightmares usually are. Nico’s eyes snapped open and his heart pounded as he scrambled from the bed, pushed by a sudden urgency, and threw his arms around Will’s sleeping form. Will jerked awake and briefly thought what the heck? Where am I? before twisting and looking at Nico with sleepy, surprised eyes.

“Nico?” he asked as the Italian clung onto him.

“You were having a nightmare,” the boy blurted, “I-I didn’t want you to be scared.”

Will smiled gently, “Thank you,” he said and gave Nico a quick hug.

You’re sweet.

Nico blushed and pulled away, clearing his throat, “S-Sorry if that was a bit weird. I-I didn’t m-mean anything by it, I just-“

“I know,” Will smiled.

I know.

21st March 2013 (A Year Later)

It was Nico’s third spring in the Academy, and he still wasn’t used to how rainy the weather was in the English midlands in March. He now sat at the window in the library, watching droplets race down the glass. It was a Saturday afternoon and most students weren’t studying, but Nico was here because he liked how quiet it was.
Across the room sat Percy and Annabeth, giggling over a book. Nico looked longingly at the fifteen year old boy, and his heart clenched. He had, over the past year, developed a helpless crush on Percy. He had managed to control his power to an extent, thanks at large to Will, but it took a great deal of concentration to not hear other people’s thoughts and if Nico was feeling any strong emotion he would lose that control. Around Percy he always lost it, and now he could clearly hear what the boy was thinking.

_I wonder if the prank with Connor will work. Eh, what’s the worst that can happen? Need to remember to text mom back..._

Nico smiled and looked at the window, his heart fluttering. He could also hear Annabeth’s thoughts, all along the lines of _can he shut up so I can finish my homework?_ Nico squeezed his eyes shut to try and block them out – to see if he could – and their thoughts lost volume but remained like two quarrelling voices in the back of his head, trying to talk over each other. And then, suddenly, they disappeared.

_Hi._

Nico opened his eyes and saw that Will had slid onto the windowsill opposite him, and was smiling brightly.

_You reading my thoughts?_

“Yes,” Nico admitted, “Although you silence everyone else’s thoughts, keeping out of your head is the hardest since it’s so quiet.”

Will smiled, “You’re getting better at controlling it though. I’m proud.”

“It’s still a bit hard...,” Nico’s eyes slid subconsciously to Percy.

_Why is he looking at him?_ The thought from Will made Nico’s eyes snap back, and he saw the blond blush.

“Don’t answer that,” he said quickly. Nico cleared his throat.

“Yes. Okay.”

He felt the awkwardness settled between him and his roommate. They had been close friends for three years and they were never awkward around each other. The silence was uncomfortable and Nico watched the rain go down the window, trying not to listen in to Will’s thoughts, though it was hard.

_God, this is awkward. I made it awkward. Congrats Will, bloody idiot. Fuck, he can probably hear my thoughts anyway._ Nico smiled at that and glanced at him. Will smiled back too, sheepishly.

“You know,” the blond said, “I came here when I was nine. Six years ago.”

“Yeah, I know,” Nico said. The rain _pit-pattered_ against the glass.

“I used to think my power was crap,” Will continued, also following the rain droplets with his eyes, “Cancellation power, when others could control water and fire and fly? How shit is that?”

Nico giggled at the swear word, “It’s not crap.”

Will smiled, “No. You made me realise that.”
“M-Me?” Nico blinked, surprised. Will’s smile widened.

“Yeah. Helping you really helped me come to terms with my power. It doesn’t seem useless after all.”

“I’m happy you think that,” Nico admitted. When he looked up, Percy had gone.

15th June 2014 (A Year Later)

Nico sat in history lesson, doodling in the corner of his book, bored and listening to the professor drone on. He didn’t realise for the first twenty minutes. He was comfortable, relaxed, weirdly at peace, the way he hadn’t been in a while. Nico nibbled on his pen and wondered why he felt like this.

And then it clicked in his mind.

It was silent.

Nico sat up straighter and looked around the classroom. There were thirty people there, and Nico could not hear anything. None of their thoughts. He inhaled sharply. Then, slowly, he focused on Piper in front of him. Her thoughts flooded his head.

Was I too sloppy with that kiss? Shit what if Jason thought I was a bad kisser?

Nico recoiled and pulled out of her head, and it was surprisingly easy. More silence.

“Oi,” Percy hissed from next to him, poking him in the ribs, “What’s wrong with you?”

Nico jerked to his feet and, ignoring the shouts from the professor, he ran out of the classroom. There was a bright smile on his face as he raced through the hallways of the school. He had never felt as free as the moment he burst into the beautiful, fragrant gardens. Some of the students that weren’t in lesson lounged out here, while others had gone down to the lake. The sun was warm and gentle on Nico’s skin, and the Italian spotted the person he was looking for, because his hair glimmered in the sun like gold.

“Will!” Nico yelled, and the blond looked up from a book he was reading.

Nico, he thought, happiness attached to that word, but in his ecstasy Nico didn’t pay much attention to that as he dropped to his knees at the blond’s side and wrapped his arms around his neck, laughing.

“Wow, someone’s happy,” Will chuckled.

“I can do it,” Nico sat up, flushed and breathless, “I can control the telepathy. Here, here, think something!” Will looked at him and Nico forced himself to not listen, “I don’t know what you’re thinking!”

Four years. It had taken him four years to finally control it. A bright grin appeared on the blond’s face and he hugged Nico quickly, “Shit, that’s awesome!” he pulled back and sadness flashed in his eyes briefly, “You don’t need me anymore.”


“I’m your best friend?”
“Y-Yeah,” Nico looked away, a little shy about that. The blond ruffled his hair fondly,

“Well now that you’re a powerful telepath I want to ask you one thing.”

“Yeah, anything,” Nico said.

“Promise me you won’t ever read my mind again,” Will said.

5th September 2015 (A year later)

They were drunk, almost all of the fifteen, sixteen, seventeen and eighteen year olds. Chiron had left to look for some more students and the other professors were all asleep and Percy threw a party in the living room. Travis and Conor had found some alcohol and now all the teenagers stumbled around, slurring and drunk.

Will wasn’t there, but Nico was, because Hazel had dragged him. An hour ago Frank had turned into a pigeon and was flying around stupidly around the ceiling while his girlfriend tried to catch him. Piper had used her power of amokinesis and had started making out with Jason.

“Nico!” Percy called suddenly, head sticking out from the door leading into the corridor. He waved the Italian over and so the boy got up and stumbled across the room, because he would do anything the older boy wanted.

He found Percy leaning against the wall in the dark corridor, a half-finished bottle of wine in his hand. He was grinning when Nico stumbled over, falling against his side, “Woah,” Percy laughed, “Easy there.” Nico laughed and pulled away, and took the bottle from the other boy and swung it, taking a hearty gulp. Then they both snickered, “Alright,” Percy grinned, “How’s the mind reading thing going?”

“How’s the water thing going?” Nico retaliated. Wine floated from the bottle and into Percy’s mouth.

“It’s going great,” he winked. Nico’s heart stuttered in his chest. He wanted to kiss Percy suddenly, but maybe that was just his drunken mind pushing him to do so, “You should read my mind,” Percy said. Nico giggled.

“No. I don’t wanna. Invasion of privacy.”

“Well what do you wanna do then?” Percy asked, voice slurring.

Before his brain caught up with him, Nico was already standing on his tiptoes and clumsily kissing him. It was quick and sloppy and now that great and when Nico pulled away from the kiss, afraid and nervous, he looked up at Percy. The boy looked confused and he let out a hesitant laugh, and Nico could tell that he had made a mistake.

“I’m...I’m flattered,” Percy said quickly, “But, uh, I’m not gay. And, uh, I like Annabeth.”

It was like a blow, though Nico had expected it. Of course he had expected it; Percy never made any kind of move to indicate he had any feelings for Nico. But it still hurt. Subconsciously sought out Percy’s thoughts because he needed to know.

Oh Jesus, that was gross.

Nico’s stomach twisted and he turned on his heel and took off down the corridor. Percy didn’t follow him and by the time he reached his room he was sobbing, shaking and stumbling. He barrelled into his bedroom and Will shot up in bed, clearly awoken by the noise.
“Nico?” he asked.

Sobbing hysterically the fifteen year old threw himself onto the bed, burying his face in his pillow and soaking it with tears. He had no control over anything, over his powers.

“Nico,” Will was grabbing his arm. *Fuck, what’s wrong with him?* “Nico, what-“

“Don’t touch me,” the Italian shoved him off, sitting up. He could hear Will’s thoughts clearly, couldn’t stop himself from listening to them. *Shit he looks like a mess,* “I know I’m a mess shut up!” Nico yelled.

“Are you drunk?” Will demanded.

“N-No I-,” suddenly Nico’s stomach churned and he felt nausea descend on him and he doubled over, slapping a hand over his mouth. *He’s gonna be sick,* Will thought, and the Italian shook his head. The blond grabbed his arms.

“To the bathroom,” he said, and dragged an un-cooperating Nico into their en-suite bathroom. Nico’s world spun and everything was blurry and scared and confusing, but Will’s touch, no matter how rough, was comforting. The blond managed to get him on his knees by the toilet just in time for the Italian to vomit into it.

“F-Fuck,” he slurred and vomited again, feeling sicker than he ever did. Will’s hand stroked his back.

“Shhh, you’re alright, I’ve got you.”

He got up and left Nico but the Italian heard his thoughts *I’m going to get water.* Nico had no concept of time as he puked and puked until his throat was dry and aching and his stomach was in pain. He was sick and sobbing and an idiot. Will’s return made him feel better though. The blond had wet a towel and now wiped Nico’s chin. *I should be more grossed out by this,* the blond thought and the fact he used the word gross made Nico cry harder, like a child, *What happened? Why is he crying so much? I swear I’ll kill whoever hurt him.*

“Here, drink this,” Will pressed a glass of water against Nico’s mouth and although the boy tried to protest, he ended up drinking it. Then, somehow, Will got him out of his dirties clothes and into his pj’s and Nico felt better when he climbed into bed. And then he caught Will’s thought; *Gods he’s beautiful.*

“What?” Nico turned around sharply, staring at the blond. Will blinked.

“I didn’t say anything.”

“Y-You...I...,” Nico’s voice faltered, “Right. Yeah.”

“How did you get into this state?” Will asked, looking over Nico who was now perched on the edge of his bed.

“T-They’re drinking downstairs,” Nico’s words were still a little slurry.

“Why were you crying though?” Will asked. Nico didn’t want to tell him but the words started coming out anyway.

“I kissed Percy,” he said, and then tears filled his eyes again, “A-And he rejected me.”
“Shit.” *Fuck what a fucking idiot,* Will thought though he tried not to let his emotions show, *if he had kissed me I would’ve been the happiest person in the world.*

“S-Stop it,” Nico stuttered.

“Stop what?” Will asked.

“Stop thinking those things about me!” Nico yelled. Will frowned.

“Are you...*are you reading my mind?!”*”

“I-I...,” Nico realised his mistake.

“What the fuck?!” Will demanded, “You said you wouldn’t do that anymore, what the *fuck?!”*”

Nico felt sick and he was crying, and Will was angry with him, and Nico hated that more than anything ever. *Oh God he heard all that. He heard me call him beautiful.*

“Stop it!” Nico screamed.

“You stop it!” Will yelled back, flushed, “Get out of my head.”

“No!” Nico snapped, “Don’t tell me what to fucking do.”

*I’m in love with you stop doing this.*

The thought made Nico flinch back, and Will knew that he heard, because his expression fell. Nico sniffled and his tears fell and the blond stared at him for a long, long moment, “F-Forget it,” he stuttered eventually, and collapsed on his own bed, wrapping himself up in his covers.

*He’s in love with me,* Nico realised and he sat on his bed, drunk and stunned. Slowly, emotions flooded him; he felt light suddenly, forgetting completely about Percy, and his heart fluttered, his body feeling with warmth. *Oh my God.* He thought about Will’s smile, his kindness, how safe he always made him feel. He thought about the way he always looked at Percy – he was handsome and exciting...but even his rejection didn’t make Nico feel as intense emotions as Will’s unwilling confession had.

He was happy, plain and simple.

Slowly and shakily Nico climbed off the bed and padded across the room. The world lurched to the side because Nico was still drunk and the boy stumbled and fell right on top of Will even though he hadn’t meant to.

“Oh, what the fuck?!” Will exclaimed and rolled, dragging Nico accidentally and trapping him between him and the wall. Their faces were all of a sudden only inches apart, “What the hell is your-“ Will’s voice trailed off and without meaning to Nico listened to his thoughts. *Oh God he’s so close. Fuck he’s so gorgeous. Why did I have to fall for him? Fuck, fuck, fuck...they stared at each other, and Nico couldn’t stop listening, his heart pounding, I want to kiss him, fuck.*


“S-Stop listening,” Will’s face was red. Nico reached out and grabbed Will’s face, clumsy and uncoordinated.

“Do it. Kiss me.”

“No I don’t,” Nico growled, “I-I...,” his mind spun and he closed his eyes, “I can’t explain right now, but I’m drunk. And I wanna kiss you. And you make me happy so just...”

Will’s arm slid around his waist and he leaned forward. I can’t do this, the blond though and so Nico pushed himself forward, because he needed this, and he pressed their mouths together. He was still drunk and so the kiss was sloppy and uncoordinated, but Will’s mouth against his felt right – oh God, it felt so right – and there was no guilt or fear like there had been with Percy.

Nico pressed himself closer, and he gripped Will’s face as the blond’s lips moved against his, and he listened to his thoughts, just because he wanted to hear. Fuck, this is good...God, I want him. I want him so badly. I want him to be closer, when Will thought that he acted on it, and dragged Nico’s body up against his, I love you, he kept thinking, interwoven between his other thoughts.

It was all too much and Nico shut off his powers so he could just enjoy the feeling of Will touching and kissing him. Eventually they pulled apart, flushed and breathless. Nico felt dizzy, but warm and safe, “That was nice,” he whispered.

“Are you still reading my thoughts?” Will asked. Nico shook his head.

“No. I-I’m sorry...”

Will kissed him quickly, “It’s alright,” he murmured, “I forgive you. I love you. I’m sorry if that upsets you.”

Nico looked at him helplessly, “You make me so happy,” he admitted, then sniffled and buried his face in Will’s chest. The blond exhaled and kissed the top of his head.

“We’re gonna talk tomorrow. You need to sober up. You can sleep in my bed if you want,” Nico nodded against his chest, “I love you. Goodnight.”


All the pain of his power, all the pain he went through in his life...it was worth it, just for this moment.
When I See You Again


For Stories_of_the_Shadows

Two Cyclops’ walked into Luke’s cabin on the *Princess Andromeda*, shoving Percy Jackson between them.

“Get off me you ugly fuckers,” the boy swore at them but his arms were tied behind his back and the monsters were both taller and stronger than him, so when they shoved him forward he stumbled and almost fell.


“Hello, cunt,” the boy spat at him. Luke’s smile grew and he indicated that the Cyclops’ should release the Demigod, which they did grudgingly.

“He was found sneaking onto the ship with a girl and a satyr, Captain,” one of them barked. Luke inclined his head.

“And well done for your sharp eye and power in capturing them,” he said, “Where are the others?”

“In the holding cells,” one of the Cyclops’ growled, “But this one said he wanted to speak with you.”

“Yes. You can go, I’ll make sure he’s punished for standing with the Gods,” Luke said. The Cyclops’ snickered and left the room, slamming the door shut behind them. Luke stood up, walked over and locked it, “That should do it,” he said, turning to Percy.

The son of Poseidon shifted and dropped the rope that had been tied around his hands, and a smile appeared on his face, “Your people need to learn how to tie better knots, Castellan.”

Luke opened his arms and the boy tumbled into them, standing on his tiptoes so he could lean up for a kiss that Luke met him halfway for. They laughed against each other’s mouths, and exhilaration filled Luke; he hadn’t seen Percy in weeks and finally holding the boy he loved in his arms again felt amazing. They kissed each other with the passion and desperation of two lovers apart for too long, and Luke enclosed Percy in his arms.

“I missed you,” he murmured between kisses. Percy smiled against his mouth.

“Me too. So much that I let myself be captured.”
“Mhmm, I thought you might,” Luke said, brushing a piece of hair from Percy’s forehead, “the monster’s aren’t smart enough to ever catch you by themselves,” he frowned, “You got taller.”

“Not as tall as you,” Percy kissed him quickly but Luke couldn’t stop staring at him – he was a bit sweaty and dirty from the quest, his hair mussed and a little wet from the sea-breeze, but he was as stunning as ever.

Luke leaned down and kissed him again, and Percy slipped his arms around the man’s neck, walking backwards and pulling the blond with him, their mouths moving together perfectly. When Percy reached Luke’s bed, hidden behind a curtain that separated the room in two, he turned them around, so it was Luke who fell backwards against the pillows first, with Percy hurriedly climbing on top of him. The blond smiled, enjoying the comforting weight of the boy on top of him.

“I love you,” he said, and Percy bit his bottom lip playfully, “I love you so much.”

Luke’s hands slid underneath Percy’s shirt, slow and deliberate, and he wanted to memorise the feeling of the boy’s warm skin against his palms, so he could remember it for the next few, lonely weeks when Percy was gone. But the son of Poseidon wanted no gentle caresses and he roughly grasped the hem of Luke’s shirt, pulling it over his head before doing the same to his own shirt. They fell onto each other, hands pressing against muscle, mouths moving together.

Percy climbed off Luke briefly so both of them could shove off their trousers and underwear, their eyes never leaving each other. When Percy climbed back into Luke’s lap, he had two ties in his hand, and the son of Hermes had no idea where he had gotten them from.

Luke tried to reach for him, but the dark haired boy pushed his hands away, “None of that now,” he said. Luke smirked and let him tie each wrist to the headboard of the bed, not too hard, but successfully preventing Luke from moving, or touching Percy.

He leaned in to try and capture Percy’s lips, but the boy turned his head, teasingly dragging his lips along Luke’s jaw instead. The blond groaned and shifted, getting Percy to slip closer to him. His cock twitched in interest.

“You’re such a little shit,” Luke told the boy. Percy giggled and wrapped his arms around the blond’s neck once more, crashing their lips together in another heated kiss. Luke revelled in the softness of the other boy’s mouth and Percy slowly, deliberately rocked against him. Their semi-hard cocks barely brushed together, just enough to make the blond shiver. He would’ve complained if he wasn’t so busy kissing Percy...but quite frankly he was kind of enjoying this lack of control. He was the captain of this ship, a leader of the Titan rebellion, and to have no power for once was nice.

One of Percy’s hands danced down Luke’s chest playfully, tracing out his abs, and his mouth slipped from the son of Hermes’ and down his neck.


“Hey,” Percy tutted, “No swearing,” he kissed the corner of Luke’s mouth and started stroking him slowly. The blond’s breath grew laboured and he tried to lean in to kiss Percy properly, but the ties on his hands kept him from doing so. The frustration only served to make him more aroused, and his cock twitched into full hardness under Percy’s skilled fingers.
“I don’t know how much time we have,” Luke gritted out, and then let out an involuntary moan when Percy brushed his thumb over the head of his cock. The dark haired boy smiled devilishly, dark hair tumbling into his mischievously sparkling eyes, “and your friends—”

“Shhh,” Percy murmured, “I don’t wanna talk about them,” his strokes grew faster and Luke threw his head back against the headboard, shaking.

“F-Fuck, Perce-,” he groaned when the boy let go of his dick suddenly, “You’re such a fucking tease.”


“Come here,” he said, low in his throat. Percy just grinned at him playfully and then climbed off Luke altogether. The blond let out an exasperated sigh, falling back against the headboard and following his naked lover with his eyes. He eagerly took in the soft curve of Percy’s ass and the strong edges of his shoulders.

He remembered when they first went to bed together; Luke was eighteen, angry and frustrated with the Gods and encountered Percy by accident while on a mission for Kronos. Percy was almost sixteen then, and despite being a brave Demigod, he was shaky and shy in bed, but eager. And now, almost a year later, the tables have turned; there was nothing but confidence in Percy as he sauntered over to Luke’s bedside table and pulled out a little bottle of lube and a condom. He held it up between two fingers like bait.

“Condom?” he asked. Luke gave him a look and Percy giggled as he walked back over to him and kissed his temple, throwing an arm around his shoulders, “What? I don’t know who you’ve been fucking when we were apart.”

Luke’s hands twisted in the ties and for a second he wished he was free so he could grab Percy and hold him close, “Don’t be stupid. You know I would never touch anyone but you.”

Percy pressed their foreheads together and kissed Luke lovingly, “I know, I was just teasing,” he danced away again and dropped the condom back into the cupboard and gracefully climbed back into Luke’s lap. He poured the lube over his fingers and Luke frowned.

“What are you doing?”

“Preparing myself,” Percy said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world, “It’s been like a month since we did it last time d’you think you can just stick it in me?”

Luke rolled his eyes, “Let me do it then.”

“No,” Percy smirked, “You can watch though.”

He reached behind himself and although Luke couldn’t see quite what he was doing, he knew the exact moment when the boy put the first digit inside himself because his brows furrowed and his mouth fell open slightly to let out a shaky breath. The muscles in his stomach tensed and his hard cock twitched against it, and Luke just wanted to touch him. He strained against his bindings.

“Fuck you,” he hissed.

“You will,” Percy smiled and a lock of hair tumbled into his eyes. He pushed another finger inside himself and a wet, squelching sound filled the room. The boy’s eyes fluttered shut and blood rushed
to his cheeks as he let out little breathless moans. Luke hungrily took in all of his expressions, wanting to commit them to memory.

“Fuck, Percy,” he whispered. The boy shifted closer and kissed him, his free hand gripping the back of Luke’s neck as he continued to finger himself, hips stuttering upwards.


“You’re the most gorgeous person I’ve ever seen in my life,” the blond told him in a hoarse voice, “I want to touch you. Fuck, Perce, let me touch you.”

The boy pulled his fingers out and wrapped both arms around Luke’s neck, pressing their bodies flush against each other. He kissed the blond, open-mouthed and wet, their tongues brushing together. It was slow and seductive, and Luke’s cock throbbed with the need to be inside Percy. But the boy didn’t seem to be in a hurry anymore as he kissed Luke all over his face and neck, stroking his hair. His kisses were sweet but the cock pressing against Luke’s own made the heat in his stomach unbearable.


“Convince me you want it,” Percy nibbled on Luke’s earlobe and the blond let out a low moan when the boy lubbed up his hand and gave the blond’s cock one long stroke.

“Fuck. You know I want it...I want you, Percy. I don’t know how much time we have so just please...,” Luke whispered, heatedly kissing Percy between words, “Please let me have you.”

“You do have me,” Percy said quietly, looking directly at Luke, his gaze intense and unwavering, “Always.”

He lifted himself up and, without warning, sunk down onto Luke’s cock, taking him inside himself. It was almost unbearably tight but Percy’s passage let Luke in without much resistance, as if his body was made for the blond’s cock. Luke threw his head back, clinging onto the ties around his wrists, and letting out a low, drawn out moan.

Percy panted against his neck, shoulders trembling, “Fuck, f-fuck, fuck...I forgot h-how big you are.”

Luke kissed the side of his head, pleasure building up inside his body as his cock was surrounded by Percy’s wet heat. The blond wanted to say something, anything, tell Percy how amazing he was or how much he loved him, but before he could the dark haired boy lifted himself up and slid back down onto his lover’s cock in one swift movement.

“Percy-,” Luke choked out, but he couldn’t string together a sentence because then Percy started riding him, as if he was born for it, and all Luke could do was moan.

Sweat beaded on Percy’s skin, and his eyes fluttered shut as little, stuttered moans spilled from the son of Poseidon’s mouth. One of his hands rested on Luke’s thigh so he could use it as leverage, and the other clung to Luke’s shoulder. The boy bounced in the son of Hermes’ lap, faster and faster, almost desperately, and Luke thought he was going to lose his mind.

“Gods,” he whispered, “Percy...f-fuck, untie me-“

Percy crashed their mouths together in a bruising kiss, whimpering against the blond’s lips, and he reached down to stroke his own cock in time with his movements. The room filled with the sloppy sounds of sex, and Luke felt his stomach knot – he knew he was going to explode soon, but he didn’t have to wait for Percy because then he came, splattering against the blond’s stomach.
“Fuck,” Luke gritted out, Percy whimpered, still kissing him, his insides clenching around the blond’s cock. Luke couldn’t hold back any longer and his member twitched inside the dark haired boy as he also orgasmed.

Percy slumped against him, gasping for air, his body soft and warm. Luke turned his head and kissed his hair and the side of his head, everywhere he could reach. Finally, after a few peaceful moments, the son of Poseidon climbed off Luke, his soft cock slipping out of him, and he undid the blond’s bindings.

Immediately Luke wrapped his arms around Percy, pulling the younger boy against him and kissing him fiercely, hands sliding all over his warm skin.

“I love you,” he whispered, “I love you, I love you, don’t go.”

“I have to,” Percy pressed their foreheads together and stroked Luke’s cheeks, “even though I don’t want to leave you.”


“I can’t,” suddenly there were tears in Percy’s eyes, “You know I can’t. But Gods, I love you. So much.”

A commotion broke out somewhere above them, on the deck, and both the boys sighed, knowing what it meant. They got off the bed and put their clothes back on before kissing passionately, and way too quickly.

“You should punch me,” Luke said.

“No, I’ll just dose you in water,” Percy smiled a small, sad smile. The blond kissed his forehead.

“When will I see you again?”

“Soon, I promise,” Percy murmured, “It’s not hard to get ‘caught’ by your men.”


“I love you too. Always.”
Leo cursed himself for ever believing that everything would turn out okay after the war with Gaia, as if the defeat of the Goddess would put an end to all his other problems. Spoiler alert – it didn’t.

It had been three weeks since the end of the Giant War, three weeks of peace and boredom and idleness that was beginning to grate on Leo’s nerves as he nervously anticipated something happening; the arrival of a new enemy, the destruction of another camp, another war. But every morning he woke up to a sunlit cabin full of his siblings...and nothing happened. It was enough that Leo’s anxiety after his ‘death’ began to fade and he started to pay less attention to his surroundings, actually believing that everything would be alright.

That’s when he decided to pounce.

There were a few things about Narcissus that Leo knew before and immediately after the hunter turned up at the doorstep of the Hephaestus cabin, the first one being that when your father is a river God (no matter how minor) and your mother’s a nymph, you can basically do anything, including kidnapping an unsuspecting Demigod right from his fucking bed. Narcissus had his connections; Hypnos meddled with the sleep of Leo’s siblings so none of them heard his muffled screams when a hand was slapped over his mouth and he was dragged out of his warm bed, and some of the other fuckers – probably Hermes – gave Narcissus the power to sneak through camp undetected, and once he was in the forest with a struggling Leo in his arms, the Latino lost the last of his chances because this was Narcissus’ mother’s domain...and his mother had a lot of sisters and cousins. Most of the Camp nymphs actually. How fucking convenient.

The second thing Leo learned about Narcissus, or rather realised much too late, was that the guy was not fucking dead. The Doors of Death were closed, Thanatos was back to his old job, the Gods were back to fucking about, and Narcissus still stayed on earth as if he had never left in the first place.

The third thing, and probably the most surprising, was that the hunter had somehow found it in himself to leave his pool and all of his doting nymphs to find Leo and exact revenge on him for stealing his favourite mirror.

Leo’s initial, panicked thoughts as magic vines wrapped around him and Narcissus threw him over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, was that he was going to die. He was sure the hunter had taken
him from the safety of his cabin so he could drag him to a dark ditch somewhere and bludgeon him to death or worse, torture him in some horrible way. As Leo was surrounded by dark forest, in an uncomfortable position, the worst came to mine and he would’ve screamed for help or used his powers but he couldn’t move. Goddamn nymphs and their magic.

Narcissus was silent, which was unlike him, and then out of nowhere he dropped Leo on the ground. The boy let out a muffled sound of pain as he landed painfully on his ass and looked around. In the darkness of the night all he saw was trees swaying in the wind, and a river glimmering in the moonlight nearby. They were outside camp borders, Leo could tell, and he shuddered, searching the darkness for some monster that would make a midnight snack out of him.

Narcissus stood calmly closeby, looking at a huge stone that resembled a cliff, protruding from among the trees. Leo took him in. He hadn’t seen the guy in months and Narcissus hadn’t changed much except he had swapped out his outdated toga into a pair of grey jeans and a white long sleeved button up shirt. A weird choice of clothing, though it still made Narcissus look fucking flawless. His wavy brown hair fell perfectly across his forehead, his forest-green eyes focused on the rock. He lifted his nicely muscled arms suddenly and whispered something under his breath and suddenly a beautiful nymph slid from the trees. Others followed and Leo watched, half in horror and half in surprise, as they danced around the rock. In front of his eyes a transformation began to happen. Bricks slipped out of the rock, layering themselves on the ground, he saw pillows, food, a fireplace, all slip from the earth and re-arrange themselves – and suddenly there was a perfect little cottage standing in front of Leo, build partially into the rock and surrounded by trees.

It was an old looking one, with a homey feel to it. It had only one floor with small, square windows in the stone it was built of. Vines snaked across the walls and up to the thatched roof, and through the glass Leo could see fire blazing in the fireplace. The nymphs held hands around the cottage and chanted something, and a protective ring of magic shone around the house for a second before fading away.

The nymphs disappeared and Narcissus turned to Leo, face impassive as he grabbed the Latino’s wrist and hauled him to his feet. The boy tried to protest and fight back but he still couldn’t move, and found himself being helplessly pushed inside the cottage.

The moment he stepped over the threshold the invisible bindings around him disappeared, the boy stumbled, gasping for air even though he had been breathing normally. Immediately he whirled on Narcissus.

“What the fuck?!” he demanded.

Narcissus pushed the door shut, “Gods, you’re loud.”

“What the hell is wrong with you?!” Leo asked, “How can you just kidnap me out of my bed?! That’s illegal, you know! My dad’s gonna get proper pissed-“

“No, he won’t,” Narcissus smirked, which looked irritating on his perfect face. He crossed his arms over his chest and looked down at Leo, “Actually your father gave me free reign to do with you as I please.”


“Nemesis finally apologised for causing my death all those years ago, and gave me a promise to give me anything I want. I wanted to exact revenge on you, for pissing me off a few weeks ago,” his eyes narrowed, “the only thing Nemesis said I needed was your father’s permission. Hephaestus didn’t care much.”
Leo swallowed, “So out of all the things you could have in the world you chose me? Fuck, that’s a bit stupid.” Narcissus took a step towards him and immediately Leo took a scared step back. Because he was scared; there was nobody here to save him from this crazy guy, “What are you gonna do? Torture me? Please say you won’t torture me.”

“I won’t torture you,” Narcissus said, “I will humiliate you though, until you hate yourself and possibly me, though I can’t see that happening. Everyone loves me.”

“I certainly don’t,” Leo snorted, relaxed now that he was sure there’d be no pain involved, “So would you like to enlighten me on what your awesome humiliation plan is?”

Narcissus smirked, “I’m going to make you my bride.”


“No woman in history was ever good enough for me to marry, so it’s kind of ironic that someone as average and inadequate as you would be the one I finally take as my wife,” the words wouldn’t have stung if they didn’t come from someone as hot as Narcissus and Leo gritted his teeth to stop himself punching the guy in the face, “Instead of being the warrior you so badly seem to want to be, you will become my wife and housewife in this cottage,” he gestured around the room they were in – it was small with a fireplace and a wooden dining table, dried herbs and flowers hanging from the ceiling. Two doors led off to what Leo assumed were the bedrooms and the bathroom, and he had to admit the place had a picturesque, fairy-tale-y look to it.

“You want me to be your housewife?” Leo asked slowly.

“No,” Narcissus said immediately, glaring, “I don’t want that. I don’t care for you being here, but it will bring me immense pleasure to see you suffer.”

“I don’t see how this will make me suffer,” Leo crossed his arms over his chest, determined to piss Narcissus off enough to make the hunter change his mind about this whole insane idea. However he had the opposite of the desired effect because Narcissus just gave him an infuriating smile and walked over to a chest in the corner that Leo hadn’t noticed before. He opened it and out of it he pulled out...a silky nightdress. Leo let out a little shocked giggle, “You’re joking me.”

“No, I’m serious,” Narcissus held out the dress – it was a light pink colour and looked like liquid. It also looked small and sheer, “Put it on.”

“No,” Leo said, “You’re insane.”

Narcissus was in front of him suddenly, a hunting knife in his hand, “Put it on,” he growled, all traces of amusement having left his voice as he pressed the blade to Leo’s stomach. The boy swallowed uneasily and forgot how to breathe, “This is my revenge, you’re my prisoner, and you will do as you’re told.” Leo held up his hand and summoned the fire inside himself, but nothing happened. Narcissus’ eyes narrowed, “Don’t even try that,” he hissed, pressing the knife harder against Leo and making him squeak. “Your powers don’t work here, the nymphs’ magic ensures that, as well as ensuring that you can’t leave the cottage.”

“What is wrong with you?” Leo whispered, afraid.

“You shouldn’t have pissed me off,” there was anger in Narcissus’ eyes that a moment ago looked mossy green and now looked poisonous. Leo swallowed again and shakily took the stupid nightdress from the brunet. The hunter seemed satisfied and he stepped away, the knife dissolving into thin air. He looked at Leo expectantly.
“Well can you at least turn around?” Leo demanded, face burning red.

“No,” Narcissus said, “Change.”

Leo huffed and he turned around, so his back was to Narcissus, though that just made him more self-conscious. He had never changed in front of anyone but his siblings and he was sure that Narcissus would have a right laugh about his appearance. Still, there was nothing Leo could do. Face burning, the Latino lifted the t-shirt he slept in over his head and threw it on the floor before hurriedly pulling on the nightdress and shrugging out of his shorts. It felt silky against his naked skin, but it barely covered anything.

“Turn around,” Narcissus said. Leo was blushing and the hunter had been right; he was ashamed. He slowly turned around, staring at the floor and wanting to cry. He could feel Narcissus’ eyes sliding over him, assessing. “Hmm,” he said after a second, “you’re so scrawny and yet your hips and butt are curvy like a girl’s.”

“S-Shut up,” Leo stuttered and hugged himself in a feeble attempt to hide himself from Narcissus’ scrutinizing gaze. The hunter laughed,

“Don’t worry I’m only doing this to humiliate you and trust me I take no pleasure in seeing you wearing that. You look awful.”

“Fantastic,” Leo spat, “Can I go now?”

“No,” Narcissus cocked his head to the side, hair tumbling into his eyes, “You’re going to stay here as long as I like.”

“Fuck you,” Leo growled. Narcissus, looking like he couldn’t care less, strode over to one of the doors and pushed it open.

“Come along now,” he said and Leo grudgingly followed him, giving the front door a longing look. He found himself in an even smaller room, with a double bed between a wall and a wardrobe. One of the free walls had a large shelf of books on it and the other, surprisingly, a flat screen TV.

“Did you design this place?” Leo asked in distaste.

“No,” Narcissus said, “If I had I would’ve put two beds...all the better though, you can sleep on the floor.”

“I’m not a dog!” Leo whirled around and glared at him. Narcissus looked at him.

“No...you’re not. You’re my wife now, so I suppose you have to sleep in my bed.”

Leo recoiled, “I’ll take the floor.”

Narcissus smirked, “That’s what I thought.”

Exhaustion caught up with Leo and moments later he was curled up on the floor in this dark room, listening to the wind beating at the windows, and wondering how the fuck he’d get out of this situation. He had virtually become a prisoner – and a wife – of a thousand year old hunter, who hated him. At least Narcissus had given him a pillow and a blanket, though that didn’t make the floor any more comfortable.

***
Narcissus sat in the park, enjoying the breeze in his hair. It felt refreshing to be alive again, and amazing not to have to stare at himself for eternity. Contrary to popular belief Narcissus wasn’t actually in love with himself; sure, he thought he was way too good-looking for most – actually any – people and that he was awesome, but the whole pond-staring-until-you-starve thing was all Nemesis’ fault. So now, that Narcissus was in theory free of himself, he decided to enjoy it.

The autumn day was sunny but chilly and Narcissus leaned back on the bench as he watched children race around Central Park, pleased with life. That’s when Hermes suddenly appeared next to him.

“Long time no see,” the God said casually. Narcissus sighed.

“What do you want?”

“Oi, don’t be rude,” Hermes scolded, “I came to check up on the whole Valdez situation.”

“There’s no situation,” Narcissus said quietly.

“I know that part of the agreement was that the Gods can’t look into the cottage,” Hermes rolled his eyes, tapping his staff on the ground in annoyance, “But we’re all curious. How did he react to the whole plan?”

“None of your business,” Narcissus scoffed, remembering how embarrassed and flushed Leo had been when he made him wear the nightdress. It was totally worth it, “He’s mine now.”

“Oh, is he?” Hermes winked and nudged Narcissus suggestively. The brunet batted his hand away, “Fuck off,” he said, “I’m not going to have sex with him, if that’s what you’re suggesting.”

Hermes shrugged and looked at the trees, “He’s still a virgin, you know. You could teach him a thing or two.”

“Shut up,” Narcissus barked, “I don’t need advice from you.”

“Sure, sure,” Hermes stood up and dusted himself off, “Well I’m back to Olympus then. Don’t break the boy, please.”

And then he was gone. Somehow the sunshine in the park seemed dimmer and Narcissus huffed and crossed his arms over his chest, annoyed. Now that the heat of the moment had passed he wondered what he was doing. He had a Demigod trapped in a cottage in the woods, wearing a girl’s pj’s, and doing what? He had left that morning and told Leo to make dinner and clean the house and then he had thought it was funny...not so much anymore. It wasn’t that he felt bad, or regretted it, but he wondered if maybe torture would’ve been a better option to exact his revenge.

Narcissus let out an angry huff and stood up from the bench. He made for the woods, hands shoved into his pockets. He should be pleased and content, and yet he found that Leo was making him agitated instead. The moment Narcissus was among the trees he pictured his cottage and suddenly he was among the trees of the forest by Camp Half Blood. That was thanks to his mother; he could teleport in any wood thanks to her, and so he found himself standing outside the cottage only moments later.

The moment he walked in there was a frying pan flying at his head. Only his quick reflexes made him duck out of the way in time, and the pan slammed against the front door.

“What the-,” the brunet gaped at Leo, who was still in his nightdress, standing on the table and
glaring at Narcissus.

“There’s no knives,” he snapped.

“Were you going to stab me?!” Narcissus demanded. The Demigod’s eyes narrowed.

“Maybe,” he reached down and grabbed another frying pan from a pile by his feet and aimed. Narcissus threw himself forward and wrapped an arm around the boy’s waist, hauling him off the table and forcing him to let go of the pan. Leo was as light as a feather.

“Let go!” the Demigod yelled, beating feebly at Narcissus’ back. The hunter pulled him into the bedroom and threw him on the ground. The boy groaned in pain and the hunter reached beneath his bed to pull out a rope, shoving Leo back down when he tried to wriggle away, “Stop it!” the Demigod was flushed, eyes sparkling with anger, “Let go of me you fucker!”

Narcissus seized his wrist in his hand and wrapped the rope around it. Leo struggled but he was too weak and skinny and Narcissus was much too strong for him, and he easily tied the other end of the rope to one of the bedpost’s. When he stepped away Leo immediately tried to undo the knot on his wrist, but it held strong. Narcissus smirked.

“What?!” Leo demanded, “You’re gonna keep me here on the floor like some dog?!”

“Yes,” Narcissus said, satisfied.

“It’s cold,” Leo complained. Narcissus leaned over him and grabbed his face roughly in his hand, pleased when the Latino flinched, eyes widening.

“You should’ve started a fire then, aren’t you good at that?” Narcissus said quietly. Leo pulled his face free, his eyes dark with anger.

“Fuck you,” he whispered, “My friends will come find me, you know.”

“I’m sure they will,” Narcissus rolled his eyes and walked out into the main room, slamming the bedroom door shut. He could’ve made food, but he didn’t feel like it, so instead he sat at the table and took out his laptop, scrolling through his Tumblr fanpage before ordering pizza. He contemplated whether he should even give any to Leo.

***

“I’m tired of takeaway,” Leo said, after a week of being tied to Narcissus’ bed. He was exhausted, his bones ached, and he couldn’t sleep another night on the cold, hard floor.

“Well I’m not going to cook for you,” Narcissus snorted from the bed, where he was clicking away on his laptop. Leo slumped against the bed, wondering when the fuck this would end.

“I’ll cook, just fucking untie me,” he said. Narcissus looked down at him.

“So you can throw another frying pan at me? I don’t think so,” he said, “Besides, I don’t understand how you could even do that to someone as good looking as me. You could’ve fucked up my face.”

“You’re not that hot, chill,” Leo rolled his eyes.

“Oh yeah, cause you’re better?”

Leo glared at him, “Whatever. You’re not my type anyway.”
“Oh please, I’m everyone’s type,” Narcissus said. Leo gritted his teeth because, actually, Narcissus was exactly his type, and that’s what was so annoying. The brunet sighed suddenly and slammed his laptop shut, “Fine,” he got off the bed, “You can make dinner. I’m hungry,” he undid the knot on the bed and then pulled Leo along by the rope, into the kitchen.

“I can only make tacos,” Leo said.

“Whatever that is, make it,” Narcissus said.

Half an hour later they were sitting by the table, a huge plate of chicken tacos in front of them. Somehow the little fridge hidden in one of the cupboards in the kitchen magically had everything Leo needed to cook, so he prepared the meal with Narcissus watching over him and criticising his every move, though now the brunet sat next to Leo and happily ate the food.

“How was death then?” Leo asked, and then blushed and quickly said, “Not that I care. You can choke on that taco.”

“Do you like it?” Leo asked, and then blushed and quickly said, “Not that I care. You can choke on that taco.”

Narcissus looked at him, “They’re good tacos, wife.”

“How was death then?” Narcissus asked, “I-I...,” Leo swallowed, “And what if it is?”

“I’m flattered,” Narcissus teased. Leo shoved a taco in his mouth.

“Gods I hate you,” he said, and swallowed the food, “so, you spent all this time staring at your reflection in a pond?”

“Yes,” Narcissus sighed, “It was quite boring now that I think about it.”

“How was death then?” Leo asked, and popped it into his mouth. Narcissus face changed then and the amusement disappeared from his face, and a darkness seemed to take its place. Leo almost felt bad for asking.


Leo’s heart clenched when he remembered his brief death. It was depressing, “I know what you mean,” he murmured, for a second lost in his own memories.

“How can you know what I mean?” Narcissus snapped, “You’ve never been to the Fields of Asphodel.”

“No, but I did die,” Leo said, and the hunter’s head snapped to look at him in shock. Leo didn’t really want to elaborate, he had never spoke to anyone about what dying was like. But Narcissus was looking at him with a surprising softness, as if gently prompting Leo to speak. The Latino looked down at his lap and his hands, twisting together, a rope still around one of his wrists, “It was cold. And dark. And it felt like I’d never be warm again,” he cleared his throat, “Only for a moment though. I can’t imagine it lasting for hundreds of years.”

“It didn’t feel that long,” Narcissus said. They looked at each other for a moment, forest green eyes meeting chocolate brown ones with such intensity that Leo’s heart started pounding. The Latino looked away and cleared his throat.
“Do you have some kind of nickname? Like Narci or Sissi?”

“That’s it,” Narcissus stood up and tugged on his rope, “Back on the floor.”

***

For the next two weeks life continued in a way Narcissus never expected it to. He went out each day to learn more and more about the modern world and when he came home he would untie Leo from the bed and the boy would cook and then help Narcissus get to grips with the internet. They even started watched a few movies, though Leo always got annoyed because he’d have to explain things to Narcissus every few minutes.

It was nice, having someone always there. Narcissus’ life was always a lonely one, though the hunter assumed he had no one to blame but himself. When he first took Leo he decided to only keep him around for a fortnight and then send him back. He only wanted to shake the boy up a bit...but now he couldn’t bear to even think about going back to the cottage without Leo there.

He was in New York one afternoon, walking along the streets and admitting the buildings climbing towards the steely sky, when the snow fell. It was fast, unexpected, and startling. Anxious, Narcissus went back to Central Park and walked into the forest, wanting to get back to the cottage. He wandered among the trees for ages and ages, and his home didn’t appear. Narcissus grew fearful and he tried to call his mother but she didn’t come.

The nymphs had gone to sleep now that winter was upon them. Narcissus had no power to teleport through the forest without them. Leo, he thought, helpless, and reached for his phone. But Leo had no phone. Narcissus groaned. Why am I worried? He thought and started slowly walking through the park. And then he walked faster. And then he was running.

By the time he arrived at the cottage the snow was up to his knees and night had fallen, and the cottage was dark. Narcissus felt panic bubbling up inside of him as he threw himself at the door and into the cottage.

Leo was on the floor in the dark, freezing bedroom, curled up into a ball, shivering. He sat up when he heard Narcissus walk in, and the nightdress he wore suddenly seemed too thin and flimsy.

“Where were you?!” Leo demanded, hugging himself, and Narcissus stared, his heart clenching, “Where the fuck were you?!”

“I couldn’t teleport. I had to take a taxi,” Narcissus said, and then hurried over to Leo, “Shit you’re shaking-,” he went to touch the boy but Leo flinched away.

“F-Fuck off, a-asshole,” his teeth clattered, “I-I’ve been here f-for hours-“

“I know, I know,” he grabbed Leo’s arm and pulled him to his feet. The boy sneezed and shuddered and Narcissus hurriedly undid the knot of the rope on his wrist. He winced when he saw that the skin underneath was red and irritated. And suddenly he was sorry. He was so, so sorry, “I need to warm you up,” he said.

“No you’re not,” Leo grumbled and went to sit back down. Narcissus pulled off his coat and then the flannel he had on underneath and wrapped it around Leo’s shoulders, pulling him against his chest like a little bundle.

“No you’re not,” the hunter whispered, “Leo, you’re fucking shaking come on before you catch a cold.”
“N-No I-I’m f-fine d-down t-there.”

Forcefully Narcissus pulled Leo to the bed, dumping him underneath the covers before shoving off his shoes and climbing in himself, “No,” Leo protested, pressing a hand against Narcissus’ chest, “I-I don’t need t-this, I-I don’t need y-you...,” he was a little hysterical and Narcissus’ heart ached. He pulled the Latino against his chest and held him close.

The Demigod slumped against him and finally relaxed, exhaling against the hunter’s shoulder. Narcissus stroked his hair, his stomach twisting, and he didn’t know why but suddenly he wanted desperately to protect the boy.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, though it took a lot to get over his pride and said that, “I’m sorry for tying you up and leaving you here in the cold. I got back as fast as I could. Please just don’t die. Don’t die, please.”

“I’m not gonna die,” Leo pulled away and craned his head up to look at Narcissus and there was a little smile on his face, “Careful or I’ll think you care.”

“Your lips are blue,” Narcissus whispered, and his hands slipped upwards to cup the boy’s cheeks. The Latino didn’t push him away, to the hunter’s surprise, instead snuggling up against his palms. His cheeks were cold. The hunter leaned down and kissed him.

His lips were cold. Very cold.

“What are you doing?” Leo pulled away, staring at Narcissus with big eyes.

“Your lips are blue,” Narcissus said. He felt dizzy and unlike himself and when he against leaned down to kiss the Latino, there was no resistance.

“You’re so warm,” Leo whispered, snuggling up against Narcissus.

The kiss turned rough and passionate and Narcissus forcefully pressed Leo up against himself, slipping an arm around his waist, the other still holding the boy’s face. Narcissus slipped his tongue inside Leo’s mouth and the boy’s own tongue came to tangle with his, surprisingly warm. Leo moaned against his lips and a shock of pleasure went through the hunter. He didn’t understand why though. He had never been even remotely attracted to anyone and yet now he found himself growing hard from this one, stupid, cold Demigod.

“You warm now?” Narcissus asked, pulling away. Leo’s eyes were sleepy and dark with lust and his hands slipped into the hunter’s hair.

“No,” he murmured. Narcissus pressed his mouth to the boy’s neck, pushing his flannel aside, his cheek brushing against the silky material of the nightdress the boy was still wearing underneath. He rolled on top of him, pressing the boy down into the bed and kissing down his neck and collarbone, slipping the strap of the nightdress off his shoulder to kiss it. He wanted to kiss everywhere, make sure every inch of Leo’s skin was warm and that he was safe.

And Leo just let him, fingers buried in Narcissus’ locks, chest rising with every heavy breath. Narcissus pushed his nightdress upwards, pressing his mouth against the soft skin of Leo’s stomach. He felt the muscle there shift as Leo tensed, and could feel his erection pressing up against him.

He slipped upwards so he and Leo were face to face and the boy looked at him with peculiar trust that Narcissus hadn’t expected. He hadn’t expected any of this, to be honest.

“Come on,” Leo’s legs wrapped around his waist and he reached up to tug on Narcissus’ shirt until
the hunter pulled it over his head, “Just do it.”

Leo barely let Narcissus prepare him, and normally the hunter wouldn’t care about more than just feeling pleasure himself but this time it was different...this time it wasn’t casual sex with some nymph or minor goddess that Narcissus had no interest in, but with someone he thought he might actually care for.

*What a stupid thought,* Narcissus told himself as he slid inside the boy.

Leo was quiet and shivered, and the erratic breaths of the two boys filled the small room, and when Narcissus looked on the boy underneath him he suddenly saw him in a completely different way that before – or rather in a way he hadn’t let himself accept – the silky nightgown slipping off of him was erotic, his flushed cheeks beautiful, his half-lidded, dark eyes arousing. Narcissus gathered him up in his arms and pulled him close, suddenly just wanting to hold him close and kiss him. The boy’s legs tightened around him and his body pulled Narcissus’ deeper inside him.

Leo let out little breathless moans, quiet even though he clung onto Narcissus for dear life. The hunter liked that, liked that it seemed that Leo needed him.

When they finished and cleaned up Narcissus was kind of scared, because he found that having Leo fall asleep in his arms, soft and sleepy like a cat, his back to Narcissus’ chest, was something he liked and could find himself getting used to. *Gods, I hope I’m not falling in love,* Narcissus thought as he subconsciously stroked Leo’s forehead and kissed his shoulder every few moments. He had never loved anyone but himself. He felt too awake to sleep, his body thrumming with energy. There were words pressing against his lips, words that he didn’t quite know, that he wanted desperately to tell Leo.

In the end he stayed silent.

***

Leo woke up in the morning, warm and comfortable unlike his other mornings, wrapped up in Narcissus arms. It wasn’t something he ever thought would happen...he never thought they’d have sex either. And yet last night seemed wonderful, at least to him.

Which was weird. Really fucking weird. He was supposed to hate Narcissus more now for kidnapping him, and not like him. Leo’s head was a mess as he watched winter sunlight stream in through the window. It stopped snowing but it was still cold. Leo snuggled closer to Narcissus.

“You really are like a cat,” the hunter said and Leo jumped, looking up.

“Shit I thought you were asleep,” he said. Narcissus looked down at him with tired green eyes, and Leo had to sit up and look away, because it was a little too much, “So, can I go now?” he asked.

Narcissus snorted, “No.”

Leo whirled on him, “What?!” he demanded.

“What you think just because we had sex that I’m just going to let you go all of a sudden?” the hunter asked, slipping out of bed and getting dressed. Leo gaped at him.

“But...but....” he tried to find words, “But surely you’re over your whole petty revenge thing? I mean you *fucked* me for Gods’ sake!”

“Yeah,” Narcissus shrugged, putting on his shoes, “What if I wanna do it again? Can’t just let you
Leo jumped from bed and punched Narcissus weekly in the chest, “Fuck you,” he yelled, “I’m never letting you touch me again!”

Narcissus threw a hoodie and sweatpants at him, “Get dressed so you don’t freeze again,” and just like that he walked out, slamming the door. Leo was left in the middle of the room, alone.

He burst into tears, collapsing onto the bed. Guilt and disgust washed over him and all of a sudden he felt used, like some kind of prostitute. He didn’t know what he had expected but freedom was definitely something he thought Narcissus would return to him after this. After all Leo wouldn’t just fuck him for no reason, he had feelings for the guy, for fuck’s sake, why couldn’t Narcissus see that?!

Leo stopped crying after a while, wiping his cheeks, and threw some stuff around the room in frustration before changing into the clothes the hunter had given him. That’s when the knock on the door came – or more like the pounding. The Latino, not thinking much of it and expecting it to be Narcissus, threw it open-

And he came face to face with Hazel, Jason and Piper.

“Leo!” they all exclaimed and launched themselves at the boy, almost tackling him backwards.

“Oh.” Leo was surprised...at the fact he didn’t feel relief at seeing his friends. Just a bit of confusion, “Hi guys.”

“What the hell happened?!” Jason demanded.

“Uh...long story,” Leo laughed.

Piper shook her head in disbelief, “We didn’t notice you were gone for ages, or we would’ve come sooner,” she admitted. Leo swallowed.

It had been over three weeks. They hadn’t noticed that he was gone for three weeks, “O-Oh right.”

“So what happened?” Hazel prompted, “You just suddenly disappeared.”

“I...uh...met Narcissus.”

“Narcissus?!” the girl spluttered, “I thought he was dead.”

Leo leaned against the doorframe, “Well, he’s not. We’re kind of a thing...I guess...,” that was a lie. He and Narcissus weren’t a thing, and he had no idea why he said that.

Jason and Piper exchanged a look, “Oh...shit...well...”

“You’re coming back to camp though, right?” Hazel demanded. Leo blinked. Up until they he thought he was a prisoner (which he still was) and that he wanted to escape and go back home. And yet now he didn’t know...he didn’t want to disappear without a word to Narcissus because honestly the thought of never seeing him again was painful.

“No. Not yet anyway,” Leo said.

“But...” Piper faltered, “But what do you mean? We need you – the Hephaestus cabin is going crazy and there’s so many repairs to be done-“
“I’m not your mechanic,” Leo snapped, suddenly angry because his friends cared about the wrong things. He always felt like an outsider in the seven, now more than ever, “I’m in love with him so leave us alone, I’ll come back when I feel like it.”

It wasn’t until the three had left did Leo realise what he had said. *I’m in love with him.* He spent the rest of the day curled up in bed, mulling over how fucked up he was for falling for his kidnapper. He felt sick, so he went to the bathroom and vomited, and then stood in the shower for about an hour, letting hot water cascade over him, before going back to bed.

He fell asleep and his dreams were dark and distorted, and Narcissus was there, always out of reach.

When Leo woke up it was dark and there was a fire buzzing in the fireplace. Narcissus was sitting on the bed next to Leo and must’ve been stroking his hair, though he quickly snatched his hand back.

“Did you eat?” he asked.

Leo twisted around and looked away from him, his eyes prickling with tears again. His heart ached just from looking at the hunter. Of course Narcissus didn’t *really* want him – why would he?

“Are you giving me the silent treatment?” Narcissus asked.

“Piss off,” Leo grumbled.

Narcissus was quiet for a while, before, “Who came earlier?”

“What?”

“There were footprints in the snow,” Narcissus’ voice was impassive, “Who came?”

“My friends,” Leo said. Narcissus was quiet again for a few moments.

“And...and you’re still here?”

Leo squeezed his eyes shut, trying to fight his tears, there was no point lying though, “I thought I wanted to leave but now...,” he trailed off.

Suddenly there were fingers carding through his curls gently. Leo relaxed against the pillows. *Idiot, idiot, idiot,* he told himself, but couldn’t bring himself to pull away from Narcissus’ hand. The hunter continued to caress him softly, down his back, all loving and careful, and Leo didn’t know why. It lulled him into a half-sleep though, so he was barely aware of anything but Narcissus’ warm touch when the hunter spoke again.

“I think I’m falling in love with you.”

Leo was too tired to be shocked by the words, “Okay.”

“Is that all you’re going to say?” Narcissus sounded annoyed, “I’ll have you know that I’ve never loved anyone else before. You should be fucking honoured-“

Leo sat up abruptly and crashed his lips against Narcissus’, silencing his grumbling.

“Shut up,” the Latino whispered feverishly, choking on a sob, “J-Just shut up.”

“Gods, are you crying?” Narcissus asked, and a smile appeared on his face, “never thought I’d make you cry.”
“Now you’re going to tell me that you only said that you’re falling for me for revenge,” the Latino pulled away. Narcissus frowned.

“I’m not. I meant it,” he reached out and took Leo’s hand, “I...I thought about yesterday. You can go back to Camp Half Blood if you want.”

Leo swallowed, “You’re giving me my freedom back.”

Narcissus sighed, “In a sense you always had your freedom. I lied about the door thing and you never checked. You could’ve always left.”

“You tied me to your bed,” Leo deadpanned. Narcissus smiled and reached up to stroke his cheek.

“Yeah. I got a bit carried away. Didn’t want you leaving after all.”

“Good, because I’m not,” Leo whispered, “This place is close to Camp, isn’t it? I can go about my day and come back here, to you at night and-“

“That sounds perfect,” Narcissus admitted, a soft smile on his handsome face. Leo smiled back.
Call Me the Plug

Nico and Will - where Nico loves the sounds Will makes during sex, so he decides to play a little game where Will has to wear a butt plug around all day that Nico can control. And he wants to see how many times he can get Will to moan (or some other noise). And then at the end, he rewards/punishes Will by topping him.

For Jasnana

“Gods, I love you sounds you make,” Nico whispered, thrusting into Will. The bed shook as did the Son of Apollo, flushed and gasping for air.

“S-Shut up,” he moaned, mouth falling open in a sweet little ‘O’ shape, “You k-know I can’t help i-it.”

It was only recently that Nico had gotten up the courage to top Will, even though as had long ago matched him in height, and had gotten a lot more muscular than the medic. He was no longer the scrawny fourteen year old, and at eighteen he was surprised to find that he was stronger than Will. Still, he had hesitated with this – with asking to fuck Will. It was a shock to find how well this new arrangement worked though; Nico liked having control over Will, and loved seeing and hearing him fall apart, and Will seemed content being fucked every night by his boyfriend, even though he wasn’t quite used to it yet.

“Nghhh, fuck,” he whined now, one hand twisting in the sheets, the other digging into Nico’s shoulder. The son of Hades grinned and thrust into the blond particularly hard, “Nico!” the boy cried out, his legs tightening around Nico’s waist.

“You sound like a pornstar,” the Italian said, slowing down his thrusts teasingly. Will opened his eyes, which were darker than normal, his eyelids heavy. He blushed.

“N-Not my fault you have a big dick,” he said, then bit his lip and whimpered, “F-Fuck, I c-can’t. I’m gonna come soon.”

Nico didn’t think he’d ever tire of hearing those noises spill from Will’s swollen lips. He never made them before, when he used to fuck Nico, and when he still occasionally did it their sex was quieter, full of whispered names and gasping breaths. Softer. Now, like this, it was different. Nico leaned down now and kissed Will briefly.

“I love you,” he said, reaching down to grasp his cock, “So come.”
They laid in bed later, wrapped up in each other’s arms, face to face, impossibly close. It was late, but they weren’t sleeping yet. After sex they always did this, just looked at each other and enjoyed each other’s warmth. That’s when Nico finally decided to pitch his idea to Will.

“So...tomorrow there’s the Councillor meeting,” he said.

“Mhmm,” Will hummed in agreement. His curls looked impossibly soft in the moonlight.

“I was wondering if you’d want to play a game.”

Will frowned, “What game?” he asked, “it better not be one of your pervy ones.”

Nico grinned, “It might be.”


“Come on. It'll be fun,” he pulled Will close and the blond stayed quiet, so Nico continued, “We didn’t really have time to use that vibrating butt-plug Piper got us for Valentine’s day.”

Will gaped at him, “Don’t tell me you want me to wear it during the Councillor’s meeting?!”

“That is exactly what I want you to do,” the Italian murmured, kissing Will again softly.

“But...that’s embarrassing,” Will grumbled.

“It’ll be fun,” Nico promised, “I wanna see if you can keep all those sounds you make back.”

Will slapped his arm, “Shut up about the sounds already! I told you I can’t do anything about them. They just come out.”

“Will they come out during the Councillor’s meeting?” Nico asked, wriggling his eyebrows. He could see Will’s resolve weakening and the boy bit his lip and grinned. Nico grinned back.

“I don’t know. We’ll have to see.”

***

“It feels weird to walk around with it,” Will complained as he and Nico walked between the cabins in the sunshine, heading for the Big House.

“It’s not even turned on yet,” Nico said, stroking Will’s hand. The blond glared at him.

“You’re not the one with a butt plug up their ass,” he grumbled. Nico grinned and kissed him quickly.

“You’ll enjoy this, I promise.”

They were the last to arrive and already the councillors were sitting around the table, bickering, with Chiron uselessly trying to calm them down. Nico and Will took their places at the table, sitting opposite each other. The blond was visibly uncomfortable, shifting in his chair, and he looked up to glare at Nico occasionally.

“All I’m saying is that the Hermes kids didn’t steal your shit!” Conor Stoll yelled.

“Conor language,” Chiron chided, rubbing the bridge of his nose.
“Well who the hell else would take an entire robot?!” Leo demanded, furious, “You probably took poor Libby apart and sold her parts on EBay!”

“Who the hell calls a robot Libby?” Clarisse snorted.

“Oi, stay out of this,” Leo snapped. The fight continued, and more of the Councillors got dragged into it until the noise in the room grew so much that Nico couldn’t hear his own thoughts. He decided that that was the perfect moment to torture his boyfriend a bit.

Slyly Nico pulled the little remote that came with the butt plug out of his pocket and turned the settings on to one. The good thing about this particular butt plug was that it made no noise when it vibrated, not that it mattered, because it was so loud in the room that probably nobody would hear a grenade go off.

Nico didn’t need to hear anything though, because he saw Will’s facial expression, though nobody else noticed. The blond tensed and his mouth fell open, eyes widening. Blood rose to his cheeks and he looked at Nico pleadingly and shook his head. The Italian grinned and watched, pleased, as the blond squeezed his eyes shut and bit his lip.

“Will,” Annabeth snapped suddenly and the blond’s eyes flew open, “What do you think?”

“A-About what?” the boy asked shakily, voice all breathy.

“Haven’t you been listening?” Clarisse demanded, “We’re proposing a ban on the Hermes cabin!”

“This is stupid,” Conor scoffed.

“L-Let’s not,” Will said.

“You’re all red,” Piper frowned, “Are you okay?” she reached for him but the boy flinched away.

“I’m fine,” he squeaked, “I just don’t feel too well.”

“You can go back to bed if you feel ill, Will,” Chiron said. The blond swallowed and shook his head.

“No, it’s fine.”

Fortunately for him the meeting finished quickly and soon all of the Councillors and Chiron started filtering out. Will and Nico were at the end, and that’s when the Italian turned the setting of the plug to two. There were still two more levels but already Will flinched and whirled around, staring at Nico with wide eyes. The door slipped shut after the last Councillor and suddenly Will was pressing himself up against his boyfriend.

“N-Nico,” he choked out, and the Italian could feel his erection against his thigh. It sent a thrill of pleasure through him, “Fuck, please...,” he moaned, and Nico kissed him, sloppy and open mouthed.

“Come on,” Nico winked and pulled away and Will whined.

***

An hour and a half later Will was well into his normal business at the medical bay and except for his flushed cheeks and shaky hands he looked quite normal and nobody would’ve suspected he had a vibrating butt plug inside himself. Nico knew this because he was perched on one of the beds, watching his boyfriend closely as he worked.
He waited until the only person in the bay was an Aphrodite girl who accidentally cut her finger, when he turned the butt plug onto its third setting. Will cried out, loud and surprised, and stumbled forward against the wall.

“Will!” the Aphrodite girl exclaimed, alarmed, “Are you okay?”

Nico stood up and turned his boyfriend to him, “Hey, you alright Will?” he asked. The blond trembled against him, his breathing hard and laboured.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” the blond whispered feverishly against Nico’s ear, gripping onto his arm, “Turn it off...p-please...,” his thighs shook and his fingers dug into Nico’s muscle. The Italian smirked and kissed the side of the boy’s head before turning to the Aphrodite girl,

“He’s alright, he just feels a bit ill.”

“Oh,” the girl smiled, “Okay then, I’m going to go. Thanks, Will.”

When she was gone Will threw himself at Nico and started kissing him heatedly and desperately. The Italian’s cock twitched in arousal and he pulled the boy close, his hand sliding down to the boy’s ass and pressing against the butt plug, pushing it deeper inside the blond. Will’s back arched and he moaned loudly, clinging onto Nico.

“No,” Nico slapped his hand away, “None of that.”

“I hate you,” Will whimpered, but he stopped touching himself.

***

Nico sat at the Hades table in the dining pavilion with Hazel, watching the Apollo table carefully. Will was tense and not eating, and his eyes were heavy lidded, cheeks red. Every few moments he’d shift, subconsciously grinding his ass against the bench.

“I don’t even wanna know what kind of game you two are playing,” Hazel said, sighing. Nico grinned.

“Don’t worry.”

He reached into his pocket and, eyes trained firmly on his boyfriend, he turned the butt plug to maximum. Will’s hand came to slap against his mouth, his other one tugging his shirt over his crotch. He looked at the Italian helplessly, and then struggled to his feet and, ignoring the questioning of his siblings, he stumbled to Nico. The Italian stood up.

“What’s wrong?” he asked loudly.

“I don’t feel well,” Will replied and tugged on Nico’s hand. The Italian let him pull him from the dining pavilion and through the dark strawberry fields, into the forest. It felt like it only took them a second and the moment they were among the trees, Will pushed Nico up against one

“Fuck me,” he moaned, turning around and grinding back against the Italian’s crotch, like a cat in heat. Nico groaned and grabbed handfuls of the boy’s ass, his cock growing hard instantly, “N-Nico, fuck me, please, please, p-please...,” the blond blabbered, and his voice was high-pitched.

Nico turned them around and shoved Will, chest-first, against the tree, wrapping an arm around the
Italian’s waist so the blond arched his back and pressed his ass against the dark-haired boy’s crotch.

“Come on N-Nico,” he gasped, “I-I can’t take it s-so please-“

Nico shoved down the blond’s trousers, then his own, and roughly pushed Will’s legs apart. The son of Apollo was panting and gasping against the tree, shaking, the bright pink end of the butt plug sticking out of his ass. The Italian grasped it and pulled it out partially, before slamming it back into the blond. Will choked on a moan and Nico started fucking him with the toy.

Will would’ve slid to the ground if the Italian wasn’t holding him up, and he leaned his head back against his boyfriend’s shoulder, “N-Nico...Nico...s-stop...d-don’t...oh my God, f-fuck...I-I’m gonna...”

Nico pulled the vibrating butt plug out and threw it down onto the grass before pulling out his own hard, aching cock, and shoving it inside Will’s ass, still lubbed up from that morning when they had first put the plug in. They moaned simultaneously and Will stared sobbing in pleasure as Nico fucked him. His hole was warm and wet and perfect and Nico fucked him almost violently, knowing that he wouldn’t last long.

Will came first, sobbing and shaking and clinging onto Nico’s hands on his hips, and his boyfriend followed soon after. Then they stood there, slumped against each other and gasping for air, before Will turned around.

He hit Nico on the chest, “We’re never doing that again.”

“Why?” Nico asked, “That was really fucking hot.”

“I was going insane all day!” Will yelled, pulling his trousers up, “I hate you!”

He stormed off, back towards the dining pavilion. Nico grinned, “I love you too!” he yelled after him.
I Picture My Own Grave

'Person B knowing they're undoubtedly about to die within the next few minutes, likely from the gaping wound they're bleeding out from. Instead of calling for help, they phone Person A and carry out a casual conversation as if nothing's wrong, making sure to mention how much they love them before their time runs out.' Bonus points if Person A's reaction is shown when they find out later! Your choice of pairing for Kenzie

Luke slashed through the Minotaur’s stomach and the monster disintegrated into ash with a furious roar. The blond Demigod stood in the middle of the wood, gasping for breath, exhausted after the fight. Slowly, adrenaline trickled out of him and he slumped against a tree. When he had gone on this Quest to eliminate the monsters that had escaped Tartarus and congregated in the forests of Alaska he never expected it to be this hard. But the Minotaur had been the last of the monsters and Luke could go home now.

He looked up at the sky, streaked with pink as the sun set. It had snowed earlier but stopped now. Luke’s world spun and he frowned, feeling weak all of a sudden. He looked down and his eyes widened.

There was a slash on his stomach, his trousers and the snow beneath his feet almost black with blood. Luke took in a shaky breath, but he didn’t feel any pain. Shock. My body’s in shock, he told himself as he lifted a trembling hand to his stomach. His fingers came away stained bright red. The wound was deep – the Minotaur must’ve slashed Luke with his axe when the blond was too busy fighting. Luke let out a bitter laugh and his legs gave out. He slumped down against the bark and down into the snow.

He kept one of his hands uselessly against his stomach but he knew there was nothing he could do – no ambrosia could heal him now, and he was far away from home. Around him there was nothing but snow and trees. At least the sky is beautiful, Luke thought, and he reached into his pocket with
his free hand. He pulled out an old, brick Nokia phone, a twin to the one he had bought for Percy a few weeks ago.

He and Percy had been dating for seven months, and they had been the best seven months of Luke’s life. After the war with the Titans he was happy to be given this; he didn’t deserve Percy, and he knew that. The son of Poseidon had gone back to live with his mom after the end of the summer, so the son of Hermes had smuggled him a phone before he left, so they could speak. Now, his trembling fingers picked out the only number saved on the phone and he lifted it to his ear.

It rang once. Twice. Three times.

“Hello?” Percy’s voice on the other side made Luke’s eyes flutter shut and a smile appear on his face. He felt pain now, dull throbbing from his wound, and heat. Nothing he couldn’t handle.

“Hey Perce.”

“Why are you calling?” Percy sounded a bit annoyed, “I’m at school.”

I’m dying, Luke wanted to tell him, but there was no point in making the boy upset, Luke couldn’t take it now, so instead he said – “I just wanted to hear your voice.”

Percy was silent for a second, and then, “You’re so sweet sometimes. It’s nice to hear your voice too. Wait give me a second,” his side of the line went silent and Luke opened his eyes. He watched the sky and the shadows deepening in the forest. He saw every little twig rustling in the cold breeze, and he had never felt so alive, “Luke? You there.”


“Well you’re not really here,” Percy complained, “You’re all the way in Alaska. When will you come see me?”

Luke’s eyes glazed with tears and the horrible realisation of what would happen to him dawned on him. He wasn’t afraid of death, but he was afraid of never seeing Percy again. Because he wouldn’t. He would never see that gorgeous smile or those sparkling green eyes, “I don’t know. The Quest’s kind of...hard. Um, where are you?” Luke was finding it a little hard to breathe and dark spots danced in his vision.

“In the storage closet,” Percy laughed, and it was the most gorgeous sound Luke had ever heard, “I had to sneak away. I have maths, you know, you’re going to make me fail.”


Percy hesitated on the other side, “Luke...are you okay?”

Luke winced as a shot of pain went through him but he made a point of not looking down at his wound as he bled out slowly, focusing instead on Percy’s voice, “Yeah. I’m fine. I’m great, now that I can hear your voice.”

“I miss you,” Percy sounded sad, “So much. Like, I never thought it was possible to physically feel the pain of missing someone.”


“Shut up. I’m being cute,” Luke could almost hear the pout in the boy’s voice.
“Percy,” the blond whispered.

“Yeah?”


“I know, I know.”

“No,” Luke said with a sudden desperation, “I need you to hear this. I love you. I love you so much Percy, more than I ever loved anyone else.”


Now Luke laughed, though he had to stop because it sent a shot of agony through his body. He couldn’t feel his legs, “Nothing’s happened, idiot. I just want you to know that I love you.”


Regrets filled Luke’s heart; he should’ve never joined the Titans, that was his biggest mistake. And now he also regretted other things; he should’ve kissed Percy more, held him more when he had the chance. He should’ve treasured him more and always put him first. Luke closed his eyes, and he knew the end was near, he could feel it in his chest.

“I wish I could hold you now,” he whispered, and when he tried to open his eyes again, he found that he couldn’t.

“You will soon,” Percy said sweetly. No, I won’t, Luke thought. He exhaled, knowing he had to be strong for this last bit.

“I have to go now.”

“Okay,” Percy sounded sad.

“I...can you visit my mom? Sometime?” the son of Hermes asked suddenly, wanting to finish any business he might leave unfinished.

“Er...sure? I mean, we can always go together if you want.”

“Yeah,” he swallowed, “I love you, Perce.”

“I love you too.”


“Yeah. Sure. I should go back to lesson...I love you, Luke. See you soon.”

Luke couldn’t feel any part of his body anymore, and he wished he could open his eyes and look at the sky, one last time, “See you soon,” he choked out. He heard the beep of the call ending and the phone slipped from his hand.

The suddenly Luke smelled the winter around him, the pine trees. He could hear the birds singing sweetly somewhere close by. He felt the snow against his legs, the tree against his back, the warmth of blood against his hand. And then he felt nothing at all.

***
When Luke Castellan didn’t return to Camp two days after he was due, Chiron sent a search party for him. His body was found in the heart of a forest in the wilderness of Alaska, partially covered in snow, his eyelashes and hair frozen. They told Percy he looked like he was sleeping, but Percy didn’t care what he looked like, only that he couldn’t see him. He could never see the person he loved ever again.

It was Annabeth who told him, sobbing on the phone, this one time unable to keep herself together. Percy expected to feel agony and heartbreak, he expected to scream and cry and throw things and demand to see the body, to make sure it was true.

But he knew it was, deep inside himself. A part of him had known it when Luke had asked him to hang up the phone. And all Percy felt was numbness, and emptiness. He curled up in bed and he didn’t shed a tear, just stared blankly at the wall and slowly, slowly came to terms with the fact that he would never be happy again.
There's That Grin

Frank x Leo highschool au, When it’s the CHB highschool vs the SQR highschool football game the two highschool throw a party to try and cool tensions, and things “heat” up when Frank and Leo bump into each other ;)

for Leah112223

Leo dribbled the ball between his legs gracefully as he ducked past one of the Roman football players. The deafening cheer of the Greek supporters made him grin and the shocked look on the Roman’s face as Leo passed him was delightful. Leo Valdez liked to shock people – as a skinny, clumsy boy the fact that he was one of the best players on Half Blood Highschool’s football team, the Greeks, was the biggest shock of all.

This afternoon they were playing an away game at Jupiter Highschool against the Greeks’ most hated enemies – the Romans. The rivalry between the two Highschool’s have gone on for over twenty years, and Leo was happy to continue it. To see the Romans’ face when he slipped past them, someone so unassuming as him, was the best feeling.

Two huge Romans came barrelling towards Leo through the wet field, breaking him out of his thoughts, and he knew that his luck was out.

“Leo!” Percy Jackson shouted to his left and, barely looking at him, Leo passed the ball over, dashing to the side as the two huge Romans chased after the other boy. But Percy just grinned and kicked the ball back to Leo, and by then the Latino was by the goal.

He smirked, and time seemed to slow. The faint rain in the air sprinkled his face. In the goal was perhaps Leo’s worst rival – Frank Zhang. He and Leo had hated each other since they were twelve. Frank thought Leo was a little shit, Leo thought Frank was an arrogant bastard. They only saw each other at matches, but it was enough. Leo’s blood sung at the thought of seeing Frank rage if – no, when – the Greeks won. Now Frank’s eyes narrowed and he prepared himself for Leo – his wet hair falling into his eyes, his hands held up like baseball gloves. The goal was clear and Leo was fast, thanks to his size, so he knew nobody would catch up with him.

He just needed to get past Frank.

Come on Leo, he told himself, you can do this. The grass. The rain. The football between his legs. Frank in the goal. It was all that mattered.

Leo stopped, the football at his left foot, and as he pulled his leg back Frank threw himself to the right, but Leo knew he would do that and at the last second he switched his feet and kicked the ball to the left. The ball hit the net and for a second there was silence.
Slowly, slowly, Leo grinned.

The roar of the crowd flooded his head and then his teammates were tackling him to the muddy crowd, cheering. The match was over, and Leo had scored the last goal. It was now one to two for the Greeks, and they had won. Leo untangled himself from his cheering teammates and turned to Frank, who was still standing in the goal, jaw clenched.

“Suck on that, Zhang!” Leo shouted at him, flipping him off. Frank’s eyes narrowed.

“Get that stupid grin off your face,” he growled, “You won one game. Next time I’ll beat your ass, I promise.”

Leo rolled his eyes but his body burned with anticipation. He couldn’t wait to go against Frank, again and again. He might’ve had a bit of an obsession with fighting the other boy, but oh well, shit happens.

“Leo!” Beckendorf, Leo’s older half-brother, jogged over and wrapped an arm around the much smaller boy’s shoulders, pulling him away from Frank, “We’re going to a party later, you in?”

“Party? Hell yeah!” Leo yelled, “Whose party?”

“The Romans are throwing it-“

“What?!” Leo demanded, and he stopped walking, “The Romans?! Why the fuck would we go to their party?!”

“We’ve gone into a truce with them,” Beckendorf explained, leading his brother after their muddy team, heading for the changing rooms, “Against the Titans. They’re worse than the Romans, honestly.”

Leo glanced over his shoulder where Frank had stood but the goal was empty, “Nobody’s worse than the Romans,” he grumbled.

***

Leo hated the Romans, but he hated missing out more, so he found himself at the house of one of the rich Greeks – Jason, the Captain – holding a red solo cup filled with coke and whiskey. Well, more whiskey than coke, honestly. The ground floor was dark, lights flashing through the hallway out of the huge living room and garden, where over a hundred drunk teenagers stumbled around, laughing, dancing, playing beer-pong and snogging in corners.

Leo himself was buzzing but far from drunk, and he had lost all his friends from the football team fifteen minutes ago. There were plenty of Romans though, crawling around like cockroaches and throwing Leo glares. The Latino had worn his football t-shirt, just to rub it in their faces, and wasn’t bothered by their looks. There were girls too, but Leo cared little about them.

He finished his drink, made a face at the taste, and then climbed up the stairs. A boy was passed out against the wall, one of the Romans. Leo smirked and knelt down, pulling a pen out of his pocket and drawing a large, elaborate dick on his forehead.

“What are you doing?!” a voice barked above him and when Leo looked up he saw Frank standing on the step above him, glowering down on the Latino. Leo grinned, excited at the obvious challenge coming from the Asian and stood up.

“I’m drawing a dick on his forehead,” he said innocently. Frank grabbed his wrist and pulled him
up, to the top of the stairs. Leo was surprised by the boy’s violence and he wrenched his wrist free, “What the fuck?” he demanded.

“You’re being a cunt,” Frank growled. Leo wrinkled his nose.

“And you’re drunk,” he grumbled. The door to what Leo assumed was a bedroom opened and Frank, without warning, grabbed Leo’s wrist again and pulled him behind another door. The room there was dark and self-consciously Leo leaned against a wall, swallowing. Would Frank hit him? “What are you doing?” he asked in a whisper and he couldn’t see the other boy in the dark.

“Hiding,” came the grumbled reply. Leo swallowed again, his mouth dry all of a sudden.

“Did you want to talk or something?” he demanded, crossing his arms over his chest, “Why are we here?”

“I wanted to tell you to stop being a dickhead,” Frank said, and his words were slurred. Leo laughed, warm and amused,

“I’m not a dickhead. You’re a dickhead.”

He felt more than saw Frank move towards him, and the heat that radiated off the bigger boy was nice. Leo shivered and slumped against the wall and when he craned his neck up to grin lopsidedly at the Roman, he could make out his face in the dark. Frank wasn’t smiling.

“That grin of yours,” he growled, “It pisses me off.”

“You piss me off,” Leo said, and grinned harder. Frank sighed, and swayed a little so Leo was scared he’d fall against him and crush him to the wall.

“Why are you so annoying?” the Asian demanded.

“Why are you so close?” Leo retaliated.

“Does that bother you?” Frank smirked and shifted closer, ducking down so his chest pressed against Leo’s. The two glared at each other and Frank placed his hands on either side of the Latino’s head, though Leo didn’t flinch. They had a silent staring contest but where Leo’s eyes were steady on Frank’s dark ones, the Asian’s kept flitting about the Greek’s face, “You’re good at football,” Frank said suddenly.

Leo was surprised. “Oh. Yeah. Thanks.”

“Aren’t you going to say it back?” Frank asked quietly. Suddenly his gaze was too much and too intense. Leo looked away.

“Yeah. You’re a good goalie.”

“Thanks,” Frank said. Leo craned his head up and opened his mouth to say something, but his lips brushed against Frank’s on accident, since he didn’t realise how close they were to each other. Both the boys froze, staring at each other once more.

And then they were kissing. Not the gentle, soft kisses of two hesitant teenage boys, but hard, rough kisses of two enemies whose frustrations had grown too much. Frank’s lips were rough against Leo’s, and he tasted like vodka, but Leo would lie if he said he didn’t like the kiss. He arched up into it, his hands resting on Frank’s broad shoulders, then sliding up around his neck. Frank’s hands rested on Leo’s hips, big and warm, and as their tongues came out to slide against each other his
hands slipped down to the Latino’s ass and he squeezed it, forcing a gasp out of Leo.

They broke apart, panted against each other’s mouths, and kissed again. Leo felt light headed and dizzy and he liked kissing Frank. That was the worst part (or maybe the best) – he liked it way, way too much. Finally after what seemed like forever and their jaws ached and their lips were numb, they ended the kiss.

Their heavy breaths sounded harsh in the room.

“What was that for?” Frank asked after a moment of staring at Leo.

“What do you mean?” the Latino scoffed, “You kissed me.”

Frank smiled and in a sudden gesture of impossible care he brushed one of Leo’s curls behind his ear, “Yeah. I know. At least I got that grin off your face.”

Leo grinned, just to prove him wrong, “No you didn’t.”

Frank surged downwards and kissed him again, catching him off-guard, “Yes, I did.”

Leo was breathless, “Yeah. Okay. You win this match.”
Percy and Jason. Muse A and Muse B are college roommates and good friends. Muse A is taking an art class, but has been falling behind and is on the verge of failing because of too many nights out partying. Muse A is given an assignment to sketch different forms for the human body for extra credit. Instead of buckling down all weekend and getting the assignment done, Muse A spends his weekend partying with friends. It’s a day before the extra credit is due and Muse A is in a panic. Muse B finds out from Muse A about the possibility of Muse A failing his class and offers to be a model for Muse A. Muse A and Muse B have a few drinks to loosen the other up and feel more comfortable. Muse B strips down naked and poses on his bed for Muse A to sketch. Muse A can’t help but be distracted and aroused by Muse B’s nude body and provocative stares. It’s not long before Muse A and Muse B find themselves making out hot and heavy in their room, creating their own form of erotic art for CaptainAshes.

“Oh my God,” Percy slurred as he threw his arm around his best friend’s and roommate’s, Jason’s, shoulders, “I fucking love you, man. I fucking love college,” he took another gulp of whatever the fuck weird concoction was in his cup, and Jason laughed, slipping an arm around Percy’s waist and holding him close so the boy didn’t fall over.

“You’re so drunk!” he shouted over the booming music. Percy grinned at him proudly.

“Yup!” he proclaimed, “I’m fucking drunk,” he shoved the cup into Jason’s hand, “And you should be too!”

“I feel like this is peer pressure,” Jason teased but took a sip of Percy’s drink, “What the fuck?!” he choked, “You’re deadass drinking straight up vodka?!”

Percy leaned more into Jason’s side, grinning, “Yup,” he said again. Jason shook his head.

“Don’t you have some art deadline tomorrow?”

Percy’s eyes widened. “Oh fuck.”

Jason expected him to pull away and dash off as he usually did – Percy was always behind on some
I’m so drunk,” he complained, “I won’t finish it now.”

“You can’t fail again!” Jason said.

“Whatever, I’ll just do some extra credit,” Percy grumbled, took the cup from Jason and chugged the rest of the vodka while the blond shook his head fondly.

***

“I’m an idiot, I’m an idiot, I’m an idiot,” Percy told himself, holed up in his and Jason’s room, throwing around all his sketches and drawings in a desperate attempt to find something that he could submit as his extra credit. But there was nothing.

Percy was two steps away from failing his class and, well, that was his own fault. Percy liked partying more than studying and although art was his great passion...drinking was a bigger passion, at least for the moment. This stupid extra credit was supposed to be the thing that kept him in college so he didn’t get kicked out.

His professor had assigned him sketching the different parts of the human body – fairly easy, but Percy wasn’t the greatest in people sketching. He preferred landscapes; rolling mountains in the morning mist or underwater coral reefs with colourful fish. He knew that his professor had given him this particular extra credit to push him, and he hated her for it...at least in that moment. Because he had nothing worth submitting...

The extra credit was due tomorrow.

Percy collapsed helplessly on his messy bed, tears of frustration welling up in his eyes. He couldn’t just make random sketches – he didn’t know how to draw people without models, at least not yet. It was his fault; he should’ve done it yesterday, or the day before, or any other day that he had decided to go out partying instead.

“Fuck,” he buried his face in his knees, that he pulled up to his chest. He couldn’t ask his professor for an extension, not again. Percy loved college – he loved the parties and his swimming team and he loved art and he loved rooming with Jason, and now he was going to lose all of it because he was an idiot.

The door opened, “Hey,” Percy heard Jason say as he walked in and dropped his bag on the floor, “What the hell happened here? Looks like a tornado went through the room, I hope you’re gonna clean this up,” Jason closed the door and Percy looked up all teary-eyed.

“Jason,” he whined, like a child, “I’m screwed.”

The blond, flushed from the cold wind outside, rolled his eyes as he often did, “What’s new?”

“No, I’m actually screwed this time,” Percy said helplessly. Jason frowned and sat down on the edge of the boy’s narrow bed.

“What did you forget to do this time?”

“My extra credit,” Percy sniffled.

“Just do it now,” Jason said, “It’s not that bad.”

“Oh. Shit.”

“Yeah,” Percy sighed and wiped his eyes, “I’m gonna fail that class and then I’m gonna get kicked out.”

“Come on, it’s not the end of the world,” Jason tried to stay optimistic, and for that Percy loved him, “What do you need to do?”

“Just some sketches of the human body,” Percy mumbled.

“Hey! That’s not hard! I’ve seen your art, you can do that in one or two hours tops!”

“Yeah, but the problem is I’m kinda shit at people sketching,” Percy admitted, “I only draw good stuff when I have a model.”

Jason grinned and stood up, stretching his arms open, “Here I am! Your model!”

Percy raised an unimpressed eyebrow, “You wanna model for me? You know you’re gonna have to strip down naked?”

“So?” Jason reached under his own bed and pulled out a bottle of Captain Morgan’s rum, grinning, “This will be perfect to help us loosen up and you should be done by midnight.”

“You’d do that?” Percy asked, suddenly feeling light, “For me? You’d really help me out?”

“Of course,” Jason laughed, “I don’t want my fave roommate getting kicked out, do I?” he winked.

Twenty minutes later three fourths of the rum were gone and Percy was buzzy and tipsy, enough that he was happily slumped against his bed, but not too much as to which he’d be unable to draw. Currently he was watching a giggling Jason stripping down. The blond pulled off his shirt, stumbled a little, threw it to the side, then struggled with his pants, and finally with his underwear.

Percy gave himself a moment to appreciate the other boy’s body. It wasn’t like he was gay or anything, but there was just something about Jason that made him all hot and bothered sometimes. The blond was like a Greek sculpture, tall and blond, with a perfectly chiselled chest and abs, a light dusting of golden hair leading down to his cock. Even soft it was impressive, and Percy had to look away, focusing on the art pad in his lap. He flipped the pencil between his fingers.

“So,” Jason looked vaguely uncomfortable but he was smiling, “What do you want me to do?”

“Lie on your side on your bed,” Percy instructed. Jason did so, propping his head up on his arm.

“Paint me like one of your French girls,” he said, wriggling his eyebrows, and Percy snorted. He could feel Jason’s eyes on him as he started sketching.

He started off with the boy’s torso; his neck, protruding collarbones, muscular pecks, then the rises of his abs, all the shadows between them. Percy had to admit he enjoyed it.

“I feel like a piece of meat,” Jason said, and then they both laughed.

Percy flipped the page when he was happy with the sketch, and then started drawing Jason’s legs, muscular from playing so much football. After that came another sketch of Jason’s arm resting across his stomach, then his big, calloused hands. Then Percy started a sketch of the blond’s whole body. He kept looking up every few seconds and Jason was staring at him, unwavering, as if in challenge.
After a few times of the blond not looking away Percy started feeling warm and a bit aroused. He swallowed and tried to focus on his drawing but the alcohol in his body was making it hard. He finished the rough outline of Jason’s head and torso and then his eyes slid lower.

He blushed bright red and slammed his pad shut “I can’t do it!” he proclaimed.

“What do you mean?” Jason blinked in surprise.

“You’re hard.”

Jason looked down at his cock, hard and curved against his stomach, and giggled, “Well that’s not my fault,” he said.

“Whose fault is it then?!” Percy was embarrassed and horrified, because he was getting hard too. Jason shrugged and Percy sighed, opening his pad again and trying to think of something gross to make his erection go down, “Move your arm back where it was.”

“Here?” Jason asked, slipping his arm across his stomach.

“No, more up.”

“Here?”

“No,” Percy was getting frustrated, both from staring at Jason’s perfect body for too long, and by the boy’s idiocy. He stood up and strode over, “here,” he said pointedly, placing Jason’s arm where he wanted it. Then said arm shot out and grabbed Percy’s wrist. The whole world tumbled and did a three-sixty and all of a sudden Percy was on his back on the bed, Jason hovering above him and grinning, “What the hell?!?” Percy spluttered.

“I wanna draw you now,” the blond said, reaching for Percy’s shirt.

“You can’t draw, Jason,” the dark-haired boy argued, but Jason was already pulling his shirt over his head and throwing it aside. Percy blushed, realising that Jason was a bit drunker than he was and therefore didn’t find this position a bit...weird. Percy just hoped Jason wouldn’t look down and see his semi-hard on.

“Well I still think it’s unfair that I have to be naked and you don’t!”

“You agreed to this,” Percy grumbled, “You can put your clothes back on if you want.”

“No,” Jason said loudly, “I wanna see your cock.”

Percy flushed, “You what? How drunk are you?”

“I was always curious,” Jason admitted, not feeling the awkwardness Percy was, “about how big it was in comparison to mine. Is it bigger?”

“No, it’s not,” Percy admitted grudgingly.

Jason grabbed the hem of his sweatpants and tugged, “I wanna see anyway.”

“Jason,” Percy sighed but didn’t stop the blond as he pulled the trousers off and reached for his underwear. Percy wasn’t the insecure type and he hoped that just seeing his dick would satisfy Jason enough that he would stop acting weird.

Jason climbed back up onto Percy and then looked down at his cock. He frowned, “You’re not
“‘Yeah, so?’” Percy just wanted to get out of the situation.

“‘Well it’s unfair if you’re not hard and I am because then I can’t see.’”

“‘Jesus Christ,’” Percy groaned and Jason suddenly ducked his head and buried it in Percy’s neck. The boy flinched when he felt the blond’s mouth against his skin, “‘What are you doing?!’” he demanded. Jason’s head popped back up.

“‘Looking for your sensitive spot.’”

“‘What sensitive spot?’”

“‘Annabeth told me,’” Jason smirked, “‘That there’s a sensitive spot on your neck that always makes you hard.’”

“‘Okay first of all, you kissing my neck is a bit weird, don’t you think?’” Percy asked, gesturing between him and Jason, “‘and second of all what kind of fucked up conversations are you having with Annabeth?’”

Jason opted not to answer either question and returned to Percy’s neck. Annoyed, the dark haired boy threw his head against the pillow, waiting for Jason to get bored. And then the boy’s tongue brushed against the spot right above where Percy’s neck met his shoulder and the boy shivered involuntarily, his eyes fluttering shut.

Jason realised that it was that spot because suddenly he was kissing and sucking and biting. Percy’s body filled with heat and blood rushed down to his cock. He let out a little whimpery moan that he hadn’t meant to let Jason hear and his hands fisted in the blond’s covers, “‘F-Fuck, okay stop,’” Percy croaked out.

Jason pulled away, smiling innocently, and then looked down at Percy’s cock. He seemed pleased, because it was completely hard, even if the artist felt embarrassed.

“‘Okay, you’ve seen it,’” Percy said.

“‘Yeah,’” Jason glanced up at him, “‘It’s nice.’”

“‘Okay, can I-I finish my drawing now?’” Percy asked shakily. Jason reached down with no warning, and wrapped his hand around the artist’s member. Percy choked on a shocked moan, “‘J-Jason!’”

“‘Shhh,’” the blond said soothingly, “‘I just wanna touch you a bit.’”

Percy would’ve asked questions if he thought Jason would give him a straight answer, but to be honest the feeling of the blond’s hand stroking his erection slowly was really pleasant. Percy shivered and sunk more into Jason’s bed, biting his lip to hold back any moans as his breathing got more laboured.

“‘Do you like it?’” Jason asked, eyes alternating between looking at Percy’s dick in his hand, and the boy’s face.

“‘Yeah, it’s okay-,’” Percy was cut off by his own moan as Jason’s thumb brushed against the head of his cock. The blond grinned and then he shifted, so his own erection was pressed up against Percy’s, and started stroking them together, “‘Jason, w-wait-,’” Percy whimpered, and then lost his train of thought.
He should’ve been grossed out by having another dick against his own, but the feeling of the throbbing heat against his erection felt amazing. Heat coiled in Percy’s stomach and his toes curled as he subconsciously arched up into Jason’s hand.

“Fuck,” the blond gritted out, “F-Fuck...,” his strokes sped up and precum beaded on both of their cocks, sliding down their lengths and adding a nice slippery feeling to their building pleasure.

“J-Jason I-,” Percy didn’t know what he was trying to say, and his hand jerked up to grip Jason’s shoulder, then suddenly he was cupping the other boy’s cheek, and then his fingers were sliding into Jason’s hair, “S-Shit...”

Jason leaned down and kissed him and Percy whimpered, his cock twitching in Jason’s grip. He knew he wouldn’t last long, because somehow Jason’s touch was better than any other girl before him, better even than having sex with them, because there was something so intense and wild about Jason that made Percy shake down to his core.

The blond’s tongue slipped into his mouth and his free hand gripped Percy’s hip, and then the blond shuddered and came, groaning against the other boy’s mouth as his come spilled over both his and Percy’s cocks, warm and sticky, and making the artist’s orgasm also wash over him.

Percy pulled away, gasping, but Jason just chased his mouth again.

“Jason,” Percy mumbled, “I need to-,” he was cut off by the blond’s insistent lips, kissing him. Percy let himself kiss back, smiling a little, and then pulled back again, “I need to finish the drawing.”

Jason pulled away and looked a little sad as he sat up. Percy’s heart clenched and he felt cold all of a sudden. Cold and sticky. He also sat up and bit his lip.

“We can continue when I’m done?” he offered.
Leo was awake since five in the morning, which was unusual for him since he usually stayed up late in his bedroom, working on projects. But that morning he couldn’t sleep – every time he closed his eyes the nightmares came, heavy and overbearing, dragging Leo down into the dark places of his mind.

It had been five years since Leo died and he was twenty one now though he woke up in a cold sweat and gasping in the middle of the night the same way he had when he was sixteen. He thought the memories of the fire consuming him, of floating in nothingness, would all fade after a while but they were as vivid as if the Giant War had happened yesterday. And it wasn’t just those memories – the dark, warped events of the Quest of the Seven haunted Leo’s dreams. That’s why he didn’t sleep.

It was raining outside, the water pattering softly against the glass, filling the kitchen with a dim grey light as the sun rose over Chicago, slowly but surely. The rain always made Leo think about Percy, because the boy loved any type of water and the sound of rain usually put him to sleep, even if it agitated Leo.

“You’re awake,” the sleep voice of Leo’s roommate, sounding like melted chocolate, sounded, but Leo didn’t turn around until Percy came inside the kitchen properly. The Latino was sitting on the counter, watching drops of rain race down the glass.

“Yeah,” Leo said, “Couldn’t sleep.”

“I had a feeling,” Percy came into his view, smiling. His hair was ruffled from sleep, and he slept in his orange Camp t-shirt. There was dark stubble on his sharp jaw line but his eyes and smile were both soft and sleepy, “I always know when you’re awake.”

“You’re a wizard, Percy,” Leo rolled his eyes. The other man grinned and went to the kettle.

“Coffee?” he asked.

“Yes, please,” Leo closed his eyes briefly, tiredness washing over him suddenly. Percy’s presence was just so calming. He listened to the quiet rumble as the water boiled and Percy bustled about,
pulling out cups, coffee and milk.

They had moved together to Chicago when they turned eighteen. By then there were so many Demigods at Camp that it was impossible for them to stay put. Percy had gone first, since he was a full year older than Leo, and at first tried to live with Annabeth in New Rome. But they broke up quickly and Percy found this apartment in Chicago, close to where he worked at a highschool as a swimming coach, and where he looked for Demigods on the low. When Leo had to leave Camp he wasn’t sure where to go; he and Calypso hadn’t worked out and all his friends had found their own homes. Leo didn’t want to bother any of them, but he stayed with Hazel and Frank for a bit, then with Nico and Will, then Piper and Jason and finally he came to stay with Percy.

Weirdly they got on like a house on fire where during the Quest of the Seven there was always a tension between them. Percy didn’t mind Leo’s annoying habits like the other Demigods did; he didn’t mind that Leo used up all the hot water because he couldn’t stand cold showers, or that he always ate all the prawn cocktail crisps out of a packet and didn’t touch the other ones, or that he left an inch of drink at the bottom of his glass. And Leo didn’t mind that Percy didn’t turn lights off because he forgot, or that he chose the name of the WiFi every other week because he found it funny, or that he never did dishes. Leo lived with Percy for two weeks, then the third week he bought the weekly groceries, then the following week he paid the rent, and then Percy asked him to just stick around since there was a spare room, and Leo did.

“Come eat in the living room,” Percy said, and the Latino opened his eyes. He slipped off the counter and padded into the small living room, settling into his and Percy’s blue couch and turning on the TV. It was still semi-dark in the room and Percy came in. He put two mugs of steaming coffee on the coffee table, then returned with jam, butter and a pile of croissants, “We need to finish those before they go off.”

He collapsed on the other end of the small couch and when Leo tucked his legs under himself his feet touched Percy’s thigh. They ate and watched How to Get Away With Murder from the episode they left off at.

“You have work today?” Leo asked.

“No,” Percy smiled, “It’s Saturday, idiot.”

“Oh,” Leo bit into a slightly stale croissant, “Right. Training?”

“Yeah,” Percy sipped on his coffee, “What time do you have to be down at the shop?”

Leo had managed to get himself a job as head mechanic at a car repair shop a couple of blocks away from his and Percy’s flat, and he honestly loved the job, “Seven,” the boy said, “So I still have a bit left.”

They finished eating and left their dishes on the coffee table, watching the show. After a while Percy looked at Leo, “You wanna talk about it?” he asked gently.

Leo exhaled, “It was just more of the same. More darkness. And those hands grabbing me,” he shuddered. Percy reached out and ruffled Leo’s curls fondly.

“You’re okay,” he said, his hand lingering on Leo’s head, “You’re safe now.”

“I know,” Leo smiled at him.

Percy was the only one who Leo had opened up to about his nightmares, but he kind of had to – their bedrooms were next to each other and sometimes Leo screamed in his sleep when the
nightmares got really bad. Percy didn’t mind, always coming in to wake Leo up and calm him down. Sometimes he even slept next to the boy because that always made the nightmares go away, though that was their little secret. Percy also sometimes had nightmares about Tartarus but his had faded over time, unlike Leo’s.

Honestly Leo was way too attached to Percy, and he wondered what would happen when they decided to stop being housemates. Leo couldn’t imagine living alone anymore.

***

Percy jerked awake violently, his eyes not adjusted to the darkness of his room and he blinked. His heart was pounding and he was trying to remember what had woken him up so suddenly – was he having a nightmare? If so he couldn’t remember it...

Then came the helpless, terrified scream from the room next door, a borderline sob. Percy’s heart clenched and he sat up. Leo was having a nightmare again and the sound of the boy’s distress made Percy upset. He climbed from his bed and walked out into the corridor, before ducking into Leo’s bedroom.

The curtains were pushed aside and moonlight fell in through the window, illuminating Leo on the bed – the boy had covers twisted around him and was tense and shaking, eyes squeezed shut.

“N-No,” he whimpered in his sleep, turning his head away as his hands curled into fists. He gasped and then let out a little helpless sob, “N-No stop-“

Percy was at his side in seconds, kneeling on the bed and pulling the covers from around Leo, “Hey,” he whispered, low and soft as to not scare Leo as he untangled him, “Hey, Leo, wake up.”

The boy flinched and his eyes flew open, wide and full of tears, and he stared at the ceiling and gasped, before turning his head and looking at his friend. His expression crumpled and relief filled his eyes.

“Percy,” he whispered, and Percy already knew what to do. He pulled Leo up into a sitting position and wrapped his arms around the boy. Leo clung onto him, shaking and sniffling, and Percy stroked his back caringly.

“It’s okay,” he murmured, squeezing the boy impossibly close, “It’s okay, I’m here. You’re alright, you’re safe, nobody’s going to hurt you, I promise.”

“I-It was s-so cold,” Leo whimpered.

“Shhhh, I know, I know,” Percy whispered, even though he didn’t know – he had no idea what waited for Leo in his nightmares, “but it’s alright now.”

Shakily Leo pulled away, his whole body sagged in dejection, “They’re never going to stop, are they?” he whispered, “The nightmares?”

Percy ruffled his curls, “They will, one day,” his hand slipped from the boy’s hair to his cheek and Leo’s eyes met his, “D’you want me to sleep with you tonight?” Percy asked, “You know I don’t mind.”

“Yeah,” Leo said quietly, “That’s be awesome.”

They wordlessly climbed into bed and re-arranged themselves in seconds – they already knew each other’s favourite positions and didn’t need to speak as Leo turned, his back pressed against Percy’s
chest with the son of Poseidon’s arms wrapped completely around him, like a protective cage.

It might not have been the most conventional or ‘normal’ of friendships, but it worked for the men. Percy liked feeling useful, and he liked being there for Leo, and he knew that Leo liked having him there too. Though at times like this Percy sometimes wished he could do more; wished he could kiss the top of Leo’s head, or slip a hand under his shirt to stroke his stomach, or distract him in some other way.

“Thank you,” Leo whispered, and in that moment it was enough.

***

“Leo!” Percy called, walking in through the front door and toeing off his shoes, “I’m home!”

There was no reply but Percy could hear that the shower was on. He dropped his keys into the bowl by the door, exhausted after a whole day down at the pool, and closed the front door. He hung his coat up and ventured into the kitchen, only to find the fridge majorly empty.

The boy went over to the bathroom door, from under which steam was curling. He knocked, “Leo!” he called, and there was no reply save for the pounding of water, “Do you want pizza?” no reply again. Percy knocked again, “Leo!”

Annoyed, the son of Poseidon pushed the door open. Their bathroom had no lock on it and so he just walked in; he normally wouldn’t have but his brain didn’t seem to be thinking straight and he just wanted to know if Leo wanted pizza. His breath caught in his throat and he froze in the doorway. Leo was standing under the stream of water, completely naked. Despite living with each other for so many years Percy had never seen him without clothes on and now, for some reason he didn’t understand, all he could do was stare.

The Latino was still as skinny as he was when he was sixteen, but his thighs were almost girly, and his ass was surprisingly big. Water raced down his tanned skin, and Percy couldn’t help but follow the drops with his eyes. Then Leo turned, reaching for a bottle of shampoo, and Percy saw his back. His stomach clenched. There was a long, ragged scar down the centre of the son of Hephaestus’ back, all the way along his spine. Percy swallowed, and Leo turned, hands in his curls, lathering them up.

Leo stared at Percy, his hair white with suds, and then there was anger in his eyes and he was climbing from the shower and scrambling for a towel, holding it around himself protectively, and Percy still couldn’t move.

“What the fuck Percy?!” Leo demanded.

“I wanted to know if you wanted pizza,” Percy said faintly.

“Why the fuck didn’t you knock?!’” Leo yelled and his cheeks were red.

“I-I did,” Percy stuttered, and only then did he break out of his weird trance. He looked away, but Leo wasn’t having it. He stormed towards the other man and shoved at his chest.

“What the fuck would you just walk in here?! You know how much I fucking value privacy!”

“Shit, sorry,” Percy said, “But chill, it’s not a big deal-”

“Yes it is!” Leo shouted, “It is to me!”
“Why?” Percy was irritated because in his opinion Leo was over-reacting, “Is is because you didn’t want me to see your scar? For fuck’s sake Leo, we all have scars!”

Leo flinched and recoiled from Percy and the anger melted from his face, replaced by insecurity and hurt. He clutched the towel against himself with trembling hands and looked away, and suddenly he looked so soft and vulnerable that Percy wanted to hit himself for being an asshole.

“Leo—”

“I don’t want pizza,” the Latino whispered, “I’m not hungry.”

The conversation was over, and Percy helplessly left the bathroom and closed the door. He leaned against the wall and squeezed his eyes shut.

**Idiot, idiot, idiot,** he told himself. Then the image of a naked Leo popped up in his head and Percy’s eyes flew open, his heart pounding.

*Shit,* he thought.

***

The next few days were tense, because Percy didn’t technically apologise to Leo for walking in, and the Latino was still upset. The son of Poseidon did try to be extra nice to be honest; he did all the dishes and remembered to do the laundry, and he bought all of Leo’s favourite snacks, but the Latino still avoided him.

Honestly he was just embarrassed. He had never had a good relationship with his body but when he had resurrected and saw the ugly scar on his back he just felt more insecure. He made a point of never being naked around everyone and the fact that Percy – perfect, perfect Percy even with all his scars – disregarded that made Leo sad. But he knew he couldn’t be mad forever.

It was Friday night and Leo was at home, watching TV after an exhausting day at work. It was really late, well past midnight, and Percy wasn’t home. Leo didn’t want to text him, because technically they weren’t speaking, and although he was tired he didn’t want to sleep when he was alone in the apartment. So he just watched Adventure Time like the child he was, wrapped up in a blanket on the couch. The sudden noise and commotion from the front door made the boy sit upright though.

“Percy?” he called anxiously, because if it was a burglar then *shit.*

Leo sighed in relief when Percy walked into the living room, still wearing his tracksuit from work, though his hair was dishevelled and cheeks flushed. His eyes sparkled and he stumbled. Leo sighed.

“You’re drunk.”

“Nooooo,” Percy slurried, then giggled. Leo exhaled and stood up, dropping his blanket as he walked over and gave Percy a pointed sniff,

“You reek,” he said.

Percy pouted, “Are you still angry at me?”

“I’m not angry,” Leo looked away.

Percy pulled him into a clumsy hug suddenly, “I’m sorry,” he whined, like a baby, “I didn’t mean to upset you. I didn’t even think when I walked in,” he held Leo close, “please don’t be mad. I didn’t see anything, I promise.”
Leo rolled his eyes because obviously Percy had seen everything, but the Latino couldn’t stay mad at him forever. He patted his shoulder, “Okay, okay, we’re okay. So stop being soppy.”

“I’m not soppy,” Percy complained, “you’re soppy, Leonidas.”

Leo groaned, “I told you never to call me that.”

Percy pulled away with a bright grin, and then he frowned, “Oh no.”

“Oh no what?” Leo asked.

“I’m gonna be sick,” Percy slurred.

“Fuck,” Leo wrapped an arm around his waist, “Come on big boy, into the bathroom.”

It was a bit of a struggle getting the son of Poseidon to the toilet since he was bigger and heavier than Leo but somehow the Latino managed before the other man got sick all over himself. Then he sat by his side for an hour as Percy vomited into the toilet. He brought him water and stroked his back and told him it was okay and wondered how the hell he had fallen in love with such an idiot.

***

“Thanks for making dinner,” Percy said, leaning into Leo’s side on Sunday night as they watched TV again.

“Mhmmm,” the Latino hummed back, tired even though he had the day off. He liked this, staying up with Percy and just watching pointless shit on the TV. It was nice. Percy started stroking his thigh. He did that sometimes, but for some reason now it made Leo feel weird.

Recently something had changed between them, though Leo couldn’t quite put his finger on it. All he knew was that he didn’t know how his body would react if Percy were to share his bed again. He had hoped this wouldn’t happen...and yet it did. Of course it did.

Leo didn’t realise he was falling asleep until it was too late. There were no nightmares in his head, and when he woke up he felt like he had only closed his eyes for a second, but everything had changed. The living room was dark, the TV switched off. Leo was wedged between the back of the couch and Percy’s body because somehow they had fallen asleep together, on their sides, facing each other.

The couch was much smaller than Leo’s bed and the boy felt he didn’t even have space to breathe, because every inch of him was pressed against Percy. He swallowed and looked up.

Percy was already looking at him, eyes dark and glimmering. Leo tried to find air that he could inhale but there seemed to be none. Lightning crackled in the space between him and the other man. Leo didn’t know how long they just looked, but it was excruciating, being so impossibly close. It seemed that the two men were gravitating towards each other...and Leo thought he was just imagining it until Percy’s eyes flickered down to his mouth.

Subconsciously Leo licked his bottom lip, because he was nervous. Clearly Percy thought it was an invitation because he slowly, slowly ducked his head and leaned in. He hesitated half an inch before their lips met and he looked at Leo. The Latino couldn’t breathe again, and so he closed the space between them, because there was nothing more to do.

To say that the kiss was intense would be an understatement. It was as if an electric shock went through Leo the moment his lips met Percy’s. They both inhaled sharply and Percy’s hand cradled
Leo’s cheek as their lips moved together almost in slow motion. Leo’s heart pounded and his eyes fluttered shut.

Then he could breathe again and he and Percy were kissing with insane desperation, almost violence, lips sliding together, tongues twisting around each other. Percy gripped Leo’s face and the Latino’s hands dug into Percy’s waist, and then they swapped and Leo had his hands on Percy’s cheeks while the son of Poseidon wrapped an arm around his waist and threw one of his legs over his waist, drawing Leo closer. The boy let out a whimpery moan and he could feel Percy’s stubble rubbing against his skin.

When they pulled apart they were both flushed and panting, and Percy kissed down Leo’s cheek, below his ear and down his neck. They didn’t speak but Leo’s fingers slid into Percy’s hair. The son of Poseidon started sucking a hickey into his skin and Leo bucked forward, and felt a hardness against his thigh. It made blood rush south and he bit his lip when he felt his cock filling out.

Suddenly Leo needed answers. He grabbed Percy’s head and pulled him away from his neck and up, “A-Are we...,” he was shocked at how breathless he sounded, and he swallowed, “Are we going to...,” he couldn’t get the words out.

“Yeah. If you want,” Percy said, voice hoarse. Leo had never had sex with anyone, had always been too self-conscious...but now...now he kind of wanted to. He wrapped an arm around Percy’s shoulders to make sure he wouldn’t go anywhere, and Percy smiled.

He stroked Leo’s hip, then reached behind him and brushed his hand over Leo’s ass. The Latino bit his lip and looked away, “Don’t be shy,” Percy whispered.

“I’m not shy,” Leo grumbled. Percy squeezed his ass and the boy let out a little breathy gasp. Percy smiled and then reached inside his own pants, “What are you doing?” Leo asked. In response Percy pulled his hand out, and his fingers were wet with precum, “You’re that hard?” Leo gaped.

“You’re hot,” Percy shrugged. Leo’s words died away on his lips and he blushed furiously. When Percy grabbed his pants and pulled them down, the Latino didn’t protest. The man’s hand palmed at his ass and then he pressed one wet finger against the smaller boy’s hole.

“Using precum as lube is kinda gross and kinda hot at the same time,” he admitted and then let out a startled moan when Percy pushed a finger inside him, “O-Oh fuck,” he ducked his head, shoulders shaking.

“Does it hurt?” Percy asked.

“No,” Leo wriggled his ass back against his hand, “Feels hella weird though.”

Percy started fingering him slowly and Leo had to bite down on his lip to keep his noises at bay. His cock twitched against his stomach, even when Percy pushed a second finger in. That kind of hurt, but it wasn’t unbearable. His leg, thrown over Percy’s, tightened.

The son of Poseidon nudged his nose against Leo’s and kissed him, and Leo let out a drawn out moan that was muffled by Percy’s mouth. The dark-haired boy kissed him and moved his fingers inside of him, scissoring them to stretch Leo out, and the Latino didn’t even feel anxious or scared. He just wanted to get closer to Percy, climb inside his skin if he could. When the man added a third finger inside Leo the boy started to shake, an intense heat burning it his stomach.

“E-Enough,” Leo pulled away from Percy’s intoxicating mouth and twisted around, with some difficulty, so his face was pressed into the couch and his ass was arched back against Percy’s crotch.
“Leo,” Percy murmured, his hand sliding down Leo’s side excruciatingly slowly. Leo shivered and subconsciously grinded back against the son of Poseidon’s cock, still in his underwear. When Percy kissed the side of his neck Leo could feel the stubble against his skin.

“Leonidas...”

“Oh my Gods don’t,” Leo huffed, turning his head so he could look at Percy over his shoulder, “That is such a turn off.”

“I like your name,” Percy kissed him quickly.

“Okay Perseus,” Leo rolled his eyes.


“What? Perseus?”

“No. Percy.”

Leo looked at him, and his cock twitched against the couch “Percy.”

Percy kissed him fiercely, and shoved his own trousers and underwear off, and then his shirt. Leo’s hand came up to brush against his chest and collarbone as they kissed. He liked this, because although he was literally trapped between Percy and the couch, he felt safe, and powerless, and it felt good.

And then suddenly he was reaching for Leo’s shirt. The Latino tensed and he wanted to say that he wanted to keep it on but Percy was kissing him again, making him dizzy and breaking away only so he could pull the shirt over Leo’s head and toss it aside, attacking his mouth once more.

Leo tried to twist around, to hide the ugly scar on his back, but Percy didn’t let him, holding onto his hips and pushing him forward into the couch. His hard, leaking cock slipped between Leo’s ass cheeks and the Latino whimpered.

“P-Perce-“

Out of nowhere the son of Poseidon suddenly seized Leo’s shoulder and shoved him forward, so the boy’s back was exposed. Leo started shaking and he could feel Percy’s burning gaze on his back.

“P-Percy wait, don’t-“

Leo felt warm breath against his skin and then Percy slowly dragged his lips down the scar, gentle and caring, and Leo’s whole body shuddered, tears springing to his eyes. He pressed his face into the couch and tried to get himself together as Percy peppered his whole back with kisses. He didn’t care about the scar – of course he didn’t, and Leo was stupid for thinking he did.

“You’re so beautiful,” Percy whispered against the back of Leo’s neck.

“You're going to tell me you love me next?” the Latino snorted, trying to lighten the mood.

“Shhh,” Percy murmured, stroking up and down the boy’s naked thigh, “You know I do.”

Leo’s heart clenched, “J-Just fuck me already.”

***
Thinking back Percy didn’t know why he hadn’t asked to move from the couch; after all it was tiny and now, lying in his bed with Leo among covers and pillows, he decided it was much more comfortable here. But in the heat of the moment he and Leo couldn’t even think about moving.

Now Percy laid propped up on his arm, looking down at the curly-haired angel snuggled up into his side and stroking the boy’s hair.

“You really took it well,” he murmured.

“It didn’t even hurt that bad,” Leo replied in a whisper, eyes closed even though he wasn’t sleeping. Percy smiled and ducked down to kiss his forehead.

“You’re amazing. I love you.”

Leo wrapped an arm around Percy’s waist and buried his face in the man’s chest, exhaling, “It makes my heart go crazy when you say that.”

“I’m glad,” Percy found his lover’s mouth, “You know what,” he said, inches away from kissing the Latino, “You should just move into my bed permanently.”

Leo opened his eyes and cocked an eyebrow, “Oh? Is that so?”

Percy kissed him, “Just agree, idiot.”

“What about my room?” Leo asked. Percy shrugged, and Leo grinned, “Yeah, okay, I’ll move in with you. It’s gonna be a long and hard move though,” he winked and Percy laughed. He hugged Leo fiercely into his chest and his hand slipped down the boy’s back, tracing the gentle rise of the scar on his back. He liked the scar, because it meant Leo was still alive.

Since that day neither of the boys had another nightmare about the Giant war.
I'll Bring You Flowers

'Sometimes I steal flowers from your garden on my way to the cemetery, but today you caught me and demanded to come with me to make sure the girl is "pretty enough to warrant flower theft", and I'm trying to figure out how to break it to you that we're on our way to a graveyard’ AU. You can choose the couple. :)

for S

Nico woke up in the morning and asked himself the same question he always did – *is today the day I finally end it?*

He climbed out of the bed in the little room he rented in a cottage in a little village in Wales, walked to the bathroom and washed his teeth and face, then changed out of his pyjamas into a short-sleeved shirt and dungarees. When he came downstairs he found that his landlady had gone to church. She went to church every day since the war ended, and her husband didn’t come home. Nico ate the fresh bun she had left him and drunk a cup of tea. He let the cat out through the back door. He sat on the bottom step of the stairs and put on his shoes. He went outside. It was a beautiful morning, the early summer sun dancing on Nico’s cheeks, but the boy didn’t care as he headed down a familiar road, away from the village.

An automobile rumbled past and Nico shoved his hands into his pockets, watching the clear sky. He felt that the weather was too nice. After the war the sun should’ve never shone again, in his opinion.

Nico was only ten when World War II broke out, but he remembered little of those first few years. A lot of bombing as the Blitz raved through London, hiding in the Anderson shelter in their backyard. He remembered fear and death and rationing, but then he and his older sister Bianca was evacuated away to here – this peaceful, secluded village in Wales where the war didn’t really have much of an impact at all. Hestia took both of them in and they spent years here, not seeing their parents back in London, only receiving letters from them. He liked it and thought Hestia, the wonderful grandma that had taken him in, was lovely. But Nico always suspected he’d return to London eventually, to reunite with his parents.

And then suddenly Bianca turned eighteen, packed her things and took the train back to London.
She feverishly tried to explain to Nico that she felt useless and that she needed to help the war effort. She wanted to become a nurse and save people in London, or even on the frontlines in France if possible. That was in 1943, and Nico had hated her for leaving. He was only fifteen and felt depressed and alone, and he never remembered what his last words to her were.

He was seventeen when the war ended and the telegram came telling him that his home was destroyed in the Blitz, and that both his parents were dead. There were no news of Bianca and when Nico turned eighteen he returned to London, or rather what was left of it, to try and search for his sister. He found her body in a hospital, the only thing left of her was her name written down in the records of those who died. A house had collapsed on top of her, and she had been crushed to death, Nico was told.

Since then a year had passed and life continued in this manner – wake up, wash, eat, go to the cemetery, go home, study, read, eat, have a conversation with Hestia, wash, sleep. A dull, pointless life that Nico hated. He had brought Bianca’s body back here with him, and buried her in the nearby graveyard. He didn’t want her to stay in the oppressive atmosphere of post-war London where she had died, and knew that she had loved this little Welsh town with its lakes and forests and rolling hills. Besides by then Nico had moved in with Hestia permanently and he wanted to be able to visit his sister and hopefully never look at the wreck that London had become ever again.

He walked uphill now, and the cottages around him grew sparser, giving way to green fields and trees. Nico knew this walk off by heart and he knew exactly when the last cottage would come into view. It was a two-story, beautiful house with a stunning garden full of amazing flowers, and past it was nothing but fields. Nico didn’t know who lived in the house and only ever paid attention to it because of a whole load of begonias that grew over the white picket fence surrounding the property. Nico had been stealing said begonias for the last four weeks of the summer, and today wasn’t any different.

He could see the gates of the cemetery hiding behind a sparse grouping of trees closeby and it made Nico sadder than normal as he made for the house with all the flowers. Every time he was here he contemplated about how much longer he could stand being alive for. He didn’t see a point; there was a misery rooted inside of him that made it hard to go about his life. Still this was the only moment in his day that he enjoyed – seeing the vibrant colours of this mysterious garden made him remember a time when he was happy.

He was sure in the winter, when the garden wilted and died, he would take his own life too, because as stupid as it was, he was convinced these flowers were what was still keeping him on this earth.

Nico walked over to the bright red-pink flowers and his fingers wrapped around one of the thin stems. He leaned down and buried his nose in the soft petals, inhaling the wonderful scent. He pulled away and carefully picked the flower and when he looked up there was a boy staring at him.

Nico froze, hand stuck out in front of him, still holding the flower. The other boy stared at him too, standing on the path leading to the house, and Nico had never seen him before. He was tall, blond, tanned, with a sprinkle of freckles across his cheeks. He wore a short-sleeved blue t-shirt and shorts, and slowly, slowly, he smiled.

Nico’s heart skipped a beat.

“So,” the blond said, “you’re the one who’s been stealing my grandma’s flowers.”

Nico swallowed, “I...I...” he tried to think of an excuse, but there wasn’t one as he literally held the evidence in his hand. But the blond wasn’t asking any more questions, instead he walked to the gate, opened it, and made for Nico, “W-What are you doing?!?” the dark-haired boy spluttered, scared he
was about to be beat up, and he cradled his flower to his chest protectively.

The blond stopped a few feet away and his grin told Nico that he wasn’t going to hurt him, “I want to make sure the girl is pretty enough to warrant flower theft,” he winked.

Nico blushed, “W-What girl?!”

“The girl you’re going to see,” the blond said with a shrug, “I’ve spied you at least three times alone this week, and each time you take one flower and go the same way. So I want to know who the lucky girl is.”

Nico’s heart clenched and other boy’s smile, full of light and innocence, made him look away, “I...I...w-who are you again?”

“Oh, right,” the blond stuck his hand out, “My name’s William. Or just Will. I live here.”

“I’ve never seen you before,” Nico hesitantly shook Will’s hand, holding the flower.

“I just came back from France,” Will said with a laugh, “I’ve been gone for a while.”

“F-France as in...?” Nico asked. A brief look of pain went through Will’s face, but then he was smiling again. France as in the front line.

“Yeah. France.”

Nico cleared his throat, “Right so I’m going to...” he stopped and then offered Will the flower, “Sorry,” he was blushy and he felt awkward and embarrassed, “I won’t take your flowers again.”

“No, no, no,” Will said quickly, pushing Nico’s hand away gently, “No, it’s alright, I don’t mind, they’re...” he trailed off and his eyes were focused on Nico’s face, “They’re just flowers,” he said, quietly.

Nico’s heart pounded.

“Sorry!” he squeaked and shoved past Will, clutching his flower as he started walking towards the cemetery. His face burned, his stomach twisted and he heard Will follow after him.

“Hey! Wait for me!”

The blond appeared at Nico’s side and the boy didn’t know what to do. There was something about Will that made him feel things, and he hadn’t felt things for months. He had felt numb...but now his heart was fluttering and he felt anxious and nervous and a little excited.

He also didn’t know how to break it to the blond that there was no girl except his dead sister in the ground. He didn’t know how to say it and Will contently walked at his side and blabbered on about something. Nico kept glancing at him, not used to boys like Will being nice to him.

“So tell me more about this girl,” the blond said.

“I...I...,” Nico swallowed.

“Is she your sweetheart?”


“Don’t worry I don’t have a sweetheart either.”
For some reason it made Nico a little relieved. He also felt weird because it was the first time walking to the cemetery that he didn’t feel like he had an incredible weight on his shoulders. Then the gates of the graveyard came into view and Nico tensed, unable to look at Will.

The blond’s step faltered and he went quiet but as Nico stepped through the gate Will surprised him by following. They didn’t speak and Nico walked up the familiar pathways between the graves. Some were old and crumbling, others painfully new, though they hadn’t buried all the ones who had died in the war just yet.

Bianca’s grave was small and modest, with her name engraved into the grey stone. BIANCA DI ANGELO. Just seeing it made a stab of pain go through Nico and the boy knelt in the grass beside it. He brushed aside the slightly wilted flower from the previous day and placed the fresh one in its place. From his pocket he produced a packet of matches and lit the grave candle on the slate.

“This...,” he cleared his throat and fought the agony in his heart, “This is the girl. My sister.”

“Oh God...,” Will whispered out above him, and then he knelt next to Nico. The dark-haired boy never thought he’d want anybody to visit Bianca’s grave with him, but Will’s presence was comforting in a bizarre way.

The boy leaned into the blond and fought tears. Since his sister’s death he had shut himself away, and even before that he hated physical touch. But now, leaning against Will’s warm shoulder, he felt like he wasn’t alone for the first time in a long, long while. He sniffled.

Will reached down and squeezed his hand, “I...,” his voice was soft, “I don’t know what to say...I’m sorry for assuming-“

“No. It’s alright,” Nico squeezed his fingers, not looking at him, and hurriedly wiped his tears with his free hand, “You don’t have to say anything.” Will had been a soldier, he probably had his own ghosts that he carried with him.

They walked back towards the village in silence, an air of depressed comfort around both of them. Despite his visit to his sister’s grave and the painful memories that came with it, Nico felt light.

“Let me walk you back home,” Will said when his own cottage came into view.

“No. It’s alright. You don’t have to.”

The sun was shining too brightly and Will smiled, “I want to.”

So Nico let Will walk him home, and when they reached Hestia’s cottage the blond gave him a long look and appeared to want to say something, but in the end he just squeezed Nico’s hand, invited him over for tea sometime, and disappeared back up the pathway to his own house.

When Nico laid down to sleep that night for the first time in months he didn’t contemplate death. Instead he contemplated the boy with golden hair and a beautiful smile that even the war couldn’t wipe out. He wanted to smile like that too.

Ever since that day there were two flowers on Bianca di Angelo’s grave.
Could you do Frank and Leo where Frank’s huge and roughly fucks Leo in a semi public place.

For Almostaverage

“Leo!” Frank complained from behind the curtain, “Leo, it doesn’t fit, I fucking told you.”

“It’s an extra-large!” the Latino complained from outside the dressing room, flicking through Instagram on his phone. The assistant – a pimply, awkward teenage boy gave Leo a look.

“Uh...I can go look if we have an extra-extra large?” he offered. Leo smiled.

“That’d be lovely, thanks,” he said and watched the assistant scurry away. It was early on Saturday morning and nobody was at the clothing store yet...well, except Leo and his annoying boyfriend.

Frank popped his head out from behind the curtain and looked down at Leo, “It’s just a stupid t-shirt. I’ll find another one that fits me.”

Leo locked his phone and shoved it into his pocket, turning to face his boyfriend, “No, it’s red, and that’s my favourite colour, and all your clothes are too small on you now.”

“Not my fault my muscles are awesome,” Frank said. Leo rolled his eyes.

“Yeah they’re so awesome, especially when you don’t fit into any goddamn clothes,” he pondered this for a second, and then grinned at Frank, “actually, that’s not that bad. I don’t mind you walking around naked,” he winked and Frank groaned and disappeared back into the changing room.

“Come help me get this shirt off you midget.”

Leo slipped inside the changing room and then leaned against the wall, meeting Frank’s eyes in the mirror, before they slid downward to appreciate Frank’s chest. Leo knew exactly what it looked like naked, all smooth and rock hard, but somehow the red t-shirt Frank was wearing made him look even hotter, since it was too tight, sticking to every curve of every muscle on Frank’s body.

“Well aren’t you a snack.”

Frank turned to face the boy, “You’re so annoying, help me get this off.”

He leaned down so the Latino could grab the t-shirt and, with a bit of struggle, pull it over his boyfriend’s head. When he did he ruffled the Asian’s hair, and Leo’s eyes hungrily slid over Frank’s naked skin. The son of Mars reached for his own shirt to put it back on but Leo batted his hand away.
“Wait,” he breathed and there was heat slowly pooling in his stomach as he grabbed Frank’s hands, so much bigger than his own, and tugged him forward, “Let me look.”

“Leo,” Frank glanced at the curtain, “the assistant will come back any second-“

“No, he won’t,” Leo murmured, shoving the curtain closed and standing on his tip-toes in order to press his mouth to Frank’s. The Asian sighed against his lips in annoyance but then his hands slipped from Leo’s and trailed down to his waist. The Latino grinned and threw his arms over Frank’s broad shoulders, so his fingers could skim across his muscled back.

Frank tried to pull away but Leo didn’t let him, turning the kiss more passionate and heated. The son of Mars fought him for a second, but then he gave in and pressed Leo into the wall, his tongue slipping into Leo’s eager and awaiting mouth. Leo shivered and moaned quietly, and Frank pulled away abruptly.

“We’re not doing this here,” he said pointedly. Leo pouted.

“Whyyy?” he whined, and slowly arched up to rub his quickly hardening cock against Frank’s thigh. The son of Mars’ eyes darkened visibly but he pushed Leo away nonetheless.

“We did it twice this morning.”

“That never stopped you before,” Leo said. Frank gave him a look.

“We’re in a dressing room,” he huffed.

Leo turned around and arched his back, pressing his ass back against his boyfriend’s crotch, knowing full well that his bum was the other boy’s weakness. Frank groaned behind him and Leo felt a hardness start to grow against his body. He smirked.

“Leo, don’t be stupid-,” Frank growled.

“Shhh, it’s okay, nobody can see,” Leo reached out behind him and grabbed his hand, pulling his arm around and pressing Frank’s palm down over his own erection. He glanced over his shoulder, hoping that Frank could see how much he wanted it, “Come on, Frank.”

“Gods,” the Asian pressed his chest over the other boy’s back, covering him completely as his hand slipped into Leo’s trousers. He grasped his cock and Leo hissed in pleasure, pressing back into Frank.

“Mhmmm, yeah,” he whispered, “just put it in me, c’mon.”

“Leo....” there was a warning in Frank’s voice, his warm breath brushing against Leos’ slender neck. The Latino bit his lip. He loved the way Frank felt against him.

“I’m already prepped,” Leo whispered, and laughter drifted from a few stalls over, “From this morning. All you have to do is slip it in.”

“Fuck,” Frank whispered, burying his face in Leo’s neck as he shoved down the boy’s pants and underwear to his knees in one swift movement. The Latino’s hands curled against the wall and he inhaled as he heard Frank’s zip open. Moments later the blunt head of the son of Mars’ cock was pressing against Leo’s hole, “Leo....” there was clear worry in Frank’s voice because fuck, he always worried.

Leo pushed back against him, taking half of Frank’s cock inside of him in one swift movement, and
it slid in smoothly thanks to the precum sliding down Leo’s cock. The Latino whimpered and slapped a hand over his mouth.

“Shit,” Frank huffed against Leo’s neck, “Fuck...you’re such a little shit.”

“Shhh,” Leo turned his head and gave Frank a messy, open-mouthed kiss, “just fuck me before the guy c-comes back.”

Frank thrust into him then, completely burying his erection inside the Latino. Leo stood on his tiptoes, pressing his body against the wall and letting out a shaky breath. Out of the corner of his eye he could see their reflection in the dressing room mirror, but he was too busy feeling wonderfully full to properly look. He buried his head in his arm, resting on the wall.

“Gods...,” he choked on a moan as Frank pulled out and slammed back in, “F-Frank...”

The Asian gripped Leo’s hips bruisingly and started roughly fucking him, his hips slamming against the other boy’s ass. Frank kissed his neck and bit his shoulder and Leo moaned and gasped between the fingers covering his mouth.

“Uh...guys?” the hesitant voice of the assistant sounded just outside the changing room and both Leo and Frank froze. The Latino craned his head and looked at Frank.

“Uh...yeah?” he asked uncertainly.

“Um...I have the shirt.”

“G-Great,” Leo stuck his hand out through the curtain, “I’m just helping him-,” he let out a silent moan when Frank suddenly started fucking him again. Leo squeezed his eyes shut and when the assistant placed the XXL shirt in his hand he quickly withdrew it, “I-I...u-um...,” Leo was finding it hard not to moan out loud as Frank abused his hole with rough thrusts and he could only hope the assistant didn’t hear anything over the cheerful music playing in the changing rooms. The heat in his body was unbearable, “C-Can you get me a....,” Leo bit his palm quickly to silence a whine as Frank found his prostate, “A-A small please? I-I wanna try it on too.”

“Yeah, sure,” the assistant said with no hesitation and Leo heard him walk off. When he did the Latino slumped against the wall, clinging onto Frank’s hands on his hips, gasping.

“Fuck...fuck....,” he whispered, “Frank, Frankie...f-fuck...y-your cock’s so big, J-Jesus...”

“Shhh,” Frank hissed, voice strained, “Be quiet o-or they’ll hear...”

Leo’s hand wrapped around his own cock and he started stroking in time with Frank’s thrust. Normally they could fuck for hours but there was just something intensely hot about doing it here, in public, where they could be caught any second. Frank grasped his neck and forced his head up so he could crash their lips together and Leo whimpered into his mouth as his cock twitched in his hand, and come spluttered from the top, sliding down his length.

Frank’s thrusts stuttered and then he clung onto Leo’s hips and shivered. He stopped kissing the boy.

“Did you just come inside me?” the Latino asked. Frank winced.

“Uh...maybe?”

“Guys,” the assistant’s voice sounded outside again, “I have your shirt.”
Leo grinned and Frank slipped out of him. Leo pulled his pants up and Frank threw on his t-shirt and then they walked out of the dressing room. The assistant seemed a little surprised at their dishevelled appearance, and Leo plucked the red t-shirt in his size from his hands.

“Thanks,” he winked and sauntered over to the counter, followed by Frank, who shook his head fondly at his boyfriend.
Nico/Percy where Nico is really self conscious of his body and the entire group of friends is going skinny dipping (where as Nico doesn’t even like being in a bathing suit) and Percy gives him the confidence to go and they both get nervous and blush a lot and it’s adorable :) for Tessa

Nico’s friends had finally finished their GCSE’s and the months of stress that had followed them around finally ended. So naturally, like every other group of over-excited and exhilarated fifteen and sixteen year olds who had just finished what they thought were the hardest exams of their lives, they decided to go down to the beach.

It took a bit of lying; Annabeth, Piper and Hazel pretended they were all sleeping over at each other’s houses, Leo was supposed to be staying at Jason’s, Percy told his mum he was going to his dad’s and his dad – who wasn’t exactly a model father – was in on it. Frank had somehow persuaded his grandmother that it was just him and the boys on this trip, and Nico...well, Nico’s mum didn’t really care all that much about where her son went so he was here.

They had used Percy’s fake ID to rent out a cabin for three people, even though there was eight of them. Then they spent the whole day down at the beach and Percy – again thanks to his fake ID – had bought them crates of beer. They ate ice-cream and fish and chips and splashed about in the ocean. They sunbathed and played volleyball and they felt all grown up and invincible.

Nico liked it. He liked the relief in his stomach after the end of his exams, liked the freedom of going wherever he liked, if just for one day. And he had his friends around him, all of them, laughing and including him, and it was the happiest Nico had ever been even though he knew that for the rest of the summer his friends were all going away and he’d be stuck in hot, stuffy London by himself. He hated being by himself. And then A Levels would come around and all the stress would come right back.

“Nico!” Hazel yelled, breaking Nico out of his slightly melancholic thoughts. The boy was sitting on a little hill of sand, knees drawn to his chest, flannel fluttering in the wind. He looked at his friends, all knee-deep in the sea, their hair glimmering in the sun, too much skin showing as they all wore swimming trunks or costumes, “Come join us!”

“I’m good!” Nico called back.

Percy grabbed Annabeth around the waist suddenly and lifted her. The girl squealed as Percy tossed her into the water and Nico’s heart twisted. He hated how friendly the two were – sure, they might’ve not been dating but it was obvious they liked each other, and that hurt, because Nico was pretty sure he was in love with Percy.
Nico rested his chin on top of his knees and sighed. A part of him wanted, more than anything, to just rip off his clothes and run into the water, but Nico couldn’t. He hated his body, and the thought that his friends would see him in just swimming trunks – that Percy would see him – made him nauseous. Nico wasn’t like the other boys here; he wasn’t tall and muscular like Frank, Jason and Percy, and even Leo was cute and had a kind of confidence around him that Nico lacked.

The sun was suddenly blocked out and Nico craned his head up, surprised when he saw Percy hovering over him, grinning and dripping wet, looking like some swim suit model. Nico’s heart fluttered.

“Oi,” Percy said, “Why are you acting all depressed?”

“I’m not,” Nico blinked up at him.

Percy plopped down in the sand next to him and shook his head, droplets flying from his wet hair and landing on Nico.

“So,” the son of Poseidon said, “You scared of the water or something?”

Nico snorted, “No,” he said, too fast, and realised that he should’ve said yes and used it as an excuse as to why he wasn’t going in. But it was too late then, and Percy poked him in the ribs playfully.

“Then why you out here?” he asked, “you should come into the sea with us. It’s awesome.”

“No, I’m good,” Nico mumbled.

“Why?”

“Just ‘cause.”

Percy sighed, “Jesus, why are you always so secretive?” he peeked at his face, too close, and Nico leaned away slightly.

“It’s part of my personality,” Nico dropped backwards onto the sand and Percy looked down at him, “Just go back in. I’m having fun in the sunshine.”

Percy sighed, got up and raced to the water. Nico sighed and squinted up at the cloudless sky. He had hoped that maybe Percy would hang around with him a bit, and he wanted to call his friends and have them around because he really hated being alone, but he didn’t want to ruin their fun so he just stayed on the sand, by himself.

_All you have to do is take off your shirt_, he told himself, _and then you can be part of the group and you can have fun..._Nico swallowed and his hands curled around the hem of his shirt. But in the end, he couldn’t lift it; he was too pale and skinny and just not good enough. He was too scared of what everyone would think.

Too scared of what Percy would think.

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“Ouch, move your goddamn elbow,” Leo complained from across the room.

The eight were lying on the floor, side by side. Technically there were three beds but they couldn’t decide who was supposed to sleep on them, so they all decided to take the floor instead, laying it out with all the pillows and blankets they could find. It wasn’t the most comfortable arrangement,
especially when everyone was squished together. Nico was by the wall, his back pressed against Hazel’s, listening to the bickering of Leo and Frank on the other end, pushing and shoving at each other.

“You’re so small!” Frank yelled, “How do you take up so much space?!”

“Will you two shut up?” Annabeth demanded. Nico squeezed his eyes shut. He knew that she was lying right next to Percy, probably impossibly close, and he didn’t want to think about it because it made his heart hurt. There was some more grumbling but eventually the room fell silent. Minutes crawled by, and Nico couldn’t sleep.

“Guys,” Leo said suddenly, “I’m bored.”

“No,” Percy sat up, “I can’t sleep either,” the room was dark and Nico could only see his outline from the moonlight falling in through the window when he twisted around, “We should do something.”

“Like what?” Jason asked.

A grin lit up Percy’s face, “Skinny dipping.”

“Yes!” Leo sat up immediately.

“No,” Nico also forced himself up, but his words were silenced by the sudden cheer from the rest of the teenagers, who all scrambled upwards and started grabbing their clothes.

“We don’t need them!” Leo was already at the door, and pulling off his pants. The group cheered and then they were all running out, throwing their clothes as they went, and suddenly Nico was alone in the tiny cabin.

His stomach twisted and he fell backwards onto the floor, pulling a blanket all the way up to his chin and turned to the wall again. He was frustrated, tears springing to his eyes. He knew he was doing this to himself and if he could only get over his insecurity...

But he couldn’t. Nico closed his eyes and tried to sleep, hoping that his friends wouldn’t notice his absence. It was wishful thinking.

“Oi,” Percy’s voice sounded closeby. In the distance Nico could hear squealing and laughter of his friends but he kept his eyes closed, pretending he was asleep, “I know you’re awake.”

Nico sighed and opened his eyes, “What do you want?”

“Why are you missing out again?”

“I wanna sleep,” Nico grumbled. The blanket was suddenly ripped off him and the Italian whirled around, “What the fuck?!”

“Come on,” Percy said, grabbing Nico’s arm and hauling the surprised boy to his feet, “You’ve been off all day. We’ve planned this trip for ages stop being so stiff.”

Nico shoved his hand off, “I don’t want to go swimming,” he growled.

“Why?” Percy rolled his eyes, and Nico had trouble keeping his eyes off his tanned, naked chest. At least the boy was wearing underwear, “you think something’s in the water? I’ll protect you from
monsters,” he winked. Nico blushed.

“I’m not scared,” he growled, turning away from the other boy.

“Then what is it?!’’ Percy sighed in annoyance.

“Just go,” Nico said, “have fun with the rest.”

“No,” Percy said, “just tell me why you don’t want to go swimming? Can you even swim?”

Nico exhaled, “Yes. I can. It’s not that I don’t want to go swimming, I just don’t want to go...,” he trailed off. Percy was quiet for a second, and then he said softly,

“Skinny dipping?”

“Yeah,” Nico whispered.

“Why?” Percy’s voice was softer now, “It’s not just that because you didn’t want to swim earlier.”

“I just don’t...,” Nico didn’t have any excuses left and he wrung his hands out anxiously in front of him, “I just don’t want to take my clothes off.”

“Don’t tell me you’re insecure,” Percy snorted. Nico turned to him, glaring.

“It’s not funny,” he snapped, and Percy’s amused smirk slipped off his face, “of course you wouldn’t know about insecurities, looking like that,” he bitterly gestured at Percy’s naked chest. The dark-haired boy rubbed the back of his neck.

“I’m...It’s not like there’s anything wrong with you,” he cleared his throat, “Like, you’re not ugly or anything.”

Nico blushed, “Just shut up. You’re making it worse.”

“Listen,” Percy said, “Why don’t we go to like a secluded part of the beach and skinny dip there?”

“What? Just me and you?” Nico huffed, “Sure, great fucking idea.”

“Nico c’mon,” Percy said, “I want you to be comfortable with us. We’re your friends, and...,” he sighed, “I don’t want you to be sad.”

“So what you just wanna go skinny dipping together where nobody can see us?” Nico asked. Percy shrugged.

“Yeah.”

Nico found that he had no arguments left as he helplessly trailed behind Percy, following him out of the cabin. He could see the other six teenagers splashing about in the water to their left, but Percy started off to the right. They walked past a clump of trees to a little part of the beach that was completely hidden from sight. The air was warm and almost stuffy, the moon bright and brilliant in the sky, illuminating the landscape.

“Did you plan this?” Nico asked as he walked down to the water’s edge. Percy shrugged.

“Uh, maybe,” he admitted, “I’ve had my theories about why you weren’t swimming with us, and insecurity was one of them.”
“I hate it when you say it out loud,” Nico mumbled. Percy ignored his remark and looked at him expectantly.

“Well?” he prompted, “You stripping or what?”

Blood rushed to Nico’s face and he nervously gripped his t-shirt. When he tried to tug it over his head, he found he couldn’t. He swallowed, “I-I...” Percy’s eyes were intense on him, and Nico was just scared of what the other boy would think. Nico knew he wasn’t good enough for Percy, but Percy didn’t need to know that too.

“Alright, idea,” the taller boy said, “Why don’t you strip when we’re already in the water?”

Nico swallowed, and then nodded shakily, “Yeah. Okay.”

Percy dashed off, running into the sea, laughing, splashing as he went. Nico inhaled, didn’t let himself have second thoughts as he followed after Percy. The first contact with the water was a shock. It was like ice stabbing him in the legs, and then Nico tripped and tumbled forward into the water, the cold surrounding him. He took in a shaky gasp and Percy laughed, hovering nearby.

“It’s nice. Refreshing.”

“It’s bloody freezing,” Nico said, toes sinking into the sand below him. He honestly couldn’t understand why people did this; it was dark, cold and a little creepy.

“Take off your trousers,” Percy said. A wave of heat went through Nico and he reached under the water and struggled out of his trousers. It took a few minutes and he tripped a few times, and then he held the trousers out for Percy to see.

“What do you want me to do with this?” he asked. Percy snatched it up and then he reached down and slipped off his own underwear, holding it with Nico’s trousers in a wet clump.

“Now your shirt,” Percy said.

Nico dipped down into the water more, so it went up to his chin, and struggled out of his t-shirt. He offered it to Percy, and the boy gave a pointed look downwards, to where Nico’s boxers were hidden by the dark water. Nico swallowed and slowly, slowly slipped them off, not meeting Percy’s eyes. He handed the boy the rest of his clothes. Percy took them and swam to shore, and Nico watched as he dropped them onto the sand.

Nico hugged himself because he just felt so goddamn self-conscious. He swam out further into the sea, making sure that Percy couldn’t see any part of his body except his head and he anxiously waited for the boy he loved to swim back to him.

“So,” Percy bobbed in the water a few feet away from Nico, grinning, “How do you like skinny dipping?”

“I-It’s r-really c-cold,” Nico admitted, teeth clattering.

“I-It’s r-really c-cold,” Nico admitted, teeth clattering.


“Well that’s a bit weird, isn’t it?”

“Shut up,” Percy swam over quickly and grabbed Nico’s hand, pulling him closer. The Italian’s heart throbbed in his chest and he couldn’t breathe. He forgot about the icy water because suddenly Percy was inches away and Nico could feel his body heat.
“P-Percy?” he asked shakily. There was no amusement left on the boy’s face as he looked at Nico and slowly lifted his hand to brush a wet strand of his hair from his cheek, “Percy w-what are you-,” Nico tried to step away but Percy reached under the water and wrapped an arm around his naked waist, pulling him forward.

“Shhh, just let me have this,” Percy murmured.

“B-But...Annabeth...,” Nico’s voice faltered and he looked towards the tree-line, “What if she s-sees?”

“Sees what?” Percy asked, “We’re not doing anything. Besides, she’s not my girlfriend.”

“Percy,” Nico said helplessly, pushing down at his hand on his hip. Percy didn’t budge and Nico’s shoulders slipped out of the water. Percy’s free hand slid from Nico’s cheek to his left shoulder and he brushed his fingers over the boy’s wet skin. Nico didn’t know what was happening and he couldn’t look at Percy.

“Hey,” the taller boy said, “I’m nervous too, if that makes you feel better.”

“You?” Nico looked up at him in disbelief, “Nervous?”

“Yeah,” Percy said quietly.

“Why?” Nico didn’t understand and he subconsciously shifted closer, wanting to have more of Percy’s body warmth.

“Because I’m about to kiss you, and I don’t know how you’ll react,” Percy whispered, and then sighed, “Fuck. I just messed it up didn’t I?”

“Percy what the fuck is going on?” Nico whispered helplessly, wanting to kind of cry as emotions washed over him.

Percy suddenly wrapped both of his arms around Nico’s waist and pulled him flush against his body, as if scared Nico was going to disappear, and the Italian was sure that if it wasn’t so damn cold he would’ve gotten hard just from how close he was to Percy. His arms automatically wrapped around Percy’s shoulders, so he had something to hold onto, and Percy was staring at him, all stunning in the moonlight.

“The others know,” he said, “about this.” Nico looked down at the water, blushing, “Listen, Neeks. I finally have the courage to say this so just...” Percy shifted and his hands stroked Nico’s naked skin under the water. The Italian shivered, “I-I...I have this massive crush on you and I kinda don’t know what to do with it and...,” he swallowed, “and I just wanted to kiss you this whole trip and being naked with you right now is kind of doing things to me, and shit, sorry if I’m freaking you out.”

“Percy,” Nico interrupted, sure that he was going to pass out.

“Yeah?” Percy asked breathlessly.

“Just kiss me if you’re going to kiss me,” the Italian whispered, something that he never thought would come out of his mouth.

“O-Okay,” Percy’s voice shook, and he leaned down. Nico held his breath when the other boy’s nose bumped against his, and he hesitated only for a second before he was pressing their lips together.
The kiss was wet and warm and it made Nico tremble helplessly, his hands digging into Percy’s naked shoulders. Percy’s tongue slipped into his mouth and Nico didn’t really know how to kiss properly so it was clumsy and uncoordinated but God, was it wonderful. They had to pull apart, because Nico was shaking too much.

“You okay?” Percy’s eyes were sparkling. Nico nodded, “Are you cold?”


“Should we go back to the beach?”

“I...I...,” Nico blushed, “My clothes are wet.”

“Don’t be insecure,” Percy murmured lovingly, kissing Nico quickly, “I think you’re beautiful.”

Nico’s heart twisted, “You’ve never seen me without clothes.”

“So?” Percy smiled, “That doesn’t matter to me. Come on.”

Nico blamed the fact that he just followed Percy out of the water naked on the fact that he was still awestruck after their kiss. They picked their wet clothes up and Percy made a point of not staring at Nico’s naked body though the Italian still caught him looking as they walked to the cabin. He was embarrassed but surprised that he wasn’t as bothered as he thought he would be.

They found themselves alone in the cabin, the other teens still swimming in the sea. They dressed into warm clothes in silence and then Nico turned to the floor, unsure of what to do, still milling over Percy’s words.

Then there were fingers on his wrist, “Don’t.”

“What?” Nico looked at Percy. The boy didn’t explain, just scooped up some pillows and covers off the floor and strode to the ladder leading to a half floor where one of the beds were. He dropped the covers there.

“Come on,” he said. Nico didn’t want to argue so he climbed the ladder and moments later he found himself in the bed with Percy, all snuggled up and warm. Their hair was still wet. Percy turned to face him but they didn’t touch, “Hey,” he said.


“Just for the record I still think you’re beautiful without your clothes on,” Percy said.

“Shut up,” Nico grumbled, but he had to admit, he was happy. Really happy.

“Can I kiss you again?” Percy asked quietly, and Nico nodded.

It was warm and soft and perfect before bed. Nico twisted around and Percy spooned him, wrapping him up in his arms. It was good, there was no need to try and explain what happened between the two boys, at least until the morning. When the other teens stumbled in, wet and giggling, Percy and Nico were already asleep.
Just Like In The Movies

Nico joins the Apollo cabin's movie night. It's a horror night, which Will hates. He's scared of horror and scares so Will sits wrapped up like a burrito in the corner. Nico notices and wraps himself inside Will's blanket and sits behind Will. Nico decides to distract Will with lewd act behind the blanket. Will lets out weird noises which scares the Apollo campers multiple times. Nico teases, Will moans, and his siblings decide to sleep with the Hermes campers that night out of fear, leaving Nico and Will freer to do what they want for the entire night.

For Rapido

“Pass a beer,” Lee said.

“You need to stop drinking,” Michael replied to his half-brother absentmindedly, but he passed him a can, his eyes still fixated on the screen where the pirated version of the new ‘It’ movie was playing.

“Nico, do you want one?” Austin asked, holding a beer out to the Italian who was sitting on the couch.

“Nah, I’m good,” Nico said.

Since he started dating Will almost two years ago he became part of the Apollo Cabin, and he was invited to things like these; little movie nights or days out, since everybody loved him. Right now all the Apollo kids plus Nico were sitting strewn over the couch, armchairs and floors of the cabin, watching the screen as the horror movie played, drinking beer and fizzy drinks and snacking on popcorn. The funny thing was that Will was still at the medical bay, so Nico was hanging out alone with his siblings.

Not for long though. They all looked up when they heard the door open and a tired looking Will walked into the dark cabin, illuminated by the blue-ish light from the TV.

“Hi guys,” he said and then his eyes widened when he saw the screen, on which a kid was creeping through a library, following a red balloon, “Oh hell no. Please tell me we’re not watching Pennywise.”

“It’s not called Pennywise,” Kayla said, eyes glued to the TV as she stuffed her mouth with popcorn, “It’s called ‘It.’”

“Gods,” Will slapped a hand over his eyes, “You know I hate horror movies.”

“Shhh, it’s getting good!” Lee said.

Will tried to creep past the couch but Nico grabbed his hand and pulled the blond onto it, “Oh,” Will
said, “Hi, Neeks. Didn’t see you there,” he leaned forward and pecked his boyfriend on the lips. A jumpscare appeared on screen and Will flinched and looked away, “Jesus Christ,” he tried to stand up.

“Stay?” Nico asked quietly, reaching for his boyfriend’s hand. Will sighed but nodded. He grabbed a blanket and wrapped himself up into it protectively, like a burrito. Nico smiled and watched the movie.

When Pennywise appeared on-screen Will whimpered and sunk down further into his burrito. Nico’s hand wriggled past the folds of the blanket to find his hand. He stroked it comfortingly but Will still jumped at the next jumpscare. His face was pale, eyes flitting to the TV and away from it, and he trembled.

“C’mere,” Nico didn’t want Will to be scared so he unwrapped the boy from the burrito and pulled the blond into his lap, so he was resting between his legs. He remembered a time when he was smaller than Will, but for the past two years he had grown taller and stronger, and now he had a few inches on Will, which helped him in positions like this.

Nico re-wrapped the blanket around both of them so it felt like they were alone in the room, “Better?” he murmured into Will’s curls. The son of Apollo nodded and nestled back against Nico. He probably didn’t mean to but his ass accidentally pressed against Nico’s crotch, “Will...,” Nico whispered.

The blond turned around hurriedly and kissed Nico, before turning back to the TV. The movie went on and Nico watched it, resting his chin on Will’s shoulder and crossing his arms over the blond’s chest, stroking his arms. Then suddenly the clown was coming out of the wall; Kayla screamed, Michael swore and Will whimpered, squeezing his eyes shut.


Will leaned back into him and his ass grinded against Nico’s cock. And suddenly the Italian was feeling mischievous, and he wanted to tease Will and, hopefully, distract him from the movie.

His arms slipped from Will’s chest and down to his hips. One of them wrapped around the blond’s waist, and the other one rested on the boy’s thigh. He started stroking, slowly, gently, and then he nuzzled Will’s neck. The blond smelled like strawberries and shampoo.

Nico’s hand slowly inched across Will’s thigh, and then he was gently pressing over the blond’s crotch. He felt Will tense and his cock twitched against Nico’s hand. The Italian popped the button of Will’s jeans open, and then slid the zipper down.

“Nico,” Will whispered insistently, grabbing his boyfriend’s hand.

“Shhhhh,” Nico murmured, and Will let go of his hand because the clown was back on the screen. Nico stroked Will gently through his trousers, and then his hand dipped into his jeans. He grabbed the boy’s cock and teased it with his fingers, pleased when he heard the blond’s breath hitch.

Will pulled the blankets around them tighter and when Nico’s hand slid under Will’s shirt the blond’s hand followed it and his fingers tangled with Nico’s.

“Nico,” Lee admitted, and Austin laughed. Someone opened another can of beer and Nico rearranged him and Will a little, so his hand could reach into the blond’s trousers from the back. He grabbed the blond’s ass and squeezed. Will gasped.

Kayla glanced at them, and grinned, “Aw, you scared Will?”
S-Shut up,” Will said shakily, grinding back slightly against Nico’s hand. The Italian grinned and dragged his mouth along the blond’s neck, nipping at it playfully. He pulled his hand from Will trousers and his fingers found the boy’s lips.

Will sunk further against Nico and shyly took his digits into his mouth. His wet, warm tongue slid around them, coating them in saliva, and Nico watched the room, ensuring none of the Apollo kids noticed anything.

He pulled his fingers free and reached back into Will’s trousers. The blond shifted, spreading his legs apart and allowing Nico’s fingers to slip through his ass-crack. The Italian grinned and pressed the tip of his finger against Will’s puckered hole, that clenched against it as if begging for something to be put inside of him.

“Ah!” the son of Apollo cried out in surprise when Nico pushed the wet finger into him with no warning. Thankfully the kids on screen screamed too, not that it helped, because the Apollo campers all whirled around, looking at the dark cabin.

“What the fuck?!” Lee demanded.

“Did you hear that too?” Michael questioned.

“Think it was just the wind,” Nico said calmly, moving his finger in and out of Will slowly. The blond shivered against him. The campers didn’t look convinced but they turned back to the TV.

Will turned his head around to glare at Nico but the Italian didn’t let him say anything, kissing him instead. He pushed a second finger into the blond, the incredible heat of his passage clenching around the digits. Will bit his lip and let out a muffled moan, arching back against Nico.

“Okay,” Kayla stood up, “That definitely wasn’t the wind.”

“What if it’s ghosts?” Austin wiggled his eyebrows.

“Shut up,” Kayla hissed, “It’s not funny.”

“Sit down it’s getting good,” Lee waved her down. Reluctantly the girl sat back down on the ground, and Nico grinned into Will’s neck as he continued to finger him. His digits searched around in Will’s hole for his prostate and when he found it the boy let out a choked off moan that went straight down to Nico’s dick.

“That’s it!” Michael jerked to his feet, “Fuck this shit, this cabin is haunted or something.”

“Oh my God!” Lee yelled, annoyed, “It’s the final showdown. Sit the fuck down.”

Michael sat the fuck down. Will turned his head against Nico’s and his lips moved against the boy’s cheek, “Fuck,” he whispered, “f-fuck...”

Nico’s free hand reached around Will and palmed at his dick, which was already hard and pressing up against his jeans.

“Nghhh...a-ah...,” Will whined. This time it was Lee who stood up and he reached for the remote, switching off the TV.

“Everyone silent,” he demanded, and the siblings all froze. Nico’s fingers continued rubbing inside Will and the boy shuddered over and over in Nico’s arms, but none of the other Demigods noticed.

“Fuck this,” Lee said, walking to the door and grabbing his shoes, “This cabin’s haunted. I’m going
to the Hermes cabin.”

“Me too!” Kayla said, and suddenly all the other Apollo kids were scrambling to their feet, freaked out by the sounds they didn’t know came from Will, and they almost tripped over their own feet in their eagerness to get to the front door.

The second the door slammed shut behind them Will ripped off the blanket and Nico shoved him backwards, so he was against the bed, and started fingering him properly, shoving a third finger inside himself and thrusting into him violently.

“Nico!” Will moaned, back arching, clawing at the couch. Nico stopped moving and grinned down at his blushing, breathless boyfriend.

“Now the real fun can begin,” Nico said.
Frank/Leo where Leo hasn't had a haircut in a while so his hair constantly falls into his eyes and to cope, he's developed a habit of tucking his curls behind his ear very often which makes Frank inexplicably flustered (especially when Leo does it with an adorable smile) to the point where Frank stops mid sentence during a conversation with Leo and blushes noticeably (nothing gets past Piper). It gets so bad that Frank gives Leo a pack of hairbands and gives some half ass excuse about it being dangerous to work on projects with hair getting in the way of your sight. Leo takes the hair bands and ties his hair up and Frank's relieved... Until he sooooo isn't because Leo with his hair in a messy bun is kind of the cutest/hottest thing he's ever seen and now he's getting a very confusing boner and yeah...Basically Frank not understanding why such a mundane habit is affecting him so much when Leo does it and Leo being super oblivious. Smut would be cool but fluff is cool too. Fluffy smut would be coolest.

Top Frank, bottom Leo.
For 6789998212

At first Leo’s overlong hair kind of annoyed Frank because it was always in his eyes when he was working, and for some reason that pissed Frank off. Leo was working on a new project over the summer - a massive robot that would defend the underground tunnels under Camp Half Blood – and he was so involved into it that he forgot to eat and sleep, so the Seven had to check up on him and make sure he was being taken care of. Leo also hadn’t gotten a haircut in a while since he was too busy with his project, so his curls grew longer and wilder and he was constantly tucking them behind his ears.

Frank didn’t know why he noticed it so much, or why he cared. It was just a little movement, his fingers skimming the tips of his elf-like ears as he pushed the chocolatey curls behind them, and yet it was the most fascinating thing ever.

Frank was sitting on the steps of the Big House in the sunshine, enjoying the warmth radiating off the marble steps, and having a conversation with Piper as they sharpened their daggers when he saw Leo suddenly skipping over, his suspenders stained with grease and oil, a bright smile on his face,
curls bouncing.

“Here comes trouble,” Piper said fondly, grinning when the Latino reached them.

“Hi Pipes!” he said cheerfully and turned to Frank, “I need to ask you a favour.”

“Hello to you too, Valdez,” Frank said. Leo smiled and tucked a curl behind his ear and Frank’s heart stuttered in his chest, especially when the little gesture was accompanied by an adorable smile that lit up Leo’s whole face.

“I need your muscle to help me get some metal down from the roof of the bunker,” he said, and Frank barely heard him, just staring at his face. Since when did Leo have freckles, and since when were his eyelashes so long, and since when was there a barely-there dimple in his cheek?

Piper poked Frank in his ribs, breaking him out of his daze, “Oi,” she said, and gave him a pointed look. Frank cleared his throat,

“Ah. Yeah,” he said, “Sure.”

“Perfect,” Leo smiled, “When are you free, big guy?”

“Uh...tomorrow?” Frank offered. Leo nodded,

“Great! Bye,” he gave a little wave and danced back the way he came. Frank let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding and Piper looked at him in silence. The boy turned to her.

“What?” he asked.

“What happened there?” Piper leaned back on the stairs.

“What do you mean?” Frank blushed. Piper snorted.

“I’m not blind, you know. And I’m a child of Aphrodite. I see the way you look at him, even now you’re red as a tomato. You like him.”

“N-No I don’t!” Frank spluttered, “I-I just...,” he tried to think of an excuse, but him tucking his hair behind his ear makes me flustered sounded stupid, so he just didn’t say anything. Piper laughed,

“You’d make a cute couple.”

“Shut up,” Frank grumbled, but her words triggered something in his head. Suddenly he saw Leo in his arms, all of his wild energy and crazy curls. The thought didn’t make him disgusted, or uncomfortable, but it did make his heart pound.

***

Frank climbed down the ladder, the huge metal panel that he had taken off the ceiling of Bunker 9 tucked underneath his arm. It was afternoon, but the bunker was empty save for Leo and Frank as all the other Hephaestus kids were preparing for Capture the Flag later.

“Here you go,” Frank put the metal panel down on Leo’s workbench and the boy smiled at him brightly.

“Thankyou!”

“You honestly should take a break though,” Frank said, leaning against the workbench, “this project
has like eaten up your life, so-,” he fell silent suddenly because Leo did it again; he was looking at
the metal panel, his mind probably already thinking of how to fit it into his project, and then he
tucked a curl behind his ear, “Why do you keep doing that?” Frank blurted.

“Doing what?” Leo tucked a curl behind his second ear.

“That!” Frank yelled. Leo blinked and self-consciously dropped his hand.

“Um...to keep the hair out of my eyes?” he offered, “Why?”

Frank swallowed, “Nothing. It’s nothing.”

***

Leo noticed that Frank was acting weird around him lately, almost nicer, but he didn’t know why.
About two weeks since the weird behaviour started he was in his cabin’s forge, hammering away at
Jason’s sword since the blond had bent it the day before, when Frank suddenly walked in.

“What you doing here, Zhang?” Nyssa asked, pushing her metal mask off her face and turning away
from the fire that she was heating up metal on, “This whole place is a safety hazard.”

“I just need to give something to Leo,” Frank said and walked across the forge to the Latino.

“Hi, Frank,” Leo smiled at him and his heart did the fluttery thing it did every time he saw Frank
since he hugged him before the final battle of the Giant War, “What do you need?”

“Hold out your hand,” Frank said and Leo did so with no hesitation, because he trusted Frank,
something he never thought he’d be able to do.

The son of Mars dropped a packet of hairbands onto his palm. Leo blinked.

“What’s this?”

“You said you tuck your hair behind your ears to keep it out of your eyes,” Frank said, hands in
pockets, staring off to the side. He looked like he was blushing, but it could’ve just been the heat of
the forge, “so I got you these. Tie your hair back, it’s a safety hazard to work with your vision
obscured.”

Nyssa started laughing and Frank’s blush deepened. Leo smiled, “Didn’t know you care about my
safety,” he teased and subconsciously cradled the hairbands to his chest.

***

The door to the Poseidon cabin opened,

“You’re late!” Jason yelled and Leo bounded into the room.

“Sorry, got held up with the project,” he said. Frank didn’t look up from the TV, where he was
scrolling through Netflix and searching for a movie, until Leo dropped down next to him.

When the son of Mars looked up his breath caught in his throat and he realised that giving Leo
hairbands was a mistake, because the boy had put his hair in a bun at the base of his neck and now
Frank was confused because on one hand Leo looked fucking adorable and on the other he was the
sexiest thing Frank had ever seen and oh Gods he was hard.

Leo wore his hair the same way Nico did now, but where it made the son of Hades seem older and
his cheekbones sharper, it made Leo seem softer and more delicate, with little curls framing his face. Frank wanted to push the hair from his face, or pull him close, or kiss him or maybe fuck him into the floor. He just wanted something.

Leo turned to the TV, oblivious, and then his head twisted so he could look at Frank, “Are you gonna pick something or...?”

The son of Mars hadn’t even realised he was frozen and staring at Leo, and only the boy’s remark broke him out of his dazed state. He cleared his throat and looked at the screen. He picked a random movie and his heart pounded throughout all of it.

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“I can’t believe Chiron actually let us take the car!” Leo exclaimed excitedly a week later as he drove down the empty highway, way over the speed limit. Frank sat at his side and clutched his seatbelt anxiously.

“I still don’t trust you driving,” he grumbled. Leo laughed, and nonchalantly tucked a curl behind his ear, his hair down and curling around his jaw. Frank felt heat pool in his stomach and he hurriedly looked away from the Latino, “Both hands on the wheel!” he choked out.

“Stop being so scared,” Leo rolled his eyes, “We’re not gonna crash. We’ll be in Brooklyn in half an hour, before it gets dark, from there we just need to collect the rest of the pieces for my project and we’ll be back at camp by midnight. Ish.”

Frank exhaled, “Alright, so-“

He didn’t get to finish the sentence because just then the car jerked and spluttered. Leo’s eyes widened, “Oh no-,” he said and managed to pull over to the side of the road just in time for the car to die.

The two Demigods sat there, in shock.

“Fuck,” Frank whispered. Leo tried to start the car, but it remained dead. He sighed.

“Right,” the Latino climbed out of the car and Frank undid the seatbelt and did the same. The road seemed never ending, and there was nothing on either side except fields. The sun was just a sliver on the horizon, painting the sky pink and purple. Frank and Leo were stuck in the middle of nowhere.

Frank leaned against the beat-up range-rover that belonged to Chiron and watched as Leo circled the car, checking the wheels, before propping open the hood. He stumbled back when a cloud of grey smoke lifted off the engine.

“This isn’t good,” he said, glancing at Frank. Then he slipped a hairband off his wrist and tied his hair up in a bun. Frank swallowed but he couldn’t look away as he watched Leo bang about in the car, a look of concentration on his face, brown eyes shifting over the different parts of the engine.

Gods he’s so gorgeous, Frank thought and had to physically stop himself from reaching out and grabbing the boy. They were alone, for the first time...well, ever. There were no Demigods around, no monsters, just the two of them. Maybe it was a sign that Frank should make his move, though he still wasn’t quite sure about his feelings. They had come so intensely and suddenly, all because of Leo’s stupid overgrown hair.

“It’s useless,” the Latino sighed and put the hood down, “I don’t have the tools to fix the car.”
“Where’s your belt?” Frank asked. Leo shrugged,

“Forgot it, oops?”

Frank sighed, “Great. Let me call camp.”

He pulled one of the three phones Camp Half Blood owned out of his pocket. Usually they were given to quests in case of emergencies, and well, this was an emergency. Problem was there was only one main phone at camp and so as Frank called all he could do was pray someone was around and pick up.

Ring.

Ring.

Ring.

Hi, Chiron’s voice sounded. Frank exhaled,

“Hey Chi-“

This is Camp Half Blood. Sorry nobody can come to the phone right now. Leave a message.

“Fuck,” Frank swore and hung up.

“No luck?” Leo was sitting on the hood of the car. It was growing rapidly cold and dark. Frank shook his head.

“Looks like we’re stranded.”

Leo pushed himself off the hood and looked around but there wasn’t even a gas station around. He nodded, “Could be worse.”

“Oh yeah?” Frank rolled his eyes, “What could be worse than this?”

“I could be stuck with someone I don’t like,” Leo winked at him. Frank felt his cock twitch because Jesus Leo with his hair up, winking, was doing things to him.

“Yes,” Frank mumbled, barely intelligible and then walked around the car to the boot to see if there was anything there that could help them in this situation. He was pleased and a little surprise to find a blanket and a pillow in the back and he showed it to Leo, “At least we won’t freeze.”

“I’m a son of Hephaestus,” Leo pointed at himself, “I wouldn’t freeze anyway.” They climbed back into the car, and by then it was completely dark outside. Then the weather broke suddenly after the stifling heat of the day, and it started pouring with rain. Frank watched the droplets racing down his window, and past it there was nothing but darkness, “Creepy,” Leo pointed out.

“Yeah,” Frank agreed. He tried turning on the heating or the light, but the whole car was completely dead, “Guess we better go to sleep then.”

“Yeah,” Leo sighed, “I’m just annoyed about not being able to get my parts today.”

“We’ll get them tomorrow,” Frank pulled the blanket over himself, feeling exhaustion wash over him. He didn’t know if Leo ever said anything because he was out like a light.

***
When he woke up there was a faint warm glow in the car and Frank groggily turned around. Leo was curled up in the seat next to him, eyes half-lidded as he watched a little flame dance across his palm. His face was illuminated with gold, his eyelashes casting shadows on his cheeks. Some curls had fallen free of the boy’s bun and framed his face and Frank just couldn’t.

He tried to hide his sudden erection and cleared his throat, “You’re not sleeping?”

Leo looked up from the flame, “I didn’t mean to wake you up. Sorry.”

“No, don’t worry,” Frank sat up and all his muscles screamed in pain. Sleeping in a car was a bad idea. Outside it was still pitch black, though it had stopped raining, “What time is it?”

“Past midnight,” Leo said, “No cars have gone past us. None.”

“Why aren’t you sleeping?” Frank questioned.

“I couldn’t get comfy,” Leo said.

Frank glanced at the backseats, that were big enough that they looked like they could fit him and Leo, “Why don’t we sleep in the back? There’s more space?”

“That will be a bit awkward,” Leo admitted, and let out a laugh that was borderline nervous. When he tucked a curl behind his ear Frank thought he would lose his mind.

“Well you do you,” he said and then climbed to the back, hoping he could maybe have a sneaky handjob to relieve the tension. He lied down on the back seats, throwing a blanket over himself, and then he sighed. He felt too awkward to do anything. Instead he closed his eyes and pictured the full moon, a forest smelling of pine trees, a howl. He shifted into a wolf, re-arranged himself on the backseat and fell asleep.

***

When he woke up again the rain was back, this time falling lazily, and it was still dark outside. But that wasn’t what had woken Frank up; it was the hand brushing through his fur. When he opened his eyes he saw Leo inches away, fitted in against his wolf body, eyes half open and impossibly soft, hand stroking Frank. He froze when the wolf’s eyes opened.

“Shit,” he whispered, and he was so close that Frank couldn’t breathe, “I woke you up again, didn’t I? I’m sorry,” his bun was almost completely undone then, and he shyly brushed a curl back from his face.

Frank lost it. He was awake in seconds and shifting back into his normal body, rolling on top of Leo and pressing him down into the leather seat of the car. The tension of the past few weeks finally got to him. He wasn’t thinking straight and he didn’t register the other boy’s shocked expression as he crashed their mouths together.

Leo whimpered and Frank grabbed his face in his hands because his mind was telling him that Leo would pull away, and he just kissed and kissed and kissed him, mouth moving against the boy’s feverishly because all he would get was this one, single kiss and he was fucking everything up and shit, shit, shit-

Leo pulled away, just an inch because he couldn’t move any further. His hands grabbed Frank’s on his face but he didn’t push them off, instead just holding onto them. Frank stared at him, breathing hard, and he was sure he was going to fall apart just because of this one, stupid boy.
“Hey,” Leo said softly, and he didn’t look scared, “Calm down, big guy.”

Frank managed to get a hold of himself and he started to pull away, “Oh Gods. Oh Gods I’m so sorry-“

“No, no,” Leo held onto his hands and his legs wrapped around Frank’s waist to stop him from going anywhere, “Don’t, it’s okay, just...just stay here,” Leo looked unsure and he was blushing and the feeling inside Frank’s chest was suffocating.

He leaned down and pressed his forehead against Leo’s to try and ground himself somehow. Leo stroked the backs of his hands and brushed his nose gently against Frank’s until the son of Mars was breathing normally again. Then Leo smiled.

“What was that about?”

“I don’t...,” Frank’s voice faltered, “I don’t know.”

Leo wrapped his arms around Frank’s neck and pulled him close and the son of Mars counted that as a win because at least Leo wasn’t disgusted by the kiss. He wrapped his arms around the smaller boy and held him close to his chest and just breathed.

Then he pulled away, sitting up, and accidentally brought Leo up with him, so the Latino was in his lap. Not that Leo seemed to mind; he grabbed Frank’s hands and placed them on his own hips and then leaned forward and cradled the Asian’s face in his small hands. Frank stared at him and he didn’t know what to say, or do, or think.

Thankfully he didn’t need to worry about any of those things because Leo leaned forward and kissed him. His lips were slow and gentle and Frank kissed back in the same way, his hands slipping under Leo’s t-shirt and just resting on his warm skin. He didn’t know why this was happening but his heart was suddenly filled with so much happiness he thought he might explode. They kissed for what seemed like forever, impossibly soft, and perfect, and Frank got used to the feeling of Leo in his arms.

Feeling a little brave the son of Mars licked at Leo’s bottom lip and the Latino opened his mouth without hesitation. Frank didn’t know why Leo was letting him do this, but he wasn’t going to complain. The agitation he had felt for weeks disappeared in that moment as he licked into Leo’s mouth, pressing the boy close to himself. His hands acted on their own accord, sliding further up Leo’s back.

“Frank,” Leo pulled away abruptly, flushed, “I...,” he seemed loss for words, and Frank knew exactly how he felt.

“You’re so beautiful,” he said helplessly.

“O-Oh,” Leo’s cheeks turned red and he looked away, reaching up to tuck a curl behind his ear but Frank caught his hand. The Latino gave him a puzzled look, “Frank?”

Slowly the son of Mars reached behind the boy’s head and pulled the hairband free, letting Leo’s curls to fall freely around the boy’s face. Leo swallowed visibly and the Frank brushed his fingers through the boy’s hair, the way he had wanted to for days. They were as soft as they looked. Leo smiled and nuzzled Frank’s hand.

“I want to have sex with you,” Frank blurted. Leo tensed and the son of Mars blushed, “O-Oh. Shit. Um, I mean, we don’t...only if you want to...but obviously you don’t, so forget it-“
“Frank,” Leo interrupted and looked at him shyly, “Just shut up.”

He kissed Frank again and his hand slipped down the boy’s chest, and pressed over the bulge in his jeans. Frank jerked and his cock twitched, and he gasped against Leo’s mouth. Suddenly there was an insatiable fire inside him and all he wanted was to make Leo’s his, properly his, so no one else could ever even think about having the Latino.

He broke away from the kiss and pressed his face into Leo’s neck, sucking a hickey into the boy’s skin. Leo let out a stuttered moan and his hands faltered at Frank’s belt, but he managed to clumsily undo it and pull the Asian’s cock out. The car was quiet save for their heavy breathing and Leo scrambled into his pocket and pulled out lube. Frank didn’t know why he had it. With shaky hands and a red face the Latino poured some on Frank’s hand. That kind of made Frank really realise that they were actually going to do this.

He helped Leo pull of his suspenders and the boy ended up in his lap in just a t-shirt and his boxers, so it was easy for Frank to dip his hand past the boy’s waistband. When his fingers first pressed against Leo’s hole the boy whimpered and buried his face in Frank’s shoulder.

“Hey, you okay?” the son of Mars asked, and Leo nodded.

“Y-Yeah,” he choked out, “keep going.”

Frank fingered him slowly and it continued to rain outside. Soon Leo was shaking and gasping in his arms and finally he was just tugging on Frank’s shirt and asking him to just fuck him, and so Frank did. It was all clumsy and experience, but good.

The moment he slid into Leo’s tight heat he knew that he wouldn’t last long.

“S-Shit,” Leo choked out. Frank stroked his shoulders and looked at him.

“You okay?” he asked breathlessly, tried to control the fire that threatened to consume him. Leo looked at him with heavy lidded eyes and nodded, biting his lips.

“Hurts,” he murmured, “Your dick’s kinda big.”

Frank smiled and kissed the corner of the boy’s mouth, “Sorry,” he said. Leo rested one hand on his chest and looked away, tucking a curl behind his ear. Frank groaned, “You’re so hot when you do that.”

“I’m gonna pretend that’s not a bit weird,” Leo wrapped his arms around Frank’s shoulders and rested their foreheads together and they kissed again, “Is it okay if I just have a moment?”

“Of course,” Frank whispered, “Anything you need. I love you.”

He tensed when he realised what he just said, and Leo’s eyes widened. Then he snickered, “Well that escalated quickly.”

“Shit,” Frank swore, “I didn’t mean-“

“You didn’t mean it?” Leo raised an eyebrow, “yeah, you did. I can tell when you’re lying,” he leaned in closer and his smile softened, “I’m glad you meant it.”

Frank never thought that Leo’s stupid curls would lead to him confessing his love in a car, in the pouring rain.
Jasico where Nico and Jason have therapy for couples and have big fight (almost comes to fisticuffs) beside therapist and he's like "sorry guys but i think you should break up cause you're too different" and then they start screaming at him and leave slamming the doors. In the end they forgive each other and have smut

for Imgeniush

“Right,” the therapist – a middle-aged, chubby man with a condescending look on his face, said, “So, what seems to be the issue?”

Jason and Nico looking at him, sitting on two opposite sides of the couch. Nico had never ever thought it’d come to this; that he and Jason would have to go to couple therapy. But they were childhood friends, have known each other forever, and even though their love story was adorable; realising they loved each other after years of pretending, now they seemed to just fight all the time.

They were twenty five, both working stressful jobs – Jason as a pilot, Nico as an Italian teacher in a private school – and although they lived together they barely saw each other. They worked different hours, and were always tired, and when they were home, Jason was mostly sleeping off his jetlag and Nico was grading papers. But Nico still loved Jason, and he believed that his boyfriend loved him too. Which was why they were here, on a therapy couch, for their first session, trying to fix their relationship.

The therapist didn’t look too pleased about his clients being two men, but there was nothing he could do in that moment, “So, let’s start with you Mr Grace,” he said, turning to Jason, whose jaw was clenched as he looked everywhere but at Nico, “please tell me the three main issues you have with your partner.”

“This is stupid,” Nico exhaled.

“Shut up,” Jason snapped at him, giving him a quick glare, before looking at the therapist again, “one thing is that he’s always annoyed.”
“I work in a school,” Nico rolled his eyes, “With stupid teenagers. Of course I’m annoyed.”

“You don’t have to take it out on me!” Jason growled.

“Gentlemen,” the therapist lifted her hand, “Let’s relax. This is supposed to be a conversation, not an argument,” he looked at Jason again, “So, the first thing that annoys you about your partner is that he takes out his frustrations on you?”

“Yes,” Jason sighed. The therapist nodded and scribbled something down, “Another thing that pisses me off is that he won’t have sex with me!”

The therapist choked on air and Nico gaped at Jason, “Excuse me?!

You’re the one who’s always asleep, and you pick the weirdest hours to fuck,” he turned to the therapist, “Please tell me why he expects to wake me up at four in the morning just because he wants a booty call! That’s not normal!”

“I’m jetlagged,” Jason said, “my hours are all messed up, it’s not my fault if I can’t sleep at four!”

“Whatever,” Nico snapped, crossing his arms over his chest, “you’ve done your talking. Now I want to say the three things that annoy me about him!”

“I mean...,” the therapist cleared her throat, clearly thrown off, “Of course Mr di Angelo, go on.”

“Allright, first things first,” Nico felt his irritation spike because honestly he was sexually frustrated and lonely, “He’s never home. Like he’s either on one of his stupid planes or in some hot country sleeping off his flight. I’m at home alone with our cat most of the fucking time!”

Jason gritted his teeth and the therapist nodded, “I don’t know how this works in your err, situation,” he gestured between them with his pen, “but perhaps a child would resolve the issue.”

“What?!” Jason demanded.

“Adoption-,” the therapist started.

“Woah, hold up,” Nico interrupted, “I don’t want a child! Do I look like a father to you? Besides, a child wouldn’t change anything because Jason still wouldn’t be home.”

“You should’ve told me if this bothered you so much,” Jason said.

“Oh please, I’ve told you a million times!” Nico yelled.

“What?!” the therapist interrupted.

“Gentlemen!”

Anyway,” Nico hissed, “another thing that pisses me off is that lately I feel like I’m just a warm body to him.”

“Say it to him, Mr di Angelo.”

Nico turned on the couch, facing his boyfriend, “I feel like all you want to do is fuck me,” he said bluntly.

“That’s a fucking lie and you know that,” Jason growled.

“Oh, is it?” Nico’s eyes narrowed, “because the only time I see you is when you want to put your dick in me. Speaking of dicks,” he turned back to the therapist, “How do I know he’s not fucking some air hostess?!”
“Fuck you!” Jason yelled.

“Gentlemen!” the therapist seemed appalled, “That is enough,” he cleared his throat, “Right, I believe that I don’t need to hear anymore. It’s clear to me, even after just these fifteen minutes with the two of you, that you’re not good for each other.”

Nico’s heart clenched and both he and Jason said at the same time, “What?!"

The therapist put her notes together, “You’re too different. You,” he pointed her pen at Jason, “are career oriented. A home life isn’t exciting for you, he isn’t exciting enough for you,” then he pointed at Nico, “you on the other hand need attention, you want him to be around all the time. Your goals are different, and highschool sweethearts never work out. I think it’s best if you break up.”

“You’re crazy, mister,” Nico jerked to his feet, suddenly fuming. But for once he wasn’t angry at Jason, but instead at the therapist, “Sure, I want attention, but that doesn’t mean me and Jason aren’t meant for each other! Where’s the fucking correlation!?”

“It’s my professional opinion-“

“Fuck your professional opinion,” Jason snapped, also on his feet, “Nico is exciting enough! The only reason I work so much is so we don’t have to worry about money, not because I want excitement and no,” he whirled on his boyfriend, “I’m not having a goddamn affair.”

“I know you’re not,” Nico blurted, “I just said that to hurt you.”

Jason’s face softened, “I love you,” he breathed suddenly.

“Fuck, I love you too,” Nico closed the space between them and kissed Jason, because the anger inside him turned into yearning. He just wanted Jason so much, as if they were kids again. He turned to the therapist, “Fuck you,” he spat.

Jason grabbed his hand and dragged him from the room, slamming the door behind them.

***

The front door of their apartment slammed shut and the second it did Jason had Nico up against the wall, the Italian’s legs wrapped around his waist. They were kissing with a feverish desperation, hands clawing at each other’s clothes. They were like starved animals and sure, they hadn’t had sex in two weeks, but it felt like longer.

“I love you,” Jason’s hands were grabbing Nico’s ass, making the man shiver, “I love you so much, I’m sorry.”

“Shhhh,” Nico tugged on his bottom lip, gasped against his mouth, “I know. I love you too. Just fuck me.”

Jason carried Nico to the bedroom as if he weighed nothing and dropped him on the bed, crawling over his body, kissing every inch he could reach as he tugged the Italian’s shirt over his head. It felt as if they were teenagers again, having quick sex in one of their rooms while their parents were gone. But, unlike then, the sex wasn’t clumsy or uncoordinated, and they weren’t shaky and blushing and unsure. By now they knew each other’s bodies off by heart, knew where each other’s weak spots were. Which didn’t make the sex any less passionate.

“Do I need to prepare you?” Jason asked heatedly, kissing Nico’s neck sloppily.
“No,” Nico exhaled and when the blond gave him a confused look, hair all fluffy and eyes dark with lust, the Italian shrugged. “What? I have dildos you know. I also have my needs that I can’t address when you’re up in the sky.”

Jason’s expression softened and he pulled off his own shirt and shimmied out of his trousers before kissing Nico again, more sweetly than before, “I’m sorry I wasn’t here,” he whispered.

“It’s fine,” Nico said, curling his arms around Jason’s shoulders, “You’re here now, and that’s all that matters,” they kissed again, “That therapist was an idiot.”

Jason smiled, “Yeah, he was,” he nuzzled Nico’s neck, “You’re perfect, you know,” he said softly, “perfect for me. I never want anyone else.”

For some reason tears sprung to Nico’s eyes, and he was suddenly overwhelmed by the love he had for Jason, “I love you,” he said, voice cracking, “So much that it hurts.”

Jason cradled his face in his hands and kissed him everywhere until the tears were gone and the kisses turned hot and passionate again. The blond reached into the bedside table drawer and pulled out a half-finished bottle of lube. Nico watched eagerly as his boyfriend pulled his hot cock out of his underwear and slicked it up, and he felt heat erupt in his stomach just from watching. He hadn’t been like this with Jason in so long...

Nico slipped his legs around Jason’s shoulders wordlessly and the blond smiled, turning his head to kiss his calf before sliding forward and pressing the tip of his erection against Nico’s hole.

They both gasped when Jason sunk into the Italian, because although it had been a while, the man’s body still remembered it.

“Jesus,” Nico choked out, back arching. Jason had his eyes closed, blond hair tumbling against his forehead.

“You’re fucking tight,” he whispered, “Guess the dildo didn’t do the job.”

“No,” Nico laughed, “It didn’t. Besides, your dick is so much better,” he dragged Jason down.

“God, I missed this,” he kissed Nico, “I missed doing it. Like this,” he pulled out and then slowly thrust in and Nico’s mouth fell open, arms tightening against Jason’s shoulders, “I don’t like hurrying it.”

“I know,” Nico was breathless. He moaned when Jason thrust into him again. The blond started to fuck him, slow but deep, hitting the spot inside Nico that made him see stars. The Italian’s toes curled, “O-Oh fuck.”

Jason brushed Nico’s head back from his forehead, “You feel amazing.”


“Better than any air hostess,” Jason whispered against his mouth. Nico giggled, and Jason giggled too, his thrusts slowing down again. Nico liked it like that; brimming with love and passion that burned through his body. It felt fucking good.

“I love you,” Nico moaned, his cock twitching against his stomach, arms loosely wrapped around Jason’s shoulders. He said it a hundred times that night.
“Me too, I love you so much,” the blond whispered.

They fucked for hours, making up for all the time they missed before. When they eventually came, simultaneously, they went to the bathroom to clean up and fucked again in the shower.

It was late at night, or early in the morning, when Nico and Jason finally laid down under their covers.

“We haven’t been like this in weeks,” Nico whispered, and Jason stroked his arm and watched him with soft eyes, “You’re always asleep. Makes me sad. Coming home and you being asleep.”

“I know, I’m sorry,” Jason murmured.

“I always hug your back,” Nico smiled, “Because it’s warm.”

Jason pulled him closer, tangling their legs together, “I always fall asleep alone.”

Nico’s face crumpled, “I love you. I...I just want us to work, I can’t imagine being with anyone else.”


“What?” Nico asked, pulling away.

“Marry me,” Jason whispered, and his eyes were sparkling with love. Nico choked on air and he was gripping onto the blond’s t-shirt.

“I-I...”

Jason’s expression fell, “Nico please,” he whisper, “say yes. I’ll take less hours at work. I’ll do anything. I just can’t live without you.”

Nico sniffled, then smiled, “Yeah. Okay. Since you asked so nicely. I’ll marry you.”

Jason pulled him close and kissed him and Nico was laughing against his smile and there were tears in his eyes, “And to think we ever needed therapy.”
Frank and Hazel are a powerful business couple and Leo is a poor college grad who just got kicked out of his apartment for being gay and they run into him and take him in. He says he'll just stay for a bit but they get attached to him and he makes them food every meal to compensate for not being able to pay rent. Leo starts to fall for them and they fall for him. He tries to leave to not get too attached but they won't let him and they get together, having really hot passionate sex with dom!frazel and sub!leo with hazel using a strap on for anon

Leo didn’t know how much longer he could do this.

When he went to college he didn’t realise it would go like this.

Leo’s life was always pretty shitty – his mother died when he was young, something her side of the family always blamed him for, even though he had just been a child. His father had never been around. Leo spent most of his highschool corresponding with his Aunt Rosa in the United States, who wanted to put her only nephew through college. So when Leo turned eighteen he left Mexico and the poverty and hate he lived in there – his neighbourhood didn’t appreciate that he was bisexual – and moved in with his Aunt Rosa.

She wasn’t the nicest woman and kind of treated him like shit, but she paid for him to go to college. He loved college. In college he could finally do what he wanted; he could kiss boys at parties and get drunk, and have friends, and not care about weird stares from others. He went through first year, and he went through a bit of second year, and he thought that maybe, maybe he could just get through it and start a life that he always wanted.

But he was naive and his life never worked that way. Aunt Rosa found out about Leo’s sexuality, and in the space of a day he was homeless on the streets, without money to continue college. That was when he found out that his friends weren’t really his friends. They were nineteen and they preferred to drink and party, and taking care of a friend who had just gotten kicked out wasn’t an option.

Leo got drunk, with the last of his money he bought a plane ticket to London, and he got on that plane. He didn’t have anything for himself in America, the same way he didn’t have anything for himself in Mexico. All he had was a plane ticket and a backpack full of stuff.

And now, three weeks later, he was exhausted. November was coming to an end and the world was turning cold and icy. Leo slept in the gutter, in little alleyways, fed off whatever food he could steal off little markets on corners of streets. He was starving, cold, dirty, and depressed. Life didn’t make
sense.

And then everything changed.

***

“Chinese or pizza?” Hazel Levesque asked as she slid out of her boyfriend’s Mercedes-Benz.

“Uh...what about Indian?” Frank Zhang asked, slamming the door shut and locking the car with one button. He took his beautiful girlfriend’s hand and she smiled at him as they walked across the private parking lot of their building, her heels clicking on the ground.

“Indian sounds good,” Hazel said, snuggling into her boyfriend’s muscular arm. She smiled at the valet who opened the door for them, “Good evening Janus.”

“Good evening Miss Hazel. Mr Frank,” there was something unsettling about the valet’s smile but the couple was used to him and so they walked through the door and into the lobby of their apartment building.

They lived in central London in a very expensive apartment on the sixth floor on a beautiful building in the heart of the city. They were young; twenty five and twenty six, but both were already incredibly successful in the business profession. They were also impossibly in love with each other. Their life was perfect.

The lobby of the building was empty since it was late at night and most of the residents had already come back, or gone out. Rachel Dare, the receptionist, was present though, sitting behind her oval desk and pattering away at her computer. She looked up when she saw Hazel and Frank and smiled brightly.

“Hey guys.”

“Hey Rachel,” Hazel smiled, “It’s freezing outside, when do you finish?”

“Half an hour,” Rachel said.

“How are you getting home?” Frank questioned. The girl shrugged and tucked a strand of her fiery hair behind her ear.

“Uh...night tube?”

Hazel rolled her eyes, “You’re an idiot. Call yourself an Uber. You know my password.”

“Haze, really-,” Rachel started, but Frank interrupted.

“Who the hell is that?” he pointed at the couches by the door where visitors often waited for authorisation to be let upstairs. There was a figure curled up on one of them; dirty, dressed in a beat up jacket, with a mass of greasy curls that looked like a bird’s nest. It looked like a boy. Rachel smiled sheepishly.

“I found him passed out on the front steps. He’s just a kid so I brought him inside, out of the cold..,” she bit her lip, “You guys don’t mind, do you?”

“No. Of course not,” Hazel shook her head and approached the couches, “Is he hurt?”

“Don’t think so. Just homeless.”
Frank gave Hazel a look, “Haze. No,” he said, because they could always understand each other without words.

“Just for one night?” Hazel asked softly, “I mean look at him,” she pointed at the sleeping ball, “he’s probably terrified, and cold. We have a spare room. We could help.”

Frank exhaled, but he knew there was no arguing with his girlfriend, “Fine. But if he freaks out and calls the police you’re doing the talking.”

Both Hazel and Rachel grinned, “You guys are too nice sometimes,” the ginger said. Frank walked over to the couch and took the boy into his arms. He made a faint noise but didn’t wake up and Frank wrinkled his nose – the kid was tiny and really light in his arms, but he smelled like he hadn’t washed in weeks.

“Jesus,” Frank said as he walked to the lift, Hazel skipping behind him, her heels in her hand, “Night Rachel.”

“Night guys,” Rachel waved at them as they entered the lift.

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Leo woke up suddenly with a start, heart hammering, and for a second he didn’t know where he was and that made him panic because shit, this was definitely not the cold, wet street he had spent the last two days on...then the boy remembered the redheaded girl from the fancy looking building, and the couch, but as he looked around the dark room and felt the soft, silky sheets beneath his hands, he realised that this was no lobby.

He was in someone’s bedroom. It was dark; the rain pit-pattering on a window. Leo’s eyes widened when he looked at said window because it was massive – floor to ceiling kind of massive, and outside were a million London lights. Leo swallowed and shifted on the huge bed he had been sleeping on. Where was he? He honestly had no idea. It might’ve been warm and comfortable, but Leo was still freaked out. His eyes slid to the door, underneath which he could see a sliver of golden light...he could also hear low, hushed voices.

Please don’t be a serial killer, Leo thought as he slid out of the bed. He noticed that his tattered old jacket was gone and he was only in his dirty t-shirt and jeans. More than ever he was aware that he stank as he walked out into the corridor.

He followed the light and the voices, still sleepy and somewhat disoriented, and found himself in a huge living room-kitchen complex. There were three black leather couches arranged around a massive TV, and a large, oval, fluffy white rug on the wooden, heated floors. The windows here were the same size as the ones in the bedroom Leo had woken up in, and rain raced down the glass. A large dining table stood in front of the window and a half-counter separated the living room from the luxurious, marble kitchen.

Two people were sitting on one of the couches and Leo hovered anxiously in the doorway as he took them in, mentally trying to decide if they’re planning on murdering him and if he should run. But they didn’t look like people who’d hurt him – the girl was small, probably around Leo’s height, with a curvy body, dressed in a knee-length black skirt and a white button up shirt which was tight around her breasts. Her caramel curls were wild around her face and shoulders and she was smiling at the man next to her as she talked about her day. The guy was a different story – he was massive; even sitting down Leo could tell he was tall, his shoulders were broad and arms so muscular he looked like he could crush both Leo and the girl in one go. But his dark eyes were soft and there was a subtle, loving smile on his lips when he watched the girl, who Leo assumed was his girlfriend.
The boy cleared his throat, “Um, excuse me.”

The two looked up and quickly got to their feet, “Oh, sorry,” the girl laughed “We didn’t see you there. Are you feeling better?”

“I...um...,” Leo swallowed, “yeah, I just...who are you? And where am I?”

The couple exchanged a look and the girl continued to speak, as if she wanted to be as unthreatening as possible. She smiled warmly at Leo. Nobody smiled at him like that, not anymore, and his heart clenched, “You collapsed outside the building and the receptionist brought you in. We wanted you to rest up since it’s really cold outside so we brought you upstairs,” she winced, “hope that doesn’t freak you out.”

“No...I just...,” Leo bit his lip, baffled by the kindness of these strangers, “Thank you.” he said quietly. He hadn’t slept in a bed in ages and just listening to the rain hitting the window made him shudder when he thought about being out in the dark streets in that weather.

“My name’s Hazel,” the girl suddenly stuck her hand out and hesitantly Leo shook it. His own hand was only a tiny bit bigger than the girl’s, “Hazel Levesque. And that’s Frank,” she pointed to the guy, who gave Leo a tense smile. The Latino assumed he didn’t appreciate another guy being in his apartment, “My boyfriend.”

“I’m Leo Valdez.”

“Oh, that’s an interesting name,” Frank remarked, and his voice was deep and growly, “You’re not from around here.”

“No,” Leo laughed awkwardly, “But it’s a long story.”

“Why don’t you take a shower?” Hazel offered kindly, “and we’ll make you some food. There’s no way you’re going back out tonight in that weather.”

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They listened to the sound of the shower down the corridor and Hazel worried at her bottom lip, feet propped up in Frank’s lap.

“What are we going to do about him?” Frank asked, his fingers stroking her ankle. She sighed.

“I don’t want him back out on those streets, Frankie.”

“Well he can’t stay here,” Frank said. Hazel shook her head.

“He looks really young. I want to find out what happened to him and how he ended up on the street,” she looked at her boyfriend pleadingly, “One week.”

“Three days,” Frank replied. Hazel crawled across the couch and kissed him on the mouth.

“A week,” she said, and Frank rolled his eyes. She stroked his cheek with her tiny hands, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” he kissed her again. They heard the shower shut off and Hazel climbed off her boyfriend to go make tea. Frank turned on the TV and put on football. Moments later the door to the bathroom opened and they heard footsteps approaching.

They both froze and stared when Leo re-appeared in the living room, because he was a different boy
to the one they saw twenty minutes earlier. The messy hair and dirty clothes were gone; the boy’s face was scrubbed clean revealing his tanned skin and warm, chocolatey eyes. His hair was damp and curly around his shoulders and he looked tiny in the shirt Hazel had given him – it belonged to Frank – though for some reason his ass looked amazing in the shorts he was wearing, which belonged to Hazel.

Frank looked away, feeling a little uncomfortable, but Hazel smiled and lifted a cup full of steaming tea in Leo’s direction, “Drink?” she asked. The boy nodded shyly and padded over to her, wrapping his hands around the mug.

“You clean up well,” Hazel said, and Leo blushed. Frank firmly watched his football, refusing to look at either of them, and just listened in on their conversation, “So how old are you, Leo?”

“Nineteen.”

“W-what?!” Frank spluttered, looking at him and then quickly looking away, “Shit, that’s young.”

“How come you’re on the streets then?” Hazel asked.

“Honestly it’s a bit of a long story,” Leo admitted, tucking a curl behind his ear. The girl smiled gently, and he relaxed visibly,

“We have time.”

Leo laughed, “I just...I hope this isn’t some weird sex dungeon or cult or-“


“I-I...sorry it was just a joke, I’m-“

“Frank,” Hazel scolded, “Don’t be so harsh. He’s just nervous and confused,” she sighed, “Right, I’ll leave the questioning till the morning. Why don’t you finish your tea and go back to bed? You look exhausted.”

“I...It’s alright,” Leo put his half-finished cup of tea down, “I should really get going, I don’t want to be a bother.”

“Don’t be stupid,” Hazel interrupted, “It’s pouring outside. The guest bedroom’s all yours.”

***

When Leo woke up it was still raining and the room was filled with a grey watery light. The boy felt rested for the first time in what seemed like forever and he rolled over on the bed, looking around the bedroom which he didn’t have a chance to take in the night before.

It was spacious, with a sliding open closet that looked empty, a black and white photograph of the London Eye and a black rug on the wooden floor. Leo looked at it for a second and then tears welled up in his eyes. He let them spill down his face and he pressed his face into the pillow and just cried.

He hadn’t had someone show him kindness in so long, and he hadn’t slept in a bed in so long, and it was all just too much. What hurt the most was that Leo knew he couldn’t have this; he’d have to leave today, because obviously Frank didn’t want him here, and even Hazel would get tired of him sooner or later. Finally Leo got himself together and wipe his face on the back of his hand. He climbed out of bed with the intent to go to the bathroom, take his clothes, and leave.
His plans were ruined when upon stepping out into the corridor he was hit by the delicious smell of eggs and bacon. His stomach rumbled and he almost doubled over in pain because he was starving. Unable to resist he found himself walking back into the main living space.

Frank was sitting at the kitchen counter, dressed in a fancy suit, while Hazel, still in her pj’s, was putting out food onto three plates. She was laughing as Frank told her a story, grinning, and the radio hummed in the background. Leo’s heart twisted when he looked at them. Why can’t I have that? He wondered.

“Oh,” Hazel noticed Leo first and her face lit up, “Leo! Good morning.”

“Morning,” Leo replied. He gave Frank an uneasy glance but the man wasn’t looking at him. Leo felt bad.

“Why don’t you have breakfast with us?” Hazel asked.

“I...I should really get going,” Leo pointed vaguely in the direction of the front door, “I don’t want to be a bother, and you guys have already done so much-”

“Hazel already cooked for three people,” Frank looked at Leo, “so sit and eat. You can go after.”

Hazel gave her boyfriend a condescending look and Leo pretended not to notice as he whispered a timid thankyou and slid onto the stool next to Frank. He had a million things running through his head; he wanted to apologise for causing them trouble, but he was scared that would annoy Frank more so when Hazel placed a plate of food in front of him he decided to strike up a casual conversation with the two.

“So you guys seem pretty young,” Leo started, forcing himself to eat his bacon slowly and now wolf it down like the starving kid he was. It was delicious, “How come you can afford rent in such a nice place?”

“Oh,” Hazel laughed, “We don’t rent it. We own it.”

Leo’s eyes widened, “Woah seriously? What, are you in like the mafia or something? The Yakuza?” he looked at Frank. The man raised an eyebrow.

“I’m Chinese,” he said, “Not Japanese.”

“Right. Sorry.”

Hazel laughed, “God, you’re so American Leo.”

“I’m Mexican actually,” Leo said.

“Oh? That’s pretty cool.”

“Not really,” Leo mumbled. Hazel cleared her throat.

“Anyway, we’re not part of a mob,” she nibbled on her toast, “We have really good jobs. I’m a marketing director and Frank’s a finance manager.”

“Oh,” Leo breathed, “That’s so awesome.”

“What about you?” Hazel popped a piece of bacon into her mouth and Leo took the time to devour a whole egg, “Do you go to university?”
“Um...,” Leo swallowed, “No. I...uh, I didn’t have the money to finish second year.”

Hazel frowned, “Why don’t you just take a loan?”

“Haze, he’s American, remember?” Frank said. The girl nodded, “Well anyway,” Frank stood up, “I have to go work.”

“I’m off today,” Hazel winked at Leo, and the boy could feel himself going red. Frank walked around the counter and wrapped an arm around Hazel’s waist, practically lifting her as he kissed her. Leo watched their embrace from the corner of his eye and he couldn’t stop the envy that burned through him. The pair looked so in love, and he just wished he had someone who would care for him that much.

“Bye, Leo,” Frank said, almost as an afterthought as he pulled away from Hazel. They watched him leave and the moment the front door closed Hazel sagged against the counter and fanned herself.

“He still makes my knees weak,” she joked.

“Seems like it,” Leo laughed to hide his pain, “Thank you for the breakfast. I really should go though.”

Hazel gave him a puzzled look, “Do you really like living on the streets so much?” she questioned. Leo swallowed and looked away.

“No, I just...I don’t understand why you’re being so nice.”

“It’s only human,” Hazel said gently, “stick around for a couple days. I’ll get in contact with some people and we can think about getting you a room in a YMCA or something like that.”

“You really don’t have to do that,” Leo murmured.

“Stop saying that,” Hazel smacked his arm playfully, “I’m happy to help. I don’t know your story but nobody should be left on the street,” her expression softened and she squeezed Leo’s hand quickly, “and don’t worry about Frank. He’s a good person, he just doesn’t know how to show it.”

“Right,” Leo mumbled.

***

Two days later Leo was still living in their apartment, and Frank didn’t know how to feel about that. On one hand the Latino was funny and he mostly didn’t get in Frank’s way, and the thought of kicking him out was kind of unacceptable – he was so small and young and Frank generally hated to see people in trouble. But on the other hand Leo was there, and Frank could tell that Hazel was developing a soft spot for him.

For ages they knew there was something – or someone – missing from their relationship. Of course Frank and Hazel loved each other more than they could explain, but they were both polyamorous and Hazel was very open about wanting a third person in the relationship. And Frank, who was quite a jealous person, didn’t know how he would take that.

On the third day of Leo living at their apartment Frank came home early from work. ‘Early’ meant that he still stepped through his door at nine in the evening, exhausted and pissed off after a bad day at work, and the fact that Hazel wasn’t home yet – her shoes weren’t by the door – just made him more depressed.
He was a little confused when he smelled something cooking because usually when he came home before Hazel the apartment was cold, quiet and uninviting. But then Frank remembered Leo.

He took off his shoes and coat and loosened his tie as he made for the living room. When he entered he saw Leo bustling about the kitchen, wearing an apron that Hazel had gotten Frank as a joke when they were at University together – it proclaimed KISS THE CHEF. Leo’s curls were in his eyes as he cooked and Frank had to admit that he looked cute. And whatever he was cooking smelled amazing.

“Hey,” Frank said. Leo looked up and he blinked and then looked away and Frank kind of wanted him to smile, and look happy to see him.

“Hi,” Leo said.

“What are you doing?” Frank walked into the kitchen section of the room and Leo shied away from him as the man looked at the pots and pans – he saw pasta boiling and Leo stirred some sauce.

“I-I’m making spaghetti,” he gave Frank a quick look, “I figured since I didn’t pay rent for the last couple days at least I could do this...” he bit his lip and looked unsure. Whenever he was with Hazel he was smiling and laughing, but he always looked so tense when around Frank. It frustrated the man, “I-I...sorry, I probably should’ve asked before using your ingredients. I just...um...sorry if you’re not hungry, or if you don’t like spaghetti, I just-”

“Thanks,” Frank interrupted.

“Huh?”

“It’s nice...coming home to a warm meal. Usually we just get takeout since neither of us are much of a cook,” he offered Leo a small, tentative smile and the Latino’s eyes widened, “I’m gonna shower before dinner.”

“O-Okay,” Leo said in a small voice. Frank nodded and made for the door to the corridor, but before he fully left the room he heard Leo say, “I won’t stay for long. I promise.”

Frank didn’t say anything but as he walked to the bathroom he found that his heart kind of ached. Don’t get attached, he told himself.

***

This was what Hazel had wanted for ages, and that’s what scared her. It was Saturday, almost a week since she and Frank had first met Leo, and a day since Frank expected him to leave. Except Hazel didn’t want him to leave; it was nice to always have him there, with a smile and a joke, or a vulnerable little hug. His cooking was amazing and he just made Hazel’s heart pound whenever he was around. Frank was calm and stable and wonderful, like the foundation that Hazel needed. Leo was excitement and energy and fire and the girl couldn’t help thinking that the two of them together would be perfection.

The three of them were currently on the couch in the living room, binge watching Game of Thrones. The fact that Frank agreed to go through all the seasons with Leo instead of just continuing with the new season gave Hazel hope that maybe the man also liked Leo. Of course it was too early to tell.

As they progressed through season two Frank and Hazel shuffled closer together, the way they always did, gravitating towards one another. Frank’s arm slid around her waist and rested on her thigh and she nuzzled her head into his shoulder, kissing his neck every few moments and hiding her face there whenever someone got brutally murdered on-screen. Then suddenly Leo was slumping
against Hazel’s side. Her heart started to beat faster and for a second she thought that maybe Leo was cuddling up to her but when she looked down she realised that the boy had fallen asleep.

His warm cheek was pressed against her arm and Hazel reached up to gently caress his curls. She couldn’t keep her eyes off him and when she looked up Frank was looking at both of them with a conflicted look on his face.

“He’s perfect, Frankie,” Hazel whispered.

“We barely know him.”

“Oh come on,” Hazel rolled her eyes and took Frank’s hand. The man gave her a look but she ignored him as she pulled his hand over her lap and rested it on Leo’s cheek.

“Hazel-,” Frank warned and Leo frowned in his sleep and snuggled into Frank’s hand. The man’s eyes widened and he snatched his hand back, stood up and left. Hazel’s heart twisted and she slumped against the couch. Of course Frank wouldn’t be so easily persuaded...besides, she didn’t even know if Leo would find her desires gross or not. A three-way relationship wasn’t what most people considered normal.

She was an idiot for dreaming that it could ever work.

Slowly the girl slid from underneath Leo, taking him down so he was lying in a comfortable position on the couch. She threw a blanket over him and then followed Frank into their bedroom. She found her boyfriend standing by the window, looking out at the city beneath them.

“Frankie,” she said softly, coming up behind him and wrapping her arms around his waist and resting her head between his shoulder blades.

“He’s messing things up,” Frank said quietly.

“No, he’s not,” Hazel replied, “He’s not doing anything.”

“But you are,” Frank sighed and turned around, taking Hazel’s face in his hands and stroking her cheeks, “I know you’re getting attached to him, but you know he can’t stick around for long.”

“Why not?” Hazel asked, and despite being a successful businesswoman she was still naive sometimes.

“The world doesn’t work like that,” Frank whispered, “We don’t know anything about him. He could be a serial killer on the run, for everything we know.”

“We’ll find out his story,” Hazel said, “just don’t make him leave. At least not yet.”

Frank sighed, “How much longer do you want him to stay?”

Hazel shrugged, “I’m trying to get him a university scholarship, here, in London, and maybe a job. Then he could start paying rent-“

Frank stepped away, “He can’t stay here Hazel.”

“Fine,” the girl exhaled, agitated, “One more week.”

“No.”

“Frank,” Hazel said firmly in her no-compromise voice, “one more week. And on Tuesday we’re
taking him out for dinner.”

Frank bit the inside of his cheek, “Fine.”

***

“So this is fancy,” Leo said, looking around the Italian restaurant they were at. He had never even been inside one, much else ate at one before. Only moment ago a waiter had come with a bottle of wine more expensive than Leo’s organs, and poured them all a glass, and now the Latino was just looking around, awestruck.

Frank and Hazel were sitting opposite him, her in a beautiful emerald dress and him in a suit and tie. Earlier they had bought Leo a shirt and a blazer that probably cost more than his college tuition, and to say he felt bad was an understatement.

“You guys really don’t have to do this for me,” Leo said.

“It’s our pleasure,” Hazel said, eyes twinkling.

“We need to get you some more clothes,” Frank pointed out. Leo blushed.

“No, no way, this is more than enough, thankyou. I feel like you’re my sugar parents,” Leo laughed, and then cleared his throat, “Except you’re not getting any sugar.”

Hazel and Frank looked at each other.

“In exchange for taking you out,” the girl rested her chin in her hands, “We want you to tell us your story, and how the heck you ended up outside our apartment.”

Leo exhaled and then took a sip of his wine, “I... so. Um.”

“Take your time,” Frank surprised Leo by being the one that wasn’t pushing him and Leo gave him a quick, grateful smile, before deciding to suck it up. Hazel and Frank had been so nice to him, and asked for nothing in exchange. This was the least he could give them.

“I was born in Mexico, and my mom died young. Her family kind of blamed me for her death but...,” he cleared his throat, the thought of his mum making his heart hurt, “anyway. I grew up in a not so nice neighbourhood but I had this aunt in the states who wanted to pay for my education. So when I turned eighteen I went to live with her and she paid for my first year at college but then... then, uh, s- she found out that I was, um, bisexual,” Leo couldn’t look at Frank or Hazel, didn’t want to know their reactions. Everyone around him had always recoiled in disgust when Leo had admitted things like this, and he was scared it would happen again, “and kicked me out, pulled me out of college. I had like no money but with my last saving I decided to just fly to London. Fuck knows why,” he let out a nervous laugh and he had to fight tears, “I was here for months, just sleeping on the street. I tried to get jobs but nobody would hire me and I had nowhere to go and then... then you happened,” he finished lamely.

Hazel and Frank were silent and finally Leo got up the courage to look at them. Hazel had tears in her eyes and Frank looked as if someone had punched him.

“Shit,” the man said eventually. Hazel reached across the table and took Leo’s hand.

“I’m so, so sorry this happened to you,” she whispered. Leo smiled and tried to laugh it off.

“It’s fine. It’s really not that bad.”
“It’s bad,” Frank said firmly, “Worse than I thought.”

“You thought he was a serial killer,” Hazel pointed out, wiping her eyes. Leo gaped at Frank.

“You didn’t,” he said, and Frank looked away sheepishly, “Seriously?! I can’t even get the straw through my Capri sun.”

Hazel giggled, “Anyway,” she squeezed Leo’s hand and then pulled it back, “You can stay with us for as long as you want. You don’t have to pay rent until you get a job, just continue cooking for us.”

“S-Seriously?!” Leo stared at them.

“Yeah,” Frank said, once again surprising Leo. The Latino felt warmth in his chest and he just wanted to throw himself at the two and hug them and cry.

“You guys...,” he just whispered instead.

“Don’t get emotional,” Frank said, “food’s here.”

***

The text came from Hazel around eight. *I’m going to be home late.* Frank, who normally would’ve just kept that to himself and laid in bed, waiting for his girlfriend so they could order food, now stood up and left his bedroom, heading for the kitchen.

Leo was bustling around – a sight that Frank had gotten used to for the past month - humming to himself as he started prep for dinner. Frank leaned against the doorway and watched him for a second before speaking.

“Hazel’s going to be home late.”

Leo looked up, “Oh. Okay. Should I count her for dinner?”

For some reason that sentence made it sound as if the three of them were a family, and it made Frank a little happy, “Yeah. She can just reheat it worst case,” he pushed himself off the door and walked into the kitchen, “By the way what are you cooking?”

“Chicken fajitas,” Leo said, “They’re really nice.”

“Everything you make is really nice,” Frank said. Leo smiled at him, and the man’s heart pounded.

“Thanks. You wanna help?”

“Uh...I don’t think I’m much of a cook,” Frank admitted. Leo gave him a look.

“But you *can* cut vegetables, right?”

“Yeah,” Frank said hesitantly. Leo handed him a knife.

“I need you to chop up some peppers, tomatoes and lettuce,” he said.

“How do I even chop lettuce?” Frank complained. Leo sighed and stood Frank in front of the chopping board before slipping in front of him.

“Watch over my shoulder,” he said, and grabbed Frank’s hand, the one holding the knife. With his free one he grabbed the lettuce, “You peel off a few leaves...like this...and then you just cut to get
nice stripes...,” he moved Frank’s hand, forcing him to cut the lettuce, and it took him a few seconds to realise what he was doing.

Frank was tense at his back, his chest pressed against Leo, and his hand was warm and large underneath the Latino’s. Leo felt himself blushing when he noticed how close they were and quickly ducked from under Frank’s arm, returning to his own station.

“And that’s how you cut lettuce,” he squeaked.

***

It was a few days later that Leo decided that he couldn’t be asked to cook and that he was going to order pizza instead. It was Sunday and neither Frank nor Hazel were working, both of them chilling in their bedroom. At least Leo assumed they were chilling and since he had spent half the day cleaning up and listening to the rain, his brain wasn’t really on high intensity.

That’s why he went barging into the couple’s bedroom, proclaiming loudly, “Guys should we get Dominos?”

He froze with his hand on the doorknob, the words dying on his tongue.

Hazel was on her back, her legs wrapped around Frank’s waist, back arched. They were both naked, skin glistening with sweat, eyes dark. Their eyes snapped to Leo when he walked in and for a second they looked like a pair of sex Gods, wrapped up in an embrace.

Leo felt blood rushing to two places – his face, and his dick, “S- shit sorry!” he stammered and ran from the room as fast as he could. He exploded into his own bedroom and slammed the door shut, face bright red. He threw himself on the bed, groaning, mortified.

He couldn’t believe he had just walked in on Hazel and Frank having sex.

But his dick could believe, and it twitched in Leo’s pants. The boy bit his lip. He had known for a few weeks that he was attracted to Hazel and he felt guilty about that, because he would never want to ruin the beautiful relationship she had with Frank. But now his instincts were stronger than his morality and his hand slipped into his pants almost on its own accord.

His mind immediately drifted to what he had just saw and he pictured the perfect curves of Hazel’s body, the way sweat glimmered on her dark skin. The boy bit the pillow and stroked himself feverishly, like an over-eager teenager. He imagined that she was there with him, crawling over his body, pushing her hand into his trousers...

Leo whimpered and his stroked sped up and suddenly he wasn’t thinking about Hazel anymore, but about Frank, and that was a new thought. But Leo was feeling too much pleasure to try and explain to himself why the hell he was wanking over the man, not when his mind was filled with Frank’s muscle. Leo imagined Frank pining him down, and Hazel kissing him, he imagined all of their bodies entangled together and before he knew what was happening he was coming with a helpless cry.

He laid there, feeling guilty and ashamed, staring at the ceiling as it rained outside and trying to make sense of what he had just been thinking about. He could imagine having sex with Hazel. Hell, he could even imagine having sex with Frank. But having sex with them together...? A shiver went through the boy at the thought, and he was kind of scared and kind of aroused and kind of confused and he decided he needed a cold shower.

***
It happened two months into Leo living with Frank and Hazel. For two weeks he had been working at a coffee shop but honestly even Leo had to admit he wasn’t taking proper care of himself – he only ate with the couple and didn’t sleep properly at night. Honestly he had kind of forgotten how to lead a healthy lifestyle and that was fine when he was relaxing at home all day, but when he was working...it got a bit much. As the days got colder Leo started feeling weaker and then, out of nowhere, he just collapsed at work.

He woke up in a hospital bed, plugged up to several machines. He felt nauseous and weak and alone. It was dark outside. Leo had no idea what hospital he was in, but his first thought was that he should tell Frank and Hazel he was here, so they didn’t worry. Except he didn’t know where his phone was.

That’s when he heard shouting down the corridor, and moments later none other than the couple were barging into the hospital room. Hazel had tear-tracks down her face and was still in her work clothes while Frank was in a jumper and jeans and looked royally pissed off.

“Leo!” Hazel sobbed, falling into the chair next to the boy’s bed and grabbing his hand, “Oh my God Leo, we were so worried-“

“What happened?!” Frank demanded, “The paramedics said you were dehydrated. How the fuck did you are you dehydrated, you work at a goddamn coffee shop!”

“I don’t like coffee,” Leo said hoarsely.

The nurse barged into the room, “Please, only family can be in here-“

“We are family,” Frank growled at her.

“Sir, I don’t think so,” the nurse didn’t look convinced.

“I’m his fiancée,” Hazel blurted, surprising both Leo and Frank. The Latino saw the other man swallow and the nurse paused, before nodding.

“Fine, you may stay ma’am, but you sir need to leave,” she pointed at Frank. The man gritted his teeth and glanced at Hazel.

“I’ll wait in the car,” he said and walked out with the nurse. The second they were gone Hazel enveloped Leo in her arms. She smelled sweet and her arms were so warm and comforting that Leo sunk against her.

“Hey,” he said hoarsely, “I’m glad you’re here.”

“What happened?!” Hazel demanded, wiping her cheeks, “your workplace called-“

“It’s fine, I just haven’t been eating properly,” Leo assured her and when she slipped her hand into his he only briefly wondered if Frank would care, before he forgot all about that, just focusing on Hazel’s beautiful face, “I blacked out, but I’m fine now.”

“I want you back home,” Hazel said firmly.

“I don’t think Frank does,” Leo admitted. Hazel frowned.

“What are you talking about? Frank likes having you around.”

“He didn’t even look at me,” Leo whispered, and he hated how upset he sounded. Hazel frowned
and stroked his hand.

“It’s okay,” she murmured, “he was just angry he couldn’t stick around. We’ll get you signed out of hospital and you can come home, okay?”

“Yeah,” Leo smiled at her, “Yeah, that’s all I want.”

Hazel nodded and looked at him, and he looked at her, and then they both fell into each other’s arms, clinging onto each other. The hug was good and Leo finally felt safe, but at the same time he couldn’t help but think that there was something missing – a pair of bigger, stronger arms around the both of them.

***

Leo was signed out of hospital pretty quickly but Hazel insisted he take the rest of the week off work to recover at home. She herself stayed in as well to take care of Leo even though he wasn’t ‘technically’ ill. Frank, on the other hand, avoided Leo completely, coming home later and later. It was starting to piss Hazel off because she knew why her boyfriend was acting like that; he always withdrew himself whenever a situation became complicated and the growing feelings of the couple towards Leo were certainly complicated.

That’s why Hazel decided to drag both of the boys out clubbing with her. In theory it was a great idea; living a business life was tiring for both the girl and Frank, and so loosening up sounded great. So on Friday night the boys both dressed in jeans and t-shirts, with jackets over top because it had started snowing in London, and Hazel put on a sparkling dress and they headed out to one of the most prestigious clubs, where they were all on the guest list.

The night started well with lots and lots of drinking and soon enough Hazel was buzzing and pulling her boyfriend onto the packed dance floor. The club was dark, the strobe lights illuminating the faces of sweat dancers with a dozen different colours. Frank and Hazel were both drunk and as the music reverberated through the floors and the walls of the club Hazel pressed herself back against Frank, grinding back against him, grinning. The man grasped her hips in his big hands and kissed the back of his neck and Hazel just kind of wanted to fuck right there and then, but she was a lady and she didn’t do that stuff.

Her eyes scanned the dance-floor as he body moved with Frank’s, and her eyes landed on Leo, who was still at the bar where they had left him. He was adorably flushed, hair a little mused, and watching the couple with wide eyes. Hazel’s heart jerked and her stomach clenched because it looked like there was desire in Leo’s eyes, though she couldn’t be sure because he blushed and quickly looked away.

Hazel twisted in Frank’s arms and pulled him down for a passionate, messy kiss. She could tell that her boyfriend was smiling against her mouth and his hands travelled downwards to grab her ass. He tasted like whisky.

“Leo was staring,” Hazel whispered against Frank. The man glanced at the bar, almost too eagerly, and anger suddenly clouded his eyes. Hazel followed her gaze and her heart skipped a beat when she saw Leo with another man.

The guy was tall and handsome and way too close to Leo. The Latino was laughing at something he was saying but subconsciously shifting away, and Hazel felt herself get pissed off. Subconsciously she considered Leo hers and Frank’s.

Confidently she strode over, “Leo!” she exclaimed.
“Hello,” the guy next to him smiled at her, “and you are...?"

“Hazel,” the girl said.

“Um, Alabaster was just getting me a drink,” Leo told her, swaying on his feet. Hazel slipped an arm around his waist and was pleased when the Latino leaned against her too.

“Perfect,” she smiled, “He can get me one too. A bourbon.”

Alabaster smiled, amused, “Sure.”

They got their drinks and Leo and Hazel chugged theirs, saying a quick goodbye to Alabaster. Hazel pulled a stumbling Leo onto the dance-floor and then turned him to face her. She started to dance with him, less provocatively than with Frank, but still too close for it to be considered appropriate.

“Hazel...won’t Frank mind?” Leo yelled over the music, eyes flitting across the dance-floor in search of the man. As if summoned by his words, Frank appeared behind Hazel.

“No,” he said, “I won’t mind.”

Hazel grinned and pressed her ass up against her boyfriend, throwing her arms around Leo’s shoulders and dragging him close to writhe against him. For a second the boy looked conflicted by the mixture of alcohol and the intimate atmosphere of the club weakened his resolve and in moments he was dancing back against Hazel with surprising grace.

The crowd around them pushed and shoved and forced the trio closer together. Frank bent his head and kissed down Hazel’s neck and the girl dragged Leo closer. His dark eyes flickered to hers and their noses brushed together and for a second the girl thought they were going to kiss.

Then the lights turned on, abrupt and sudden, and a unanimous groan sounded from the crowd.

“Already?” Leo whined.

“It’s three in the morning,” Frank shook his head, slurring his words slightly. His hands were still on Hazel’s hips but Leo had pulled away, bright red, “Let’s get out of here. I’ll call an Uber.”

***

Frank didn’t know how much longer he could take the tension rising in the apartment. It was coming up close to three months of Leo living with him and Hazel and the sexual tension between the three was palpable. After the clubbing incident things kept happening; Leo walked in on Hazel in the shower, and accidentally rubbed his butt against Frank’s crotch in the kitchen, and he and Hazel had fallen asleep on the couch together. Every little touch, as innocent as a brush of the shoulders, was electrifying. It was January and it was getting colder and snowing outside and Frank didn’t know what to do with himself. He’d fuck Hazel and in his mind he’d see Leo, and he knew that it just wasn’t enough for Hazel either.

When had they gotten like this?

There were more fights in the apartment too, especially between Frank and Leo, and over stupid little things like not throwing the finished tube of toothpaste away or eating the last bagel.

And Frank had enough. He just wanted to grab Leo and kiss him, but he knew it wasn’t that easy. That’s why he took the opportunity on a Saturday night when Leo was asleep, to have a whisper-fight with Hazel about the situation.
“He needs to go,” Frank said, looking at his girlfriend firmly, arms crossed over his chest. He was determined not to budge, even when Hazel gave him a shocked look.

“What?! But everything’s so good~”

“For you,” Frank growled, “He cuddles with you, he calls you pet names, he lets you kiss him on the cheek...,” his voice faltered, “he thinks I hate him.”

“Because you’re so unapproachable,” Hazel sighed.

“No,” Frank interrupted, “He just doesn’t have feelings for me. Not the way I have for him.

“Okay, we can just sit him down-,” Hazel said.

“No. No we can’t,” Frank groaned in frustration, “Can’t you see, Haze? This will never work.”

The girl looked at him for a second, completely heartbroken, “I love him,” she whispered eventually. Frank’s shoulders slumped.

“Hazel, for fuck’s sake~”

“And I love you too. Is that so wrong?” the girl questioned, tears glimmering in her eyes. It hurt to see her upset.

Frank looked at her helplessly, “No. No it’s not,” he took a deep breath, “I love him too.” Hazel exhaled and reached for her boyfriend but Frank stepped away, “But he doesn’t love us, not like that anyway. He wants you, just you and I...I can’t give you up to him. I can’t lose you. And I don’t want to lose him either.”

“Frank,” tears tumbled down Hazel’s cheeks but the look in her eyes told him that she understood and that just pissed Frank off, because there was nothing he could do. He turned around and punched the wall.

“Fuck!” he yelled, “Why did we have to meet him?! Everything was so fucking good before he showed up and now...now...,” his voice faltered, full of pain.

They both froze when they heard footsteps hurrying from the room, and then the sound of the front door slamming shut. Frank whirled around and looked at Hazel, and she looked shocked.

“Was that...,” she started faintly. Frank ran from the room and into Leo’s bedroom – the boy was gone, and so was his backpack.

“Fuck,” Frank swore, “He heard all of that.”

***

This is where eavesdropping gets you, Leo told himself bitterly as he hurried through the empty, frozen London streets, trying to keep his tears at bay. It hurt, it hurt, it fucking hurt. His chest felt like it was being stabbed and he just wanted to collapse in the snow and never get back up. Frank’s words, the ones he caught as he had slipped past their bedroom, rang in his ears.

Why did we have to meet him?! Everything was so fucking good before he showed up...

Leo knew that Frank didn’t like how close he was to Hazel, but that didn’t make his words any less painful, especially since Leo had come to terms with the fact that he had feelings for the man too. Not that it matter, because it was all too fucked up.
Leo’s legs wobbled and he couldn’t go further. He was in some dodgy, snowed-in alleyway that three months ago he would’ve considered a home. He slid down the wall and let his tears fall, pulling his knees to his chest and burying his face in them as he sobbed and shook. He didn’t bring a jacket, and the things in his backpack wouldn’t keep him warm. He was sure nothing would keep him warm again, except Hazel’s and Frank’s arms. He had overstayed his welcome and he should’ve left that first night he woke up in the guest bedroom.

Because that’s what he was – a guest, and he was stupid to think otherwise.

How did he fall in love with two people who were already in love with each other? It was just his fucking luck. He should’ve never left Mexico, he should’ve never gone to college, and he should’ve never gone to London. His life was an endless story of mistakes.

“Jesus Christ Leo.”

Hazel’s breathless voice broke Leo out of his depressed sobbing and with eyes full of tears he looked up. The girl was standing at the mouth of the alley, looking heartbroken and cold, cheeks flushed.

“I’m s-sorry,” Leo sobbed, completely breaking down when he saw her. The girls’ expression was soft when she approached him and pulled him to his feet so she could wrap her arms around him. They were the same height, “I-I’m sorry f-for ruining e-everything for you a-and Frank,” Leo sobbed.

Hazel held him close, “What did you hear?” she asked.

“F-Frank said how h-he wished you h-hadn’t met me, a-and how i-it was good before I-I fucked it u-up....” Leo couldn’t catch his breath, “I-I don’t want him to h-hate me. I-I just...I-I...,” Hazel pulled away from him, frowning.

“Is that all you heard?” she asked. Leo nodded and the girl sighed, “Right. We need to go home and have a chat.”

Leo was too exhausted and hurt to argue with her and besides it was bloody freezing. He let the girl take his hand and lead him out of the alleyway and back the way he came. Their footprints were still imprinted in the snow.

“Where’s Frank?” Leo asked, sniffling. Hazel was typing on her phone with her free hand.

“He went a different way to look for you,” she said, “I’m telling him to come back now.”

***

The moment they got back into the warm apartment again, Hazel couldn’t hold back anymore. Frank wasn’t back and she just couldn’t bear to try and explain without him so the second she and Leo had shrugged out of their coats and shoes, she shoved the boy against the closest wall.

“Hazel what the-,” Leo’s eyes widened but Hazel didn’t care about how confused he was as she leaned forward and crashed their mouths together. Leo inhaled sharply and his hands jerked out to push at Hazel’s waist but the girl grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the wall on either side of his head.

If Leo wanted to he could’ve pushed her off, but he didn’t do that. Instead he went limp and tentatively started to kiss back, moaning when Hazel thrust her tongue into his mouth suddenly.

“H-Hazel, wait,” Leo gasped turning his head away, his cheeks red, “Frank will come back any
“Shhh,” Hazel grabbed his chin in her hand and forced his head to turn so she could kiss him again. Leo let out another sweet moan and Hazel tugged on his shirt, walking him backwards and into her and Frank’s bedroom. She didn’t bother pulling down the blinds over the huge windows, shoving Leo down onto the bed.

The boy looked up at her, eyes wide and dark, an obvious bulge in his trousers. Hazel smirked, “You look cold,” she said, pulling her jumper over her head and enjoying the way Leo’s eyes slid down her almost-naked body, “Let me warm you up.”

She crawled over him, pressing him down against the mattress and kissing him almost violently. Leo probably didn’t expect her to be the rough one but in truth Hazel was quite a dominant person, and Frank was the only one she could be submissive to.

Leo shivered under her hands when she slipped them under his t-shirt, running them over his cold skin. Her mouth trailed from his lips and down to his neck, where she bit and sucked until Leo was panting and swearing, his hips stuttering upwards.

“G-God, Haze-,” Leo whimpered, and she tugged on his t-shirt until he helped her pull it over his head. Hungrily she kissed down his naked, narrow chest, and his fingers sunk into her curls as she went lower and lower. When her hands tugged on his sweatpants, Leo tensed, “Hazel, wait, s-shit, please...Frank will be home any moment-“

Hazel didn’t want to explain about how pleased Frank would be to find them like this, and so she decided to just silence Leo. She pulled his cock free expertly and took it into her mouth. Leo completely melted against the bed and let out the most arousing sound that Hazel had ever heard.

Then they heard the front door open.

***

Leo knew Frank was coming and he pushed at Hazel’s head to try and get her off him because shit she was sucking his dick and her goddamn boyfriend was home. Leo felt guilty and embarrassed and really, really fucking good because Hazel had a sinful mouth that made shivers of pleasure race up his spine.

“H-Hazel please, g-get off-,” he whispered urgently, his words punctuated by moans because Hazel wasn’t stopping. He could hear Frank approaching and Leo knew there was nothing he could do; they were going to get caught, and then Frank would hate him even more.

He threw an arm over his flushed face and squeezed his eyes shut, waiting for the wrath of the man. He heard the door to the bedroom open, then close, and his toes curled as Hazel’s tongue slid over the head of his cock. Leo felt the bed dip and he tense and-

Gentle fingers pried his arm away from his face and when Leo opened his eyes he saw that Frank was hovering over him, eyes dark and soft and not angry at all. He held Leo’s wrist in his hand and Hazel continued sucking and Leo was confused and aroused and hot and he wanted to ask a question but what came out instead was whiny moan-

“Frank.”

Suddenly Frank was cradling his cheek in his huge, calloused hand that Leo never expected to be so gentle, “She’s good, isn’t she?” the man whispered, and Leo didn’t know what to reply.
Thankfully he didn’t have to say anything because just then Frank leaned down and claimed his mouth. Where Hazel’s kisses earlier had been rough and demanding, Frank’s were softer and warmer, but they still made lust burn throughout Leo’s body, especially when paired with Hazel’s blowjob. Leo’s whole body was shaking when Frank licked into his mouth and he gripped the man’s shoulders and moaned, knowing that he was going to explode soon.

“F-Fuck,” he whimpered, pulling away slightly, “I-I’m gonna-,” before he could finish the sentence Hazel pulled her mouth off of his cock with a wet sound. Leo whined and his hips stuttered upwards, trying to get back into that wet, velvety heat, but Hazel just laughed.

“Patience, baby.”

Leo looked at Frank helplessly, still gripping his shoulders, “What the fuck is going on?” he asked breathlessly.

“We’ll talk later,” Frank murmured, “just enjoy this.”

Hazel slipped lower, and without warning Leo felt her tongue against his entrance. He tensed and his eyes widened, “O-Oh shit wait-,” he gasped, “Frank tell her-“

Hazel pushed her tongue inside of him and Leo whined and collapsed back against the bed, gripping at the sheets. Frank grinned and watched him and Leo felt all together too good and too self-conscious. He wanted to hide, to simultaneously push Hazel away and pull her closer, and it was just so much at once.

Pleasure coursed through him, making his nerves tingle, “Fuck...,” he whispered, “F-Fuck...” Hazel thrust her tongue inside of him, and his entrance clenched and unclenched as he trembled. When he felt one of the girl’s slim fingers press against the hole alongside her tongue he let out a choked moan.

It slid inside him all too easily, “You like that?” Frank whispered against his neck, kissing him there slowly and seductively. Leo shivered, his fingers twisting in the man’s hair. When had Frank taken his shirt off? Leo didn’t remember, he felt dizzy.

“F-Frank...,” he moaned, unable to answer the question, and the man kissed him, this time more roughly and possessively. Leo felt like he died and went to heaven, or like he was losing his mind. His cock twitched against his stomach and then suddenly he was being flipped over.

Frank found his way underneath the smaller boy, so Leo was lying on his chest, his ass in the air. Hazel re-arranged herself and plunged her tongue and two of her fingers back inside Leo’s wet hole and when the boy cried out and grinded subconsciously downwards, his cock pressed against Frank’s erection.

“Oh...,” Leo’s mouth fell open helplessly as a lightning of pleasure went through him. He couldn’t breathe properly and Frank gripped his hips and moved him, so that Leo was rocking against him, rubbing their hard cocks together, while also getting pushed back against Hazel, “F-Frank, Frank,” Leo panted, “Hazel...f-fuck...wait...oh...God...”

“Shhhhh, good boy,” Frank murmured, guiding Leo in for another kiss. Hazel added a third finger into Leo and honestly the boy was glad for the support Frank’s body against his provided because otherwise he was sure he was going to fall completely apart.

Then Hazel pulled everything out of Leo all together, leaving the boy feeling horribly empty. He whined and subconsciously wriggled his bum in her direction. The girl laughed.
“Don’t worry, I have something better.”

***

Watching Hazel fucking Leo with a strap-on was honestly the hottest thing Frank had ever seen. Where at first the Latino was alarmed by the idea of a sex toy inside himself, now he was just completely melted against Frank, shaking and clawing weakly at his chest while an endless litany of moans spilled from his mouth.

Frank didn’t know where he wanted to look more; at Hazel, all gorgeous and smirking behind Leo, thrusting into the boy with a roughness Frank didn’t think she had, or at the Latino, laying on Frank’s chest, whining and arching back against the girl, grinding down on Frank and making pleasure coil in his stomach.

“Fuck,” Frank whispered, pressing down on the small of Leo’s back and forcing the boy to grind down on his cock harder, “You’re so hot,” he winked at Hazel and she grinned and thrust into Leo, particularly hard.

“OhmyGod,” Leo gasped on one breath, burying his face in Frank’s neck, “Oh my G-God...it feels so good...Frank, it feels so good...”

“You’re so perfect,” Frank murmured, kissing the side of his head.

“You really are,” Hazel agreed, and pounded into the boy.

“I-I can’t take it,” the Latino gasped suddenly, “H-Hazel, I-I can’t,” he grinded down, rubbing his cock against Frank’s like a cat in heat and looking at the man hopelessly, “I’m gonna come. I-I’m gonna come.”

“Go on, baby,” Hazel murmured, and seconds later Leo was spilling his hot come all over both his and Frank’s cocks, trapped between their bodies, crying out sweetly.

Frank had to force himself not to come then, and it was hard. Slowly Hazel pulled out of Leo, sweaty and grinning, and took the strap-on off. Frank gently rolled Leo over, marvelling at his flushed, sweaty face, eyes closed as he basked in his afterglow.

“Jesus,” Hazel climbed onto the bed and laid down next to the boy, stroking his arm, “He looks like some kind of fallen angel.”

“And whose fault is that?” Frank teased. The girl grinned and leaned over Leo to kiss her boyfriend passionately. When they pulled apart they saw that Leo was looking up at them with tired, half-lidded eyes. Frank’s cock twitched with excitement just from looking at him.

“You haven’t come,” Leo said in a whisper. Frank stroked his face.

“No.”

Leo bit his lip and nuzzled his hand, “You can fuck me if you want.”

Hazel was grinning when she leaned down to kiss the boy lovingly on the lips. Frank personally didn’t have to be asked twice as he slid down between Leo’s legs, pulling them up and throwing them over his shoulders. His cock throbbed with anticipation and for a second he just watched Hazel and Leo’s sloppy makeout – the girl was teasing the boy’s nipple with her fingers and his cock was already stirring again.
When Frank pressed the blunt head of his cock – bigger than Hazel’s strap-on – against Leo’s hole he felt it clenching around him. Leo moaned into Hazel’s mouth and when Frank pushed forward his body sucked him in completely, taking his cock easily.

Leo’s back arched and he cried out and Hazel held him down, one of her hands creeping south to wrap around his semi hard-on. Frank felt light headed and pleasure coursed through him, more intense than he had ever experienced before. His cock twitched inside Leo’s hot, wet passage, and he knew he wouldn’t last too long.

Hazel pulled away from Leo’s mouth and the Latino’s eyes met Frank’s. Slowly the man pulled out of the boy, and then slammed back inside of him. Leo’s brows furrowed and he let out a cry and curled his hands in the sheets. Meanwhile Hazel made it her mission to make him come again and her mouth found his cock, which she started sucking again.

“No, no, no, no,” Leo blabbered, “Fuck...I-I...”

Frank started fucking him, hard and fast, because he needed to orgasm. Hazel sucked Leo roughly and the boy went crazy, writhing against the bed and sobbing, back arching, hips stuttering upwards.

One of his hands sunk into Hazel’s hair as she continued to blow him, and Frank felt light-headed as he hit Leo’s prostate over and over. It was all too much, for all of them.

“F-Frank,” Leo sobbed, “O-Oh Jesus, Frank...H-Hazel, wait...nghhh, no...please, fuck-“

He came without warning, tensing, his hole clenching around Frank and making him gasp as he felt his own climax wash over him. Hazel milked Leo’s cock, swallowing his come, and Frank filled the boy up. They were both shaking by the time they were done.

***

Leo was pretty sure he must’ve blacked out because when he came to his senses again Hazel was just finishing washing come off his stomach and thighs with a wet towel, dressed in a bra and shorts, and Frank, just in his boxers, was tugging one of his too-big shirts over Leo’s head.

“What?” the Latino asked, confused.

“You’re okay,” Frank kissed his forehead in a loving gesture that made Leo’s heart clench, “You blacked out for a second. Here,” he handed Leo a bottle of water, “Drink.”

The boy sat up and drank, still in a daze after the two incredibly intense orgasms he just had, trying to wrap his head around what happened.

“Haze,” Frank held out another water bottle out to the girl and she grinned as she walked around the huge bed and took the bottle, taking the time to kiss her boyfriend, slowly and sensually. Leo shivered and put the bottle down on the side of the bed.

“I-I still don’t understand,” he admitted.

“I don’t get how we could make it any more explicit,” Frank groaned and Hazel rolled her eyes as she walked back around the bed and got in, so that Leo was lying in the middle. She threw the blankets over the three of them and Leo slid down into a lying position, because honestly he was exhausted.

“I-I just...,” he swallowed, “So you want me to have sex with you instead of paying rent or-“
Frank silenced him with a surprising desperate kiss, leaning over him and crushing him to the bed, and Hazel shook her head, “You’re stupid,” she said, “You’re actually so stupid,” she kissed his shoulder and Frank pulled away from the kiss.

“We’re in love with you,” he said. Leo’s breath caught in his throat.

“Oh,” he said weakly.

Hazel looked at Frank, “Could be worse,” she said. Frank smiled at her tiredly. Leo was still in a state of shock, but clearly the couple wasn’t expecting a response because they settled down in the bed. Frank threw an arm around Leo’s waist, so his palm rested on Hazel’s hip. Leo turned around so he was facing the girl, and allowed Frank to spoon him from behind. Hazel smiled at him and kissed him softly, before sliding a hand under his arm.

“Goodnight,” she said.

“Night,” Frank replied.

“Night,” Leo whispered faintly.

He fell asleep almost instantly, even though his head was a mess. And bizarrely it felt so right to be in the bed with both Hazel and Frank.

***

The three of them were sat on the couch in the living room, watching the new season of Game of Thrones. However by the time the first episode ended they were all already wrapped up in each other; Frank was in the middle, an arm around Hazel’s shoulders, stroking her curls while her arm was slung across his stomach, her fingers intertwined with Leo’s, who was pressed into Frank’s other side, with the man’s arm wrapped around his slim waist. Every once in a while Frank would lean down to kiss Leo on the forehead and whenever someone died on-screen Hazel would squeak and hide her face in his shoulder, squeezing Leo’s hand. He’d always squeeze back.

“Love you,” he whispered to her, and she grinned from Frank’s shoulder and blew him a kiss. Leo leaned up to kiss Frank’s cheek, “and love you too.”

It worked like a dream.
“What do you mean you’ve never been rimmed?” Nico asked, staring in disbelief at his friend.

They were eighteen, sitting on Nico’s bed in his cabin the way they always did. They were best friends after all, so chilling in each other’s cabins this late at night was normal for them. Well, at least Will was a best friend to Nico, because to the blond the Italian was so much more.

Will had always thought Nico was adorable when he was younger, all emo and angry at the world. But then somewhere around seventeen the Italian had suddenly gotten a growth spurt and all his muscles grew and before Will knew it the boy was taller than him, and his voice was deep, and he was hot. And Will was still his best friend...even if he was in love with him.

“We should play Never Have I Ever,” Will suggested, sitting cross-legged on Nico’s bed as the Italian pulled out a bottle of whiskey from under his bed. This had become kind of a tradition – on the third Friday of every month Nico and Will got drunk together. And recently the blond had been looking for ways to try and confess his feelings to Nico, or make a move, during these nights because 1) he could always just blame it on alcohol and 2) he knew the Italian was gay and that gave him hope that maybe he had a chance...

“Sometimes I think you’re still a child,” Nico rolled his eyes, “we know everything about each other anyway.”

“Not everything,” Will protested and stuck his plastic cup in Nico’s direction. The Italian rolled his eyes and filled it to the top with whiskey, before doing the same to his.

“Fine. But you start.”

“Okay,” Will grinned and leaned back against the pillows, “Never have I ever...lied that I’m sick to miss Capture the Flag.”

“That’s so boring, come on,” Nico rolled his eyes, “let’s spice it up. Never have I ever...had a one night stand.”

“Wow,” Will laughed, “Okay. Slow down there, neither have I,” but he was grinning, and he seized the opportunity to try and get information he didn’t have out of Nico, “Never have I ever...had a one night stand.”

Nico looked away and took a drink and Will gaped at him, “What?! With who?!” he demanded,
ignoring the spark of jealousy in his gut. Nico shrugged.


Will blushed, “Come on, that’s not fair! You know I have.”

Nico grinned, “Drink.”

The game continued, getting more and more inappropriate, and both the boys quickly finished their drinks, only to have them refilled. Will was enjoying himself – he was just the right amount of tipsy that he felt warm and relaxed and a little turned on, but not enough that he would do something stupid...or so he thought.

“Never have I ever...,” he said, slurring his words a little, after a whole hour of drinking, “had a threesome.”

Nico drank and Will laughed, and he didn’t even have to ask because Nico, also tipsy, was already explaining, “Happened with Jake from the Hephaestus cabin and some girl we met at the club.”

“I thought Jake was straight,” Will giggled.

“He is,” Nico smirked, “or at least so he thought. Still let me fuck him though.”

Will laughed, “Alright, your turn.”

“Never have I ever had sex with someone I was in love with,” Nico said. Will’s stomach dropped and he cleared his throat and laughed.

“Well this just got depressing,” neither of them drank and Nico looked away, cheeks flushed. Will’s cheeks were probably flushed too, and he quickly decided to ease the tension in the air, “Never have I ever gotten a rim job.”

Nico’s eyes widened, “What?!” he demanded. Will shrugged, not realising it was some big deal, “So let me get this straight,” Nico shifted on the bed, a bit shaky, and dropped his empty cup on the floor, “you’ve had phone sex, done it in a car, and been to an orgy but you haven’t gotten rimmed?”

“I didn’t actually participate in the orgy though. Besides, what’s the big deal?” Will shrugged, “Can’t feel that good.”

Nico gaped at him, “It feels fucking amazing,” he said, and plucked the cup from Will’s hand, setting it on the bedside table. Will raised an eyebrow, and the world was a bit fuzzy around the edges, “Trust me,” Nico said, hovering too close to him, “You haven’t lived until you’ve had a tongue in your ass.”

Will snorted, “Well that’s a sentence I never thought I’d hear from you.”

“Lie down on your stomach,” Nico commanded. Will’s eyes widened and his heart jumped in his chest.

“What?” he asked, mouth dry suddenly and mind trying to comprehend what Nico just said.

“I said,” Nico didn’t falter or hesitate, his dark eyes on Will’s, “lie down on your stomach. I’m going to rim you.”

“You’re not serious,” Will said breathlessly.
“Come on,” Nico hovered over him, and he smelled like alcohol and cologne so, and Will shivered because Nico had been the person that Will wanted for ages...but at the same time he was completely lost in the situation.

“This is weird,” Will whispered.

“It’s not. Just an experience. Clearly sex doesn’t mean much to either of us,” Nico said, eyes sliding to Will’s lips. Of course it means something, Will wanted to shout, because it’s you. But Will’s drunk mind was telling him to just let Nico do it because this could be the only time that he and Nico could actually get close. He bit his lip and then slowly turned around, pressing his face into Nico’s pillow. Normally he would’ve never done it, but the alcohol was making him more confident. He was in his pj’s, and so the only bottoms he was wearing were loose shorts.

He flinched when he felt Nico’s chest press against his back, and forced his face further into the pillow. Nico’s breath ghosted over the back of Will’s neck and the boy shuddered. What am I doing, what am I doing...

“Nico-,” he said, trying to get his drunk thoughts together.

“Shhh,” Nico pressed his hand down on the small of the blond’s back, “let me do this,” he tugged on Will’s shirt, and the blond let him pull it over his head, fuck knows why. He was nervous and shaking and oh my Gods he was about to let his best friend eat his ass.

“Jesus Christ,” Will whispered against the pillows. Nico laughed behind him.

“I haven’t even started,” he teased, and then pulled Will’s shorts and underwear down the blond’s legs. The boy helped him clumsily and he wasn’t too bothered about Nico seeing his ass, since he had seen it before when they went skinny dipping with the other Demigods. What he was worried about, was Nico touching it.

The blond looked over his shoulder at the Italian, whose eyes were firmly plastered to Will’s backside, “I can’t believe you’re actually going to do this.”

“I just wanna know if you like it,” Nico shrugged, way too casual about this, “Want more whiskey?”

Will shook his head, face burning, “Just get on with it before I change my mind.”

He watched over his shoulder as Nico leaned down and pressed his mouth to the small of Will’s back – it was unnecessary, but it made Will relax more into the bed and he had to turn his head away, unable to look. A million thoughts ran through his head, all drunken and disjointed and not making much sense, but all revolving around what Nico was about to do.

Will wanted him to do it. In fact as far as Will was concerned, he wanted the boy to do everything and anything he wanted to him. He felt the Nico’s hands on his ass, tentative at first, then suddenly gripping Will’s globes roughly. The boy let out a sound between a gasp and a moan and felt blood rush south to his cock. His whole body felt like it was on fire when Nico pulled his cheeks apart, revealing his hole.

Will really should’ve been more scared and embarrassed, but he wasn’t. He was turned on and felt a little helpless, which wasn’t a bad feeling. He hugged the pillow he was lying on to his chest, glad for the support when he felt the first wet swipe of Nico’s tongue against his entrance.

He shivered, “Shit,” he whispered – it felt weird and Will wanted to squirm away. He was stopped by Nico’s hands on his hips.
“It feels weird at first,” the Italian said, and his breath danced over Will’s hole, making it clench subconsciously, “but just let yourself enjoy it. Trust me, it’s good.”

“You’ve done this a lot then?” Will tried to joke.

“You tell me,” Nico replied, completely serious. Will wished he could see the other boy, but he didn’t have the strength to turn because Nico pressed his mouth to his ass then, and licked around the puckered entrance. His wet tongue was surprisingly rough and Will’s stomach clenched as he bit down on his lip, pressing his red face to the pillow. Then he felt the boy’s tongue wriggle inside him. It definitely felt weird – slippery and warm and kind of wrong, though there was no explicit sensation accompanying it – it didn’t hurt, but there was no pleasure either, and Will’s thoughts were torn between is he doing it right? and what if there’s something wrong with me and I can’t feel it? If he was sober he would’ve probably opted to fake it and moaned anyway, but his drunk mind was too busy figuring out what was going on for him to pretend to be feeling good.

And then everything changed. Will’s whole body tensed as the wet muscle slipped inside him and started to explore. He shuddered and clung onto the pillow as if he was a lifeline and gasped, forgetting to breathe because all of a sudden there were shots of pleasure just racing through his body, all the way down to his toes.

“O-Oh...,” he gasped. His hole started clenching around the organ, and he didn’t understand why it was feeling good. Subconsciously Will grinded backwards, his breathing growing faster, and his eyes fluttered shut. All he could focus on was Nico’s mouth and tongue on his ass, pushing deep inside of him.

Will felt too hot, like his body was on fire, and it felt fucking good. An embarrassing moan spilled from his mouth and that must’ve been some kind of encouragement to Nico because suddenly he wasn’t just licking about inside Will anymore, but he was fucking him with his tongue.

Will cried out, and his back arched, ass pressing up against Nico’s mouth. He felt dizzy, breathless, and the tongue inside of him was just so hot and wet and rough, and it was all too much.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck...o-oh my fuck,” Will swore, gasping for air, trying to find something to hold onto because his pillow just wasn’t enough. His toes curled and his body shook and Nico groped his ass and thrust his tongue in and out of Will sloppily, and the blond felt like he was losing his mind. When he opened his eyes the world was spinning and his stomach was all in knots with pleasure, “Fuck...s-shit...fuck, Nico-“

He reached behind himself with one of his hands and his fingers sunk into Nico’s hair. He forced the boy’s head more against his ass, pushing his tongue deeper inside of him and Nico didn’t protest, just rimmed Will harder until the blond was sobbing. He didn’t know if it was the rimming itself, or if it was because Nico was doing it, but he had never felt so good.

“Oh God...oh Gods, fuck,” Will swore, unable to keep his voice back as he grinded down on the bed, his cock hard and throbbing to the point where it was painful, “f-fucking hell...J-Jesus...ngh...”

And then Nico’s mouth was gone. Will collapsed on the bed, shaking and whining, arching back so his ass was in the air, begging wordlessly for Nico’s mouth to come back.

“I want to fuck you,” the Italian’s voice was hoarse and when Will pried his face away from the pillow to look over his shoulder he saw that the boy’s face was flushed, hair mused, and eyes burning with lust.

“Yes,” Will gasped, “Yes, fuck, do it.”
He was gone by then, already wrecked and wanting, more than anything, to come with the boy’s cock inside of him. He had wanted it for so long...and he didn’t have to wait anymore.

It took Nico seconds to get his trousers and underwear off and then he just thrust into Will in one, swift movement that made both of them moan. Will collapsed against the bed, trembling uncontrollably, as Nico’s cock slid in and out of him. The Italian didn’t even give him a minute to adjust to the sudden fullness...not that Will needed it; the rimming had gotten him stretched and wet and perfect for Nico’s cock and-

*Oh Gods I’m having sex with my best friend.*

Will panted and moaned against the pillow and his mind was clouded with pleasure, so he couldn’t think straight. Besides it was too late to stop – Nico was thrusting into him, his hands digging into Will’s hips and it felt *amazing*, better than anyone else who had ever fucked Will.

“Nico,” the blond sobbed, “N-Nico, shit...”

In reply to his moans the Italian just fucked him harder, forcing Will down against the bed. The blond felt helpless, clawing at the sheets, sobbing and swearing and feeling his orgasm approaching.

He didn’t want it to end, because he knew the conversation that would follow wouldn’t be an easy one. When Nico drove his cock forward, slamming right into Will’s prostate, the boy’s cock twitched and with a whine he came, untouched, all over Nico’s bed.

Seconds later the Italian pulled out and spilled over Will’s back, before covering the blond’s body with his own and kissing his shoulder and neck feverishly.

“I fucking love you,” he growled, and that pretty much summed up their conversation.
“Your brother’s cute,” Percy told Annabeth six months after they broke up. It wasn’t what he wanted to say. What he wanted to say was I think I might be in love with your brother, but that took more bravery than Percy had and so he settled for ‘Your brother’s cute.’ It was still brave, in his opinion, to say something like that to his ex-girlfriend.

Annabeth looked up from where she was drawing up maps on the table at the back of the Athena cabin, and her eyes drifted to her brother, who was bickering with another one of their siblings by the door. Percy also looked at him, and exhaled. He had always thought Annabeth was pretty, before he realised he liked boys too; he liked her blond hair and her sharp grey eyes and her athletic build. But he thought Malcolm was gorgeous with his soft, blond curls, and even softer grey eyes. Apart from their colouring he didn’t look much like Annabeth – the girl was all sharp edges and angry eyes, and he was softer, gentler somehow, though he could still be feisty. Like right now.

Percy smiled, “Your brother’s really cute.”

“I heard you the first time,” Annabeth snorted, and Percy felt relieved that she didn’t seem bothered by his statement, “You planning on sleeping your way through my entire cabin?”

Percy made a face, “Ew. No. Just you,” he winked, and then his eyes subconsciously flitted to Malcolm, “and him,” he said, softer.

“Do I need to give you the ‘if you hurt my brother I will pull your intestines out through your nose’ talk?” Annabeth asked, casually circling something on her map. Percy sighed and leaned on the table.

“No need. I doubt he’d ever go for me anyway.”

“He likes guys, you know,” Annabeth said, matter-of-fact.

Percy did know that. Out of all the campers he never thought it’d be Malcolm he’d get close to, but after the Giant War they both somehow ended up at the same University and even though they were on different courses – marine biology and law – they saw each other often and ended up hanging out loads. Malcolm was reserved at first, not liking that his sister’s ex-boyfriend was talking to him, but after a while he warmed up to him.

And then they returned to Camp and Percy found himself going out of his way to see Malcolm,
which being best friends with Annabeth really helped with, and found himself developing helpless feelings for the Son of Athena. With Annabeth he had been young and it hadn’t been love – just infatuation. With Malcolm it was different. Percy dated and hooked up in college, but Malcolm was always at the back of his mind and so Percy couldn’t get serious with anyone.

He didn’t mean to fall in love with Malcolm. He really didn’t. But it happened.

Malcolm was so sweet and kind, totally unlike Annabeth. He didn’t like violence even though he was great at strategic planning. They spent long nights at college studying for exams, and Percy felt like he was knocking down Malcolm’s walls bit by bit and finding out more and more about the boy. But every time he tried to flirt, or get closer to the other Demigod, Malcolm would just push him away.

But Percy wasn’t just going to give up.

***

“So, have you ever considered dating Percy?” Annabeth asked one afternoon, straight off the bat, when she and her brother were pouring over maps of Camp Jupiter. The boy, who had been busy sketching something in the corner, now looked up abruptly, drawing a harsh line across half the page. He winced.

“Gods’ sake, Annie,” he crumpled the map up, “now we have to start again. Don’t ask stupid questions.”

Annabeth arched an eyebrow, “How was that a stupid question?”

“It just was,” Malcolm mumbled, cheeks red as he placed another map on the table. He couldn’t believe Annabeth would be as stupid as to ask that...especially since she probably knew Malcolm had feelings for Percy. Not that it matter, since half of Camp had feelings for Percy. He had his own goddamn fan club, for fuck’s sake.

“But you like him,” Annabeth asked, “He’s good looking, he’s a genuinely nice person, this I tell you from experience. He’s great in bed, also know this from experience...”

“It’s not him,” Malcolm interrupted, feeling the tips of his ears burn, “It’s me.”

“What do you mean it’s you?” Annabeth frowned, “You like guys don’t you? And Percy’s bi-“

“Percy would never like me,” Malcolm said firmly, looking down at the map, “I mean he’s literally a hero, and like some movie star. Like he’s so great that he doesn’t even seem real and I’m just...,“ his voice faltered and he trailed off, realising that he was probably saying too much.

“You’re just what?” Annabeth looked concerned. Malcolm shook his head.

“Forget it,” he whispered, “it doesn’t matter. I don’t want to talk about it.”

The truth was that Malcolm just didn’t think he was good enough for Percy. Hell, he didn’t think he was good enough for anyone. He was scrawny, awkward, not really that great at anything, always living in the shadow of his famous sister. Not that he minded – he loved Annabeth, and he thought she was the bravest person ever, even for just facing Arachne. Malcolm shuddered to just think of that.

And Percy was everything he ever wanted...and everything he’d never get. Malcolm knew that most people in camp didn’t even know his name, and he was fine with that, but Annabeth’s casual
suggestion that someone as inadequate and insignificant as him could ever date Percy fucking Jackson was painful. Of course Malcolm considered it, when he laid in bed at night and listened to his siblings breathing, he fantasised about what it would be like if he and Percy were together. But that’s all it was – fantasies, and Malcolm was sensible enough to know that it would never happen.

“You really should think more highly of yourself,” Annabeth said gently, “You’re adorable, Malkie. And I’m sure Percy thinks so too. He’s always staring at you.”

“Not he’s not,” Malcolm said harshly, “Annabeth please, just drop it, I don’t...I...”

The girl sighed, “Right, sorry for bringing it up.”

***

Chiron lifted a hand to silence the crowd of over-excited Demigods, all wearing various pieces of armour and holding blunted weapons.

“Tonight’s Capture the Flag is going to be a bit different,” the Centaur boomed, “Since so many Campers are away on summer solstice quests, I decided to change the rules. Instead of fighting with your cabins, you’ll be in pairs,” a murmur of confusion and excitement went through the Demigods but they quietened quickly, “Half of the teams will each get a flag, while the other half of the teams will be tasked with finding said flags. At the end each team with a flag will be let off duties for a month, while the other half will have to do them.”

A cheer sounded and Malcolm turned to Annabeth, “So basically a massive game of hide and seek?” he asked. The girl grinned.

“Basically.”

“Wanna pair up?” the boy asked. Annabeth gave him an apologetic look.

“Sorry, I already promised Piper I’d be with her.”

Malcolm forced a smile, “No worries,” he gave his sister a wave and watched her jog off to the group of Aphrodite girls. He looked around helplessly at the Demigods, all running towards their best friends and hyping each other up. Malcolm didn’t really have many friends, he was too shy, and he was not number one to any of the friends he did have, always the odd one out. Now he watched as they all paired up with each other, giving him pitying, apologetic looks. Malcolm hated it and he wanted to disappear. It was like being picked last – it sucked.


“Hi.”

Percy looked stunning as always, grinning charmingly and pushing his hair from his eyes, Riptide in his hand, “Wanna team up?” he asked.


“You’re my friend. The others will sort themselves out,” he said, “So? Yes or no?”

“Y-Yeah,” Malcolm swallowed, “Sure. Though I’m not much of a fighter, you know that.”

“I know,” Percy’s grin wasn’t disappearing, his green eyes sparkling. Malcolm had to look away, blushing, “We can do the hiding, if you’d like?”
“I-I don’t mind,” Malcolm said, “Up to you.”

“Right, then let’s hide,” Percy said, and Malcolm knew he only agreed to it because he knew it was what Malcolm wanted. It made the boy feel simultaneously bad and kind of happy – because Percy cared.

Moments later they got a bright red flag and were sent off. Percy immediately shot off towards the forest, since they only had ten minutes to hide before the seeking teams went after them, but then suddenly he remembered Malcolm, who couldn’t run as fast, and circled back to him.

“Sorry,” Percy said.

“D-Don’t worry,” Malcolm ran after him and they made it into the forest, alongside a dozen other teams, “Where should we hide?”

“I know a place,” Percy said confidently and so Malcolm followed him wordlessly since he trusted the other Demigod. His heart was pounding because even though he knew it was all just a game, adrenaline was still rushing through him. It took a few minutes to get to Percy’s ‘place’ by which Malcolm was already flushed and out of breath, and Percy was perfectly fine, “It’s here,” the son of Poseidon said, pointing to a cave hidden between trees. Malcolm swallowed and stopped running.

“Isn’t that the entrance to the Labyrinth?” he asked.

“The Labyrinth’s closed,” Percy said, “Don’t worry, it’s safe.”

“Is this where you bring girls?” Malcolm questioned as he anxiously followed Percy into the cave. Immediately it got dark and cold, and the cave was deeper than Malcolm anticipated. He wished he had brought a flashlight.

“It’s where I bring my victims,” Percy teased in a low voice. Malcolm shuddered, barely seeing the boy’s outline as it grew darker. On instinct he stopped and reached out and grabbed Percy’s hand, stopping him from going any further.

“It’s creepy,” Malcolm said, dropping his hand quickly.

“Aw, you scared?” Percy teased.

“S-shut up.”

***

“But like realistically they wouldn’t find our corpses,” Percy argued. Malcolm rolled his eyes, and the son of Poseidon wished he could see him in the darkness of the cave. They had been there for twenty minutes.

“Yeah, they would. We’re not *that* deep, and this cave isn’t *that* well hidden.”

Percy grinned, “It’s pretty well hidden. I doubt the other teams will find us.”

“But what if they do?” Malcolm argued, “how will we protect the flag?”

“I have Riptide, don’t I?” Percy said, and he heard Malcolm sigh.

“Yeah but-“

He cut off suddenly, because they both heard rustling and voices approaching the cave. Percy tensed
and stiffened, listening, but the voices were too far away for him to make out who it was.

“Percy-,” Malcolm started in a whisper.

Percy dashed at him, and pressed him into a wall of a cave, hand over the boy’s mouth. So close up he could see his wide eyes and surprised expression, “Shhh,” he hissed, so quiet only Malcolm could hear, “This is a competition.”

He turned his head to the mouth of the cave and waited, poised like an animal, until he saw two figures dash past. Only then he let himself relax and turn back to Malcolm.

The boy wasn’t looking at him, eyes locked somewhere on the floor, his blond hair falling against his forehead. Percy’s hand was still pressed over his mouth but the son of Athena’s hands had come up and were gripping it. The boy’s face was flushed and he looked...he looked...

Percy felt hot all of a sudden and he quickly pulled his hand back, “Sorry,” he whispered.

Malcolm was breathing a little faster than usual, “I-It’s okay.”

Percy became aware of how close they were, their bodies almost touching, and he couldn’t move away. He wanted to reach out then, touch Malcolm somehow, because fuck being this close to the boy he loved was hard. Except the blond still wasn’t looking at him, and he looked all shy and vulnerable and ugh.

“Malkie,” Percy said gently, and the boy’s eyes flittered up to his hesitantly, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Malcolm squeaked, “You’re j-just...,” he put his hand up between his and Percy’s chests, “R-Really, really close.”

“Right,” Percy smiled and placed both hands on either side of Malcolm’s head, “Sorry,” he leaned in, so the blond’s hand was pressed against his chest. The son of Athena’s eyes widened.

“P-Percy....,” he whispered.

“What?” Percy asked, and he wasn’t quite sure what he was doing himself, the only thing he knew was that he couldn’t bear to pull away then. Worst case he could play it off as a joke...until a point.

“I-I....,” Malcolm was stuttering and blushing and Percy leaned in closer, just to get another reaction out of him. He had spoken to Annabeth and she had told him how she thought Malcolm had feelings for him. In that moment Percy needed to know if that was true.

“Does this make you uncomfortable?” he asked.

“Y-You’re such a dick sometimes,” Malcolm stuttered, dropping his eyes again.

“Just have to make sure you’re quiet so we don’t get caught,” Percy teased in a low voice, and felt Malcolm shiver.

“Why are you doing this?” the blond whispered.


“This.”

“I’m just teasing,” Percy joked. He grabbed Malcolm’s chin in his hand, trying to hide the fact that his heart was pounding. He turned the boy’s head so he was facing him and smirked, “What do you
“think I’m going to do?” he asked.

Malcolm suddenly pulled the flag out of his pocket. It was made of a thin, see-through material, but the boy lifted it firmly, placing it between his and Percy’s faces. The son of Poseidon laughed.

“Leave me alone,” Malcolm growled, “This isn’t funny.”

Percy stopped laughing, and he saw anger and embarrassment shining in Malcolm’s eyes. His heart twisted because shit, the boy thought Percy was taking the piss out of him.

“It’s not funny,” the blond repeated, hands holding up the flag shaking.

“I know. It’s not meant to be,” Percy whispered, and leaned in.

He didn’t even know if he had meant to do it.

His lips didn’t actually touch Malcolm’s, because the stupid flag was between them, but it was still something. Malcolm gasped at the ‘kiss’ and Percy moved his lips against the blond’s, the material between them stopping their mouths from actually touching. Malcolm opened his mouth to say something and Percy slipped his tongue out, wetting the material of the flag so he could almost feel Malcolm’s lips below. The boy whimpered and Percy thought what the fuck am I doing? Then they heard another pair outside, swearing and stomping through the woods outside.

The second they were gone, Percy decided he couldn’t take it anymore, and clearly so did Malcolm because he dropped the flag at the same time as Percy reached down to grab his face in his hands. Their mouths crashed together roughly and they kissed desperately. It was wet and messy, and Malcolm’s lips were impossibly soft against Percy’s. The son of Poseidon’s tongue slid into the blond’s mouth and the boy moaned, hands gripping Percy’s shirt. He stood on his tiptoes as Percy pressed him into the cave wall, not leaving any space between their bodies. It was the best kiss Percy had ever had, and it made his body burn with passion.

He felt Malcolm trembling against him, letting out little gasps, and he knew he had to slow down because he refused to go all the way here, in a dirty cave. He wanted to treat Malcolm properly, wanted to take it slow and make the boy feel comfortable.

So he slowed down the kiss. His lips moved languidly against Malcolm’s and the blond matched his pace, pressing closer into Percy. The dark haired boy’s heart pounded and his hands slipped down around Malcolm’s waist to hold him close. The kiss grew slower and slower until their lips were just barely moving together. Finally, it ended.

Percy’s eyes fluttered open, and Malcolm was already looking at him, “I like you,” Percy whispered. Malcolm frowned.

“But...why?” he asked, out of breath and flushed and gorgeous. Percy pressed their foreheads together.

“Because you’re amazing. And brave. And stunning. And I want to be with you.”

Malcolm exhaled shakily and nodded, bit his lip, and nodded again, “Yeah, okay. Me too,” he seemed completely dazed and not really sure what was happening.

They left the cave holding hands, forgetting the stupid game and they were stuck on washing dishes for a month because they had left their flag in the cave. Nobody had found it and Percy was right – it was a good hiding place.
So, Good Morning

Nico/Will where Will wakes up and is like, "I'm so lucky to have Nico" and then Nico wakes up and they drown in fluff?

For Ifeelittle

Will had been exhausted last night, since there had been a bunch of accidents during Capture the Flag and a bunch of Demigods to treat, and he probably wouldn’t have ever gone to sleep if it wasn’t for his very pissed-off and insistent boyfriend, who dragged him out of the medical bay and into the Hades cabin, forcing him to rest.

So as Will woke up to the pale morning sunlight filtering in through the gap in Nico’s dark curtains, he was in one of those states where he wasn’t quite sure where he was because his mind was working too slowly and a part of him thought he had fallen asleep in the medical bay. What he did know was that he was warm and content and safe, and it only took his brain a few seconds to register the bare walls and the mess on the floor and the kitten-like boy curled up at his side, and then Will knew he was in the Hades cabin.

He smiled, because his body was still half-asleep and he couldn’t do much more, and he blinked slowly, watching Nico. The Italian was out like a light, which was normal for him, frowning gently in his sleep. He looked younger, softer somehow, with his overgrown black hair fanning around his face like feathers. When Will mustered up enough strength he reached across the few inches between him and Nico and touched his hair gently. It was soft, and the gesture made Nico frown and his eyelids twitch.

He was so beautiful it hurt. Will cradled his cheek with the hand he had lifted and the boy made a little disgruntled sound in the back of his throat, before shifting closer to his boyfriend, undoubtedly drawn by Will’s body warmth. The Son of Apollo’s smile widened – he could wake up to this for the rest of his life and be perfectly content. To finally be safe from enemies, and to have the boy he loved in his arms, was truly an amazing feeling.

*I’m so lucky to have him,* Will thought. Sometimes his mind wandered to the more dangerous times of their lives — the Giant war, and, before that and before he even knew Nico, the Titan war. Will always evaluated what could have happened, and the different scenarios in which he and Nico didn’t end up here, on a Wednesday morning, wrapped up in each other.

Nico could’ve chosen the Titans side during the war, like so many other Demigods did, and then he would’ve most likely died. The seven and Nico had all told him stories of their adventures then — and misadventures — such as Nico’s time with the ghost of King Minos, when he was on the verge of turning evil. Nico could’ve died in Tartarus, all by himself, or he could’ve been killed on his quest to deliver the Athena Parthenos to Camp. There were so many times Nico could’ve died from using his
powers too much, or from Shadowtravel. Hell, he could’ve died with his mother when Zeus killed her. It made Will’s heart ache to think how many times Nico had come close to death, how easily Will could’ve lost him without even having him in the first place.

The boy’s eyes fluttering open broke the blond out of his depressing thoughts and he smiled as the confused Italian woke up slowly, groggy and visibly annoyed. He really wasn’t a morning person.


“What time is it?” he asked, voice hoarse.

“Give-me-a-kiss-o’clock,” Will joked, shuffling closer and wrapping his arm around Nico’s waist. The Italian tried to squirm free, pulling a face.

“Ew, morning breath,” he complained, but Will kissed him anyway, short and sweet. Nico sighed and gave up whatever fight he was going to put up, settling back against the bed and looking at Will sleepily.

“Morning,” he said finally. Will’s smile widened and his free hand stroked his boyfriend’s face.

“I don’t think I’m ever going to get tired of looking at you,” the blond admitted. He expected Nico to roll his eyes, because he usually did, but this time his expression softened and he frowned.

“Will,” he pushed himself up so he was resting on his elbow and looking down on Nico, “What’s wrong?”

“I’m just worried about you,” Will kissed the top of his nose, “C’mon,” the blond said, “Don’t look so upset.”

“I’m just worried about you,” Nico murmured. Will wrapped an arm around his waist and rolled them over, so Nico was lying on his chest. The Italian didn’t look amused as he propped his chin just above Will’s heart and glared at the grinning son of Apollo.

“It’s nothing,” Will kissed the top of his nose, “So stop worrying.”

“Oh, so you’re the only one whose allowed to fuss over me?” Nico questioned.

“I’m your doctor,” Will squished his cheeks playfully, which made Nico’s glare look both adorable and hilarious.

“You’re my boyfriend,” the boy tried to speak with his cheeks squished. Will laughed and kissed him quickly on the mouth, letting go of his face.

“Yes, I am,” he said proudly.

Nico sighed and climbed up Will’s body to press their foreheads together and he gave the blond an Eskimo kiss with their noses. Content and unbelievably happy, Will smiled and closed his eyes, looping his arms around Nico’s waist.

“I had a dream,” the Italian said suddenly, quietly. Will opened his eyes and saw the Italian’s upset expression as he traced patterns into the blond’s cheek, “It was dark, and you weren’t there.”

The son of Apollo kissed him, then tucked a piece of his hair behind his ear, “I’m here,” he said softly, “I’ll always be here, baby,” he exhaled, “truth is, before I was thinking about how many times
“you’ve almost died.”

Nico looked annoyed, “Again?”

“It’s kinda hard not to,” Will winced, and Nico rolled off him, “I’m sorry,” the blond said, and Nico laid on his side, his back to his boyfriend, “I know you hate it when I focus on the past but it’s hard. I’m constantly scared that I’m going to lose you...,” when Nico didn’t respond Will shuffled across the bed and hugged him from behind, “I love you,” he said, sounding pathetic, like a kicked puppy. Nico sighed again and twisted around in his arms, cradling the blond’s face in his hands.


“I’m here too. Always.”

“I love you so much,” Nico breathed and Will kissed him, unable to hold back, deep and passionate until the Italian pulled away with a disgusted expression, “Morning breath!” he complained, and Will laughed.

He wanted all mornings to be like that, forever, morning breath and everything.
Twelve year old Percy didn’t have a care in the world. He laid on a hill in the park near his school, surrounded by his friends and enjoying the warm, shy rays of the first days of summer sun as they grazed over the heads of the kids. God, Percy loved summer. It was his favourite season.

“I need to find her,” Annabeth declared from Percy’s right and the boy, who was reclined on the grass, arms tucked under his head, pried his eye open and looked at her.

“You’ve said that like eight times,” he said. The blonde girl glared at him and her best friend, Rachel, crawled across the grass, grabbing the girl’s hand.

“I want to see it again!” she proclaimed, excitement sparkling in her eyes. Percy sighed and sat up, but he actually wanted to see it too, he was just pretending he didn’t want to because he was a boy and he shouldn’t care about stupid things like that...he was a little comforted when Leo also glanced over.

On Annabeth’s wrist was a bright turquoise hand mark, as if someone had grabbed her there to pull her closer, or away from something. Rachel seemed completely transfixed, her cheeks flushed as she stared at it. Annabeth looked smug.

“Okay,” Percy said, “I have to admit. That is cool.”

“Isn’t it!” Annabeth grinned.

In their world, everyone was born with a black Soulmark somewhere on their body in the shape of their Soulmates hand, and in the place where they would first touch them. When they met their Soulmate, the mark turned a bright colour, but eventually it would fade away. Percy’s mum told him that it disappeared the first time you kissed you Soulmate, but Leo mischievously claimed it was the first time you had sex, which made the whole group giggle and blush.

Percy hadn’t met his Soulmate yet – Annabeth was the first in of their friendship group to do so – but he hated his Soulmark. It was right on his cheek, ugly and black and shaped like knuckles. When he was a child he used to cry about it, because who in the hell wanted their Soulmate to punch them in the face when they first mate? But as Percy entered highschool he decided that it wasn’t that bad,
because maybe a feisty girl like Annabeth would hit him and it would spark a romance.

Of course he was wrong because clearly Annabeth already found her Soulmate, and it wasn’t him.

“It was some girl at the bus-stop,” the blonde sighed happily and looked at the cloudless sky, “she was just standing there, listening to her music, and then a bus came and I wasn’t paying attention and she jerked me out of the way.”

“What was her name?!” Rachel was practically bouncing with excitement. Annabeth’s expression fell and she shrugged.

“Dunno,” she said sourly, “she jumped on the bus and it wasn’t until I got to school that I noticed it changed colour,” she sighed and looked at her wrist longingly, “I just hope I see her again.”

“But...don’t you mind that it’s a girl?” Percy asked. Annabeth glared.

“Shut up, Jackson,” she growled, “For all you know your Soulmate is a boy, and I hope he knocks some sense into you with that punch.”

“Calm down,” Leo laughed, “he was just asking.”

“Well no,” Annabeth huffed, “I don’t mind.”

“But the girl,” Rachel continued, ignoring their bickering, “did she have a school uniform on?”

Annabeth made a face, “Yeah. The Jupiter Roman Catholic School.”

Her three friends all mirrored her facial expression, “A Roman?!”

The rivalry between Jupiter Roman Catholic School and Half Blood Hill Grammar School was long and common knowledge, since the two schools were in the same borough. The Romans from Jupiter and the Greeks from Half Blood had some serious issues staying out of each other’s way; the older years often got into fights with each other in the parks, but even the younger teens – like Percy and his friends – knew that they had to continue their hate, and would glare at any Romans spotted on the same bus as them in the morning. It was really petty, but Percy quite liked the competition.

“I can’t help who she is,” Annabeth complained, “Maybe she can move schools?”

“Once a Roman, always a Roman,” Leo said with a disappointed look on his face.

“Speaking of Romans...,” Rachel was looking over the heads of the trio. They all turned around on the grass and saw a group of three pissed-off looking twelve year olds heading towards them, their stand-out purple uniform betraying them as kids from Jupiter.

“Frick,” Leo said, and the friends all scrambled to their feet just as the three reached them, fuming. There was a chubby Asian, a boy chugging kool-aid like it was water, and a blond at the front that was clearly the ‘leader.’

“You’re on our territory,” the blond barked, trying to be as intimidating as a twelve year old could. Rachel gave Percy a frightened expression so the boy stepped to the front, crossing his arms over his chest and glaring at the blond, feeling like he had to protect his friends.

“Oh yeah? Says who?” he asked bravely.

“It’s our park,” the blond growled, “we don’t want any Greeks here.”
“Percy,” Annabeth had her hand on his upper-arm, trying to pull him away. He shrugged her off, wanting to show off in front of the rival boys.

“I don’t see your name on it,” he said, tapping the grass with his foot. The blond huffed out a laugh and because he had two inches on Percy he made a big show of looking down on him. Percy felt his eye twitch in annoyance, “and our school is closer, so it’s best you leave, yeah?”

The blond went to a bench next to them and pulled out a pen from his blazer pocket. He scribbled Jason Grace on the bench and then turned back to Percy with a smirk, “There. Now it has my name on it. It’s our park.”

“Well we were here first,” Percy said, feeling himself burn with anger.

“Perce, just leave it,” Annabeth said, low in her throat, but she was glaring too. Leo looked ready to fight, while Rachel seemed unsure. But Percy was confident because the kool-aid boy behind Jason didn’t seem all that eager to fight either.

“If you want this park, then you have to fight me about it,” Percy said arrogantly, because he knew they wouldn’t actually fight. It was the middle of the day, besides they’d all get in trouble in school-

“Come try me,” Jason smirked, “bitch.”

Percy saw red. He was pissed. Nobody had ever called him a bitch before, but he knew he wasn’t one. Despite never hitting anyone, Percy dashed forward and punched Jason in the stomach, probably not that hard, but it was enough. The Asian behind the blond yelled in anger and dashed at Leo, who in turn ran down the hill, screaming, the Asian chasing him. Kool-Aid boy threw his almost empty bottle at Annabeth’s head and the girl started shouting at him, while Rachel squealed and hid behind the bench.

Jason, meanwhile, recovered quickly from Percy’s weak punch. The boy didn’t see his fist coming, and the next thing he knew was that the blond had punched him in the cheek. It hurt, and Percy felt hot pain spread through his face as he groaned and stumbled, losing his footing and falling onto the grass, accidentally dragging Jason on top of him.

“You want to fight?!” the blond shouted at him as Percy cradled his aching cheek in his hands, confused and in pain and wanting to cry, “You want to bloody fight?! Fight then, you pussy!”

Jason grabbed Percy’s hands, prying them away from his face, and the boy was scared and disoriented as Jason pinned them to the ground with one of his hands and lifted his other one for another hit. And then he froze, and his eyes widened. Percy could feel a bruise forming on his face and he waited for the hit to come from Jason, but it didn’t. The blond just stared.

“What you starting at, twat?!” Percy spat, pleased that he used a swear word.

“Y-Your cheek,” Jason didn’t seem confident anymore. He seemed scared as he released Percy’s hands. Immediately Percy knocked him over and scrambled to his feet.

“Ha!” he shouted, “Fuck you, you stupid Roman!”

“Percy!” it was Annabeth’s shout and when Percy looked up from Jason, still sitting on the grass in a state of shock, he realised that the other fights had stopped and everyone was staring at him with wide eyes, including Leo, who was finally caught and dragged back uphill by the Asian.

“What?” now Percy was starting to feel self-conscious. It was Annabeth who spoke, and she swallowed visibly before she did.
“It’s your cheek,” she said quietly, “The Soulmark...it’s purple.”

Percy’s hand flinched up to his cheek, where Jason had hit him-

Where Jason had hit him. The punch mark. Percy felt a wave of nausea hit him as he looked at the other twelve year old. Jason had pulled his school shirt free of his trousers and was staring in shock at his stomach, where there was a blue punch mark, similar to the one on Percy’s face. That was where Percy first hit him...

The terrified boy turned on his heel and ran.

His Soulmate couldn’t be a Roman. His Soulmate couldn’t be a boy. His Soulmate couldn’t be Jason freaking Grace.
It was early evening, though late enough for it to be dark outside and the torches to be lit, and Jason was lounging around in his cabin, scrolling through some movies on Netflix, when suddenly Leo burst into the cabin.

He usually did that, just stormed in like a wildfire, which was essentially what he was. Jason looked up and blinked in surprise, because Leo was flushed and breathing hard and grinning, his curls windblown, his clothes stained with oil and grease, one of the straps of his dungarees hanging off his shoulder. He looked like he had just escaped a hurricane.

“Jason!” he exclaimed.

“Leo,” Jason stood up, “Is there an emergency? Are you dying?”

Leo blinked, “Huh? No. Why?”

“Because you ran in here like there’s a fire,” Jason said. Leo smirked.

“I am the fire, Grace,” he winked and Jason felt like a hoard of butterflies were let loose in his stomach. He cleared his throat and looked away,

“Right. So what’s up then?”

“We’re taking the truck, as in the seven, and Nico and Will and Reyna and going clubbing-,” Leo was breathless and overexcited.

“Slow down,” Jason said, “what’s Chiron saying about all this?”

“He’s away at Jupiter,” Leo waved his hand, as if that wasn’t important, “So come on, let’s go,” he grabbed his hand and tried pulling him towards the door, but he was too small and skinny and couldn’t get the blond to budge. Jason laughed.
“Leo,” he said, “Calm. Down.”

The boy took a deep breath and let go of his hand, “Sorry.”

“If we’re going to go clubbing you need to change,” Jason said, “you look like you just rolled out of a mechanics shop.”

“I kinda did,” Leo pointed out. Jason gestured the bathroom and gave Leo a firm look.

“Go.”

Leo sighed, “Fine. But go tell them to wait for us.”

He disappeared into Jason’s bathroom and the blond went outside into the dark evening. The other Demigods were all milling around the minivan parked by the Big House and when Jason told Percy to wait for them, the son of Poseidon told him that they had ten minutes or they’d leave. However when Jason came back to his cabin, Leo was still in the bathroom.

“Oh!” Jason called, rummaging in his closet for a t-shirt suitable for clubbing, “Did you fall into the toilet?” there was no response from Leo. Honestly the Latino was the only reason Jason was even going out in the first place, “Leo!” Jason called, louder and a little annoyed, and when there was still no response he just walked over and opened the door and-

Oh Gods.

Jason’s eyes widened and his mouth went dry and for a second he couldn’t do anything but stare. Leo’s back was to him, and he was just in his t-shirt, white and a little too big on him. He had discarded his dungarees on the ground and so he wore just underwear under the t-shirt...except he wasn’t wearing boxers or briefs. He was wearing panties – girl panties. They were white and lacy and sexy and laying perfectly on the tanned curve of Leo’s ass.

Time seemed to slow and Jason just looked, but Leo heard the door open and he turned around, looking like a deer caught in headlights. His eyes met Jason’s.

“What...,” Jason’s voice was quiet and he was too shocked to piece together a sentence, “What...are you wearing?”

“I-I...,” blood rushed to Leo’s face, and blood rushed to Jason’s crotch and the blond couldn’t peel his eyes away from Leo, “I...shit,” Leo squeezed his eyes briefly and tugged on his t-shirt, pulling it over his crotch in an attempt to hide the panties, “Please don’t tell anyone,” he whispered.

“But why are you wearing those?” Jason didn’t understand, but he was also trying to distract himself from the way the boy looked.

“I-I just...,” Leo was looking to the side, tugging his hair behind his ear with one hand while the other still held his t-shirt down. Jason had never seen him look so embarrassed and shy and self-conscious, “I...I like them and, um, it’s not l-like a kink or anything, b-but I just...,” he swallowed and looked scared, as if he actually thought Jason was going to laugh at him.

The blond didn’t want to walk towards him, but his body moved on its own accord and before he knew what was happening he was standing right in front of a terrified looking Leo. The Latino didn’t look up at him, staring at the floor, and the blond slowly reached out and plucked the t-shirt from the boy’s hands. The son of Hephaestus just let him and Jason found himself pulling the t-shirt up, so he could see the panties properly.
He never thought that Leo in white, lacy underwear would turn him on, but it did. The panties weren’t made for dicks, so the material fit snugly against Leo’s soft cock. When the blond’s eyes finally managed to pull away from his crotch, he saw that the Latino was shaking and looking moments away from crying.

Jason’s hand slipped out and his fingers danced over the lace top of the panties. Leo shivered and looked up at him, shocked, and Jason shifted closer.

“J-Jason?” Leo asked hesitantly.

Jason’s arm slid all the way around the boy’s waist and he pulled him close, his free hand resting on Leo’s hip. He leaned down and brushed his nose against Leo’s. *That’s my best friend, I shouldn’t do this* Jason’s mind told him when the Latino’s eyes shifted all over Jason’s chest, as if he didn’t know where to look, and finally they settled on Jason’s crotch. He frowned.

“O-Oh my God...are you hard?” he whispered. Jason didn’t reply, and he had no time to be embarrassed, because his mind stopped working then and the only thing he could focus on was *I want to fuck him*. So instead of saying anything the blond gripped Leo’s chin in his hand and turned his face up, so his mouth ghosted only inches away from the other boy’s.

Then suddenly Leo jerked away and ducked under Jason’s arm, running out of the bathroom. He was already halfway to the door before the blond snapped out of his shock state and ran after him, grabbing the boy’s wrist and pushing him into a wall before he could run outside, just in his panties. For some reason the thought of someone else seeing him like that made Jason angry.

“L-Let go,” Leo stuttered, trying to free his wrist. He was bright red and trembling.

“Calm down,” Jason said, low in his throat, even when he himself needed calming down. But Leo didn’t look like he was going to, his wrist trembling in Jason’s hand.

“This isn’t some stupid fetish,” he blurted, “or a kink. I-I’m not...,” his eyes flitted to Jason’s crotch and then back up to his face, “I’m not some kind of sexual object that you can get hard over because you...you...”

Jason kissed him, because it was impossible for him to keep his mouth off the Latino any longer. Leo had to crane his head up and Jason pressed him into the wall, arms firmly wrapped around the boy’s waist. Jason had never kissed a boy, and yet it was the best kiss he had ever had. Despite Leo’s angry words he didn’t put up a fight; he melted against Jason, all soft and pliant, as if he was made to be in the blond’s arms.

Jason was kind of losing it, and he had to pull away to catch his breath, burying his face in the boy’s neck, and when he spoke his mouth moved against the boy’s warm skin.

“You’re not a fetish,” the blond said softly, and felt happiness burst in his chest when Leo leaned into him ever so slightly, hand curling into Jason’s t-shirt on his shoulder, “but you are really hot. That’s why I’m hard.”

Leo let out a shuddering breath when Jason’s hands slipped to his waist and he brushed his fingers over the lace of the boy’s underwear. He kissed up the boy’s neck and face, pressing his lips to the side of the boy’s head.

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“Tell me to stop,” he said quietly, “and I will, I promise.”

He pulled away, because he needed to see Leo’s face and make sure the boy was okay, and when he did he saw tears in the boy’s eyes. Leo sniffled and turned his head away.
“I don’t know what you want,” he said, voice breaking. Jason frowned and his heart fluttered.

“I thought it was obvious. I want you.”

“Why?” Leo laughed humourlessly and brushed a hand through his curls, still refusing to look at Jason, “Because I’m wearing lacy underwear?”

“No.” Jason said, and then he quickly considered his words. He had thought about Leo before, in a way that probably wasn’t the most ‘friendship-y,’ but it wasn’t like he ever thought about having sex with Leo...not while being sober anyway. But now...maybe it was just the panties. Maybe Jason needed to make sure.

“What if I don’t want you?” Leo challenged, crossing his arms over his skinny chest.

Jason crashed their mouths together and pried the Latino’s arms from their protective position, licking into the boy’s mouth and eliciting a sweet, helpless moan from his mouth. The blond pressed their bodies together, grinding forward so his hard cock, still in his sweatpants, rubbed against Leo’s dick in his panties.

The Latino was hard.

“Tell me you don’t want it,” Jason whispered, nipping at Leo’s bottom lip and kissing him messily, “Go on. Tell me.”

Leo didn’t tell him anything, instead throwing his arms around the blond’s shoulders and dragging him closer, standing on his tiptoes so he could kiss back just as passionately. Jason had no plan – his mind was blank, but all he knew was that he didn’t want to let Leo go. Preferably ever.

He pulled Leo away from the wall and started walking him backwards towards the bed and, to his surprise, the Latino didn’t put up a fight. They tumbled onto the pillows together, wrapped up in each other’s arms, still kissing.

The blond flipped the Latino over, onto his stomach, and his hands gripped Leo’s ass hungrily. He wasn’t trying to be gentle or caring, he just needed to get his hands on Leo’s insane body. Seeing the lacy underwear disappear between Leo’s globes made his mouth water and before Jason knew what he was doing, his body was moving on its own accord.

He really didn’t know why Leo was letting him do this.

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Leo laid naked on Jason’s bed, save for his panties, and he wondered why he was agreeing to all this. Jason, despite being one of his best friends, was exactly the type of guy that Leo promised himself he’d avoid. Basically, Jason was way too good for him and Leo knew that doing this with him was stupid, because Jason didn’t actually like him. Heck, Jason probably didn’t even like guys at all.

And yet he was looking down at Leo with impossibly soft, lustful eyes, so dark they were almost black, watching his own three fingers disappear inside the Latino. He hadn’t let Leo take off the panties, which were now moved to the side to allow Jason access to Leo’s hole, the Latino’s hard cock peeking out from above the lacy band of the underwear.

“F-Fuck,” the boy whined, pushing his ass back against Jason’s hand. At first it had hurt, and the blond clearly didn’t know what he was doing, but now, after almost an hour of Jason just watching his fingers delve inside Leo, they had established a rhythm. With every push of the blond’s fingers
Leo felt a shudder go through him. His toes were curled, hands tangled in the sheets on either side of his head, and his cock twitched in excitement every few seconds. “J-Jason,” Leo panted, finding it hard to keep his eyes open. He couldn’t even remember when Jason had turned him back over onto his back.

Everything was kind of fuzzy, honestly, and that might’ve been because of Jason’s fingers rubbing inside him.

“I-I wanna come,” Leo whimpered, and when he reached down to his cock, Jason batted his hand away. Leo moaned in frustration and arousal and looked at the blond helplessly, “at l-least let me get t-those nghh... panties off-“

“No,” Jason said immediately and pulled his fingers out of his friend, leaving Leo feeling horribly empty, “I like them on you,” his eyes slid over Leo’s naked body, stretched out below him like an all you can eat buffet. The Latino shivered just from the way Jason looked at him, because nobody had ever looked at him that way before.

“A-Are you gonna put it in?” Leo asked, and it was half a question and half a plea. He had been staring at Jason’s cock, straining against the Demigods boxers, for half an hour, and his body throbbed with the desire to have it inside of him.

Jason didn’t even look like himself. His usual clean-cut, good boy look was gone, replaced by hungry eyes burning with passion and rough, demanding hands. He had taken his shirt and trousers off and now sweat beaded on his naked chest, which might’ve been Leo’s fault, since the Latino could feel the fire inside of him getting out of control every second that Jason touched him.

“Only if you want me too,” the blond murmured. It was impossibly hot and Leo was finding it hard to breathe or concentrate. He grabbed Jason by the back of his neck and dragged him down for a messy, open-mouthed kiss. Jason took that as an answer because he shifted against Leo, who was too lost in the kiss and the pleasure thrumming through his body to notice. It wasn’t until the blunt head of Jason’s erection was pressing against his entrance that it hit Leo what was happening.

For a brief moment he was terrified. This was Jason, his best friend, and it was wrong to be having sex with him. Yet the doubts disappeared almost immediately, because Jason’s hands found his hips and his mouth softened against Leo’s. As the blond sunk inside the Latino, Leo moaned and clung onto him, taking inch after inch.

It was hard and hot and Leo felt stuffed to the brim but it felt good. Normally sex for Leo was purely physical, thrusts in and out, but this time he felt bizarrely connected to Jason, his heart pounding and twisting in his chest, every nerve ending singing with pleasure. His fingers dug into Jason’s shoulders and he gasped and gasped until Jason finally bottomed out inside of him.

They laid, connected, for a few minutes, silent, foreheads together and staring deep into each other’s eyes. Leo’s panties were still on, a nice contrast with his tanned skin, but pushed aside. Leo didn’t even care if they were on or off at that point, all he cared about was that Jason was holding him.

It was what Leo had always wanted, and maybe that’s why he didn’t push Jason away when the blond first kissed him.

“Can I move?” the Demigod asked now and Leo bit his lip and nodded.

Jason started thrusting slowly at first, eyes focused on Leo’s face to ensure he wasn’t hurting the boy. But his preparations had been deep and throughout and Leo felt little discomfort, just overwhelming happiness and pleasure. And to think it was all because of some panties.
Soon enough Jason’s movements had sped up and he had pulled away, so he could gaze down on Leo as he pounded him, hands gripping the boy’s hips and cock impaling him over, and over. Leo, for his part, could only moan and cling onto the pillows around his head, practically sobbing and slowly losing his mind.

“J-Jason...,” he gasped, voice high-pitched, whiny and desperate, “J-Jason...please...” he didn’t even know what he was asking for after a certain point, his cock spasming against his stomach, trapped against the panties and rubbing against the material with each of Jason’s precise thrusts. Leo just never wanted it to stop, but he knew it had to.

After what seemed like hours of the delectable torture, Jason’s hand reached down and he started jerking Leo off in time with his thrusts, which grew sloppier and sloppier, and by the end Leo was so breathless and in pleasure that he didn’t know who came first. His world went white as he drowned, for a second, in blissful ecstasy.

When he came to Jason was cleaning up the cabin, folding their clothes and piling them on a chair near his bed. Leo was lying shamelessly on his back and although Jason seemed to have cleaned the come off of him, he was still virtually naked. The panties were stained and a little ripped and as Leo looked down at himself all he felt was shame. He had let himself be used like some sex toy...

He got up from the bed and hurriedly grabbed his shirt from the ground before tugging it shirt on. Jason noticed the movement and he turned to look at the boy. When he saw Leo standing there, like a lost animal, he frowned.

“Leo?” he asked.

“I need to go,” Leo said quickly and tried to get past Jason, to the door, feeling nauseous. He fucked up. He fucked up bad. But before he could get anywhere, Jason grabbed his wrist.

“Leo-,” he started sternly.

“Let go, I’m gonna be sick,” Leo told him, tears brimming in his eyes. Jason ignored his remark and pulled him close, his face full of worry. To Leo’s surprise he cradled his face, as if he actually cared, “L-Let go,” Leo whispered weakly. He was so confused and hurt and fuck, he shouldn’t have done it. He had wanted his crush on Jason to disappear, not get stronger. And he was so fucking embarrassed, he had never expected one of his friends to find out that he liked to wear female underwear.

“I didn’t have sex with you because of the panties,” Jason said suddenly, and Leo stiffened.

“W-What?”

The blond looked away, “I’m serious,” he mumbled, “at first I thought that it was all that it was – the way your ass looked in the panties,” at that, Leo blushed too, “But when we were doing it...I couldn’t stop looking at you. You, Leo, not the lingerie. And my heart felt all tight and it was pounding and I thought I was gonna die...,” his sincere blue eyes met Leo’s, “I never felt that before. Not even with Piper.”

Leo swallowed and nodded, his heart threatening to jump from his chest, “I...okay. So what then? What does that mean?”

“I don’t know,” Jason admitted, and pulled Leo in even closer, “But I don’t want you to go. Or to feel like all I wanted was sex. Because it’s not...” Jason bit his lip, and Leo’s nausea slowly passed, “I have feelings for you.”
“Okay,” Leo said.

Jason smiled, shy and uncertain. “So get back in bed?”

“Yes. Okay,” Leo looked down, deciding to for once not over think things and just do what he wanted to. And what he wanted to do was drown himself in the blond’s arms. Jason kissed his forehead, then his mouth, and Leo shivered and for the first time he thought what if he actually cares for me?

“I’ll give you some boxers if you want them,” Jason said, half sweet and half teasing.

“I sleep naked,” was all Leo told him.
We were standing at the altar, and the light of the summer sun tumbled in through the trees overhead. The people in the pews had no faces, the gentle murmur of their voices nothing more than the wind slipping through the trees. But he was with me, and I was glad, because I was scared. No. Not scared. Nervous. He was gold and warmth and love as he held my hand, his thumb stroking my hand. I remember it like it was yesterday.

When she came down the aisle, she was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, sharp edges and soft mouth, all in white, flowers intertwined in her chestnut hair. And he squeezed my hand and held onto it and neither of us could look away until she reached us, smiling a smile she only had for the two of us. And she took out hands.

And then the darkness descended and I tried to keep it away, begging it to not destroy this moment, but Gods it was impossible. It was the darkness that descended upon the world during the Giant War, the darkness that dragged me to the Underworld and almost didn’t let go. I couldn’t take it and I reached for my sword.

It’s a dream, Leo, I told myself, it’s a dream.

But I couldn’t wake up. My body felt frozen and when I turned, everyone was gone and I was alone in a forest with the darkness creeping between the trees. Snow fell. No, not snow. Ashes.

I’m not afraid of fire. I’m not afraid of fire.

I wanted to scream at the darkness to go, to leave me alone and not taint this beautiful memory I had, but all it did was laugh and it crawled through the ash piled on the floor, it’s claws closing over me-

Leo work up with a violent jerk, gasping for air. He felt too hot, claustrophobic, like the ceiling was pressing down on him. At the back of his head he knew that he was safe, in his and his partners’ bed, and yet he couldn’t concentrate on that. Instead all he could think about was the darkness pressing down on him, suffocating him.

Leo was gasping for air and yet none of it was making it into his lungs which felt shrivelled up and not working properly. His hands clenched in the sheets and he tried to breathe, to not wake up his husband and his wife because he hated to bother them. But it wasn’t working – he was having a panic attack, and he knew that. He whimpered and tried to breathe, Gods, he tried so hard...and by
the time he realised he should’ve woken Piper and Jason up, it was too late. He couldn’t speak, his brain felt like it was going to explode, and he was dizzy, white spots dancing in his otherwise blurry, dark vision.

He started shaking, without being able to control it, and in that instance he knew that the darkness was going to drag him back down to the Underworld and that he was going to die, and Piper wouldn’t be there anymore, and Jason wouldn’t be there anymore-

It was Piper who woke up first, shifting and then turning around on the bed, propping herself up on her arm, still half-asleep...at least until she saw the state Leo was in, because then she was immediately awake and alert.

“Leo!” she gasped, her hands grabbing the boy’s shoulders. His own hands flitted upwards, to grab at her palms and cling onto them. He needed something to hold on to, “Leo, calm down baby,” the girl’s face came into focus, inches away from Leo’s, and it helped to concentrate on her. He whimpered and trembled and Piper cradled his face in her hands and stroked his cheeks, “Shhh, shhh,” she murmured comfortably, “Breathe. In. Out. That’s it, good boy...”

Despite her worried expression, her voice was calm and soothing and Leo focused on that, focused on the girl he loved.

“What’s going on?” Jason asked groggily, pulling his face out of the pillow he was sleeping on, hair mused. His eyes widened when he saw Leo, clinging onto Piper’s hand and breathing hard, eyes full of tears. Immediately the blond was pressed into the boy’s side, hand on Leo’s stomach. Piper was still whispering soft nothings to him, but Jason clearly couldn’t stand back and he picked him up, sitting up and cradling Leo into his arms protectively, kissing his hair and forehead.

“You’re okay, love,” Piper stroked Leo’s curls and slowly his erratic breaths turned to broken sobs. He clung onto Jason’s shirt and cried, allowing Piper’s gentle touches to calm him. She brushed away the tears that tumbled down his cheeks.

Eventually the sobs subsided and he was just sniffling, the terrible fear of his nightmare finally passed and the feeling of being in his husband’s arms, with his wife stroking his hair, made him feel safe, and loved.

“S-Sorry,” Leo stuttered out eventually, exhausted. Piper smiled at him sweetly.

“It’s okay, baby.”

“What happened?” Jason kissed the top of his head and Piper shifted closer, so the blond could put his hand on her thigh, still keeping an arm around Leo’s waist.

“I-I just had a nightmare,” Leo sniffled and then leaned over to rest his forehead against Piper’s. The daughter of Aphrodite kissed him sweetly on the mouth and that, combined with Jason’s hand, stroking his hip, made the boy relax completely. He pulled away and looked into Piper’s eyes, “You guys were gone. And I thought I was going to die.”

“You’re not going to die,” Piper said with suddenly fierceness. Jason kissed his shoulder and lowered Leo back onto his bed.

They returned to their position before Leo woke up, with the boy in the middle of them.

“You’re safe,” Jason told him, still not fully awake, an arm thrown over Leo’s waist, tucking the Latino under his chin. Piper nuzzled Leo’s neck,
“We love you,” she whispered, “So much. And you’re not going anywhere.”

Leo smiled and sniffled, “I love you guys too,” he turned his head and kissed Jason, slow and warm, and then turned around, so his back was against the blond’s chest and he was facing Piper. The girl gave him another sweet kiss. The three of them were so perfect together, the most perfect marriage.

Jason kissed the back of Leo’s shoulder again and then leaned over the Latino to kiss Piper quickly, before they all settled back down. That’s how it always happened; whenever any of them had a panic attack or a nightmare, the other two would be there to remind them that everything was okay and that the war was over.

Piper and Jason were everything Leo needed.
You Were the One Thing in My Way

Perleo werewolf!au where Omega Leo was exchanged for money by his indifferent father to be a member of Percy's clan and the Alpha's fiancé. Sweet, innocent, naive Leo believed Percy's promises and obeyed Percy's orders. Little did he knew Percy is a fuckboy who brings anything pretty back on the mansion. Leo had caught him one day, but Percy never stopped.

Time passed and he started disregarding the omega. The maids moved Leo to the farthest, smallest room to house Percy's other lovers. Leo decided to leave but no one discovered he's missing until several months of his absence. The omega left the forest, went to the city and was found by the Huntresses (plus Nico) who fight for Omega rights. After several years, Percy found him and told him to stop being a pussy and come home already. But Leo socked the rich, untouchable alpha, chained himself to a post, recited some laws about human and Omega rights and shouted, "If you want something to heat you up, go toast your balls in the fryer asshole" Percy never courted omegas, they come to him instead. But this time, for the sake of his heart and sanity, he did.

For Lithia

March 1914

“For the last time, mother, I don’t want a fiancé,” Perseus Jackson grumbled to his Lady mother as she hurried after him through the spacious halls of their summer house in the English countryside. The conservative skirts of the woman’s dress fluttered as she ran. She looked much older than she was, and that was, undoubtedly, the fault of her only son and a huge troublemaker.

Salina Jackson, also known as Sally, was the wife of an important Noble, Duke Poseidon, knew that raising an Alpha son would be a problem the moment she gave birth to him. She herself was a Beta, and therefore would never understand what her son was thinking, and his father, also an Alpha, was not around enough to properly teach Percy the ways of life.

In the werewolf society the Jacksons lived in there were many splits, not only between classes and genders but also between what was referred as sex-classes. Your sex class virtually determined what you would be in life, and there was a choice of three. The Alphas ruled the world, literally. The Queen of England was an Alpha, as were all the previous monarchs. Alphas were what was determined as the ‘ideal’ – the men were tall, muscular and strong, the perfect breadwinners, while Alpha women were intelligent, protective and smart. The could transform into wolves whenever they chose and were led by their primal instincts, or their ‘inner wolves.’ In life Alpha men could be anything they wanted; they could be MPs in Parliament, bankers and businessmen. Alpha women were allowed an education, and they became teachers and lawyers and were allowed to travel without a male escort. Betas were the most common; they didn’t go into Alpha ruts or Omega heats. They could marry either Alphas or Omegas, and the women got minimal education that allowed them to be governesses and child minders, while the men were mostly landowners, businessmen or
just labourers. The Omegas were the lowest of the low, and due to the heats they went through for three days each month they were considered unable to have proper jobs. The only thing Omegas were good for was child-bearing as both men and women were capable of carrying children.

Percy was an Alpha, and he really appreciated that, because that, paired with the fact he was an upper-class male, meant he could do whatever the hell he wanted. Like leave his house right now.

“Perseus please,” his mother begged, and it made him stop. Percy loved his mother, and he hated to see her upset, but she was just constantly nagging at him, and it was starting to get annoying. With a sigh the nineteen-year old turned around and looked at the distressed woman, “Percy, you can’t just walk out and meet with all those promiscuous women—”

“They’re not all women, mama,” Percy pointed out.

“Well, all those Omegas,” Sally shook her head in disapproval, “what if you one of them pregnant? Or what if in the heat of your rut you bite one of them and make them your mate?”

Alphas and Omegas had the ability to mate with each other, which on one hand was a blessing and on the other, a curse. The whole point was that when an Alpha found their mate and it was an Omega, they could bite them to claim them as their own. It was like a personal ‘happily ever after’ that Betas were always envious of. And yet over time Alphas found that when they bit Omegas there was no real impact on them – they could move on and sleep and claim other Omegas. The problem was with the bitten; once claimed, the Omega was unable to stand the touch of any other Alpha but their one. Which caused a lot of problems for the Omegas...not that anyone cared since they had virtually no rights in society anyway.

Percy slept with more Omegas than he cared to remember, but he hadn’t bitten anyone yet, never felt the need to. He liked his life and the freedom he had. He was young, he didn’t want to settle down with a fiancé and start a family.

“Not like it impacts me,” Percy shrugged.

Sally’s shoulders sagged, “I thought I raised you better than that, Perseus.”

The boy winced, “I need to go. I’m going to a ball at the Chase house.”

“You’re meeting that Alpha girl again?” Sally asked, “You two cause nothing but trouble together.”

Percy kissed his mother’s cheek and winked, “I love you, mama. I’ll see you at breakfast.”

And then he was bounding out into the spring afternoon, enjoying the sunrays on his face. However before he even made it the carriage – he could have turned into a wolf and just ran to the Chase’s house, but coming back later, when he was drunk, would be hard - someone was calling his name.

“Percy! Percy!”

The boy turned around to see an exotic girl with long black hair, dressed in an expensive pink dress, running towards him with a smile on her brightly painted red lips.

“Drew,” Percy said, wanting nothing more than to escape.

Drusilla Tanaka was the daughter of a Japanese Lord. An Omega daughter, who had been sent to Percy’s father as a present for the boy – it was normal for upper-class Alphas to have a ‘harem’ of Omegas in their house, because reproduction was key. Percy had three Omegas staying permanently in his mansion, but he made sure not to get any of them pregnant, or bite them.
It didn’t help that they all wanted to marry him.

“Where are you going, Percy?” Drew asked, taking Percy’s hand and smiling up at him as if he was her husband. It took everything from the boy to not shrug her off, “Are you going to that Annabeth’s house again?” she pouted.

Percy slid his hand from hers and forced a smile, “Yes.”

“Are you going to sleep with another Omega?” she demanded, angry suddenly. Percy sighed and turned away.

“It’s none of your business. Go back to the others.”

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Leo felt sick and his hands, so small and so hated by him, trembled in his lap and he couldn’t look up. The eighteen year old’s heart felt like it was wedged in his throat as he listened to his aunt sat at his side and negotiated with the Duke that Leo couldn’t face.

His aunt didn’t understand, and Leo knew that, but he never expected her to actually do something so cruel to her own blood.

Leo was born into a peasant family. His father was a blacksmith Beta, his mother a housewife Omega. When he was born – an Omega boy – his father abandoned them and shortly after Leo’s mother passed away. Some said it was due to the grief of having her mate leave her. Leo was taken in, unwillingly, by his Aunt Rosa who was a holy woman and believed in helping the orphans. She never showed him love and they lived in constant poverty with the hoard of Rosa’s own Beta children that always bullied Leo for how small he was, and the fact that he was an Omega.

He got his first heat late – he was sixteen, almost seventeen, and it had come out of nowhere. Leo remembered those three days, curled up in the barn in excruciating pain, aching for someone he didn’t know. Rosa didn’t allow him into the house so he stayed in the barn for the whole duration of his heat, almost dying of dehydration. Soon after that his aunt informed him that due to their financial circumstances she was going to sell him off as a fiancé to someone from a powerful Alpha clan.

Leo knew what that meant. It meant he was going to become a warm body to bear children, and nothing more. He had never wanted that life for himself and now, listening to his aunt negotiate his price with this stranger, Leo felt sick. All he knew about the Jacksons was that they were an old clan that always birthed Omegas. Most likely his children would be Alphas too.

Leo’s hand clenched subconsciously on his shirt over his – for now – flat stomach. He wanted to vomit.

“I’ll take ten pounds for him,” Aunt Rosa said firmly, “and that’s final.”

“Ten pounds for an Omega?” the Duke raised a bushy eyebrow, “That is a high price, woman.”

Rosa stood and jerked Leo to his feet, “Look at his hips! He’s perfect for child-bearing!” she exclaimed, and Leo wanted to hide. He felt like a cut of meat on display. He wanted to run, but where to? He had no other family but his aunt and nobody would take in a stray Omega, at least not here, in the countryside. Here there was nowhere for him to go.

“Fine,” the Duke said eventually, not sounding overly interested, “I’ll take him.”

“Perfect. Will you sign the cheque and the agreement?”
“Yes.”

Leo thought he was going to die in that moment, “Auntie-,” he turned to the woman with pleading eyes but she just glared at him coldly.

“Silence,” she hissed. Leo wanted to cry, but he was too scared. He watched as his aunt snatched up her copy of the contract and shoved it in her purse. Leo didn’t love her and she never felt like his family but he didn’t want her to go, because he didn’t want to be in this huge, rich house alone.

And yet the woman simply stood up and left the room in a hurry, not even looking back on her nephew. It made Leo’s heart ache. Why can’t somebody just love me? he thought bitterly. He could feel the eyes of the Duke on him, but he couldn’t bring himself to look up.

“What’s your name, boy?” the man’s voice was rough.

“Leo,” the Omega whispered. Slowly he forced his eyes to look up, and the Duke still seemed vaguely disinterested. He swallowed, “Are you going to mate with me?”

The Duke looked at him in surprise, “No. I love my wife. You’re for my son.”

“O-Oh...,” Leo said, “And...um...whose that exactly?”

The Duke sighed, “His name is Perseus. And he’s currently in town, probably fucking some Omega whore,” Leo recoiled at the violent language, and hugged himself. The Duke looked at him, “You’re here so he finally stabilises, and settles down, starts a family,” he stood, towering over Leo, “I just hope you’re good enough.”

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Leo was washed by a hoard of Omega maids, then he was pulled out of his ragged, old clothing and forced into a white, soft button-up shirt and black breeches that were too tight and hugged every curve of Leo’s lower half. The next thing he knew was that he was in a massive bedroom with a four-poster bed and a balcony, with thick rugs on the floor, rich wallpapers on the walls and a buzzing fireplace. The maids, which reminded Leo of mice, barely answered any of his question and when he asked when this mysterious ‘Perseus’ was coming back, nobody could offer him an answer.

Leo was left in the bedroom all by himself, and after a few moments of anxiety when he watched the door, expecting someone to come in, he finally relaxed and started exploring the room.

It was nothing like the tiny, cramped bedroom he had to share with all his cousins in the tiny cottage that belonged to his aunt. It was so big, and Leo was scared to touch anything. He laid on the bed for a bit, went out on the balcony and tried to spot where the end of the garden was. It was too dark for that though, so Leo went back inside and laid down again.

The exhaustion of the day caught up with him and before he knew it, he was falling asleep.

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Percy came home not nearly as drunk as he wanted to and a bit dissatisfied. He met a beautiful redheaded Omega at the ball hosted by his best friend, Annabeth, and he had fucked her. And yet recently Percy was founding that just fucking wasn’t really enough, and he came back to his house feeling like something was missing.

He was tipsy and tired as he stumbled up the dark stairs – the majority of the household, except the valet, were already asleep and Percy was glad. He didn’t feel like getting a talking to from his
mother. He passed some guards, patrolling the corridors at night, but none of them stopped him and Percy felt relieved when he finally got to his bedroom. All he could think about was collapsing on his bed and passing out.

Unfortunately he couldn’t do that because there was someone already on his bed. Percy frowned, closed the door and stumbled drunkenly to the bed. He leaned on one of the poles keeping up his canopy and his alcohol-fuelled mind was taking a long time to process what was happening.

The person in his bed was a bed, and an Omega. Percy could smell it; the boy was cinnamon and heat and the slight, sweet tinge that was interlaced with the scent of every Omega. He was small, younger than Percy. His chocolate curls were spread on Percy’s pillows, his small, tanned hands laying vulnerably by his head. His eyelashes were long, his cheeks flushed from sleep, mouth slightly open as he breathed in and out. He was tiny, dressed in a soft white shirt and brown breeches, a perfect little Omega.

Oh.

It all suddenly made sense to Percy. His fiancé. He was supposed to meet his fiancé today because even though he told his mother no multiple times, she organised an Omega partner for him anyway. Not that it would change anything; Percy wouldn’t be loyal, or love them. He didn’t want to settle down.

But he could have some fun.

Percy licked his lips and slowly crawled onto the bed, until he was settled over the Omega. The boy frowned and whispered something in his sleep and Percy gently turned him over onto his back. He felt sober then, and he was grinning like a predator before he had a first taste of his prey. His inner wolf stirred, growling at Percy to take this beauty beneath him. He leaned down slowly, enjoying the moment, and dragged his nose against the curve of the Omega’s tanned neck, inhaling his scent. It made Percy dizzy and his mouth watered-

And suddenly he was being shoved backwards and he almost fell off the bed.

“What the-,” he exclaimed in surprise, his whole world tilting as the sudden movement awoke the alcohol still stored inside him. He looked up and saw that the Omega was awake – his deep brown eyes wide and full of fear – and he had scrambled off the pillows, putting the bed between him and Percy.

“Who are you?!?” he demanded, his voice helpless and shaky. Percy grinned. He liked a challenge.

“I’m Percy. And I assume you’re my fiancé.”

The boy blinked, taken aback, and his eyes fluttered over Percy’s whole body before he blushed, “I- I’m not marrying you,” he spluttered. Percy’s grin widened. He had no intention to marry this boy either but his cock stirred just from looking at him, all flushed and breathless and ready to be pounced on.

“What’s your name?” Percy asked.

The Omega glanced anxiously at the door, clearly looking for an escape route, “L-Leo. Leo Valdez.”

“That’s not an English name,” Percy said and he could see that his soothing voice and the fact he wasn’t approaching the boy was making him more relaxed, “Where are you from?”

“M-My parents were Spanish,” Leo said, and he had subconsciously backed up against the wall, not
looking at Percy. On one hand it was adorable, but on the other Percy didn’t like the fact that the Omega was scared of him. It made him feel like a stereotypical Alpha. He looked at Percy, finally, and swallowed, “I’m not going to sleep with you.”

“I’m a Lord,” Percy crossed his arms over his chest, “Don’t you think you should address me with more respect?”

Leo’s eyes narrowed in annoyance and then he offered the Alpha a mock-bow, “I’m not going to sleep with you, my Lord,” he gritted out.

“Who said I want to sleep with you?” Percy asked.

“The bulge in your trousers,” Leo replied, without missing a beat. Percy laughed, liking how witty the boy was. His other Omegas weren’t nearly as entertaining.

“Fine,” Percy wasn’t going to force Leo to do anything he didn’t want to but he knew sooner or later the boy would come running to him. They always did. Percy walked to the door leading to the quarters of his personal servants and moments later a Beta maid was leading Leo out of the room, “Goodnight,” he told the boy as the maid guided him through the door.

The last thing Leo offered him was a glare, tinged with fear. Percy was too drunk to care and he finally collapsed on his bed, shoes and all, and fell asleep surrounded by the Omega’s intoxicating scent.

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Leo woke up in the West Wing, which was where the Omegas were meant to stay in the huge house. Leo’s room was large, though smaller than Percy’s, and the bed was impossibly soft. When the boy’s eyes fluttered open and he felt the spring breeze coming through the window on his face, and smelled the flowers in the vases decorating his room, he thought that he might be truly happy. Not that he knew what happiness was.

Then the events of the previous night came flooding back in and Leo felt an invisible hand squeeze his heart. He hadn’t expected Percy to be like that...no, that was a lie. He didn’t expect Percy to look like that – young and handsome and alluring. But his personality was exactly the one of a stereotypical Alpha; arrogant, over-confident and entitled. Waking up with an Alpha on top of him terrified Leo, and he hoped he could somehow get out of this marriage.

There was a knock on the door and Leo flinched before collecting himself and hesitantly calling out, “Come in!”

A maid scuttled in, one of the mice maids, and she didn’t even look Leo in the eye when she said, “Sir, your breakfast is ready downstairs if you’d like to get dressed.”

“Y-Yes. Thankyou,” Leo was surprised because nobody had called him ‘sir’ before. When the maid left he climbed from the bed and went to the basin in the corner of the room. He washed his face and looked at his tired, pale face in the mirror before turning to the windows. Outside the garden was in full bloom, trees and grass green, splotches of colour here and there where flowers grew. The whole property was surrounded by a high wall and Leo couldn’t help but think that it made it all seem like a prison.

To distract himself the boy walked to the grand wardrobe in the corner of the room, throwing it open. He was shocked to find a dozen silk shirts and trousers hanging there, all brand new. There were cloaks, shirt cuffs, shoes, stockings, even hats. Leo’s mouth was dry as he stared at all of it – the
clothes themselves were worth more than his aunt’s cottage.

In the end Leo picked out the most mundane shirt and pair of trousers – white shirt and a blue jacket, knowing that it would be the most ideal if he had to run. Because that was an option. Leo was a little peeved out when he walked out of the bedroom only to find the maid waiting for him outside his door. She wordlessly led him down a corridor fitted with a crimson carpet and then down a grand staircase. They finally reached tall, double doors and from behind them Leo heard laughter. His blood ran cold and he only hoped he wouldn’t be forced to dine with Percy.

His fears quickly dispersed because the maid pushed the door opened and Leo saw that Percy wasn’t there. He found himself in a grand room with cream walls and tall French windows, open to let in the morning air. At an oval table piled high with food; there were fresh little sausages and poached eggs, strips of bacon and plates of hams and sliced vegetables.

There were three people around the table, and none of them were Percy though all of them looked up when Leo walked in. They were all stunning and immediately Leo felt intimidated, though he could feel that they were all Omegas like him. Two of them were girls – one with lustrous black hair that fell down to her waist like a waterfall. She was dressed in a turquoise dress with pearls at her throat and ears, her almond-shaped eyes regarding Leo with distaste. The other girl was her opposite – blonde and curvy, with bouncy curls and sparkling blue eyes. She wore too much jewellery. The final Omega was a boy; tall, thin and pale with hair that seemed almost white. He looked at Leo with pure hate.

Leo felt his stomach drop and it was clear he would find no friends here.

There was a man in all black and white by the door, standing up straight, undoubtedly the butler, “Nobles, this is Leo Valdez. The Master’s newest Omega.”

“Him?” the blonde girl snickered and Leo felt a pang of pain go through him.

“Lady Kelly-Anne,” the butler said emotionlessly and the blond girl smirked, pulling out a fan and making a show of fanning herself with it, “Lady Drusilla,” the butler continued his monotone introductions, and the dark-haired beauty looked at Leo, “and Lord Octavian.”

“Hello,” Leo told them. The girl’s burst out into giggles as if it was amusing and Leo felt himself blushing with embarrassment. He was no Lord, and he felt he didn’t belong here.

“Ladies,” the butler’s voice was full of disapproval, “Settle down now. This is Master Percy’s fiancée.”


“He’s just another whore for Percy to discard,” Octavian said coolly.

“You see,” Drew turned to face the shocked Leo, “there is a hierarchy in this house. We may be Omegas but we come from good families, and we are perfect for bearing children when Lord Percy decides he wants to have them,” she smiled and rested her chin in her hand, looking at Leo as if he was a museum exhibit, “you? You’re nothing. You’re a little street rat. Truly I have no idea why his mother chose you as his fiancée.”

Leo finally snapped out of his shock, “Maybe she wanted her son to have someone who didn’t have the personality of an empty plate.”

The trio seemed completely shocked by that, and looked as if Leo had slapped them. That made the boy feel a little good about himself and he turned on his heel and stormed out, not caring that he was
starving. He ignored the maid begging him to stop and hurrying after him and climbed back up the stairs and into his room, and slammed the door shut.

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Percy didn’t care about what happened in the West Wing. He had his own life for God’s sake, and the fact that his mother kept nagging him about the fighting that was happening between Leo and the old Omegas just worked to irritate Percy. He complained to Annabeth about it, but she didn’t really understand – she had found her mate, Piper, and bit her and they were married happily despite their young age. She didn’t know why Percy didn’t want a mate yet, why he didn’t want to settle down.

The boy hated thinking about the Omegas; Kelli was two-faced and wanted everything for her own personal wealth gains, Drew was obsessed him to the point where it was sickening, and Octavian would’ve probably killed someone in order to get the title of Lord Perseus’ husband. Leo...well, Percy didn’t know anything about Leo because the boy was avoiding him. Percy hadn’t seen him since that first night, and Leo had been there for a week.

Finally, after multiple pleas from his mother, Percy decided to go and see his ‘fiancée.’ It was late afternoon and the heat outside was stifling. Earlier Drew had asked if Percy wound accompany her and other Omegas into town, but Percy said no and sent the valet with them instead. Thanks to that he knew that Leo would be alone.

The boy was in his bedroom, sitting cross-legged on his bed and writing a letter furiously. He didn’t see Percy in the doorway and the Alpha just watched him for a moment, the look of irritated concentration on his face. Leo wasn’t like the other Omegas, but that could’ve been because he was lower class. He couldn’t deny Leo’s beauty, and as he stood there and watched the boy he thought that maybe it wouldn’t be so bad if they were married.

But then immediately the fear inside Percy reared its head and the thought dispersed. No, Percy couldn’t be married. Not now. He was here to reprimand the boy.

“I heard you had a fight with the other Omegas,” Percy said and Leo flinched so violently the ink he was using spilled over the covers of the bed.

“Oh for God’s sake!” the boy jumped up and glared at Percy, “You startled me and now look,” he pointed at the white linen on the bed, with an ugly black stain on them. In his hand he held his letter.

“I’ll just get you new ones,” Percy said dismissively, walking into the room, “Whose the letter for?”

Leo protectively cradled the letter to his chest and took a step back, “N-None of your business.”

Percy, as an Alpha, was fast and in a second he was right in front of Leo and snatching the letter from his hand. He read the address at the top Westminster, London, before Leo ripped the letter from his hand. In the process the paper ripped and Leo first looked at it in shock and the glared at Percy heatedly.

“See?! Look what you did!” he spat, “Happy? Jesus Christ you fucking Alphas...,” he turned away from Percy, helplessly looking at the two parts of the ruined letter. Percy had to admit that he felt a little bad.

“Why are you writing to London?”

Leo glared at him in fury, “What do you want?” he seethed, “why are you here?”

“I’m supposed to marry you,” Percy said, though he didn’t know why because honestly he wasn’t
going to do it anyway. Leo’s eyes narrowed.

“So?”

Percy sighed, “Why are you fighting the other Omegas?”

“I’m not fighting them,” Leo ripped the letter apart completely and dropped the unreadable pieces on the desk, “They’re fighting me.”

“That’s not what they said.”

“There’s three of them against me,” Leo sighed and turned to Percy, calmer now, “look. They don’t like me, I don’t like them, I don’t like you. I don’t fit in here,” he gestured at the room helplessly, “What’s the point? Just let me go and find yourself a nice, upper-class wife or husband.”

Percy crossed his arms over his chest, “That isn’t going to happen. My father paid ten pounds for you. That is a lot of money.”

“But why?” Leo asked helplessly, “Why me?!”

Percy shrugged, “I don’t know. My mother saw the ad your aunt put in the papers, and she liked the sound of you.”

Leo gritted his teeth, “Anything else you want to know?”

There were a lot of things Percy wanted to know, but it was obvious Leo didn’t want to speak to him and he wasn’t going to annoy the boy anymore. So he just shook his head and left the bedroom, feeling as empty as he had for the past few weeks.

He needed to fill that emptiness with something.

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It happened three weeks into Leo’s stay at the Jackson house. The spring was dragging on, beautiful and blooming, and Leo spent most of his days locked away in his bedroom or aimlessly walking the gardens. He wasn’t allowed off the property and he felt more like a prisoner every new day.

Percy visited him often, and Leo hated that. The Lord didn’t actually do anything to him; just led normal, casual conversations. But it seemed like he was doing it for a chore and the maids that Leo had become acquainted with told him stories about him – how Percy liked to sleep around, how he had his own ‘harem’ of Omegas and refused to settle down. Leo refused to be a fucktoy to an Alpha, and so every time Percy came he’d start an argument with him or try to fight him. It didn’t even seem to annoy the Lord.

But then, three weeks in, Leo woke up near midnight with the familiar, horrible heat gnawing at his insides.

“No,” the boy whispered, and it came out breathless and strained.

He tried to ignore it, God, he tried. But it was impossible. His body felt tense and aching and his skin was on fire. He was sweating, and kicked the covers aside. He got up and threw open all the windows and then he curled up on the bed and whimpered, praying for God to make it go away. It didn’t – it just got worse. In no time Leo was shaking, his cock hard, his stomach in knots, his thighs wet with slick.
He was in heat.

Leo sobbed into his pillow and clawed at his shirt. It hurt, it fucking hurt. Leo helplessly tried to do it himself, to get the heat to go away, but it didn’t. He came, staining the new covers Percy had gotten him, but his body still remained aroused and demanding his mate.

Percy floated into his head. No, Leo thought determinedly and tried to push the face of the grinning boy out of his mind. It didn’t work. He was too weak to fight it and his eyes fluttered shut. In his mind Percy was on top of him, pushing him down into the bed, kissing him, touching him everywhere. Leo sobbed and hugged the pillow to his chest. He felt so weak and vulnerable and helpless-

The door banged open and Leo jerked up into a sitting position, his vision blurry when he looked at the open, dark doorway. He saw his maid, one of the guards, and Drew, who was holding a candle.

“He’s stinking up the whole place with his heat,” the girl complained, and her voice was like needles in Leo’s over-heated brain, “take him to some Alpha, he’s waking the rest of us up with his stench!”

“Get him up,” it was the maid’s timid voice now. Leo felt the hands of the Beta guard seize his arms.

“No,” he said weakly but he couldn’t fight the man as he pulled Leo to his feet and dragged him out into the corridor.

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Percy could smell him, he didn’t know how. There was half a house between them and yet Percy could smell him. His wolf prowled impatiently inside him, growling, and the sweet smell of Leo’s heat filled his body. He would’ve sent someone to go fetch the Omega, when suddenly the smell got stronger and Percy knew that Leo was coming to him.

That made him insanely happy. He was hard and aching for the Omega, the way he never ached for anyone before, and the thought that Leo was willingly coming to him – to his Alpha – made him pleased. But Leo’s sweet scent was tinged with bitter fear. That’s alright, Percy thought, I’ll make him relax. I’ll make him happy. I’ll take care of him. He knew that it was his wolf that was making him think those things, but in that moment he didn’t care.

He was shocked when the door opened and Leo didn’t come tumbling into his arms, but instead was forcefully dragged in by a guard.

“No!” the boy’s feet didn’t touch the ground as the guard practically carried him in, and he was thrashing and struggling like crazy, “No, l-let go! Let me go!” the guard dumped Leo onto Percy’s floor and the Omega immediately ran to the opposite side of the room and pressed himself against the wall.

“My Lord,” the guard bowed to Percy. The boy waved him off and the moment the man was gone, closing the door behind him, Percy turned to Leo.

He looked terrified, trembling like a leaf on the wind, his curls messy around his flushed face. His eyes were dark with lust and he was hard and the smell of him was driving Percy insane.

“Leo,” Percy said, low in his throat.

“S-Stay away,” the Omega yelled, and then winced and grabbed his stomach letting out a small noise of pain. Percy couldn’t take it. He was used to needy Omegas, and not ones who rejected him. But he knew he had to help Leo, knew how much pain he was in.
He walked to the boy, who tried to push himself more into the wall even though it was impossible.

“Leo,” Percy said gently, trying to keep a hold of his own arousal, even as his inner wolf growled at him to just take the boy right there and then, “Calm down. It’s fine. I’m here.”

He reached out but the boy flinched away, “D-Don’t touch me,” he stuttered out.

Percy knew what Leo needed, and honestly the words that poured out of his mouth just felt right, but that was probably just Leo’s heat making Percy’s wolf want to take care of him.

“Let me help you,” the Alpha whispered, “I’ll make the pain go away, Leo. Come on, baby,” he shifted closer and this time when he reached out the Omega didn’t move away. His eyes were squeezed shut but when Percy cradled his cheek in his hand, the boy opened them. They were full of tears, “You’re safe,” Percy whispered, his other arm snaking around Leo’s waist.

Leo started crying but Percy silenced his sobs with a kiss, just wanting the boy to stop looking so hurt. The Omega cried but he clumsily kissed Percy back. The Alpha wanted the kiss to be slow and soothing but the second their mouths met he lost control and trapped Leo between the wall and his own body, licking and biting into the boy’s mouth as his inner wolf chanted mine, mine, mine. Leo’s arms looped around his neck and he held onto Percy and it made the Alpha growl in pleasure.

Before he knew what was happening they were on the bed, Leo laying beneath Percy like a delicious snack. The Alpha placed his arms on either side of the boy’s head and leaned down but Leo pressed a hand against his chest.

“No,” he whispered, eyes full of tears and fear, “N-No don’t, I-I...nghh,” he whimpered and it went right down to Percy’s crotch, especially when the sound was accompanied by Leo’s hips stuttering upwards. It was clear that the Omega was fighting his own body and trying to keep a clear mind...Percy couldn’t really think straight either and, ignoring Leo’s hand on his chest, he leaned down and kissed his neck, wet and messy as his hand slid down between the boy’s legs, “No!” Leo whined, but he arched up into Percy’s touch and his legs fell apart, like an invitation.

He doesn’t want this, the rational part of Percy’s brain told him but it was hard to believe that when Leo’s fingers slid suddenly into Percy’s hair, keeping him pressed against his neck. And suddenly Percy wanted to bite. He had never wanted to bite an Omega before but Leo’s skin was warm and he smelled like mate and Percy wanted to sink his teeth into his neck and make Leo his.

“P-Percy....,” the boy whispered, and it was borderline a moan and borderline a sob. Percy forced himself to pull away from the boy’s neck and looked down at the flushed, helpless mess of a boy below him.

“I’m going to take care of you,” Percy whispered, just allowing his heart and his wolf to dictate his words, “I’m going to make you mine, alright? I’m going to make you my Omega, my little baby,” he kissed Leo desperately then and the boy kissed back, “my perfect little mate,” Percy whispered feverishly against his mouth, “my fiancée. We’re going to be married and you’ll be mine forever so let me help you.”

Leo whimpered, then nodded and then his legs were wrapping around Percy’s waist and pulling him closer. They both moaned when their bodies pressed together and Percy gripped Leo’s face and kissed him until the boy was shaking.

“P-Percy....,” he whimpered, looking like he was about to pass out, “J-Just put it in. P-Please just put it in...”
Percy was weak. He was very weak. He couldn’t say no. With one swift movement he ripped Leo’s undergarments off, revealing his wet thighs and pretty, hard cock. By then Leo was sobbing, rocking back against the bulge in Percy’s own trousers.

“Please, please, please, please-,” he blabbered.

It all happened very fast. Percy flipped Leo over, so he was on all fours, and pulled his own achingly hard cock out. And then he was pressing into the Omega, the boy’s body putting up no resistance despite the fact that he was a virgin. His hole simply swallowed Percy’s cock, as if the two were meant for each other. Percy groaned in pleasure at the feeling of Leo’s hot, wet entrance taking him in, and Leo whined and clawed at the sheets.

“F-Fuck,” Percy growled, hands gripping Leo’s hips bruisingly. The boy was tiny below him and as Percy pulled out and thrust back in he was mesmerized by how Leo was even taking all of his cock without breaking.

“God...o-oh God...,,” Leo was almost unintelligible beneath the Alpha, sobbing and moaning, slick pouring down his thighs, “Fuck...fuck...Percy...Alpha, please...”

Percy started thrusting into him and Leo came within seconds, though his cock remained painfully hard. As Percy fucked him, he couldn’t keep his eyes off the boy. He was completely drunk of every little curve of his perfect body, of his sounds, his smell, and he knew he was losing it. His mind was fuzzy, his primal instincts taking over as he impaled the Omega over and over until he was screaming.

And then suddenly Leo turned his head, baring his neck, and he just moaned, “Alpha.”

Percy wasn’t really sure what happened then, because his world blacked out, and the last thing he remembered was sinking his teeth into Leo’s skin.

***

*I bit him. Jesus, I bit him.* Percy paced around his room the following evening, completely losing his mind. He woke up that morning with Leo gone, and he couldn’t bring himself to go see the Omega as he pieced the night together. He had bit the boy. Percy had never bit anyone. He was never planning to.

He fucked Omegas in heats multiple times; Octavian and Drew and Kelli, and numerous Omegas at events whose names he couldn’t even remember. But he had never felt the urge to bite them. *Never.* It wasn’t just because he didn’t want to ruin their life, it was simply not something he ever felt was necessary. He had also never lost control quite as much as he had with Leo. Something about the boy was special and it terrified Percy.

He couldn’t have a mate. He couldn’t marry Leo. He wasn’t ready.

It went on for the whole day. Percy didn’t eat or speak to anyone, just paced around his room and tried to decide what to do. Leo hated him, and Percy didn’t actually know the other boy, and yet he had bit him. *Fool, fool, fool...*it was all too much, that’s why Percy sent for him.

The knock came when it was already dark outside, and only a few solitary candles lit the room up.

“Come in,” Percy said hoarsely.

The door opened and Octavian came in, hair looking silvery in the candlelight. Percy always thought he was elegant and attractive and his snobbish attitude was fun to peel away. But now he could
barely look at the Omega, who bowed.

“You sent for me, my Lord.”

“Have you prepared yourself?” Percy asked. Octavian smirked.

“Of course,” he pulled off his shirt and trousers and then walked over to Percy. He leaned up and kissed the Alpha and Percy had to force himself to kiss back. *I need to forget about Leo, I need to forget about Leo,* he repeated in his head like a mantra.

He pushed Octavian onto the bed, and climbed on top of him. In moments he had the boy on his stomach – his preferred position – and was fucking him from behind. Octavian was moaning loudly, spurring Percy on, and the Alpha wanted him to shut up. Before he knew what he was doing his eyes were closed and he was remembering the previous night, how sweet and helpless Leo had sounded, how he *did* cling to Percy after all. They fucked all night until Leo’s heat passed and it had been the best night. Percy started thrusting harder into Octavian, imagining that it was Leo instead.

The door opening made Percy’s eyes open and his movements stilled when he saw who was standing in the doorway.

Leo’s eyes were wide, the candle in his hand throwing shadows across his shocked face. He had washed and changed clothes but he still looked wrecked...especially when he looked at Percy, fucking Octavian.

“Get out!” the blond shouted in annoyance at the other Omega and Leo didn’t have to be told twice. He turned on his heel and slammed the door shut before Percy could even break out of his shock. He had wanted to shout after the boy, run after him, pull him into his arms...but he knew that this was better.

But his cock had gone soft from the tears he saw in Leo’s eyes and now he pulled it out of Octavian.

“My Lord?” the Omega asked.

“He ruined it,” Percy said gruffly, “Go back to your quarters.”

In an angry huff Octavian gathered his clothes and stormed out and Percy didn’t care. He had seen all the evidence he needed – the bite on Leo’s neck was red and angry and prominent. *He’s mine,* Percy thought, but the thought just filled him with more confusion. The next thought warmed him though – he *came to me. He came back to me.*

Percy knew he couldn’t go on like this. He couldn’t marry Leo. Everything he said the previous night was a lie, and the Omega had to understand that.

*I’m a monster,* Percy thought. At the back of his head he knew that Leo would always be his though. He would never want anyone else to touch him but Percy, and that was a comfort.

***

Leo laid in bed for a week, crying like the pathetic little shit that he was. He cried about everything; he cried about his father forsaking him and Aunt Rosa selling him off, he cried about having sex with Percy and he cried about the bite on his neck. He cried for ages.

He didn’t know what hurt worse – waking up in the morning to realise that he had not only given up his virginity but had also been bitten by an Alpha he *hated,* or the fact that the next night, when he finally broke and decided he wanted to see Percy, he had found him in bed with another Omega. He
had become exactly what he promised himself he wouldn’t – a cheap whore. His life was worth ten pounds.

When Percy finally came to see him, Leo was completely broken. It was a rainy Sunday afternoon and the Lord came in without knocking. Leo could smell him, and his body ached for him, but Leo ignored that and forced himself to climb out of bed and face Percy like a man.

The sight of him broke Leo’s heart all over and his hand fluttered to his neck, where he had wrapped a scarf to hide his bite. Percy’s eyes followed the movement.

“Hello,” he said.

“What do you want?” Leo spat, surprised he even had the strength left to be angry. Percy took a step forward, “Stay back!” Leo yelled, “Don’t come near me and don’t touch me.”

“Leo,” Percy sighed, “let’s not do this, please.”

“Do what?!” Leo demanded, and he was so angry he thought he could kill the Alpha, “You’re going to pretend I don’t have the right to be upset now?”

“What you saw...you knew what I was like, I like to fuck-“

Leo laughed hollowly, “You think I’m bothered by you fucking some other Omega whore?” he demanded and Percy recoiled, “I’m bothered by the fact that you bit me. You ruined my fucking life.”

Percy’s jaw clenched, “You’re my fiancée.”

“No I’m not!” Leo screamed, overwhelmed by emotions, “I’m not and stop pretending I am! I’m just another stupid fucking Omega whore and you were lying, ” he was gasping for air, hysterical, “Tell me you were lying when you said all those things! Tell me!”

Percy straightened up, “You’re right. I was lying. I have no intention of marrying you.”

Somehow hearing him say it made the last of Leo’s hope for happiness trickle away. He slumped helplessly against the wall and took a deep breath to keep his tears at bay, “Get out,” he whispered.

Percy left, and Leo broke down.

***

Leo felt like a ghost of himself for the next fortnight. He barely ate and spoke only to the maids. The only time he saw Percy was when he glimpsed the boy running off into the woods in his wolf-form in the middle of the night, or when they passed each other in the corridor. Because Percy frequented in the West Wing. He just wasn’t there for Leo, which the other Omegas loved to rub in Leo’s face.

The boy contemplated his options, but there weren’t many. He had no money, no family or friends and, worst of all, he was an Omega, so it wasn’t like he could just go out into the world and get a job. He also doubted he had the power to woo Percy into loving him – not that he wanted to – and the fact that he was a ‘mated’ Omega stopped any prospects of finding a Prince Charming that could whisk Leo away. Not that he wanted that either. He just wanted to be able to support himself.

His correspondence with London was the only thing that stopped him from completely falling apart,
because it gave him a slither of hope that things may change. The maids sometimes snuck him newspapers that the Lords read; and all the headlines were booming about the rise of the Equality movement, that demanded more rights for Omegas. Reading about their fight made Leo keep going.

It was a rainy April evening and being cooped up in his room made Leo want to climb the walls in frustration so, against his better judgement, he went downstairs into the tea-room, where the other Omegas usually presided. As he walked in Leo saw that the trio was there as always, playing a game of cards and laughing obnoxiously. They all looked up when Leo stalked in.

“Well, well, well,” Octavian leaned back in his chair with a smug grin, “look what the cat dragged in.”

“What are you doing down here, boy?” Drew asked, placing a card down, “We don’t play with peasants.”

“And I don’t play with assholes,” Leo said casually, earning himself a few glares that he didn’t care about, “I’m just here for the drink,” he walked to the corner of the room where bottles of old liquor were stored behind glass doors of an antique cupboard.

“Percy won’t be happy about that,” Drew’s mouth was in a thin line, “Omegas should not drink excessively, or at all.”

As she spoke Leo opened the cupboard and selected a bottle of expensive looking whiskey. He popped off the cork and turned to the trio with a sweet smile, “I don’t care,” he said, and took a swig of the bottle. The burn of the alcohol as it slid down his throat made Leo shiver with pleasure.

Octavian jerked to his feet, “How dare you, you insolent little rat! Those are the liquors of Percy’s father and dirty little scum like you shouldn’t be drinking it!”

Leo lifted the bottle in Octavian’s direction, “Cheers,” he said, and took another swig. He was quite enjoying himself.

“You’re a rat,” Kelli hissed.

“And you’re a cunt,” Leo laughed, the alcohol making him buzz pleasantly, “you’re a stuck up bitch,” Leo pointed at Drew with a bottle, taking another drink, “you’re a hypocritical asshole,” that was directed at Octavian. Another drink, “and you’re a rotten twat.” Another drink, “Cheers to you, you bunch of weak cunts. You’re everything I aspire to not be in life.”

It felt good to get the frustration off his chest and Leo stalked to the door, happy and buzzing and not caring for that moment.

“Oh, Leo,” Drew’s voice, too smooth, made Leo pause in the doorway, “How is it being Percy’s fiancée?”

“None of your business,” Leo tensed and Percy’s face, flashing in his mind, made his whole body ache and the bite of his neck, hidden beneath his scarf, burn.

“How’s your future husband doing?” Kelli mocked. Leo turned around and glared at her, “Because Drew knows how she’s doing,” the two girls laughed and Leo felt sick, “How was he tonight, Drew?”

“As good as he’s been yesterday and last week,” Drew winked. Tears filled Leo’s eyes – tears of frustration and anger and shame and heartbreak – and the trio laughed.
“Aw, little street rat going to cry?” Kelli teased.

“No,” Leo said, “not for him,” he walked out of the room, rubbing at his eyes before his tears fell. He made a vow to himself then, that no stupid Alpha, especially Percy, was ever going to make him cry again.

It was hard to stick to that vow, especially when two days later he was informed by the maids that another Omega was moving into the mansion and that she’d be getting Leo’s room. Through that the boy was moved to the attic. His new room was tiny and cramped, with cobwebs hanging from the ceiling and mould growing on the walls. Leo didn’t care – he was used to worse.

And worse came, in the form of Leo’s heat. Without an Alpha a heat last three days and it was painful. For an Omega who had been bitten and whose Alpha was in the same building, it was excruciating. Leo cried then, biting his pillow and sobbing as his whole body felt like it was being hacked apart, but he decided that he wouldn’t count that time as breaking his vow, since he had no control over it. He got through it somehow, and on the morning on the third day, when he woke up tangled up in his sheets, exhausted, with grey light falling in through the window, he decided he was going to run away to London.

***

It was easier said than done. Leo spent weeks planning his ‘escape’ and he knew every little detail had to be perfect. First there was the matter of leaving the property – he’d have to go past dark, and avoid the guards. This led to endless sleepless nights when Leo snuck around the house with a candle, confining to memory the patterns of the guards – who was who, who went where, he fell asleep and who didn’t show up to work because they were fooling around with a kitchen girl. When caught he lied and said he could not sleep.

The next issue was how to get from the countryside to London. Leo knew there were trains, but he didn’t know the schedules or the way to the station. Thankfully he could be charming when he wanted to and so he befriended the milkman – an elderly Beta - and after about a week the man agreed to bring him a map of the area, and a train schedule. When the next morning he went to collect the milk and the map and schedule, he was shocked to find that the milkman had also bought him a one-way ticket to London. It was the sweetest thing anyone had ever done for him and Leo cried that morning, but it was alright, because they were happy tears.

Then it was just a matter of time before he picked a day to go. And as spring slowly fell into summer Leo realised that he was still in the Jackson house. Something was keeping him there...no, someone, and he knew exactly who. The Omega inside him didn’t want him to leave the Alpha who mated him and, despite hating Percy, Leo still yearned for him and hearing that he was fucking other Omegas physically hurt. Leo couldn’t even think about anyone else touching him and he had replayed the one night he had with Percy in his head so many times it was embarrassing.

The final straw came suddenly, and Leo hadn’t expected it.

*It was a dream. In it he was standing at a train station, smoke curling around him. He didn’t know if it was night or day but he was alone, and yet he knew that the train in front of him would depart soon. It was a bright blue beast, and it seemed alive despite being a machine.*

*And then Percy was there, dressed in a long coat.*

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” Leo didn’t feel anything in the dream, and he knew it wasn’t real. Percy’s face was
blurry as if Leo couldn’t really remember what he looked like.

“You’re leaving me,” the Alpha said. Leo hesitated and Percy took a step forward, “We can be together. We can get married and you can have my children. We’ll have the perfect life.”

“I want to work,” Leo told him.

“Omegas can’t work,” Percy replied emotionlessly.

“I don’t want this life,” Leo said, and turned to the train. But the train had no doors. He had hesitated for too long. The boy helplessly looked as it rolled out of the train station, and when it moved it revealed a whole hoard of face-less people. Leo knew they were all Omegas.

Percy pointed to them, “We can all live together.”

He woke up with a start, gasping for air, and he knew he had to go – then or never. His bag was packed and there was not much in it; his map, his schedule, his ticket, a few books, a few clothes. The letters he had gotten from London.

Leaving was easier than Leo expected. The next train would arrive at the station at seven in the morning and when Leo sneaked through the hallway the ominously ticking clocks told him it was almost four in the morning. None of the guards caught him and as he dashed through the gardens the trees gave him cover. He could only hope Percy wasn’t prowling about in his wolf form.

Leo reached the gates leading to the Jackson house, through which he had walked through with his aunt two months ago. It was chained shut and Leo almost gave up then, because he was absolutely terrified, but then he remembered his dream. The train wouldn’t wait for him. He squeezed his bag through the spaces in the gate and then climbed it. He ripped his trousers on the spikes on top and scraped his hands when he landed clumsily on the ground below.

He walked for what felt like hours through fields and fields and fields, occasionally passing unwelcoming, dark cottages or looming summer houses like the one he had snuck out of. Thick fog hung in the air and the moon was bright. Leo walked until his legs ached, looking at his map every so often to ensure he was going the right way, and praying to God that he would find his way. By the time the station came into view he was hungry, cold and exhausted. His feet had blistered and his coat was soaked through with the perspiration in the air. He was alone at the station, and it felt like a ghost town. A part of him wished he had left Percy a note, but honestly he doubted the Alpha even cared. He hadn’t spoken or even acknowledged Leo in weeks.

Leo fell asleep curled up on the station bench, clutching his small bag to his chest, shaking.

When he woke up it was a completely different world around him. The sun was shining brightly and there were a dozen people at the station, shouting to each other and hugging goodbye. Leo sat up, groggy and confused, and his eyes widened when he saw that there was a train in the station. It was huge, red, with smoke rolling off of it.

“All aboard the train to London!” the conductor yelled and Leo smiled, feeling excited for the first time in weeks.

The train had plenty of doors.

June 1918 (4 years later)

Percy had many regrets about that day, when he had told Leo that everything he said to him was a lie. Actually, he had many regrets about that situation as a whole. He had been a stupid kid,
desperate for the freedom, and he had missed the best thing he ever had when it was right in front of him.

In all fairness when Percy was nineteen he didn’t know that Leo was his mate. At age twenty-three he would lie if he said that he was the same person, because he wasn’t. The war had put everything in perspective, the time in the trenches of France.

For the four years the war lasted, Leo was a familiar accompaniment to Percy’s dull, dark days in France, which was bizarre since Percy thought he resented the boy. He had distanced himself after his fight with the Omega, and Leo did the same. Percy attempted to drown out his feelings in sleeping around with the other Omegas in the house and for a while it had worked...he even didn’t notice that Leo had left, and nobody could pinpoint exactly when the Omega had ran away, though it was assumed that it was somewhere in June, and that he had headed for London. Percy hated himself for not realising sooner. He thought moving the boy to the attic room would make him angry and that he would confront Percy, speak to him finally. He didn’t expect Leo to just leave. It was so unexpected, and so like him at the same time.

And then Leo didn’t matter for a while, because that July the war broke out, and Percy became a soldier. At first he was stationed in London, training with the other young men. It was then, almost four months after Leo’s escape, that Percy finally got word of him, and it was in the most unconventional way.

By chance Percy got bored one evening and borrowed one of his fellow soldier’s paper. And there, on the front page, was a black-and-white snapshot of one of the protests organised by the Equalists, who were becoming more and more prominent in the papers, and Percy was shocked because standing with two girls, his face burning with passion and anger, was Leo.

Later Percy cut out the picture of the boy and he kept it in his pocket, even in the muddy trenches of France, looking at it and smiling every time he felt down. Before his squadron got sent to the frontlines his mother, to whom Percy wrote, managed to find out the address at which Leo was staying.

It was February when Percy sent his first letter to Leo.

***

“So, why do you want to join us?” Artemis, the leader of the Equalists, asked, hand on the table that Leo sat at, feeling like he was being interrogated. She was younger than he expected, and dressed, like many of the other Omega girls, in trousers.

Leo had come to London scared and exhausted but, like promised in the letters, there was someone waiting for him at the station. An Omega boy called Nico who came without an escort. He took Leo to ‘The Big House’ where the Equalists had their meetings and where many of them lived. Leo remembered being awed at how loud and big London was.

“I want freedom,” Leo said, “I want the right to vote, the right to decide my own fate. I want to work.”

“You’ve been bitten,” Zoe, a beauty that Leo assumed was Artemis’ second-in-command, said, “You have a mate.”

“He doesn’t want me,” Leo blurted, “and I don’t want him. I want this.”

“You know what we do,” Bianca, who was Nico’s order sister, said, softer than the other two, “We
starve ourselves, chain ourselves to posts. We get beaten for fighting, sometimes we get killed—"

“I know. I’m ready for this sacrifice.” Leo said firmly, and he even surprised himself with his own conviction. Artemis seemed pleased with that, and she straightened up.

“Alright. We’ll take you,” she said, “you can stay here, in the Big House, or you can join one of the ‘Cabins’ we have all over the city.”

“I-I don’t have any money,” Leo stuttered.

“That’s fine. We’ll find you a job,” Reyna, the only Beta there, said, “You can come stay with me and Nico in our Cabin.”

“He’s better off with Harley and Nyssa,” Nico interjected. Leo was shocked at the sheer amount of Omegas involved in the movement. Apparently there were many Betas as well and even some Alphas.

“But how do I deal with my heats?” Leo questioned.

Reyna slapped a packet of pills onto the table and smirked, “Introducing – suppressants.”

Leo often remembered when he first joined the Equalists, and although it was a hard memory, it was still sweet, because it changed his life for the better. He met some of the best people who over the course of four years became his family. And he also found himself.

The following months were tough, and not only because of the war. The Equalists went between forced starvation and public protests, to getting jobs in factories producing weapons – something nobody ever thought would happen. They fought, among other things, for Omega rights to vote, to have readily available suppressants, to not have to live with the Alpha who bit them and to not be sold as mates. A passion Leo didn’t know he had was sparked inside of him when he fought because he believed he was making a change. And yet, at the back of his heart, there was always a hollowness that Leo knew would never be filled because that was the part of his heart where Percy’s should’ve been. His mate. His Alpha. Who didn’t want him.

It was February when Leo got his first letter from Percy, and he was completely shocked when he found it in the mail. He lived in a small house in the heart of London, which was called Cabin 9 for some reason. It’s residents included the ever so protective and terrifying Reyna, the Spanish-born Nyssa who was like a little firecracker and could fly planes, and Harley, who was only sixteen and, like Leo, had ran away from an Alpha he didn’t want. When Nyssa brought Leo the letter, the boy thought it was some kind of joke, until he opened it. Then he knew it was from Percy.

Leo had re-read it so many times he knew it off by heart.

Dear Leo.

I know you hate me and that you might not even want to read this, but if some part of you doesn’t completely despise me and you are reading this, then I want you to know I’m sorry.

This is new to me, because I’ve never cared about an Omega before. And yes, before you stop reading and tear this letter up, I do care about you. That’s what scared me, and that’s why I pushed you away. I’ve never bitten anyone, I’ve never wanted anyone the way I wanted you, and it was terrifying.

I’m sorry I hurt you. I’m so fucking sorry, Leo. I wished I could turn it all around and make it better and have you all to myself again. When you left I felt so empty. I’ve sent the other Omegas away,
because I’ve come to the conclusion that I don’t want anyone but you.

I’m training to go to the frontline now, and I hope that if I survive and come back that maybe you’ll forgive me.

Yours.

Percy.

Leo didn’t rip up the letter, in fact he still had it, and all the other letters that followed, even though he never wrote back to Percy. Despite the time apart he could feel the raw connection between him and the Alpha and he only hoped that he could tell if something were to happen to the man because deep down he did care about him. He hated to admit it but the letters helped him get through the public starvations where the Equalists refused all food and were often force fed, and the numerous times he got arrested, and when he laid at night in his bed with dull pain from his suppressed heat.

He didn’t know what to make of the letters and often he wondered if Percy only wrote them out of boredom, or out of fear of being on the frontline. Whatever the case, Leo treasured the letters. He had wanted Percy to love him, even though he didn’t admit it, and the confessions in the letters – no matter if real or not – kept him going. They gave him hope that maybe one day he would be happy.

For the most part by the time he turned twenty, Leo was satisfied. He worked in the factories with the other Equalists and lived in Cabin 9...at least until the war ended and all the Alphas came back from the frontlines, demanding their jobs back. Once again the Omegas took a back-seat and once again they were reverted back to their old ways of public protests.

And the letters from Percy stopped coming.

***

Seeing address that Percy had written to for four years seemed abstract. 9 Hephaestus Street, London, was a skinny brick building wedged between two others, with windows that seemed a little too narrow. It was nice enough though and for what seemed like forever Percy stood in front of it, clutching the piece of paper with the address on it to his chest. It was a beautiful summer’s day and Percy was glad to be alive.

He didn’t end up knocking because a girl came out of the building and onto the porch. Percy could smell the sweetness of being an Omega on her and watched, interested, as she pulled out a packet of cigarettes out of her pocket and lit out. She inhaled and on her exhale her eyes met Percy’s.

“Can I help you?” she asked.

“Uh...,” Percy swallowed, “I’m looking for Leo. Leo Valdez.”

The girl straightened up and eyed Percy up and down, “Don’t know him.”

Percy’s heart dropped, “I was told he lives here.”

“He doesn’t,” the girl’s eyes narrowed. Percy fidgeted.

“But...I’m...I’ve been writing to him-“

“Look, mister,” the girl seemed annoyed, “we don’t trust Alphas in these parts, you should know that. And even if some Spanish Omega lived here I wouldn’t tell you anyway. For all I know you’re an abusive mate.”
Percy was appalled by that notion but before he could argue his innocence a shout of ‘Zoe!’ sounded from the house and the girl walked back inside in a huff, slamming the doors shut.

Percy was left alone and confused and disappointed.

*What if he didn’t read my letters?* He wondered as he dragged himself to the town centre, *what if he hates me and never wants to see me? What if he found himself another Alpha? No, that’s impossible...*

The man was so lost in his own thoughts that he didn’t even notice he had stumbled into a middle of a protest until suddenly he was surrounded by a crowd of furious Alphas, shouting. When the man looked up his mouth went dry.

An Omega had chained himself to a post, like some parody of a burning at the stake. The Omega was Leo. He was defenceless, arms tied to the post, surrounded by a mob of angry Alphas. Two girls were nearby, shouting at the crowd angrily, but not close enough to actually help if something happened. Percy’s heart jumped to his throat and he pushed through the crowd.

“Leo!” he shouted desperately, overwhelmed by emotions, “Leo!”

The Omega’s eyes landed on his and at first they widened, full of disbelief, before narrowing and filling with anger, “Fuck off you rich bastard!” he screamed at Percy.

“Get down, you idiot!” Percy shouted back, over the roar of the crowd, “Stop being such a coward and come home already!”

“Fuck you!” Leo’s face was red with fury, “I’m not going anywhere until we get our rights. We demand equality! We demand the fundamental right to education and democracy! We demand he right to rule over our own bodies. We demand the right to work!”

“Leo please-,” Percy begged, as the crowd of Alphas was getting more and more angry, shouting offensive words at the Omega and his two friends, who shouted right back. Clearly Percy was only making things worse because the boy looked down on him and yelled.

"If you want something to heat you up, go toast your balls in the fryer asshole!” which actually earned a few cheers from the crowd and completely took Percy aback.

Then the sound of a whistle sounded and there were police-officers spilling into the crowd, naturally all Alphas. Two of them grabbed Leo’s friends, pulling the struggling girls to a police carriage, while two more started undoing Leo’s chains while the Omega shouted offenses at them. Percy tried to push to his mate through the rowdy crowd, but it was impossible and he watched helplessly as Leo was dragged to the police carriage.

Percy never courted Omegas. But this time, for the sake of his heart and sanity, he realised that he’d have to.

***

They allowed him to bail Leo out of the jail for two shillings, which Percy thought was fair, but they didn’t release the boy until early morning. Percy spent the night at an inn and went to the prison first thing, just before dawn.

When Leo was let out of the rather menacing looking building, he didn’t look happy. His clothes were dirty and rumpled and he was glaring at Percy. Earlier the Alpha had been too excited to properly look at him but now, in the semi-darkness of the morning, he could take the boy in.
Leo had grown a little taller since the last time they saw each other, and all the protests had thinned him out even more. There were dark bags under his chocolatey eyes and his curls were longer, so now the boy cut pull them back into a bun at the nape of his neck. He was absolutely gorgeous and Percy’s inner wolf howled happily at finally being with his mate again. Seeing him made Percy feel light as a feather and he just wanted to pull the boy into his arms and kiss him and never let him go.

“What do you want, asshole?” Leo asked, breaking the little daydream Percy was in.

“I wanted to see you,” the soldier replied. Leo huffed out a humourless laugh and stared walking down the street, so Percy had to run after him, “Hey! Don’t I even get a thank you! I bailed you out of jail!”

“I don’t care,” Leo said back angrily, not even looking at Percy, “I’m going to end back there by the end of the week anyway.”

Percy grabbed the boy’s hand and forced him to stop walking and turn around so they were facing each other. The sun was setting, the sky amber, the shadows on the street deep. Leo looked angry.

“Let go,” he growled.

Percy grabbed the scarf around the boy’s neck and pulled it free, his heart clenching when he saw the bite mark he left there four years ago. It had healed and was just a scar now, but just looking at it made Percy feel things he couldn’t name.

Leo snatched the scarf back and wrapped it back around his neck, “Don’t do that again,” he said, low in his throat, “Or they’ll never find your body.”

It was hard to think that this boy, who had once trembled beneath Percy and clung to him, was now this strong person. Looking at Leo Percy didn’t see a weak Omega, and for some reason that made him happy.

“Did you get my letters?” he asked when Leo started walking again.

“Leave me alone.”

“Leo, come on. I just want to know if you got them,” they were in the familiar maze of streets that Percy was in that morning and he knew he was running out of time. He just needed something, anything that would tell him that some part of Leo didn’t hate him. He stopped walking when Leo’s house – the same one he was at that morning – came into view, and he said, “When I was in the trenches you were the only thing that kept me alive,” his words made Leo stop in his tracks and although he didn’t turn around it was obvious he was listening. Percy hated being vulnerable, but he had to be in that moment, “The war was like nothing you could ever imagine. I was terrified most of the time, and half-dead for the remainder. Writing to you helped me remember a better time,” he cleared his throat and Leo didn’t say anything, “I’m...I’m not going to pretend like I’m the best you could’ve gotten, because I’m not. You deserve better. I’m staying in the city for a while, I hope you’ll let me see you again.”

Leo was silent and just when Percy was about to give up and turn around, he heard a quiet “I got your letters” and then Leo disappeared into his house.

It gave Percy the little bit of hope he needed.

***

Leo’s mouth felt dry and his lungs ached. He coughed into his fist.
“The hunger strike is going well,” Artemis said confidently, “and nobody has died yet, which is
good.”

“I think we really might break them this time,” Bianca said optimistically. Reyna shook her head.

“No. We have news that they’re going to round all of us up and do force feeding today,” she said,
“As, Phoebe got arrested yesterday for throwing an axe at the Prime Minister.”

They all looked pale and weak after two days of their hunger strike. Leo had bigger issues to worry
about than his empty stomach. He was focused solely on Percy’s sudden re-appearance in his life.
He would be lying if he said he had even remotely moved on. Percy was alive and well in Leo’s
head every time he went to sleep, and his letters just made it worse. But at the bottom of his heart
Leo never believed that Percy had changed...until he saw him. His soft eyes and sweet words were
confusing Leo and complicating everything. He remembered the asshole that had a whorehouse of
Omegas in his home...that person was, to an extent, gone. The mischief prevailed in Percy’s eyes but
there was a softness there too, and the hard thing was that Leo didn’t know what he wanted...Leo
coughed.

“Hey!” Nico snapped his fingers in front of Leo’s face, “Focus.”

“S-Sorry,” Leo looked at the worried faces around the table in the Big House.

“What happened?” Artemis asked. Leo fidgeted under her scrutinizing gaze.

“N-Nothing.”

“Don’t lie,” Reyna snapped, “You’ve been weird ever since the arrest,” her eyes narrowed, “Does it
have anything to do with the Alpha who came looking for you this morning?”

“Percy came looking for me?” Leo asked, too fast. The eyes of the Equalists narrowed.

“Ah, so he has a name now,” Zoe said.

“Come on ladies,” Bianca said, “why don’t we stop singling Leo out,” she turned to him with a kind
smile, “is he your mate?”

Leo dropped his eyes, “I don’t want to talk about it. I don’t...he doesn’t mean anything.”

“Leo-,” Artemis sighed.

“He doesn’t mean anything,” Leo repeated firmly.

“Alright, if you say so,” Artemis said, and went back to the plan for the next day’s protest, where
they’d go down Downing Street and throw stones through the windows of the Prime Minister’s
house.

***

The Omegas stood in solidarity in the middle of the city square, back to back in a circle, faces
impassive as the crowd of Alphas jeered and spat at them. Some helplessly brought them food, but
the Omegas refused to take it.

The sun was warm overhead and Leo felt weak. He tried to prepare himself mentally for what he
knew was going to come; force feeding. The world couldn’t risk losing Omegas to malnutrition and
so soon the police would swarm them and drag them to jail, where the Omegas would be tied to
chairs and have tubes forced down their throats all the way to their stomachs so the police could force food down. Leo had had it done to him numerous times but he still couldn’t get used to it – it hurt, it felt alien, it was humiliating. And Leo’s cough was bothering him, making his throat and lungs feel raw.

His stomach growled at the thought of food and Leo closed his eyes briefly. For hours now his eyes had scanned the forever changing crowd to see if Percy had come, but the Alpha was nowhere to be seen. *Maybe he gave up…* Leo thought, and it made him sad.

The whistle sounded near the afternoon and the Omegas all shifted as they heard the thunder of pounding policeman footsteps.

“Surrender!” an Alpha roared, and then there were hands grabbing Leo and pulling him forcefully from the circle. The police officers seized the Equalists and were forcing the struggling Omegas to carriages. Leo was tense in the arms of the officer who had him but he was too weak to fight properly, his movements sluggish due to his hunger.

“Hey!” a voice called before Leo could be forced into the carriage, and suddenly Percy was there. The officer turned to him and straightened up. The officer was a Beta, and Percy was an Alpha, “let him go,” Percy said, low in his throat.

“Sir, this Omega is being arrested.”

“I don’t care,” Percy snapped, “Let him go or you’ll have to deal with *me,*” he towered over the officer, who was clearly uncomfortable. His grip loosened on Leo, “you can take it up with me later if you’d like.” Percy continued, “My name is Perseus Jackson, I’m the Duke of Norfolk.”

The police officers eyes widened and he let go of Leo who swayed on his feet, “A-Apologies, my Lord,” he bowed and then hurriedly scuttled away.

Percy seized Leo’s arm and dragged him away and the boy didn’t have the strength to fight. When Percy pulled him into a dark alleyway between two houses, he stumbled over his feet and almost fell, painful cramps churning in his stomach. He doubled over and coughed into his hand.

“Shit.” Percy caught him and Leo slumped against him, the warmth and smell of the Alpha making him relaxed. He just wanted to sleep, “Jesus, Leo you need to eat.”

“No.” Leo slurred.

Then there was bread being forced into his mouth and Leo had no idea where Percy got bread from but his body was too hungry to care and without meaning to he ate everything Percy put into his mouth. The Alpha had him pressed into a wall and he fed him with surprise gentleness, before pulling out a glass bottle of water and giving him that too.

That was the last thing Leo remembered.

***

*He’s not dead. He’s not dead,* Percy told himself as he sat on the edge of his bed in the inn he was staying in. He only hoped that he gave Leo enough food before the boy passed out.

He looked tiny in Percy’s bed, all pale and shivering despite the heat outside and the pile of covers he was lying under. At first Percy had kept his distance but as the hours ticked by he drifted closer and closer to the sleeping boy, caressing his curls. He messed up so bad.
When Leo started twitching and shifting in his sleep, Percy withdrew his hand and shifted away, so Leo didn’t feel uncomfortable when he woke up. Slowly Leo’s eyes opened and for a second he looked confused, but then he saw Percy sitting next to him.

“Hey,” the Alpha said. Leo struggled into a sitting position and looked around the room.

“What happened?” he asked hoarsely.

“You passed out,” Percy told him, “I tried to make you eat but you only had a bit.”

“Where are we?” Leo questioned, eyes fluttering around the room.

“An inn. I went to your house and knocked but nobody opened.”

“They’re all in jail,” Leo said, climbing off the bed, “Probably getting force fed while I’m here. I need to go,” he swayed on his feet and groaned in pain, almost collapsing. Percy was by his side in seconds, securing him with an arm around his waist. Leo leaned into him, as if he couldn’t help himself.

“You need to eat,” Percy said. Leo shook his head.

“The whole p-point of the protest is not eating...”

“You’re not going to do the Equalists any good if you don’t eat.”

That’s how Percy and Leo ended up in the main part of the inn, in a little, secluded corner, with the Alpha watching as Leo wolfed down a whole plate of roast dinner. It was nice to see that Percy hadn’t broken him down.

“So,” the Alpha said as Leo ate, “How did you end up here?”

“It’s a long story,” Leo replied, shoving a whole roast potato into his mouth and making Percy smile.

“And how have you gotten through your heats?”

Leo froze, looked up at Percy, blushed and looked down again. He pushed his plate away, “Suppressants.”

“Seriously?” Percy’s brow arched. Leo glared at him.

“What else did you want me to do?” he asked, and then sighed, “Jesus Christ I tried. I tried to kiss others, to have sex, and it just didn’t work...”

Percy’s heart twisted, “I’m glad it didn’t.”

“You’re a selfish asshole,” Leo growled.

“I was. I sent all the other Omegas away, and I didn’t have anyone in France.”

“Good for you,” Leo stood up, and he still looked pale and unsteady, “I’m going home.”

“Let me walk you there,” Percy stood up.

“I don’t need an escort,” Leo growled.

“It’s late,” Percy sighed, “and you’re weak.”
“I’m fine,” Leo said, then coughed into his sleeve. When he looked at his sleeve it was stained with red. And then he fainted.

***

When he woke up it was the middle of the day and it was raining. Outside the day was grey and all of Leo’s body ached. When he looked at the ceiling he recognised a crack there, which made him realise he was at his house in Cabin 9. He struggled into a sitting position and saw, with some confusion, that his room was filled with flowers. Vases and vases, full of tulips and roses and other colourful variations. Leo frowned. He could hear voices downstairs.

Moments later Bianca strolled into his room casually, without knocking, a pitcher of water in her hand. Her eyes widened and she froze when she saw Leo.

“Oh my God,” she whispered and then placed her items down before collapsing next to Leo’s bed and grabbing his hand, “Oh my God, you’re alive. Thank Jesus,” she kissed his hand.

“What happened?” Leo’s voice was hoarse when he spoke, and his throat felt raw.

Bianca’s eyes were full of tears, “Pneumonia. You had pneumonia, Leo.”

“W-What?” Leo whispered, “How long...,” his eyes slid to the window, “How long was I unconscious for?”

“A week,” Bianca said, “God, Leo. You should’ve died, if it wasn’t for Percy-“

Leo’s head snapped to the girl, “What about him?” he demanded.

“He got you the best doctor in London,” Bianca said, “None of us would’ve been able to afford it. It took him a day or two of persuading but eventually Nyssa let him come and see you. He didn’t leave your side for five days, he even slept on the floor. He took care of you, he...,” her voice faltered and her expression softened, “Leo, he’s a good Alpha. He cares about you.”

Leo’s heart was pounding and suddenly there was an unbearable yearning inside him, “W-Where is he?”

“Downstairs. He’s drinking coffee with Reyna.”

“Can...can you...,” Leo had trouble wrapping his head around what Bianca told him, but the girl understood. She smiled, nodded and stood up, leaving Leo’s bedroom.

The boy sat in his bed, hands clenched in his covers. He heard his footsteps on he stairs, then there was a small knock on the door, and then Percy slipped inside. It was raining, hard, and Leo felt cold until he saw his mate. Percy’s eyes were brimming with emotions Leo was too scared to name and in seconds he was on the bed and gathering Leo up in his arms, holding him tightly to his chest.

Leo leaned into him, craving his Alpha’s touch, and Percy stroked his hair, “I’m so glad you’re alright,” he whispered feverishly, “I was so scared Leo. So scared.”

Leo remembered himself and that he was supposed to hate Percy and so he pulled away. It took a lot of effort, but he managed it. He cleared his raw throat, “So...uh...did you bring all the flowers?”

“Yes,” Percy smiled, “I thought I’d court you properly. Except you were unconscious.”

Leo sighed and laid down, feeling exhausted again. His eyes were heavy, “Thank you for taking
He felt Percy’s fingers in his hair, gentle and hesitant, and he shivered, “I promised I’d take care of you, didn’t I?” he whispered. Leo squeezed his eyes shut, the emotions he felt four years ago flooding him. He curled in on himself, but Percy didn’t pull his hand away, “Can I hold you?” he asked.

“I want to sleep,” Leo mumbled.

“I know. That’s okay. Let me hold you while you fall asleep.”

The thought of being in Percy’s strong, warm arms right then sounded amazing and so Leo, against his better judgement, nodded his head.

***

When he woke up and he was warm for the first time in forever. Slowly Leo’s surroundings flooded in. The sheets against his skin, the soft lips against his shoulder...

Leo’s eyes snapped open and he inhaled sharply because shit he was in Percy’s arms and the Alpha had pushed his t-shirt aside so he could kiss Leo’s shoulder, “W-What...,” the Omega whispered.

Percy jerked away, eyes wide, “Fuck. Sorry. I didn’t...I didn’t realise what I was doing, I just wanted to touch you...”

They were inches away and Leo couldn’t breathe. Percy was so close, and the room smelled like flowers, and Leo was warm and safe. His eyes were locked with Percy’s, unwavering, and he didn’t know what to do. Slowly, slowly Percy lifted his hand and touched Leo’s cheek.

The Omega couldn’t take it and he surged forward and crashed his mouth to the Alphas. He promised himself he wouldn’t trust Percy, that he wouldn’t fall for him, not after the way the man treated him...but it was hard. Percy was his mate, the one destined for him, and Leo just wanted him to love him so badly...

Percy held his face in his hands and kissed back just as fiercely. It was as if a dam was broken between them and all the feelings they held cooped up inside themselves for four years flooded out. Leo threw his arms around Percy’s neck and clung onto him and Percy’s hands slid down his back, pressing into his skin, then grabbing his ass, his hips, anywhere he could reach. Their breaths mingled together, tongues twisted around on another. The sheer desperation of their kiss was driving Leo insane.

The scarf was gone from his neck, probably taken off during his illness, and the bite mark felt warm. In no time Leo was panting and gasping and clinging onto Percy, wondering when the guilt and regret would flood in and make him pull away. But no matter how long he waited it never came – he just felt content, and happy, and incredibly aroused.

Percy was the one to pull away first, surprisingly, and his eyes, almost black with desire, searched Leo’s face, “Tell me you want this,” he said breathlessly, “Tell me you want me, Leo.”

Leo looked at him helplessly and he was too scared to say anything. The fear of rejection won in the end so he just shifted closer and connected his mouth to Percy’s again, grabbing the man’s hand and pushing it under his own shirt. Percy broke away from his mouth to kiss down his neck, the stubble he didn’t have when he was nineteen catching on Leo’s soft skin and making the boy shiver.

“G-God...,” he gasped as Percy sucked a hickey into his neck.
“I’ve wanted this for so long,” the Alpha whispered heatedly, “Nobody else was good enough,” he bit Leo’s earlobe and the boy whined, “Nobody. None of the other Omegas. You were the only one. You are the only one. My mate.”

There was a sudden heat inside Leo, threatening to consume him. He found Percy’s mouth again, threw a leg around the Alpha’s waist and moaned against his lips as he rocked forward, brushing their clothed erections around each other. Percy grabbed his ass and pulled him close, forcing their throbbing cocks to be pressed against each other. Leo shook.

“F-Fuck me,” he whispered against Percy’s mouth, horrified at how needy he sounded.

In seconds Percy had him pressed onto the bed, hovering over him. For a second Leo got a horrible flashback to his first and only heat with the Alpha, when he felt so used, but Percy didn’t turn him onto his stomach. Instead he kissed him, long and passionate, pushing Leo’s legs apart and climbing between them.

There was no rush this time. Percy peeled away every layer of Leo’s clothing and kissed every inch of the skin revealed as if Leo was some God. He dragged his lips over the boy’s thin torso, over his hips, his thighs, all the while whispering you’re beautiful…you’re perfect…I’m so sorry. Leo was dizzy and had lost control over himself, putting all his trust in Percy. It wasn’t like his heat – this time he knew exactly what he was doing.

Despite Leo’s insistence that it was fine, Percy decided to prepare him. The room was filled with the sound of Leo’s erratic breath and little aroused gasps as Percy pushed his fingers inside, first one, then two, and finally three. He twisted them inside the boy until Leo was trembling, drinking up every little reaction of the Omega. Leo felt like he was on fire, and it was so intense that he couldn’t even imagine ever doing it with anybody else.

When Percy finally got his hard cock out and settled between Leo’s legs, he asked again, “Tell me you want this.”

“Why?” Leo asked breathlessly.

“I don’t want to hurt you again,” Percy murmured, stroking Leo’s face, his own cheeks flushed and eyes dark with some primal desire, “I want to know that you really want me to do this. That you want me to be your mate.”

Leo wrapped his legs around the Alphas waist and pulled him down, pressing his ass against the other man’s crotch, “I want this,” he whispered, “I want you. I want you to fuck me, and I want you to bite me, and I want you to keep your fucking promises.”

Percy kissed him violently and thrust into him in one swift movement. Leo cried out, breaking the kiss, his back arching on its own accord. One moment he was aroused and tense and desperate and the next he was full to the brim and in ecstasy.

“Fuck…,” he moaned, “Fuck, fuck, fuck…”

Percy kissed his neck sloppily, his shoulder, anywhere he could reach as his cock twitched inside Leo. It felt good to be like this again – insanely good – and Leo felt like he had waited for it for so long.

“I’m gonna move,” Percy said, voice a borderline growl.

“Yes, yes, yes, please,” Leo gasped, legs tightening around Percy’s waist.
The Alpha started thrusting into him, finding his prostate immediately as if he knew where it was. Unlike the last time this time Leo could look at his face, and Percy’s eyes, despite carrying a carnal hunger, were full of love and Leo knew that everything was going to be okay. Percy fucked him into the bed, filling his body with heat, until Leo was sobbing and clawing at his back and when Percy was moment away from his orgasm he connected his forehead to Leo’s and whispered in the most broken voice,

“I love you.”

And Leo knew it wasn’t a lie. That day he cried because of an Alpha. His Alpha. His Mate.

**November 1918 (4 months later)**

Percy was tending to the garden, something he found that he surprisingly enjoyed, in his new London house. He could hear the traffic on the other side of the building, but that was normal. It was a beautiful morning, cold but sunny, and Percy worked on removing weeds from the bushes, slowly dying for winter. That morning he had gotten a letter from his mother, asking him and Leo to their country house before the two went off for their honeymoon. Percy, of course, agreed.

He was well in the midst of his work when a maid rushed out into the garden, “Master Percy,” she gushed, “Master Leo is back!”

Percy grinned and dropped his gardening gloves into a bush before hurrying inside the house. Leo was out in the hallway, pulling off his jacket and scarf, grinning like the little devil he was.

“Heello,” Percy told him, standing in the doorway. The boy looked up at him and his smile widened. He threw himself at the Alpha and Percy caught him with a laugh, surprised when Leo kissed him on the mouth with sudden passion, “Someone’s happy,” Percy said softly, pulling away to press his forehead against Leo’s.

“We did it,” the Omega whispered. Percy frowned and stroked his face.

“Did what?”

“Omegas got the right to vote,” Leo’s voice was full of shock and disbelief. Percy’s eyes widened and then he was picking his husband up and whirling him around the room, both of them laughing, and kissing between their laughs.

“Oh God, I’m so happy,” Percy told him, “I’m so proud of you,” he peppered Leo’s face in kisses and the boy just couldn’t stop smiling.

“It’s still a long way to go,” he said breathlessly, “But it’s something. Reyna and Artemis and the others will come later to celebrate, so let’s get some whiskey out, alright?”

“Anything you want, baby,” Percy murmured, and kissed him again.

Having Leo as his mate was the best thing to ever happen to him.
Oh no! We're gonna get caught where we shouldn't have been sneaking around! Quick, let's make out! Au for Jercey or Freo for CaptainAshes

“We shouldn’t be here,” Jason hissed, always the sensible one. Percy rolled his eyes, not looking back at his friend. They were fourteen and yet the son of Jupiter still acted as if they were kids, sneaking around.

Okay, so yeah, they were sneaking around, and yeah it was kids, but it’s not like anything could happen to them. Okay, so the harpies could catch them and have them as a midnight snack, but apart from that the worst case scenario was getting a talking-to from Chiron and doing dishes for a week, which in Percy’s books was worth it.

“Percy I’m serious,” Jason grabbed the other boy’s hand as they struggled through the dark woods surrounding camp and Percy stopped to look at him. The blond appeared distressed, “We’re gonna get into shit for this.”

“They started it,” Percy huffed and freed his wrist, continuing his trek. Jason groaned behind him but followed, for which Percy was glad. Soon Bunker 9 was looking out of the darkness, dark and foreboding.

A week ago Percy and Jason had gotten into a fight with Leo and Nyssa over who should be doing what duties, and the fight ended in the two children of Hephaestus burning all of Jason’s and Percy’s clothes off, forcing them to run naked and humiliated to their cabins. And now Percy was bloodthirsty for revenge. He couldn’t wait to find out what the Hephaestus kids would think when they found out that all of their screwdrivers were missing. It was a perfect plan...

Except now Jason was chickening out. He kept grumbling under his breath about how stupid their prank was but Percy had long since learned to ignore his best friend’s negativity and just go with it.

They were met with the door to the bunker bolted shut from the inside, “See? It’s a sign!” Jason said desperately, “Can we go back now please?”

Percy smirked, “Nope,” he said happily. He felt for the water around him, the dew on the grass and the drops gathered on the leaves of the trees around him. They all rushed to him and slipped under the door of the bunker. Percy closed his eyes and manipulated the water so it unlocked the door. Seconds later it was sliding open and Jason was sighing with disappointment, “After you,” Percy held the door open and winked at Jason. The blond glared at him but dove into the darkness of the bunker.
Soon enough they found the light-switch and Percy hurried around the huge building, pulling out screwdrivers from drawers and shoving them into the magic bag he borrowed from the Aphrodite girls, that could fit an infinite amount of things. He felt a bit like Hermione Granger and was very confident about his plan.

Jason wasn’t. He stood with his arms crossed over his chest and kept glancing at the door, anxious, “Can we go now?” he asked every few minutes.

“No, shut up scardey-cat,” Percy would say, finding more and more screwdrivers, “Gods, how many do they need?” he mumbled to himself, kneeling down to pull some out from a box.

Suddenly Jason tensed, “Someone’s coming!” the boy hissed, panicked. Percy looked up at him, expecting his friend to be making it up to make them leave.

“What?”

“I was listening to the wind,” Jason walked over and jerked Percy to his feet, “I can hear Nyssa. I think Jake’s with her!”

“Fuck,” Percy swore, even though he knew he wasn’t supposed to, and looked around the huge bunker helplessly. There were a million of placed for them to hide...and all too far away. Now Percy could hear the voices too, just outside the door, “What do we-”

Before he could finish his sentence Jason slammed into him, sending him backwards against a work station. Percy’s back collided with it painfully and he gasped, about to ask Jason what the heck his problem was, but he was stopped when the blond crashed their mouths together.

Percy was absolutely shocked, his eyes wide, and Jason kissed him. It wasn’t just a touch of the lips or even an innocent peck – it was a full out snog. Percy felt blood rush to his cheeks and Jason’s mouth just moved against his, his hands curled into fists on the workspace behind Percy, trapping him in.

And slowly, slowly, Percy felt himself melting. He shivered, because Jason’s lips were a little dry and chapped but impossibly soft, and allowed his eyes to flutter shut. He felt weirdly light and he realised that Jason was kissing him to give them an excuse for sneaking around.

When Percy heard the door to the bunker creak open seconds later, he slipped his arms around Jason’s shoulders and pulled him closer. The blond’s breathing grew faster and he kissed Percy harder, and the son of Poseidon kissed back clumsily, hands gripping the hood at the back of Jason’s sweatshirt. Their noses bumped together but the kiss was awesome and when Percy opened his mouth Jason didn’t hesitate in sliding his tongue inside. Percy should’ve been grossed out, but he wasn’t, his own tongue coming out to rub against Jason’s.

“What the-,” they heard Nyssa’s shocked voice but neither of the boys pulled away, instead clutching each other harder.

“Oops,” that was Jake, “Shouldn’t have seen that. Sorry boys!” he sounded apologetic. The door to the bunker slammed shut seconds later, but Jason and Percy still didn’t pull apart, completely lost in their own world.

Percy felt like he could kiss Jason forever, and he did...until his jaw ached and his lips were numb. Finally he pulled away and Jason was looking at him with dark eyes, cheeks flushed and mouth swollen. He cleared his throat and awkwardly looked away.

“Told you we’d get caught.”
Percy blushed and looked at his feet, “Yeah,” he picked up a screwdriver and slipped it into his bag, heart pounding. Somehow the prank didn’t seem important anymore. Subconsciously Percy touched his lips, and smiled.
Can you do a vampire AU where Nico/ Jason/ Percy are a bunch of vampire business men who are all together in a relationship and they are looking for a blood source. They meet Leo by chance at a restaurant he works at and they’re captivated by him and ask him to do it. At first he is hesitant but he eventually agrees. In this ~au~ you’re with the right person when you feel pleasure when the vampire bites the blood source, and whenever any of the three bite Leo, he feels pleasure. He’s able to not be obvious about it at first, but as they continue to use him as a blood source he can’t control himself and is visibly pleased whenever they sink their teeth in. After a long list of shenanigans and “will they won’t they” the four boys finally confess their feelings for each other and it ends cute and smutty for Guest

October 2018

“I’m hungry,” Percy whined, laying sprawled on one of the leather couches in their apartment.

“Okay,” Nico turned the page of the book he was reading, curled up in the armchair. The minutes ticked by, torturously slow, as both the boys tried to ignore the hunger pains in their stomachs, prickling away at their nerves. Percy was depressed, Nico was agitated.

“I’m hungry,” the elder boy said again, his voice high-pitched, like a child’s. Nico gritted his teeth so his fangs ground down on his lip.

“I said okay,” he tried to keep calm.

Percy rolled over onto his stomach so he could pouted at Nico, “But Neeks...I’m hungry.”

“Jesus Christ Percy,” Nico slammed his book shut and glared at his boyfriend, his eyes blazing crimson, “I fucking heard you the first time, I’m hungry too, what the hell do you want me to do about it?”
Percy’s eyes narrowed and he rolled off the couch, standing up, “No need to be a dick about it,” he huffed.

Just then Jason walked out of the bathroom, shirtless, a towel around his neck, his muscles glimmering in the living-room light, “What’s all the shouting about?” he asked.

“Nothing,” Nico growled, snapping his book open once more even though he couldn’t focus on the words. Jason gave Percy – who was sulking in the doorway to the kitchen, a pointed look.

“Percy?”

“Nico snapped at me,” the boy said pitifully, walking over to Jason and slinging his arms around the blond’s waist, nuzzling his wet neck. Jason smiled and caressed his dark hair lovingly, kissing the side of his head.

“You two need to stop acting like kids,” he said.

“Can’t we just go to the blood bank?” Percy asked, “I’m starving, I’ll take anything they can give me.”

“We can’t,” Jason sighed, “I already went, if I take any more it’ll be suspicious.”

“Yeah and last time they only had o-negative. I don’t like o-negative,” Percy whined, “Can’t we get it fresh from the source like we used to?” Jason looked at Nico, who glared at them from above the pages of his book, unable to concentrate.

“What?” the Italian barked.

“You don’t look so well,” Jason said and slid out of Percy’s arms, padding over to his boyfriend and reaching out to touch his cheek. Angrily Nico jerked away and stood up, throwing his book carelessly onto the kitchen table.

“I don’t feel so well,” Nico snapped, “We haven’t had fresh blood in a week. We’re going to fucking die.”

“There’s only one way about it,” Percy walked over and rested his head on Jason’s shoulder, “We need to find a donor,” when he got a disapproving look from the blond he specified, “A willing donor.”

September 1620

The New World.

Jason Grace inhaled deeply as his feet landed in the wet sand of the New World for the first time. The air was clean, not polluted and suffocating like the air in London. It was the air that nobody else from Europe had ever inhaled before...

That was a lie. The Lost Colony of Roanoke had been here but now, as Jason finally got off the Mayflower, he didn’t want to think about that. He didn’t want to think about how all those people had disappeared without a trace.

This was a new beginning for him; here, alongside the other Pilgrims, he could create the greatest nation that ever lived, better than Spain or England or France. Here he wouldn’t be shunned for who he was and who he liked to bed...or at least he hoped so.
Hoped. Hope. The feeling of it filled Jason’s lungs.

Around him the Pilgrims knelt and kissed the sand and thanked the Gods they believed in but Jason, who was tired of seeing their pale, sunken faces, wandered off into the trees. They emerged from the fog like shadowy people and something in Jason told him that he shouldn’t be going here, that he shouldn’t separate from the others. But his curiosity was stronger and before long he was walking through a dense, wet wood. Around him he heard the songs of birds unknown to man, and the underbrush shifted with little animals. Jason felt free.

He almost didn’t see the man who was just a silhouette in the corner of his eye, but at the last moment he turned. His stomach clenched and fear broke over him suddenly because he hadn’t expected someone to follow him. But just as Jason’s heartbeat started to calm after his initial shock, he realised that the man, standing only a few feet away, was not one of theirs.

He was tall and seemed almost too perfect to be real. His pale hair was slicked back, his flawless skin so pale it seemed paper-white. He was richly dressed in a shirt and a jacket that touched the floor, a bizarre smile on his lips. His eyes were blood red.

Had he come off the Mayflower? Jason thought desperately. Or was he a sailor from another ship? The man’s presence unnerved him as much as his smile did and although Jason wanted to run, his legs seemed glued in place.

“Hello,” the man said eventually. Jason couldn’t even get a word out, which seemed to amuse the red-eyed stranger, “Why don’t you tell me your name, young man?” he asked, and something about his voice seemed persuasive.

“J-Jason,” the blond stuttered out, unable to look away from the ethereal, dangerous being in front of him. I’m going to die, he realised then, “Jason G-Grace.”

“Well, Jason Grace,” the stranger’s voice made a shiver run down Jason’s back, and when he smiled the blond saw, with horror, two sharp fangs, “How would you like to be immortal?”

When Jason blinked the stranger was in front of him as if he had teleported, and then the fangs were on him.

***

“Leo we got another complaint today,” Chiron said from the door as Leo angrily shoved his work uniform into his bag, ignoring his manager. He was angry...no, more than angry, he was pissed, “Apparently you mixed up the orders.”

“I didn’t!” the boy protested, whirling around, blood burning hot in his veins, “The girl very specifically said that she wanted the Half-Blood burger, not the Jupiter one, and then she changed her order!”

Chiron sighed, “Whatever the case may be you can’t just swear at the customers, Leo.”

“Whatever. Fire me then,” the Latino grumbled and made for the door, knowing full well that Chiron liked him too much to ever let him go.

“I don’t know what’s going on with you, Leo,” the manager sighed.

“Life,” the Latino replied and reached for the door handle. Then he hesitated and turned around to look at his boss, who was like a father to him, “I’m sorry,” he said, “I just...I’m just annoyed.”
Chiron smiled understandably, “I know this is all incredibly frustrating. I know juggling a job and studies is hard, but don’t overwork yourself, because you take it out on the people around you, whether you realise it or not.”

Leo nibbled on his bottom lip and shifted from foot to foot, “I’m just pent up,” he said eventually, “Lots of frustration. I’m constantly between here and school and I feel like I haven’t relaxed in forever.”

“Why don’t you take next week off?” Chiron offered. Leo smiled then, “No-can-do, old man. The bills aren’t going to pay themselves,” he winked at the man, who shook his head fondly, and then Leo bounded out onto the wet, dark streets of London, “See ya tomorrow!” he shouted before the doors of the restaurant slid shut.

He breathed the cold air deeply, feeling it settle in his lungs, and slung his bag over his shoulder. The alleyway behind the restaurant was not a nice place, full of rubbish bins and backdoors to places Leo didn’t want to go, but it was the fastest way to the bus-stop, and so the fastest way home. Leo pulled out his earphones and began untangling them as he walked.

When he heard voices he didn’t look up, walking a little bit faster, feeling a little more anxious, but when a woman’s laughter filtered over he relaxed a little. He was small and skinny for a guy and so being alone in a dark alley at night was scary. But if a girl was around he felt – weirdly – more safe. He looked up as he passed the couple, barely managing to catch a glimpse of them. The guy was tall and dark-haired, the girl smaller and blonde. They were both gorgeous and gone quickly, rounding the corner and leaving Leo walking alone once more.

He didn’t think much about them, and they disappeared from his head almost immediately. The boy put his earphones in and blared out some music as he sprinted to catch his bus, which had just pulled up the bus-stop. Fifteen minutes later he was home.

‘Home’ was a tiny flat in West London, that had a dingy kitchen filled mostly with packets of instant ramen, cans of Pepsi and eggs, a living-room with an old, pull-out couch that came with the place, a bathroom with a shower that Leo barely fit in (and he was tiny) and a bedroom similar to University accommodation, where Leo now found himself, collapsing face-first. Despite it not being ideal, he liked his flat, because he afforded it himself. He had no family and had been alone all his life, just like he was now, but knowing that he had something he worked for himself brought him pleasure.

Still, he wished he could’ve had a different life.

November 1888

London.

Nico didn’t want to be out here, not after the killings. ‘Jack the Ripper’ they called him, a shadowy enigma of a man, scuttling about the dark streets of Whitechapel. Nico wasn’t a prostitute, so they told him he had nothing to fear.

So why was he so scared then?

He had left the dinner party too late, urged by his drunken boss to stay and drink to their success in securing a business deal with an American company, laughing about how they were going to make hundreds. Nico had been high on life, on his success, on the alcohol.

He felt none of the exhilaration he had only moments ago as he hurried through the windy, cold...
streets, clutching his coat around him to keep out the icy fingers of the wind. Every shadow jumped out at him, every shadow seemed to be the Ripper. Nico’s heart beat fast and his eyes danced around the alleys that he walked. He shouldn’t have stayed that long. He should’ve called for a carriage home. He shouldn’t be walking by himself.

I’m a man, he told himself firmly, I’m upper-class. I have nothing to fear.

He kept repeating it to himself, and he almost thought he believed it when suddenly a figure blocked the path he was walking, between two tall buildings. Nico, despite himself, recoiled back.

The man was tall, his face hidden by the shadows. He wore a top hat and a dark coat, and Nico couldn’t see his facial features. He stood directly in the middle of the alley, preventing Nico from going around him. The young man swallowed.

“Excuse me,” he said, and took a tentative step forward. The man didn’t move, “I said,” Nico said, “excuse me.”

“Where are you going?” the man asked suddenly, and his voice was surprisingly smooth. Nico swallowed.

“Uh...,” he cursed himself for faltering, “Home. Now would you please move out of my way?”

“I don’t think you’re going to make it tonight,” the man replied, a raspy hunger in his voice. Nico’s blood ran cold and he looked behind himself, but there was nowhere to run. The man would catch him in this maze of alleys.


The man looked up at him then, and his eyes blazed an unnatural red, “No,” he was close suddenly, forcing a terrified Nico up against a wall, “I’m Jason.”

***

“I’m telling you I could smell him,” Percy insisted. Jason was spread out on the couch, still dressed in the expensive suit he wore to a meeting with a client, Nico curled up in his arms, shaking from hunger, “He smelled so fucking sweet. Like chocolate.”

“You could smell a random boy on the street?” Jason asked, looking at Percy, who was annoyed since his boyfriends didn’t believe him, “It’s your hunger talking, Percy.”

“I’m not even that hungry!” the man protested, “me and Annabeth found some girl willing to give us blood but...,” he shook his head, the face of the flushed, curly-haired boy appearing in his head, “I’m telling you. He’s special.”

“Percy,” Jason sighed and stood up, picking Nico up in his arms and heading for the bedroom, “Do you know how rare soulmates are among Vampires? I doubt you met yours on some dark street in Central London,” Jason’s words were tinged with sadness, and suddenly Percy felt bad.

“It’s not what I meant,” he said and hurried over to his boyfriends. He kissed Jason’s cheek, then leaned down to press his mouth to Nico’s forehead. The boy was asleep, “You know I love you two, more than anything else,” Jason’s expression softened and Percy smiled, reaching up to caress his cheek, “I just know that there’s something about him. Maybe it’s just his blood that I want. It couldn’t hurt to try, could it?”

Jason exhaled, and then smiled, “Fine. Find out his name and we’ll see.”
April 1912

Somewhere on the Atlantic.

Percy liked water. How ironic. How fucking ironic. He stood now on the bow of the ship that he had been so excited to board only days previously, watching helplessly as the water inched closer and closer and the ship groaned. Below, lifeboats were being lowered, and yet Percy was not allowed to get on one. Women and children only, they said. He was only twenty, too young to die on this ship, too young to drown or freeze in the churning black water below him. And yet he had no other options.

If he hadn’t been so shocked by the prospect of a sudden death, he might’ve cried. Find a lifejacket, his mind told him, trying to get him to move, to pry his hands from the cold metal rails enclosing the top half of the ship, get onto a ship. Get something to warm you up. Anything.

Percy was so mesmerized by the cold, dark water, and the bright red flare reflected in it, that he didn’t notice the two men until they appeared on either side of him. They were both incredibly handsome – one tall, muscular and the blond, the other slimmer, darker and more mysterious looking. They had no lifejackets, and wore expensive dinner suits. Neither of them looked afraid; the blond appeared calm, the younger one irritated.

“Hello,” the blond said.

“H-Hello,” Percy said, fighting a sob as he watched the water, “Making friends before death?” he tried to make a joke and laughed hysterically even though it wasn’t funny.

“Jesus, look at him,” the younger man shook his head, “he’s fucking freaking out.”

“Wouldn’t you be?” the blond asked. Percy had no idea what sick game they were playing, but he didn’t care. He was shocked when the blond covered his hand with his own, gloved one, and pried his fingers from the metal bars, “Relax,” he said gently, “You’ll be alright.”

Percy’s eyes snapped up to him, “Alright?! he demanded, “Alright?! I’m going to die! We’re all going to die, we-,” he stopped and swallowed icy air, “Right. Yes. Sorry.”

Something about the presence of the two men made him less afraid. The blond still held his hand and Percy could feel the warmth of the other boy at his side.

“You don’t have to die,” the dark-haired one spoke, brushing his fingers over Percy’s arm. The boy glanced at him.

“What?” he asked. Maybe they have a hidden lifeboat, or a ship closeby...

“What we’re going to tell you might be hard to comprehend,” the blond continued, “But it will save your life. Trust us.”

“Why me?” Percy questioned helplessly, watching as a man launched himself off the side of the Titanic and plummeted into the darkness below. The younger man’s face softened.

“You’re our Soulmate,” he said, and his eyes blazed red.

***

Leo could feel the eyes of the three businessmen on him. They had been staring at him for half an hour but they were on Hazel’s section, and so not his problem. He made a point of not looking at
them, but could still feel their gazes on him, making his hair stand on end. *They probably want to harvest my organs, stupid rich fuckers,* he thought gloomily as he cleaned tables and brought drinks out to the diners.

He was so tired. He just wanted to go home and sleep. Every-time he looked up at the clock on the wall he felt like only a second had passed.

He was seeping the floor when he randomly looked up, the three businessmen disappearing from his mind, and he saw that they were gone and that Hazel was cleaning up their table and squealing with Piper about the hundred pound tip she got.

It seemed like forever until the place was cleaned and closed and Leo didn’t think twice about bounding out of the back door at the end of his shift, right into the dark alleyway behind. He pulled out his earphones from his pocket and started untangling them, lost in his own world. It wasn’t until he rounded a corner that he felt eyes on him, and despite himself he stopped walking. His hands shook as he looked around the shadowy alleyway, and just when he was about to scold himself for freaking himself out, a figure landed right in front of him.

Leo screamed and stumbled back, and the figure straightened up, towering over him, “Sorry,” came the amused, mischievous voice, though its owner was hidden by the darkness, “I didn’t mean to scare you.”

When Leo turned he found that his exit was blocked by two more men, one standing with his arms crossed over his broad chest and the other – shorter and slimmer – leaning casually on a wall. Leo’s blood chilled when he realised the trio were the businessmen from the restaurant. He didn’t know how he knew that, but he just did.

“You’re scared,” the first man said, and Leo whirled around to face him, “I can hear your heart pounding.”

Leo’s eyes widened and he protectively curled his hand against his chest.

“Stop it, Percy,” came an annoyed voice behind him, and Leo glanced over his shoulder, “You’re just freaking him out more.”

“W-Who are you?” Leo squeaked. Was he going to get mugged? Murdered? Raped? A thousand scenarios raced through his head, all of them ending with his body in a gutter.

“Sorry,” it was the second man now, approaching Leo from behind and forcing him to turn, “He’s just being an asshole. Ignore him.” This earned a snicker from the third man, still leaning against a wall, “Don’t worry. We’re not going to hurt you. We were observing you.”

“Well that doesn’t sound menacing at all,” Leo said sarcastically but something about the man’s voice made him relax a little. He couldn’t see his features very well.

“Sorry,” it was the second man now, approaching Leo from behind and forcing him to turn, “He’s just being an asshole. Ignore him.” This earned a snicker from the third man, still leaning against a wall, “Don’t worry. We’re not going to hurt you. We were observing you.”

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“Sorry. We just wanted to ask something,” the man said, “Something a little selfish.”

“No, you can’t fuck me,” Leo said bluntly and behind him the first man burst into laughter, while the one on the wall groaned in annoyance. When the one in front of Leo spoke, the boy could hear the smile in his voice.

“Fortunately that is not what we want,” he said, “my name is Jason. The idiot behind you is Percy.”

“Hi,” Percy said, suddenly too close, and his breath brushed against Leo’s neck, making him shiver and flinch away.
“And I’m Nico,” the boy on the wall finished. Leo swallowed.

“Right. Are you guys some kind of package or...”

“Yeah,” Percy said, “You could say that.”

“So about your question...?”

Jason shifted in front of him, “What do you know about Vampires, Leo?”

Leo blinked, caught off guard, “Uh...like Twilight? Is this some prank?” he asked.

Nico sighed and pushed himself off the wall, striding towards Leo. The boy stepped away and his back hit Percy’s chest. In seconds Nico was right in front of him and Leo could see his face – sharp cheekbones, a small, upturned nose, incredibly pale, flawless face, dark, furrowed brows and eyes blazing crimson. He looked younger than Leo expected.

Leo inhaled, “Still a while until Halloween,” he said with a nervous laugh. Nico’s red eyes narrowed and he opened his mouth. Leo’s heart jumped in his throat when he saw his pointed incisors.

“Does this look like a costume to you, kid?” Nico hissed.

“Excuse him,” suddenly Jason was there, pulling the smaller boy away, “He has an Italian temper.”

“So what are you telling me here?” Leo peeled himself away from Percy’s chest, “You’re some weird cult or something?”

“We’re Vampires,” Jason said. Leo snickered.

“Yeah, right,” he said. Then suddenly Jason was leaning in close, too close, and all Leo could see was his captivating red eyes, lighter than Nico’s and seeming to bore right into his soul.

“I’m going to ask you to touch your toes and spin around,” Jason said in a melodic voice, “Do it.”

Leo, shocked, leaned down and touched his toes and then whirled around, his stomach clenching. He had no control over his body and he felt like a puppet on some strings.

“What the-,” he whispered, horrified. Had he just been compelled?! Like on the Vampire Diaries?! Don’t freak out, don’t freak out. “Oh my God you’re going to kill me,” Leo gasped, high-pitched and terrified.

“Nope,” Percy said, popping the ‘p.’ Now Leo was backed up against the wall with the three men – no, Vampires – crowding in around him, “We just want your blood.”

“Just?!?”

Jason sighed, “Why do you two overcomplicate everything,” he looked at Leo, “we haven’t eaten in forever. All we ask is that we can feed off you, right here, right now, not enough to hurt you or cause you any harm, just enough to sate our hunger. In return we will pay you any sum you want, since we are businessmen.”

Leo swallowed, caught off track, “One thousand,” he blurted, because he wasn’t thinking straight. Percy and Nico exchanged a look and Jason reached into his pocket and pulled out several fifty-pound bills. He pressed them into Leo’s hand.

“Consider it done,” he said. Leo swallowed and pocketed the money. Okay, think straight, he told
himself, what’s the worst thing that can happen? All they want is blood, and even if they’re just some human weirdoes at least they paid me.

“W-Why me?” Leo stuttered out. Weirdly, Percy flinched and Nico sought his hand out in the dark, giving it a squeeze.

“We think you might be special,” Jason said, and his voice seemed tighter...hungrier, “Who would you like to go first.”

Leo’s eyes slid over their three shadowed faces and he wondered if this counted as prostitution. Think of the money, Leo told himself. His eyes slipped to Jason.

“You,” he said quietly. Percy grinned.

“That’s the spirit!”

“Do I have your consent?” Jason asked, and slowly Leo nodded, his hands in fists at his sides, “This might hurt,” Jason warned, backing Leo up against the rough brick wall. Suddenly he seemed larger, more muscular, stronger, as if he could snap Leo in two.

“It’s worth it for a thousand,” the boy tried to seem confident.

Jason leaned in close and for a split-second Leo thought he was going to kiss him. His heart jumped in his chest but then Jason dropped his head and brushed his nose over the curve of Leo’s neck. Then his tongue came out to trace that same path and Leo shivered, nails digging into the flesh of his palms.

Jason didn’t bite straight away. His mouth was warm and gentle, his tongue almost loving as it brushed over Leo’s rapid pulse. The boy felt tense, like a string pulled too taunt, like he was going to snap, and just as he was about to tell Jason to just get on with it, the blond sunk his fangs into his neck.

Leo inhaled sharply because ouch, but fair enough because Jason said it would hurt but...

Oh.

Oh.

A sudden rush of warmth went through Leo and his eyes widened when he felt his stomach clench with pleasure and blood flow south, to fill out his cock because shit, it didn’t hurt. It felt good. Really good.

Leo’s eyes fluttered shut and he bit his lip as he felt Jason’s mouth moving against his skin as he drank. Leo felt like he was melting and he let out a whimper.

“Sorry about the pain,” Percy said from somewhere, but Leo wasn’t whimpering from the pain, but from how good it felt. His hands trembled, but it was all over too soon.

“Sorry,” Jason was drawing back, sounding slightly breathless, and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. Leo looked at him, dazed, and then suddenly Nico was up against him, only a few inches taller, but all darkness and passion.

“My turn,” he practically growled, and gave Leo no warning as he bit him. The boy cried out but again, it didn’t hurt, it just felt good. His whole body pulsed with pleasure as Nico’s hands gripped his hips and he drank roughly, forcing Leo against the wall more. The boy thought his legs were
going to give out and his hands scrambled on Nico’s, clinging onto them as he tried to keep his noises at bay. *Don’t moan. Do. Not. Moan.*

“He’s doing so well,” he heard Percy coo, “He’s not crying or anything. God, he’s brave.”

“He tastes amazing,” this time it was Jason’s gruff voice, and hearing him say that made Leo’s cock twitch in his pants. He could smell Nico, and he smelled like cologne and musk and heat, and it made Leo’s knees want to give out.

The boy pulled away and Leo didn’t notice he was clutching his hands until the Vampire pulled them away, and looked at him with eyes so dark they were almost black. Leo’s blood was at the corners of his mouth and the boy could feel it sliding from the wound down his neck and pooling in his collarbone. His work uniform would be ruined, but he didn’t care. He was dizzy with pleasure, aching.

He almost reached out when Percy appeared in front of him, tall and graceful and smelling like the sea. He cradled Leo’s face in one of his large hands and bent his head down to lap at the blood on the boy’s neck, making Leo want to cling onto him and moan and come.

Where Jason was gentle and Nico was rough, Percy was sensual. He took his time but his drinking was precise and hard, and Leo felt like he would suck every ounce of pleasure out of him, and he would’ve been happy to let him. He felt like he was made of cotton and Percy drank, his tongue sliding against Leo’s skin, and the boy wanted to cry from how good it felt.

When Percy pulled away Leo’s legs gave out and he slid to the ground.

“Oh dear,” that was Jason, “I think we overdid it.”

“Pass me a tissue,” this time Percy and then a hand pressing something soft against Leo’s neck. He was disoriented and confused and he couldn’t see or think straight.

“I’ll call him a taxi,” that was Nico.

***

“You were right,” Jason whispered as dawn broke outside the window of their apartment and the three boys laid wrapped up in each other, the sweat from the sex they just had drying on their skin, “He was sweet. He tasted like chocolate.”

“He tasted amazing,” Nico murmured, grudgingly admitting it, his fingers stroking patterns on Jason’s naked stomach, the blond’s arm around his shoulders. Percy was snuggled into the blond’s other side, and he caught Nico’s hand on the man’s stomach, intertwining their fingers and smiling. Nico looked at him, “He tasted like Percy did, before we turned him.”

Vampires couldn’t feed from each other but Jason and Nico knew, from the time they tasted each other while they were still human, that they had tasted the same. Sweet. Perfect. Like Soulmates.

“Do you think he’ll be okay?” Percy was worried.

“Yeah. He should be,” Jason said, “Maybe we should...”

“No,” Nico could almost read his mind, “We can’t check up on him, or do this again. It was too much...”

Percy sighed, “He was so wonderful though.”
“Yeah,” Nico and Jason exhaled at the same time. They shouldn’t have been that happy about having feelings for yet another person, but none of them seemed to care, “All we know is his name. Leo.”

“And where he works,” Percy added, slurring his words. He was tired. They were all tired. Full and sated and content, but tired. But they were having a hard time falling asleep in their huge bed.

They all felt it. Something was missing. Someone.

***

Percy broke first, but that was to be expected, he was the youngest out of all of them, only one-hundred-and-six since he got turned. He didn’t know how to control his urges quite as well as Jason or Nico, and his desire for Leo seemed to eat him up for a week as he tried to brace himself and stay away. He broke eventually anyway.

He spent a few days hovering nearby the restaurant Leo worked at, watching him through the glass windows. He knew he was being creepy, and he knew he shouldn’t be doing it, but the pull towards the boy was too strong. In daylight he looked different; softer, younger, brown curls tumbling around his face, eyes the colour of chocolate. He always wore a scarf around his neck, to hide the marks that the vampires had left on him.

It was one night that Leo realised, or maybe he had known all along. He was walking back to his flat the way he usually did, through the dark back alleys behind the restaurant. Percy wished he found a safer root and he took on the role of the ‘guardian angel,’ following the boy, cloaked in shadows.

Leo walked, untangling his earphones, and then he stopped abruptly, so Percy stopped too. The human sighed, “How much longer until you get bored?”

The question caught Percy so off guard that he didn’t even try to hide himself, “What?”

Leo turned and looked at him and Percy realised he had been so startled that he let go of the shadows hiding him from view, so now he stood exposed in front of the unimpressed human. He smiled sheepishly.

“Sorry, just wanted to make sure you were okay.”

Leo looked at him, then glanced to the side, and then looked back at Percy, “Do you want to bite me again?” he asked quietly. Percy’s dead heart jerked and his mouth watered as his fangs elongated.

Yes, he wanted to say and pull Leo into his arms, I want to bite you more than I ever wanted to bite anyone before.

But he knew how hurt Jason and Nico would be. It was as if Percy was cheating on them. The Vampire forced a smile, “No. Thankyou. I’m still full.”

Leo cleared his throat and readjusted the scarf around it, “Right. Stop stalking me.”

He walked away and Percy didn’t follow, dejected.

It wasn’t long until Jason and Nico found him, and it was only a matter of time before they figured out where Percy was disappearing off to. They materialised from the shadows, in their suits, as if they had just come back from work. And Percy felt guilty.

“Care to explain this?” Nico seethed, anger radiating off him. Percy dropped his head.
“We said we wouldn’t do this,” Jason didn’t sound angry, just disappointed, “We said we’d leave the kid alone. Why did you come find him?”

“I can’t stay away,” Percy whispered. Nico shoved him into a wall so violently some of the brick crumpled away.

“You think it’s easy?!” he yelled, eyes blazing red, “You think we don’t feel the pull towards him?! Jesus, how selfish can you fucking be?!”

Jason wrapped an arm around Nico’s waist and hauled him away, and then looked helplessly at Percy. In his eyes the boy saw the same gnawing hunger he felt inside him. It wasn’t just a hunger for blood, it was a hunger for Leo.

“I’m sorry,” Percy whispered and approached his lovers. Jason squeezed his hand because he could never stay mad, but Nico was shaking with anger. Percy walked over to him and turned the shorter boy around. Nico’s jaw was clenched but it relaxed when Percy ducked down and traced kisses across it, “I’m sorry,” he whispered, “I love you,” he reached out and caressed Jason’s cheek, “and I love you.”

“This pull,” Jason said quietly, “it’s abnormal. None of the vampires I’ve ever met said anything about feeling that towards someone.”

“What if he’s a Soulmate?” Percy questioned.

“Please,” Nico pulled away, “Most vampires don’t even find one soulmate in their lifetime, and we all found two. What are the odds of us finding a third?”

“We won’t know until we find out,” Percy said, hoping he wasn’t pushing it.

Jason sighed, “I doubt he’d let us feed again.”

“They were in a skyscraper in central London, in Nico’s office in a business firm. It was all leather chairs and huge windows and as the sunlight spilled in, Leo couldn’t stop staring. He only saw the vampires in the darkness of the alley, but here, now, in the light, he could really take in their beauty.

Jason looked like a cross between a football player and Leonardo Di Caprio in ‘Titanic,’ with his perfectly combed blonde hair and jaw you could cut cheese on. His eyes, when not blazing red, were the colour of a summer sky, bright and sparkling. His suit fit him perfectly, hugging every muscle of his perfect body. To his side sat Percy, and there was something wild about him. He looked too young to be a businessman, with a mischief in his green eyes that was usually in teenagers. His black hair was messy, and sticking up in the most gorgeous way. There was an effortless attractiveness about him, and he sat on the couch as if he owned it, his long limbs no awkward at the slightest and muscled nicely. Nico looked the most vampiristic, in Leo’s opinion, but Gods was he stunning. His skin was paper-white, and there were shadows under his black eyes that somehow added to the ‘bad-boy’ look he had going on. His suit was all white and made him look older, his long hair pulled back into a bun at the nape of his neck. He was all sharp angles and fleeting eyes.

Leo kind of wanted to kiss all of them. Or better yet, have all of them bite him again. He shivered at
the memory of the intense pleasure he had felt.

“Just here?” he asked, pointing to a line at the bottom of the contract.

“Yes,” Jason said. Leo took a deep breath, feeling like he was about to sell his soul to the devil. Or, in this case, three of them.

Percy called him three days ago, asking for a meeting, and so when Leo arrived in this amazing building he hadn’t really expected to find all three vampires waiting for him. By then he figured out that they were all dating each other. They offered him a contract.

For any sum he wanted, Leo would become a blood-bank. He would allow the vampires to feed him whenever they felt like it, and in return he’d get paid more money than he ever could at the restaurant. It was the deal of a lifetime. It was like having three Sugardaddies, except the sugar he was giving them was blood.

He signed his name at the bottom of the page.

“I want a thousand every time one of you drinks from me,” he stated firmly.

“You’ve got it,” Jason said.

“So I just have a few questions.”

“Shoot,” Percy leaned back on the couch and loosened his tie.

Leo leaned forward and surveyed all of them. They looked no older than twenty two, and yet Leo could feel that they were older, “How long have you been alive for?”

The men exchanged a look, and Percy started, “I ‘died’ in 1912,” he said, using his hands to do air quotations. Leo frowned.

“1912? What did you die of? Chicken pox?”

“That’s a bit insensitive,” Percy said, but he was grinning, “No, actually, I drowned.”


“Is that why you smell like the sea?” Leo flinched, “I...uh...just...”

Percy put a hand on the Italian’s shoulder and smiled at him, “Calm down, Neeks,” Leo’s heart twisted. He wished someone would speak to him with so much affection, “Yes, that is why I suppose. But I’ve always loved the sea. Ironic, since I died on the Titanic.”

“You died on the Titanic?!” Leo’s eyes bulged, “What was it like? What did it look like?”

“Wasn’t actually that big,” Percy grinned, “But my story isn’t even that interesting, you should hear Nico’s.”

Leo’s eyes slid to the reluctant vampire, who sighed, “Remember Jack the Ripper?”

“Jack the Ripper?” Leo felt faint, “You’re Jack the Ripper?”

“No,” Nico smirked and pointed at a sheepish looking Jason, “He is.”
“It got a bit out of hand,” the blond admitted.

“Right so,” Leo pointed at Percy, “You’re like a hundred years old,” he pointed at Nico, “You’re-“

“One hundred and thirty,” Nico said proudly, “Jason’s the oldest. He’s almost four hundred years old.”

“Four hundred?” Leo squeaked, “Jesus Christ.”

Jason smiled and rubbed the back of his neck, “Yeah. I’m a grandpa.”

“You’re looking good for four hundred,” Leo laughed, “Jeez, this is surreal. So where did you die?”

“America,” Jason shrugged, as if his death was a casual conversation, “The landing of the Mayflower. There was a vampire already there, he was one of the Roanoke people. He could teleport. I had never seen anyone so powerful,” the blond exhaled, “He’s dead now.”

“Oh,” Leo bit his bottom lip, “Right. Sorry.”

Jason smiled, “I didn’t like him.”

“Ah. Not sorry then.”

Percy smiled, “So what about you? What’s your story?”

“I don’t have one yet,” Leo said, “Just a normal London kid,” he didn’t like talking about himself so he quickly changed the subject, “So what’s the deal with garlic?”

Percy burst out laughing, Jason grinned, and Nico huffed out a “I’m Italian!” and Leo found himself blushing with pleasure at amusing them. He couldn’t keep the smile off his face and he asked the question he had been wanting to ask all afternoon.

“So are you guys hungry or...?”

“It’s best if we feed individually, we don’t want to make you collapse again,” Jason said.

“But for today we’re fine,” Nico stood up and buttoned up his blazer and Leo watched his every movement, “Today was just the first meeting. We have your contact details. We’ll call you.”

“We do need to get back to work,” Percy admitted, a little disappointed.

They all stood and suddenly Leo felt awkward, “Right, I’m just gonna...,” he gestured at the door, and almost asked if it was normal for it to feel that good when being bitten, but he held his tongue, because the question was embarrassing.

“So call me if you need blood. Or anything,” he said, and scuttled out like a mouse.

***

Surprisingly it was Nico who came to Leo first, three days later. He couldn’t stay away, as much as he tried to tell himself he felt nothing. He snuck in through the window and stood by it, watching the lights of the city, until he heard Leo letting himself into his flat.

“Jesus Christ!” the boy exclaimed, and Nico could his heart pounding across the room, “You scared the daylight out of me.”
In the darkness of his living room Nico could see perfectly; he saw Leo’s cheeks, flushed from the cold night, and his curls, tucked behind his ears. He could hear his pulse, smell the sweetness of his blood.

Without a word Nico threw a thousand pounds onto the table littered with letters and bills. Leo swallowed and looked at him and Nico stared back. He could see the boy was nervous.

“Take off the scarf,” Nico said quietly, and Leo shivered. Nico liked that – he liked making the boy react in such a way. It made him excited. He watched as Leo dropped his gaze and undid his scarf, draping it over the back of a chair. Nico’s eyes lingered on his tanned neck and the three bruises where over a week ago he had been bitten.

In seconds Nico was by Leo, and pushing him into the wall, face-first. He heard the boy gasp but the Italian didn’t care as he nosed along the back of the boy’s neck. Leo was just a blood source, and nothing more. Nico licked his skin, tasted the saltiness of it, and Leo shuddered, his hands curled into fists and resting on the wall on either side of his head.

Nico bit him where his shoulder met his neck, and metallic deliciousness exploded in his mouth. His eyes fluttered shut and subconsciously he wrapped an arm around the boy’s waist, slotting their bodies together as they fed. His body thrummed with pleasure as he drank, light-headed and aroused. Leo’s breath was coming out fast and hard – he was probably in pain, but that was normal, and Nico couldn’t do anything about it except tighten his arm around the boy’s waist and hope he didn’t accidentally press his erection against the curve of the boy’s ass.

When a few minutes later Nico was done, he let go of Leo and the boy slumped to the ground, panting.

“Are you okay?” Nico asked, grudgingly. Leo looked up at him, flushed, a little sweaty, and dazed.

“Aha,” he murmured, “I’m good,” he struggled to his feet and seemed confused, “I’m...gonna have a shower,” his fingers came up to the bite-mark that was bleeding a little, “Let yourself out.”

Nico watched him waddle to the bathroom.

***

Percy was a little upset when he found out that Nico had gone to feed off Leo. He didn’t know if he was jealous of Nico or Leo though. Still, he felt it was only fair he got some blood as well, especially since his body was craving it. He listened to Jason and gave Leo two days to regenerate, and then he waited for him in the maze of dark alleys.

It was eleven at night when the boy walked through, exhausted after work. He looked tired and Percy slipped out of the shadows, blocking his path, “Hello.”

Leo looked up, “Oh. Percy. Hi.”

The vampire held out an envelope to the boy, “If you don’t mind.”

Leo didn’t hesitate in taking the envelope and stuffing it into his bag, ”Against the wall?” he asked casually. Percy’s stomach twisted.

“If you sit in my lap it’ll be easier.”

Leo blushed, “Won’t...won’t your boyfriends mind.”
“No,” Percy smiled, sliding down the wall and patting his knee, “they won’t.”

He was surprised that Leo didn’t look more scared as he sauntered over, dropping his bag next to Percy and then climbing into his lap with endearing human clumsiness. He sat down sideways but Percy wasn’t having it, instead turning the boy so he was straddling him. Leo wouldn’t look at him.

“Percy-,” he protested.

“Shhh,” Percy felt an insatiable desire inside himself as he brushed Leo’s curls behind his ear, pulling the boy closer so he could press his mouth to the boy’s neck. He kissed him there, enjoying the cinammony smell of the boy, and Leo relaxed in his arms, sliding one arm around Percy’s shoulders.

When Percy bit Leo his whole entire body melted in pleasure and he felt alive. He gripped the boy’s hips in his hands and drank his delicious blood and Leo clung onto him, shaking. If Percy could make it not hurt, he would’ve, but there was nothing he could do except feed. So he did, getting drunk off the boy in his lap.

***

A month and a half crawled by and Jason made a point of not drinking from Leo – not because he didn’t want to, but because he had no desire to weaken the boy. Instead he drank from reliable humans who knew about vampire and proposed that the four of them go out to dinner instead.

Seeing the three boys, all in crisp suits (Nico insisted they should buy Leo one since he had nothing suitable for the restaurant they chose), made Jason’s heart ache. He loved Nico and Percy beyond words and knew he always would, but looking at Leo...it made him feel things. If he could he’d have the three boys together, wrapped up in his arms.

They sat together, and it felt perfect. At the beginning Nico was stiff and antisocial, as always, but as the wine started flowing and Leo got tipsy, they all loosened up. Percy was cracking jokes, Leo was being sarcastic and taking the piss out of how posh the restaurant was, and Jason just watched them with a fond smile. The vampires ate for appearances sake, but it tasted like ash in their mouths, but Leo gobbled up his meal. The more Jason watched him, the more his stomach churned. He smelled so warm and human...

“Excuse me,” Jason felt himself spacing out so he stood up, “I need the bathroom.”

When he got there he leaned on the sink and looked at himself in the mirror. It was a fancy bathroom, just like the rest of the restaurant, all white and marble. Jason’s reflection was pale and shaky and his eyes were red. He needed blood.

The memory of Leo’s made him squeeze his eyes shut and groan in pain. He heard the door to the bathroom open, then lock, and the sweet smell hit him.

“You okay?”

Jason opened his eyes and looked into the mirror, seeing Leo hovering a few feet away, looking worried. The vampire turned to look at him and he saw Leo frown when he noticed Jason’s eyes. He took a step forward – tentative. He should’ve been scared.

“Just hungry,” Jason rasped out. Leo pulled off his tie and undid his top button,

“Come on then,” he said.

Jason turned away, “I don’t want to feed from you.”

“The boys drink from you too much. You’ll get weak, I don’t want to-“

“Oh shut up,” Leo rolled his eyes, “I feel fine. Seriously. If i didn’t have the strength I wouldn’t be offering. And you look crap, so come on. Bon appetite,” he winked at Jason.

The blond’s shoulders sagged, “Hop on the counter,” he said. Leo did so a little too happily, his feet dangling above the floor. When Jason settled between his legs he found that he had the perfect access to the boy’s neck.

Leo wasn’t scared at all as he slung his arms around Jason’s shoulders, smiling, “Come on,” he teased, “I don’t bite.”

Jason wanted to kiss him on the mouth. He fought that urge and buried his face in the boy’s neck, inhaling deeply and feeling his mouth water. His hands rested on the boy’s thighs, thumbs subconsciously stroking them, and Leo’s hands slid into his hair. It was intimate, and yet it didn’t feel completely right, because Jason knew that Nico and Percy were missing from this moment.

He bit Leo’s neck, breaking soft skin. His wounds healed faster now, so there were only a few fading bruises here and there. Jason closed his eyes and felt Leo’s legs wrap around his waist, holding onto him tightly. The boy let out a chocked out sound and so the vampire wrapped an arm around his back to calm him down and give him support. He felt guilty because he knew Leo was uncomfortable, when he himself felt so fucking amazing.

March 2019

As much as Leo didn’t want it to become a thing, it became a thing. He didn’t even know between who, honestly. He was constantly visited by Percy and Nico, for months. Sometimes they’d come to his flat or corner him after work to have a quick, intense meal, and sometimes they’d take him out for ice cream or to the beach, and feed there. Jason came more rarely, but he still came. Leo didn’t know who he started developing feelings for first, he just knew it was wrong. He was falling in love with three vampires.

And he knew he wouldn’t be able to hide it for long. Every time one of the men bit him he felt more and more pleasure and it was hard to keep his noises and reactions at bay, especially since now the vampires were more comfortable with him so they’d hold him close and kiss his neck and shit, Leo kind of wanted them all to just fuck him because the tension inside of him was unbearable.

It was a rainy March evening and Leo had agreed to come to the vampires’ apartment for a movie and some dinner. It wasn’t weird for them, not anymore. Under different circumstances Leo would’ve called the four of them friends but there was too much touching for it to be that simple.

Percy picked him up from work in his expensive car and drove the two of them to the apartment. On the way they stopped at a shop to get some snacks, and it almost felt like they were a couple. At the apartment Jason and Nico were cooking dinner. Leo got a glass of wine and they all ate at the glass table by the huge windows overlooking central London. Then they all settled on the leather couch to watch a horror movie, a little squeezed together.

Jason was sitting on the edge, his arm slung over the back of the couch, so Nico could lean into it. It also meant that his hand reached Leo, just ever so slightly touching the boy’s curls. Nico was snuggled into Jason’s side, but his legs were tucked under him so his feet rested on top of Leo’s thighs. The human didn’t mind. Percy was on his other side and as the movie progressed, he slowly leaned in Leo. The boy anticipated it and when Percy rested his head on his shoulder his stomach
clenched in pleasure. He felt warm, and aroused, and had to bite his lip to control himself.

Slowly Percy kissed up his neck. Leo knew what he wanted – blood, not anything else, but it still made him hard. He shifted on the couch, thankful for the pillow he had in his lap, which hid his erection. Percy nuzzled his neck, kissed him playfully under the ear, dragged his teeth over the boy’s skin. Leo fought back a noise threatening to spill out of his mouth.

“Can I?” Percy whispered into his ear, barely audible, warm breath brushing against Leo. Shakily, the human nodded.

When Percy sunk his teeth into his neck Leo shuddered and his cock twitched in his sweatpants. He closed his eyes, focusing on the incredible pleasure coursing through him, and bit his lip hard to stop himself from moaning. It felt so good...God, it felt so good. Leo’s hands were gripping the pillow so tightly his knuckles were white.

Percy withdrew his fangs and grinned at Leo, wiping his mouth. The boy smiled back and Percy frowned, turning his face.

“Your lips bleeding,” he murmured as someone died graphically on-screen. Jason and Nico were invested in the movie completely, but Percy wasn’t. His eyes slid to Leo’s lips and the human shivered.

Percy leaned forward and licked away the blood beading on Leo’s lower lip. The human looked at him helplessly and Percy rested a hand on his thigh and barely brushed their mouths together. Leo wanted to shout at him your boyfriends are right next to us but he couldn’t speak, couldn’t do anything but lean into Percy.

Their first proper kiss was hungry. Percy’s lips were wet and experienced and his tongue delved into Leo’s mouth, exploring every inch of the cavern while Leo gripped Percy’s shirt in his hands.

They heard a muffled, startled “What the-“

And then Leo felt a pair of fangs sinking into his neck and he cried out against Percy’s mouth. Nico was drinking from him, Leo could tell without even looking, his mouth moving roughly against him. He panted against Percy’s lips, then whined.

“Oi, you’re hurting him,” it was Jason’s voice, helpless and scared.

“N-No,” Leo gasped, breaking away from Percy’s mouth. Immediately the vampire found his neck again and kissed him there. Leo looked at Jason, now standing up and looking at the three of them with incredible restraint, “I-It feels good. It feels s-so fucking good, nghhh,” Leo moaned then because Percy sank his fangs into him again and the combined pleasure of having both the vampires feed off him was making him dizzy and breathless, “Jason,” he whined, cock throbbing, “P-Please,” he reached for the blond.

Jason was at his side in seconds, kneeling over Leo and pushing him against the back of the couch. His mouth was hot and surprisingly rough and when he also bit Leo, the boy thought he was going to black out.

He had never felt pleasure like that in his life. The pillow tumbled from his hands and his toes curled as he pressed his hand against his straining erection, moaning and gasping as the vampires fed from him. The world spun around him, his stomach was all in knots, his body on fire.

Percy stopped drinking first and he lapped up the blood on Leo’s neck before batting the boy’s hand away and pressing his own, bigger one over the human’s cock. Leo whined and arched up into the
touch.

“Fuck me,” he gasped, “P-Please fuck me...”

“Who?” Nico demanded, voice raspy as he drew away from Leo’s neck to bite his earlobe.

“Y-You,” the human whimpered, “all of you. P-Please, I-I want all of you- Jesus Christ Jason!” he cried out, because the blond was still drinking and it was all too much. The boy was losing his grip on reality as he grinded upwards against Percy’s hand. Nico kissed him, rough and passionate, his tongue demanding access into Leo’s mouth. The access was easily granted and as the Italian claimed the human’s mouth, Jason finished his feast.

The next thing Leo knew was that he was being hauled upwards, into the blond’s arms and over his shoulder and walked towards the bedroom. All he could do was gasp for air and try and stop his world from spinning. And then he was being thrown onto the incredibly soft bed. Outside it rained and the three vampires climbed on top of the human, pinning him to the bed.

Things happened quickly then. Percy reached for his shirt, forcefully tugging it over Leo’s head as Nico made quick work on his trousers. The boy didn’t even have time to protest because seconds later he was completely naked.

The vampires threw themselves onto him like starving men. They kissed and licked every inch of skin they could reach, biting, teasing, sucking hickeys and making Leo writhe against the covers. He was sure he was going to fall apart.

“S-Shit, n-no,” he gasped wildly when Jason seized his cock in his calloused palm. Nico climbed down his body and Leo felt his amazing wet tongue against his member, licking teasingly against the underside and making it twitch, “Fuck-,” Leo’s next helpless words were swallowed by Percy’s mouth as the vampire kissed him passionately.

Leo bucked upwards and shook as Nico decided to take him into his mouth. It’s really happening, Leo thought as warm, wet velvet closed around his aching cock. He closed his eyes and leaned into Percy and the dark-haired man stroked his chest and teased his nipples while Jason climbed lower still. He threw Leo’s legs over his shoulders, readjusting him and making his dick slide deeper into Nico’s mouth.

The boy felt Jason’s tongue against his hole and his whole body jumped, he pulled away from Percy’s mouth to give him a big-eyed, helpless look, and then he was throwing his head back against the pillows and moaning because Jason’s tongue slid into him. Leo would’ve come then if Nico, that little fucker, wasn’t holding the base of his cock as he sucked, preventing him from coming.

“Fuck, p-please, shit...Percy, I-I can’t,” Leo was blabbering, losing his mind. Percy kissed him all over his face and Leo was glad that he was there so he could hold onto him.

By the time Jason was sliding a finger into him, Leo was sobbing, his body trembling. He had never felt anything nearly as intense as what he felt with the tree vampires.

Percy knelt on the bed and pulled down his pants and whispered a sultry “open up” and before Leo knew what was going on, the vampire was sliding his cock into his mouth.

After that he really wasn’t sure who fucked him first, not that he cared, because he loved all of them equally.

August 2024
Leo was the oldest out of all of them, even if he looked the youngest. Jason’s age had frozen at twenty-three, Percy’s at twenty, Nico’s at nineteen. Leo was twenty-four when he ‘died,’ but he still knew he would be getting ID’ed for the rest of his immortal life.

“Will it hurt?” he asked his lovers.

They were lying out in the sunny garden of the cottage they had rented near the beach, watching the cloudless sky. It was stifling hot, but Leo didn’t mind. He was on a blanket on the ground, Nico stretched out next to him, stroking his face. Percy was sitting cross-legged on his other side, holding his hand and smiling gently. Leo’s head was in Jason’s lap and every few seconds the blond would lean down to kiss his forehead or lips gently.

“No, baby,” he murmured now, “It’ll be over in a few minutes. The poison should work now.”

Leo exhaled. In the end they had decided he should die with Percy’s blood in his system, since he was the only one of the three vampires who hadn’t changed anyone yet. And Leo could feel it now in his body, burning hot. He closed his eyes and exhaled. I’m not really dying, he told himself, I’m just changing.

He had wanted this forever, to be like the men he loved, forever young, immortal. He wanted to be with them until the end of the world. This was the price to pay. He wasn’t getting stabbed to death by a man in a foggy forest, or having his throat ripped out by a crazed vampire who’d fall in love with him, and he wasn’t freezing to death in the Atlantic. He was here, on this sunny, beautiful day, dying slowly in the arms of the ones he loved.

He stopped breathing. His heart stopped beating. His sweet, chocolatey blood stopped running through his veins. The vampires around him stared at him intently and didn’t breathe...not like they needed to anyway.

When ten minutes later Leo Valdez opened his eyes, they were blood-red.
And Then My Skirt Came Down

Freo one where Frank is the captain of the football team and Leo is one of the male cheerleaders. During one of the games Leo forgot his uniform but he has to be in uniform to perform and the only one in his size is a girls cheer costume, compete with crop top and short skirt, so he has to wear that to cheer in. This causes Frank to get distracted during the game and makes the team lose. He gets so angry and sexually frustrated that he drags Leo to his car and they fuck for Tricia.

“You’ll be fine,” Leo told him...again. Frank loved his best friend – maybe a little too much – and hearing him say it over and over really wasn’t helping. Leo wasn’t on the football team and he had never played; he didn’t understand how nervous Frank was.

“Mhmmm,” the Asian replied, avoiding saying anything as he and his best friend walked towards the changing rooms. Today the Jupiter High football team was facing off with the Half Blood High team, for a place in the tournament coming up. Frank desperately wanted to win, mostly out of pride since he hated the Half Blood Captain, Luke, but also because he knew Leo was cheering him on.

The Latino was on the cheerleading team. He wasn’t big or strong enough to play football, or to be one of the guys throwing up the girls in the routines so he only mostly joined when they had to cheer on the football team. Like today.

“You’re a great player,” Leo continued blabbering, “You’ll be great, I know you will, you’ll kick Castellan’s ass and...”

Frank tuned him out as they approached the changing rooms, trying to focus on his breathing and not freaking out. He always got like this before a game – stressed, irritable. He needed to see his teammates and have a warm up and have some water, and then he was sure everything would be okay.

They reached the door and Leo stopped talking, “I’ll see you on the pitch?” he asked hopefully. Frank finally looked at him and his best friend looked flushed and excited and cute. Frank nodded, tense.

“Yeah. See you there.”

Inside the door they parted ways and Frank went down to the ‘Home’ changing rooms while Leo continued on to the rooms where all the cheerleaders changed into their uniforms. Soon enough Frank was surrounded by his friends, all tensing their muscles and making up vulgar, aggressive chants to get them in the mood for the game while Coach Hedge rattled off lists of names of the players on the other team and who was weak and who was strong. Frank loved the atmosphere – loved how overly dominant everyone was trying to be. It made his blood hot and if he wasn’t going to go out and play, he was sure he’d want to fuck. There was just something about the adrenaline
rushing through him before they walked out onto the pitch that made him feel invincible.

Fifteen minutes later the members of Team J were jogging out onto the wet pitch. It was a grey, steely afternoon with a light drizzle of rain that Frank could barely feel. The bleachers were filled with spectators and the Jupiter side, all dressed in purple like the clothes of their team, stood and roared in joy when they saw their boys come onto the pitch. The orange side of Team Half Blood booed them but it was drowned out by the howls of support. Frank found himself grinning and waving as he saw the orange team also jog onto the pitch from the other side.

“Come on team!” Coach Hedge bellow, loud for someone so small, and the team gathered in a circle around him, throwing their arms around each other’s shoulders to create a man-barrier around the coach, “Listen up boys,” the man had fire in his eyes, “We’re going to smash this. We’ve got to win this one, we really do, and then I can rub it into Coach Chiron’s face,” he rubbed his hands together like a villain from a Disney movie, “Are we ready?!” he demanded.

“Yes we are!” the team roared back, and broke apart.

Another cheer sounded from the bleachers when a group of cheerleaders exploded onto the pitch doing back flips and cartwheels as they did. Frank wanted to seek out Leo but his team were already jogging to meet the Half-Blooders and he didn’t have time. He watched, gloomily, as Jason – their Captain – shook the hand of Luke Castellan, who looked way too smug.

“Ready to lose?” the Half-Blooder asked.

“Never,” Jason growled and his teammates cheered.

It was all very dramatic for a high-school football game but nobody cared. To them, it was war.

The game begun and Frank kept his eyes firmly on the ball. Dakota passed to him, he managed to get it past Percy Jackson from the Half-Blooders and passed it to Michael Kahale right before Jackson could kick it from his legs. He offered the annoyed Half-Blooder a grin and then jogged off, watching as Michael got the ball to the goal. When he tried to score, however, Beckendorf, the huge goalie of the Half Blood Team, knocked it out before it could touch the net. Frank tsk’ed in annoyance and behind him he heard a chant from the cheerleaders.

He turned around to try and look for Leo, and his mouth went dry. The Latino was among the girls, doing complicated looking leg kicks and twirling...wearing the girls’ cheer uniform. Frank felt like he turned to stone as he just stared.

Leo’s curls, a little too long, were pulled back at the top in a half bun. The purple crop top he was wearing revealed his midriff and his tanned, flat stomach. And he was wearing a goddamn skirt, atrociously short and laying nicely around his hips. He even had a pair of knee-high socks to match. He seemed completely unaware of how fucking sexy he looked, obliviously grinning at the girls and performing the same movements as them to match the choreography.

“Frank!” the shout abruptly ripped Frank from his dazed-state and he turned around too late, just as the football sailed past his leg and landed among the Half-Blooders, who immediately dribbled it to the Jupiter goal and scored. Frank watched in disbelief and horror and seconds later Jason was by him, angry. From the sidelines, Coach Hedge was screaming at him to move his arse.

“What the hell was that?” he demanded, “Did you forget how to fucking play?”

“S-Sorry,” Frank stuttered, feeling blood rush to his face, “I just got distracted.”

“Don’t let it happen again.”
The game continued and although Frank tried his best to be involved, his eyes kept sliding to the cheerleaders. A glimpse of a tanned thigh there, the crop top riding up too high. It was enough to get him hot and bothered and he couldn’t focus on playing properly. When half-time rolled around, Frank knew he fucked up. He approached his coach and his team with his head hung low.

“What the fuck are you doing, Zhang?!” Coach Hedge fumed, face purple with rage, “We’re losing out there son! It’s like Vietnam all over again.”

Frank winced, “Sorry. I can’t focus.”

“Stop staring at the goddamn cheerleaders then,” the Coach snapped, and Frank flushed, “Your wee girlfriend in there somewhere?” he asked, “if so ask her, for your sake and ours, to get the hell off the pitch!”

“N-No girlfriend, sir,” Frank stuttered, “I’ll do better, I promise.”

As the other boys drank water and took a moment to make up a tactic, Frank jogged across the pitch to the cheerleaders. Leo looked up and smiled when he saw him approaching.

“Hey-“

“What are you wearing?” Frank interrupted him. Leo blinked.

“Huh?” he asked, and looked at himself, “Oh! Yeah. I forgot my uniform and this was the only one available,” he shrugged innocently, “Why?”

“Nothing,” Frank growled.

“You’re losing,” Leo pointed out.

“Shut up,” the Asian wanted to tell him it was his fucking fault, but he stopped himself, turning on his heel and racing back across the wet pitch. He’s my best friend. I’ve seen him in just a t-shirt and boxers. He’s my best friend. It’s just Leo. In a skirt. Get your head in the game.

The second half started and Frank found himself getting more and more frustrated, because every moment he didn’t have the ball either his eyes would wander to Leo, or his brain would think about very inappropriate things and Frank was too busy trying not to get a boner over Leo to focus on the game.

Every time he did get the ball, he’d be too distracted to keep if for long and some Half-Blooder would kick it from under his feat. It was embarrassing and frustrating and Frank found himself getting more and more pissed off. Finally the game ended 2-1, and it dawned on Frank, as he stood with his hands on his knees, catching his breath, that they had lost. Because of him.

“Nice job, jackass,” Octavian shoved past him. The whole Jupiter team was furious and all they could do was glare at Frank. As the bleachers began to empty, Frank decided he was really, really pissed. And there was only one person he could blame.

The cheerleaders were climbing off the pitch but Frank reached them before they got to the changing rooms. He was seeing red and not really thinking straight because he had wanted this win so badly, and one fucking boy in a stupid skirt had ruined it for him.

Leo was chatting to another cheerleader, his back to Frank, and the Asian angrily grabbed his wrist and jerked him away. Leo had time to make a surprised noise before Frank was dragging him around the corner of the building and down to the parking lot. He didn’t care that it was raining, or that he
was sweaty from the game. All he could think about was how goddamn furious he was.

“Jesus Christ Frank!” Leo yelled, “What’s the matter with you!?” he tried to free his wrist but Frank was too strong and when the boy started struggling he whirled around and effortlessly threw him over his shoulder, carrying him to his car. Leo beat weakly at the Asian’s back, “Put me down you idiot!” he shouted, “What do you think you’re doing?! Stop it!” his skirt was riding up and the boy had to give up his attempt at hurting Frank to keep it over his butt.

Frank had just enough self-restraint to unlock his truck and then he was shoving Leo inside and out of the rain, before he also climbed in, slamming the door shut.

Leo was half laying, half sitting across the back seats, eyes wide, soaking wet. Frank didn’t hesitate as he climbed over him, pushed by his primal instincts, and forced the boy down against the leather seats.

“What the hell?” Leo choked out weakly as Frank pinned his wrists above his head with just one of his hands, his eyes freely and hungrily taking in every inch of the boy’s body. Frank reached down with his free hand and pushed Leo’s skirt up a little, eyes focused on the smooth, tanned skin of his thigh between the top of his stocking and the bottom of the skirt. Leo blushed, “What the fuck is your problem?” he demanded.

“We lost because of you.” Frank growled, his voice startling even him. He didn’t know what he was doing, just knew that he was hard and he wanted Leo. So bad.

The Latino struggled in his grip, “Let go! This isn’t funny! It’s not my fault you’re shit at football-“

Frank saw red and he didn’t let the boy finish his sentence as he pushed his skirt completely up, so it was bunched around his waist. Underneath Leo wore white boxers and Frank pressed his hand over his crotch, feeling the boy’s cock jerk against his hand. Leo’s eyes widened and he let out a startled moan and Frank grinned.

“You’re hard.”

“S-Stop it,” Leo was bright red. Frank leaned down, his eyes locked with the boy’s in a silent match. Neither of them was backing down so Frank gave Leo’s cock one stroke through his underwear, “Nghhh,” the boy whimpered and turned his head away, eyes falling shut almost in an act of submission.

Frank pounced.

***

Leo didn’t know why he didn’t tell Frank to stop. Maybe because he had wanted this for ages. Sure, maybe not here, at the back of Frank’s truck with the rain slamming against the windows, where anyone could see them. But he had wanted to have sex with him.

Feeling Frank’s cock thrusting into him made Leo light-headed with pleasure. He had been with other guys before, but never with guys he actually liked. Frank was something else, hovering above him, shirtless, features dark and angry. One of his hands was still keeping Leo’s wrists down while the other rested on his hip, keeping his ass up so he could freely fuck the boy. The car was filled with a wet, squelching sound that accompanied Frank’s dick every time it rammed into the boy, the sound of skin slapping on skin, erratic breaths and Leo’s broken, sob-like moans.

“Fuck,” he gasped now, back arching as Frank thrust in particularly hard, “F-Fuck.”
The car was hot, the air stifling, the windows steamed up, and Leo was having sex with his best friend. And it felt so fucking good. The boy’s dick twitched against his stomach, bouncing with each of Frank’s thrusts, and spilling precum over his skin. The skirt he had borrowed was bunched around his waist, the crop top thrown aside so Frank could lean down and lick the boy’s nipples as he fucked him.

Currently he was sucking a hickey into his neck and Leo’s pleasure overridden brain could barely keep up.

“Frank,” Leo sobbed and tried again to futilely free his hands. He wanted to reach out and touch Frank, but couldn’t. He trembled as the boy continued to fuck him, “J-Jesus...oh, fuck...”

“You have no right to look like that,” Frank growled against his ear, voice low and raspy. He thrust into Leo, hard and deep, and the boy’s head fell back against the seat with a helpless moan, “Fuck, you’re so gorgeous,” Frank whispered feverishly, pulling away to look down at his friend, “So fucking perfect.”

Another thrust, “F-Frank,” Leo gasped, “I-I need to come. Fuck, please.”

Frank finally realised his hands and Leo’s legs wrapped tighter around his waist as he threw his arms around the boy’s neck and dragged him down, so the Asian could bury his face in Leo’s neck. The Latino was panting, aching, gasping, and Frank’s huge, rough hand found his cock. It took four strokes and Leo was spilling all over himself and his borrowed cheerleading skirt, and then, seconds later, Frank pulled out and added his own come to the mess on Leo’s stomach.

They stayed there, panting, both still in a state of shock at what happened. There were bruises on Leo’s hips and his wrists, but he didn’t care, feeling dizzy and warm and safe.

Frank pulled away from his neck, and their faces were inches apart. His eyes were half-lidded and dark, his cheeks flushed. His hair, which he had allowed to grow out some, flopped against his sweaty forehead. Leo felt his warm breath against his mouth. Throughout the whole fucking, they hadn’t kissed. Frank had been too angry...but he calmed down now, and his eyes slid to the Latino’s mouth.

Leo shivered in anticipation and his friend brushed their noses together and slowly leaned down, not taking his eyes off Leo’s lips. The kiss was sweet and unhurried and made Leo tremble helplessly. He could tell it was a kiss of apology, that Frank was sorry for being too rough. His mouth was softer than Leo had ever expected

“Fuck,” Frank whispered gently. It stopped raining.
Solangelo where Will has been working nonstop in the infirmary and Nico's been getting hot and bothered so one day he takes his laptop (let's just say he can use one) and is just scrolling across the internet and an ad for a gay porn site comes up being curious he clicks on it and end up masturbating to it later on Will is sleeping in the Hades cabin and asks to borrow Nico's laptop he says yes but when Will opens it up but when he opens it up it flicks on to the porn Nico was watching. Nico is incredibly embarrassed and starts apologizing like crazy saying things like "I should have never done that" and "I was being selfish" and then Will explains to him that masturbation is completely normal and natural in very fluffy scene. Bonus if the porn Nico watched had some sort of kink and Will asks Nico if he was into that sorta thing.

for Bob

Will was brushing his teeth at light-speed as Nico padded into the bathroom. He wrapped his arms around his boyfriend’s waist and stood on his tiptoes so he could rest his chin on his shoulder, peering at the blond in the mirror.

“Morning,” Nico’s voice was hoarse from sleep. Will winked at him in the mirror and spat out toothpaste into the sink. Slowly Nico’s hand inched down and he casually brushed it over his boyfriend’s crotch. Will batted it away.

“Don’t,” he said, rinsing his mouth, “I have to run and go to the infirmary, I don’t have time to mess about.”

Nico pouted and let go of the blond, “You’re always at the infirmary.”

“Because people always seem to get more injured in the summer,” Will sighed and turned, giving Nico a quick, unsatisfactory kiss. Moments later he was gone from the Hades Cabin, leaving the Italian alone with his semi-hard on.

Nico sighed in annoyance and collapsed onto his bed, staring glumly at the ceiling and wondering when the hell he had become such a sexual deviant. He and Will had dated for almost two years but only three months ago they had sex for the first time and Nico, who always thought that it would hurt and be horrible and who blushed at the sight of Will naked, found that he loved it. The problem was for the past two weeks Will had been away at the infirmary non-stop, and when he was with Nico he was too exhausted to do anything, leaving his boyfriend horribly deprived and sexually frustrated.

And now Nico didn’t know what to do with himself. He fucking hated it.

Wanting to distract himself from his aching need, Nico hung himself over the edge of his bed and
pulled his smuggled laptop out from underneath it. He settled back against his mountain of black pillows and turned the laptop on, connecting automatically to HERMES CABIN CONTRABAND WI-FI. Travis had given him the password. Nico went on YouTube and watched a historical video for a moment; technology still baffled him sometimes, and his time in the Lotus Casino meant that he missed quite a big chunk of what happened in the world. Between the Demigod wars he tried to catch up on it, but there was a lot.

The video on the Wall Street Crash, despite being fascinating, didn’t make Nico’s hard-on go away and his mind kept fleeting to the last time he and Will fucked. He shivered, remembering how intense it had been and had to stop himself from running over to the infirmary to try and force Will to fuck him. He knew it wouldn’t work anyway. Nico started clicking on random videos, trying to distract himself, then began googling random things. He was on a site talking about the dangers of diabetes, when he saw the ad. PORNHUB it proclaimed happily in offending orange, and beneath it a picture of two men. Naked.

Nico paused and contemplated the ad. Should I? He wondered as his fingers hovered over the keys of the laptop. He bit his lip. Nico, despite having so much sex with Will, was still fairly shy when he came to other stuff. He had only jerked off a handful of times in his life, mostly when he was going through puberty, and now he found he had no need for it, because he had Will...except Will wasn’t there right now, and Nico was horny.

Nico clicked the ad, and it took him to a load of videos with very interesting thumbnails. The Italian fidgeted, blushing and embarrassed, but curiosity got the best of him, and he clicked the first video. The room was filled with the sound of erratic breathing and moaning and Nico quickly scrambled for the bedside table, where Will kept the earphones to his smuggled MP3. The boy plugged them into the laptop, cutting out the loud noise, and swallowed before pushing them into his ears. He watched the video, transfixed, and his erection grew. He clicked another video, then another, everywhere men fucking. With shaky fingers Nico typed into the search-bar bondage and seconds later he had picked a video.

He watched as the guy on screen was tied to a bed and another guy climbed over him, pushing the guy’s legs apart. Nico nibbled on his bottom lip, and then he slid his hand into his pants.

***

Will came into the cabin later than Nico expected, looking exhausted. He plopped down, face-first on Nico’s bed as the Italian walked into the room.

“Hi,” he said.

“I’m dying,” Will whined, voiced muffled by pillows. His overnight bag was by the bed which made Nico excited because it meant that his boyfriend was sleeping over. Will rolled onto his back, his curls falling messily against his forehead, “I’m so tired,” he said.

Nico came over and dropped a kiss on his forehead, trying not to be disappointed because he knew that there was no point even asking if Will wanted to fuck, “I’m sorry. You work too much,” the Italian said, “You need a break.”

Will shook his head, “There’s an outbreak of chicken pox in the Hermes cabin. Which reminds me, can I borrow your laptop? I need to Google how long it lasts.”

“Sure,” Nico stood up and went back to the bathroom to brush his teeth, “It’s under the bed.”

He brushed his teeth quickly, not wanting to waste precious time he had with his boyfriend.
However when he walked back into the bedroom, his stomach dropped. Will was sitting cross legged on the bed, Nico’s laptop in his lap, turned to face the Italian. On the screen was the page Nico had forgotten to close, with the gay porn site, the video he had been watching paused just after the bottom, tied to the bed, had come. The boy felt himself going scarlet.

“What’s this?” Will asked, and he didn’t seem angry.

“I-It’s...,” Nico chocked on air and hurried over, slamming the laptop lid shut and shoving it under the bed, “It’s n-nothing!”

“You were watching porn. Bondage porn.”

“I-It’s not like that!” Nico stuttered, completely ashamed, “I’ve never done it before, t-this was the first time and...and...I-I don’t normally masturbate either, and I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have done it and it was selfish and I know I have you so I shouldn’t do it but you haven’t been around.“

“Woah, slow down,” Will stood up and grabbed Nico’s hands, and the boy looked up at him, tears welling up in his eyes. He hadn’t wanted to hurt Will, or make it seem like he wasn’t needed. But the blond didn’t look hurt. Actually, he looked amused, “So you watched porn and wanked, why are you freaking out?”

“Because I have you,” Nico said desperately, “I shouldn’t be doing all those dirty things-“

“Hey, hey, hey,” Will frowned, “It’s not dirty. Masturbation is perfectly normal, Nico.”

Nico swallowed, “But...t-the video.”

“What about it?” Will pulled Nico closer and stroked his face with one hand, which surprised the Italian since he thought Will would find the situation disgusting. But the blond was just looking at him with love and softness, helping Nico relax.

“I shouldn’t have watched it,” he said weakly. Will smiled.

“I forget you’re from a different time, sometimes,” he said, “watching porn is normal, Nico. Hell, I’m glad you watched it and jerked off because I know I’ve been a shitty boyfriend recently and haven’t been here to properly take care of your needs and I’m sorry.”

“Don’t,” Nico squeezed his hand, “You’re perfect, you don’t-“

Will kissed him, quick but passionate, “No, I’m not perfect. I’ve prioritized work over you, and that’s wrong. I just didn’t realise how hard it was on you.”

Nico flushed, “I’m still sorry,” he leaned into his boyfriend’s hand. Will leaned down to kiss him again, slower this time, making heat crawl through Nico’s body.

“So,” the blond rested his hands on Nico’s hips and smiled, a bit mischievously, “You’re into that sort of thing then?”

“Huh?” Nico blinked.

“Bondage.”

Nico squeaked and hid his tomato-red face in Will’s shoulder, “M-Maybe,” he stuttered out.

“You wanna try it?”
“But...” Nico pulled away, uncertain, “aren’t...aren’t you tired?”

“You made me awake,” Will said, and kissed Nico again, walking him backwards towards the bed.
Electricity, Electricity

Leo/Jason. Jason accidentally electrocuted Leo during sex. Very mild electrocution, no serious damage. After that Jason is afraid of hurting Leo so he is very careful around him. Leo gets upset because he doesn't like being treated like glass.

For PsychoFangirl

They kissed, feverish and passionate and desperate. Leo was shaking, Jason’s muscular arms wrapped around him protectively as the blond’s mouth slid from his, and travelled down his neck, biting and kissing.

“S-Shit,” Leo gasped. He had his arms and legs wrapped around Jason tightly as the blond thrust into him, enjoying the heat radiating off his boyfriend, but now, as Jason’s cock rammed into his prostate, Leo couldn’t hold himself up anymore. He collapsed back against the bed, panting, eyes barely open. Pleasure coiled in his stomach and he knew he was going to come soon.

Jason reached down to touch his face, and when the tips of his fingers brushed against Leo’s cheek the Latino felt a sudden shock go through him. His stomach flipped as if he had skipped a step on a staircase and he jerked, eyes widening. Jason froze, and tensed, and Leo blinked.

“What just happened?” he asked.

Then Jason was pulling out of him and Leo’s erection had gone down, probably because of the shock. The blond scrambled off the bed, looking completely stunned, and Leo climbed off too. His body was tingling pleasantly and he looked down at himself.

“Did you just electrocute me?” he asked suddenly, and Jason was silent. The Latino walked to the mirror and grinned. The curls on top of his head were standing right up, and he looked like some crazy version of Einstein, “Wow,” he giggled and playfully touched the top of his new hairdo, “I look like I put my hand in a socket,” he joked and turned around. Jason wasn’t smiling. He looked horrified, “Oh come on, it doesn’t look that bad!”
“I hurt you,” Jason whispered. Leo rolled his eyes.

“It didn’t hurt, just-,” he took a step towards his boyfriend but Jason flinched away.

“No, don’t come near me. I might electrocute you again by accident.”

Leo frowned, “Are you serious right now? Jas, it’s not a big deal.”

The son of Jupiter looked down at his trembling hands, “I didn’t mean to,” he said brokenly, “I didn’t even realise I did it, I...,” Leo tried to close the space between them but Jason flinched away, “No. Don’t. Please. I don’t know why it happened but I might electrocute you again if you touch me.”

“It didn’t hurt,” Leo said, exasperated. Jason grabbed his underwear and trousers off the floor and tugged them on, before pulling on his t-shirt.

“I need to go speak with Chiron.”

“No, you don’t!” Leo gaped at him, “Do not need to tell him about our sex life!”

“I love you,” Jason said, and dashed out of the door of the Zeus Cabin. Leo was left alone, stunned, bewildered and pissed off. He glared at his electrocuted reflection and then sighed, picking up his clothes. Jason was always a bit overprotective, but this had to take the cake.

***

It took two days for Leo to realise his boyfriend was avoiding him. In all fairness the Latino was busy with a new project in Bunker 9 so it wasn’t like he was paying attention that much, and it wasn’t until he saw Jason near the Big House that he realised he hadn’t seen him in ages. He grinned and his heart fluttered but when Jason saw him a look of worry flickered around his features.

“Hey there,” Leo said, “Haven’t seen you in a minute.”

“Hey,” Jason didn’t sound very enthusiastic as he walked over. Leo opened his arms and the blond hesitated before stepping into them and giving Leo a weirdly quick hug.

“Don’t I even get a kiss?” the Latino pouted. Jason gave him a quick peck and Leo sighed with frustration, “What’s with you today? Are you mad at me?”

“No!” Jason said, then leaned in again for a longer, albeit soft, kiss, “No, of course not,” he murmured, “I’m just in a weird mood, sorry.”

“Can I come over tonight?” Leo asked, “I feel like I haven’t seen you in ages,” he reached up and cradled Jason’s face in his hands. The blond gave him a tight smile and pulled away.

“Yeah. Of course. We can watch a movie?”

Leo smiled brightly, “Perfect.”

***

It wasn’t perfect, because Jason was too far away. They were sitting on his bed, watching the Matrix, and Jason had made a point of staying as far away from Leo as possible. He was practically falling off the bed, and the Latino could see how tense he was. He didn’t understand why and in his mind he sifted through events that happened in the last few days, trying to find something that would’ve explained why Jason was acting so fucking weird.
Leo’s hand snaked across the bed and he tried to grab Jason’s, but the blond flinched away so violently that he tumbled off the edge of the bed. Leo gritted his teeth and stood up.

“That’s it,” he growled and Jason’s head popped up from the side of the bed, “Tell me what the fuck is wrong.”

“Nothing,” Jason scrambled to his feet and paused the movie.

Leo’s eyes narrowed and he walked around the bed, approaching his boyfriend. As expected Jason backed away hurriedly, “Then let’s have sex.”

“I’m not in the mood,” Jason said. Leo’s heart twisted and his jaw clenched.

“Right. So were you planning to do it today?”

Jason frowned, “What?”

“Break up with me,” Leo had to force himself to keep his voice steady, “Were you planning to do it today?”

“What are you talking about?” Jason looked confused, “I love you, I’m not breaking up with you. What the fuck?”

“You haven’t touched me in two days!” Leo snapped, “You won’t even let me go near you! So let’s hear it – if you don’t want to break up with me, then why are you treating me like a museum exhibit?!”

Jason swallowed and his shoulders slumped, “I...I’m just scared.”

“Scared of what?” Leo was getting angry now, “I don’t have the Black Death, you won’t catch anything from me!”

“That’s not what I meant!” Jason said, exasperated, “I’m scared of hurting you again!”

“Again?” Leo was taken aback. Then he blinked, and remembered, “Oh my Gods you better not still be on about that electric shock thing.” The guilty look on Jason’s face confirmed it, “Jason! Are you crazy?!”

“I know you’re feisty and strong,” the blond said, “but you don’t see yourself the way I see you. You’re so tiny and fragile-“

“You really want to get slapped don’t you?” Leo growled.

“Shut up and listen! I’m not normally scared of hurting you because I know you can hold your own but this...,” his voice faltered, “You make me lose control sometimes and what happens if I accidentally proper electrocute you?”

“You can’t treat me like I’m made out of glass!” Leo yelled.

“If I hurt you, properly hurt you, I won’t ever forgive myself,” Jason said softly.

“What if I set you on fire?” Leo crossed his arms over his chest. Jason blinked.

“What?”

“You heard me,” the Latino said, “what if I set you on fire?” Jason opened and closed his mouth like
a fish, but he clearly couldn’t find the right words, “Exactly,” Leo smirked, “You think you’re so high and mighty, Mr Son-of-Jupiter, but you’re literally dating a guy who can spontaneously combust. You think you might hurt me with your little electric shocks?” he snorted, “Wait until I lose control. Then we’re really going to have a problem.”

Jason exhaled and looked at him for a second, “I never thought of it that way,” he admitted. Leo relaxed.

“We all have powers. We’re all dangerous. But I know your body would never let you hurt me,” he closed the space between him and Jason and slipped his arms around his boyfriend’s neck. Jason didn’t stop him, “Because I know mine never would.”

Jason leaned down and pressed their foreheads together, “You’re right,” he breathed, “I’m sorry. I just freaked out.”

“I love you,” Leo murmured. Jason smiled and wrapped his arms around Leo’s waist, drawing him close.

“I love you more.”

“Debatable.”
I'm Not Your Toy

Chapter Notes

Warning - this chapter is very non-con
Also Nico is older here (17) because in the Percy Jackson Series he was very young.

Sexual interrogation where Nico is tortured with toys and aphrodisiacs by someone (you can pick) but he refuses to break under the torture and it ends with the interrogator being slightly impressed and looking forward to the coming sessions after stuffing a vibrator into the exhausted Nico for the night and leaving the room.
For Chrona

Nico didn’t know how long he had been hanging there for, suspended from the ceiling, his arms awkwardly tied behind his back and attached to a rope that disappeared in the ceiling. Naked. It was dark and Nico could barely make out the shapes in the room. He remembered how he got here; blasted off the Princess Andromeda by a wave, pulled through the ocean, right into the arms of...

The doors opened and then closed again and Nico heard shuffling and saw a dark silhouette sit in what he assumed was a chair. There was silence, and then, suddenly;

"Hello."

The voice sent a shiver through Leo and he shifted, twisting his hands in his bindings, “Percy,” he replied, low in his throat. He wasn’t scared, just excited, which probably wasn’t that good.

“Nice to know you still remember,” there was a smile in Percy’s voice, “I must admit I never thought you’d join the Titans. I wasn’t shocked when Luke did it, but you...”

“What do you want?” Nico gritted, “I’m not joining your side.”

He heard the chair scrape the floor as Percy stood up, “I never expected you too,” he sounded amused, not angry or upset, and Nico didn’t know what to think. He could sense that Percy was very close to him, “You must be thirsty. Drink.”

A cup was pressed to his mouth. Nico’s throat was parched and so he drank eagerly, the liquid sliding down his throat. Only when Percy returned to his chair did Nico tense and realise that he made a mistake. What Percy had given him wasn’t water; it made his body hot and tense and blood rushed south, causing Nico to have an erection suddenly. The boy blushed and thanked the Titans that it was too dark in the room for Percy to see.
“What was that?” he asked.


“For what?” Nico demanded.

“You won’t find out if you answer my question,” Percy replied, “So. Where is Kronos, Nico?”

Nico swallowed, but he had expected this, “You’re crazy if you think I’m telling you.”

“You’re so predictable,” Percy said. A light-bulb flickered on ahead, filling the room with a dim, slightly reddish light. Nico winced, and as his eyes adjusted to the brightness, he saw what the room really was.

A sex dungeon. Nico’s heart dropped and simultaneously his cock twitched in excitement. Around him were walls lined with dildos and whips, in front of him was a narrow, raised piece of wood with butt-plugs lined on them. Nico swallowed and tried not to think about how many times he had fantasised about Percy fucking him. This, although a bit much, made Nico hot and bothered.

“You’re not serious,” he said, pointedly looking at Percy. He was sprawled in a chair, an easy smirk on his face, dark hair tumbling into his eyes. He looked like some kind of mischievous sex God, his sword at his side. Nico should’ve really been more scared or embarrassed or something, especially since he was naked and in front of Percy like some kind of appetiser, but all he could think about was how aroused he was, and although he was sure the aphrodisiac was part of it, he also knew that his own, treacherous body wanted it either way.

“I am very serious,” Percy said pointedly, “This will be very simple. Either you tell me Kronos’ exact location, or I will use all of these toys,” he gestured around the room, “To extract the information out of you. I’ve been given free rein to interrogate you, so nobody will stop this,” he leaned forward, eyes trained on Nico’s, “So, Which will it be?”

“I’m not telling you shit, Jackson,” Nico growled and a shiver of excitement went through him. Percy looked surprised, and then he laughed.

“Well, that’s a bit unexpected. Didn’t know you’d be into this,” he gave Nico’s cock, hard and curved against his stomach, a pointed look, “But if this is what you want...”

Nico wanted to lie and said that this wasn’t what he wanted, but just then a wave of water shot towards him and soaked him through as it dragged him forward, pulling Nico’s bindings from the rope securing him to the ceiling in order to bring him towards the row of butt plugs.

“Are you sure you don’t want to give me the location?” Percy asked, and something about the hunger in his eyes and voice told Nico that he didn’t want Nico to say anything at all.

“Screw you,” the Italian replied. The water lifted him up and then lowered him down onto the first butt plug.

It was small, and so Nico easily took it. Okay, so it was humiliating to be doing something so sexual in front of the guy Nico had crushed on for years, especially since the aphrodisiac made his body respond to it in a way he didn’t want to, but Nico could take it. He made sure to keep his breaths even as the butt plug settled inside him, not really even stretching him out much. The arms tied behind his back ached and Nico glared at Percy, determined not to show how comfortable he was, and Percy just smirked.

“No reaction?” he taunted, and Nico couldn’t help but wished that it was Percy’s cock inside him,
and not a plastic toy, “Aw, that’s a shame.”

With a flick of his hand the wave of water returned and lifted Nico off the plug. He gritted his teeth because stretched out in a row in front of him were three more, each bigger than the next. Nico just knew he had to keep his composure.

“So,” Percy said as his water kept Nico hovering over the second butt plug, bigger than the first, “Are you sure you don’t want to tell me where Kronos is?”

“No way in hell, Jackson,” Nico spat and then he gritted his teeth to fight a moan because the water pushed him down onto the second butt plug. He felt his hole stretch around this one ever so slightly as he pulled it inside himself. The feeling of having something there made Nico’s cock twitch and Percy grinned.

“Still no answers, huh? Okay, let’s continue.”

The third butt plug was harder to take, and it forced its way inside Nico, the muscles of his entrance stretching to adjust to the size. It made Nico shake and his breath come out faster but he kept his sounds at bay even as a treacherous bead of precum ran down his dick. He couldn’t lie – it felt good. Humiliating, but good. Percy watched Nico’s shaky thighs and then, with no wanting, he flicked his wrist.

The rush of water lifted Nico off the plug roughly and slammed him down onto the forth, which burned as it went in and made Nico choke on a gasp. His body slumped forward and he tried to catch his breath as he was filled with the toy. _O-Oh Gods_, he thought helplessly, _I already want to come._

“Come on, Nico,” Percy was growing impatient, and Nico didn’t miss the moment he re-adjusted his pants, “I just need a location.”


“That’s a shame...but not really,” his devilish grin was back and Percy stood up and casually strolled over to Nico. In his hand was a pink ring, smaller than Nico’s wrist.

“What’s that?” the Italian demanded anxiously.

“Don’t worry,” Percy leaned in close, and his warmth and smell made Nico shudder with want. Percy’s hand closed over his cock and Nico bit his lip painfully to fight back a moan. Percy’s eyes didn’t leave his as he gave his enemy’s dick one long, slow stroke, before slipping the ring on top of Nico’s cock casually. He pushed it down to the base and Nico’s eyes widened. It wasn’t tight enough to hurt, but tight enough to keep him from coming.


“Someone’s enjoying this,” he taunted and Nico flushed with embarrassment. Then suddenly Percy was forcing him down on all fours in the middle of the room and Nico was _really_ embarrassed then, because he was all on show, including his hole which was clenching around nothing due to that stupid fucking aphrodisiac that made Nico want to be stuffed full. Because his hands were tied behind his back he couldn’t keep his top half up, resulting in his ass being up in the air as if he was presenting it to Percy. The son of Poseidon chuckled and slapped his ass-cheek, sending a jolt of pleasure through Nico.
The son of Poseidon knelt in front of Nico and lifted his head, before showing him another toy, “Do you know what this is?” he asked and Nico’s eyes slid to the long row of beads in his hand. They were all on a string and increased in size as they went and Nico almost whimpered when he realised that Percy was going to put them inside him. They glimmered with lube.

“Fuck you,” Nico spat.

“No,” Percy stood up, “Fuck you, traitor.”

He went around Nico’s body and the boy tensed, because he couldn’t see. He barely felt the first bead slip inside him, and told himself that all he had to do was take it and not make a sound or betray Kronos, and eventually either Percy would fuck him or leave him alone, so he could wank off and come. For now, Nico focused on his breathing. The second bead went in, then the third, pushing past the ring of Nico’s muscle. His cock ached.

“I must say,” Percy murmured, “I’m a little impressed at how well you’re taking it. This happen to you often?”

“N-No,” Nico’s voice came out shaky and breathless and when Percy pushed a fourth, bigger, bead into him he had to close his eyes and bite his bottom lip to stop from crying. *It feels so good,* he thought helplessly and *almost* grinded back against Percy’s hand. Just the fact that the boy was so close and not fucking him was unbearable. When the fifth bead pushed its way inside, Nico whimpered. He could feel the other beads, inching their way deeper into him, “F-Fuck,” he gasped.

“You ready to talk?” Percy asked.

“Like hell,” Nico growled, angry that he had allowed Percy to see his weakness. That was quickly forgotten when the sixth-seventh? Nico lost count – bead slid into him. Nico’s legs were shaking, hole clenching, and he was panting, his face red. Percy pushed another bead against him,

“N-No there’s too many...s-stop...nghh...,” Nico gasped, voice coming out high-pitched and whiny, “I’m too full, t-they won’t go in a-anymore...s-shit...shit...shit...” he wanted to come so badly.

“What?” Percy teased.

“T-They’re pressing a-against my-Oh Gods...prostate,” Nico shuddered, feeling the beads inside him, stuffing him full. They were forced against the little bundle of nerves inside him, not hard enough to tip him over the edge, but just enough to tease him.

“Tell me where Kronos is and this will all be over,” Percy told him in a soft voice, stroking Nico’s thigh.

“I-I won’t,” Nico said.

When Percy violently pulled the beads out of him in one swift movement Nico cried out and his whole body jerked before slumping forward against the floor, cock twitching uselessly against his stomach and begging to be allowed to release. Nico thought he was going to pass out, and Percy once again left him aching and empty. He wanted to cry. He wanted to come. He wanted to climb into Percy’s lap and ride him.

“Answer?” the son of Poseidon asked.

“F-Fuck you.”

“I’m afraid this is all we have time for today,” Percy admitted, a little disappointed. Nico exhaled and
allowed the son of Poseidon to pull him to his feet and half carry, half pull him across the room to the rope hanging from the ceiling. Nico found himself in his starting position, and he very quickly realised that Percy wouldn’t let him come. That would be too easy, “I wish you were a good boy,” he murmured, face inches away from Nico’s. The boy was exhausted, and light-headed, and horny. Subconsciously he leaned into the other boy and then Percy reached around him.

He pushed the dildo into Nico roughly, “Fuck!” the son of Hades moaned, feeling himself being full again. If it weren’t for the rope he would’ve collapsed. He leaned against Percy, moaning and whining helplessly, as the dildo pressed right against his prostate, as if Percy knew exactly where it was, “F-Fuck...,” Nico slurred, “Percy...”

Percy kissed him then, quick and rough, and then pulled away with a wink, “I’ll come see you in the morning,” he said and made for the door. Nico watched him go, mouth open in shock.

When he touched the doorknob Percy paused suddenly and turned, smiling. He pulled a little device from his pocket. A second later Nico learned that the toy inside him was not a dildo but a vibrator as his whole body spasmed following the toy suddenly beginning to wriggle and writhe inside him.


“See you tomorrow,” Percy winked and walked out.

The light was left on and after a few minutes Nico calmed down enough to re-evaluate his situation. He would tell Percy where Kronos was. He would drop this whole, stupid thing and join the other Demigods in the war. He would tie Percy to a bed and ride him until the boy was crying, just for humiliating him like this.

Suddenly a mass of shadows gathered in front of Nico, and the presence made him shudder. He forgot about the vibrator in his ass for a second, because he was facing Kronos.

“You got what you wanted, boy?” the voice was low, growly and inhuman.

“No yet,” Nico gritted out.

Kronos made a dissatisfied sound, “Jackson won’t join us. Not for you.”

No, Nico though, he won’t. But I will.
I wholeheartedly suggest listening to these songs while you read because they really helped me write. Thank you for this prompt, I loved writing it so much.
Sophie Meiers - I Want to Write You Letters
Clau Veux - Everything is Great
Bryan Adams - Summer of '69
Elvis Presley - Can't Help Falling in Love With You
JYE - A Shitty Love Song
Ps. Sorry that I took some creative liberties with this but I got a bit carried away with just listening to the songs lol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Percy and Leo start hanging out more and more now that life has settled down at camp. Leo eventually realizes he has the biggest crush on Percy and so whenever he is around Percy, he gets all flustered and adorable. Percy, the oblivious fool he is, thinks it's cute and spends more time with Leo to see him be all awkward and cute. Leo creates a spotify playlist called "songs I would sing to Percy if I could sing and if I wasn't afraid to tell him my feelings" and it's filled with a bunch of cute love songs (I was inspired specifically by I want to write you letters by Sophie meiers). one day Percy and Leo are hanging out in Percy's cabin and Leo is playing a song from another playlist on his spotify and Percy steals his computer, looking through all of his playlists and finds that playlist. Leo is mortified and runs out. after a day of hiding, Percy eventually corners Leo and he shows him a playlist he made called "I like you too dipshit so stop running away from me" ends with them officially kissing :-)))

for dadsona

Cause I'm falling head first
I want to write you letters
I love you for your letters and your words
But if you don't feel the same
Promise it won't bother me
I'll just probably have to take a little break
My mistake for falling
So hard for you.
Leo treaded through the water of the creek near camp, arms outstretched on either side of him to help him keep his balance, his face turned up towards the sun, whose rays brushed against his face. The water was pleasantly cooling and a break from the stuffy, summer air.

“You should come with me in August,” Percy said from the shore, where he was polishing Riptide, the sword glimmering in the sun. Leo spotted a fish in the water and he leaned down but by the time his hand broke the surface it was gone. He straightened up, “I’m serious,” Percy continued, “College isn’t that bad. And you could stay with me and my mom. I think you’d like it.”

“I don’t know,” Leo admitted, “I don’t think Brooklyn’s really my thing. Or college.”

Or staying in the same house as you, he added silently in his head. Percy looked up at him with his unimpressed, gorgeous green eyes.

“So what? You’re just gonna stick around camp until what?”

Leo shrugged, “Dunno.”

Percy sighed, “Jeez, you need to think about your future, Leo.”

“You sound like Jason,” Leo made a face and climbed out of the water, collapsing on the grass at Percy’s side. The son of Poseidon dropped the conversation and they just sat there in a comfortable silence for a while. Percy stopped polishing and both the boys turned their faces to the cloudless afternoon sky. In the distance they could hear shouting and laughter coming from Camp. It was peaceful, fire and water sitting side-by-side. Leo never thought he’d feel so at ease around Percy, and yet now they were best friends.

When he returned to his cabin later he climbed into his personal room hidden under his bed and there he curled up on his bed and pulled out a smuggled phone from under his pillow, going onto Spotify. He had a dozen playlists on the phone, ranging from ‘badass warrior music’ to ‘80s bangers.’ But it was one playlist Leo was interested in.

The embarrassing name made Leo blush but his thumb still pressed the playlist titled ‘songs I would sing to Percy if I could sing and if I wasn’t afraid to tell him my feelings.’ He had created it in a moment of weakness, when his love for Percy threatened to spill over and he felt incredibly lonely. An innocent little playlist that started with the song ‘I Want to Write you Letters’ by Sophie Meiers. There was just something about the bitter-sweet tune of it and the words that made Leo’s heart twist. He plugged his earphones in now and closed his eyes, lying on his back. He pressed the song, at the top of the playlist, and listened to Sophie’s sweet voice. My mistake for falling so hard for you...the words seemed to dig themselves into Leo’s soul. He knew he could never have Percy, but his heart didn’t seem to care about that.

***

’cause oh the world is ending
But everything is great
Oh the world is ending
But everything is fine
It's alright

***

Leo gritted his teeth and bit his pillows, trying to keep his sobs at bay. It hurt, it hurt, it hurt. It hurt to
see Annabeth and Percy, together at the bonfire, laughing and looking so perfect together. It hurt seeing them walk the edge of the lake together, feet sinking into the water, so close their shoulders brushed. Leo had to leave, he just couldn’t take it. He wasn’t ready to give Percy up, even though he didn’t really have him in the first place.

When the unbearable pain of watching the boy he loved with someone else finally subsided, Leo sat up in bed and pulled out his phone. The ‘Percy’ playlist was like a slap in the face and a comforting hug at once. All of Leo’s emotions, compiled into a list of songs that he would sing if he could, if he was brave enough. He had heard a song the day before, a sad, heartbreaking song sung by a hauntingly beautiful voice. It was called ‘Everything is Great’ even though the lyrics insisted the world was ending. That’s what Leo felt like in that moment and hearing his feelings for Percy reflected in a song helped to calm him down. He put his earphones in and laid down and stared at the ceiling and cried a little bit more. But just a little.

***

*Standin’ on your mama’s porch*
You told me that you’d wait forever
Oh, and when you held my hand
I knew that it was now or never
Those were the best days of my life

***

It was risky, listening to the playlist next to Percy, and yet Leo couldn’t stop himself. They were in the car they borrowed from Chiron, running an errand to New York. Percy had sunglasses on, grinning, fingers drumming on the steering wheel as he drove down the sunny, empty highway. Leo was curled up on the passenger’s side, not wearing a seatbelt, his window open, an arm hanging out. He felt free and happy, and he could pretend that in that moment Percy was his, and that they were some two boys in the 1980s, taking a roadtrip. Naturally they weren’t in the 1980s, and the only reason Leo felt that was because he was listening to ‘Summer of ‘69’ by Bryan Adams, the newest addition to Leo’s ‘Percy’ playlist.

Despite the upbeat, feel-good vibe of the song, it was still a love song. Sure, Percy wasn’t some girl Bryan was singing about, standing on his mom’s porch, but looking at him now, in this simultaneously stuffy and windy car, Leo couldn’t help but think that this was the best moment of his life. He wanted to reach out and hold Percy’s hand, but instead he just replayed his love playlist and hoped Percy didn’t ask to see his phone.

***

*But I can't help falling in love with you*
Shall I stay?
Would it be a sin
If I can't help falling in love with you?

***

Percy fell asleep next to him, on his side, facing him, mid-way through a conversation. They were in the Poseidon cabin, and it was closer to dawn than midnight and they had just talked for what seemed like forever. And now Leo had spent ages letting his eyes dance over every edge and line of Percy; his strong nose, sharp jaw, soft black hair spread on the pillows, thick eyelashes, slightly parted lips.
Leo had slipped his phone out of his pocket, too awake to even think about sleeping and also not wanting to ever leave this bed to go back to his cabin. He was just inches from Percy, listening to the deep, melodic voice of Presley as he reflected exactly what Leo was feeling in his song. *I can’t help falling in love with you...* Looking at Percy he couldn’t ever imagine letting go of what he felt for the boy. It was rooted deeply inside of him, and slowly Leo was coming to terms with the fact that it would stay there, and that he would have to be content with just admiring Percy from afar. Even if afar was just a few inches away. He just couldn’t help it. He couldn’t help falling in love with him.

***

*Roses are red, violets are blue*
And I think I'm in love with you
Making me blush every time that I'm with you
Something about you that make's me wanna light up inside
It's to do with you eyes
Nothing you say or do is ever gonna change my mind
'Cause I'm in love

***

Leo added the next song when he and the Seven went away to Alaska. They rented a little cabin in a snowy forest with the mountains overhead. Leo sat on their wooden porch, wrapped up in a jacket, legs drawn to his chest, feeling content and nostalgic as he watched Percy, Jason and Percy chase each other around the icy forest, throwing snowballs. There was something magical about watching them, and not being able to hear what they were saying. With Leo’s earphones in his ears and the ever-growing ‘Percy’ playlist playing he felt like he was watching a scene from a movie, a scene he was not part of, but content to watch.

He liked the way Percy smiled, and Leo wished he had the power to always make him smile. The chilly air bit at his exposed face, but Leo didn’t mind, moving his head ever so slightly to the tune of the song. It was a bit cheesy, a bit cliché, but perfect for that exact moment. It was right in saying that nothing Percy would ever do would change Leo’s mind about him – he knew that Percy would be the only person he’d ever love, he just knew that – and Percy’s eyes were truly something. Green and sparkling. Sparkling.

***

Leo had been adding one song to the playlist every day he liked Percy for. So far he had sixty two songs. Sixty two days of being in love with the other boy. Sixty two days of silence. Sixty two days of music.

Percy was lounging on the floor of Leo’s private room while the boy scrolled through his phone, not really paying attention.

“By the way,” Percy was twirling a screwdriver in his hand, “What was that song you played me the other day?”

“Huh?” Leo asked.

“When we were training,” Percy sat up, “You know, the one that goes...,” he started trying to re-create a beat from one of Leo’s songs from the ‘badass’ playlist and Leo laughed and flushed with pleasure, enjoying the way Percy made an idiot of himself trying to imitate ACDC. He quickly found the playlist, still looking at Percy and grinning.
“This one?” he asked.

‘I Want to Write you Letters’ started playing and Leo felt all the blood rush to his face. His eyes snapped to the phone and he saw that he had accidentally pressed the ‘Percy’ playlist and had played the first song. He hurriedly tried to turn it off but his hands were sweaty and he was shaking and panicking.

“W-Wrong song,” he stammered.

“No, leave it,” Percy said, “I like it,” he stood up and walked over and plucked the phone from Leo’s grip-

“No-,” the boy choked out, reaching helplessly for the phone, but it was too late.

Percy’s eyes widened when he saw the playlist, and Leo knew it was all over. His stomach dropped as he watched the boy he loved scroll through all sixty-two songs. It was mortifying, and Leo wanted to cry, or to die. He didn’t plan on ever confessing, he knew that, especially not like this, not through a stupid, embarrassing, childish playlist of love songs.

The silence that settled over the two of them was so heavy that Leo knew he had no chance of playing it off as a joke.

“I-,” Percy started finally, not looking at him. Leo didn’t want to know. He got to his feet and escaped his cabin and ran, ran, ran, through the strawberry fields and the forest and into the empty Bunker 9 where he collapsed, sobbing.

***

Avoid. That was the tactic Leo decided to apply to this situation. Avoid, avoid, avoid. Pack your bags, move to Cuba, change your name to Juan. It was all an option. The world is your oyster.

Avoiding Percy became a priority to Leo, who was not only embarrassed, but also ashamed and annoyed, because he had left his phone with Percy, which meant the boy was free to look through all the embarrassing songs Leo had put in his playlist. This pushed Leo to decide to permanently move to Bunker 9, because that meant he could stay away from the rest of the camp, including Percy.

He was partway through moving his things through the forest the following afternoon when suddenly a shadow flew out at him from between the trees and slammed him against a tree. Overhead the sun peeked through green leaves of the trees and Leo hissed in pain when his back collided with the bark.

The pain was quickly forgotten about because Leo found himself face to face with Percy. The son of Poseidon was flushed, green eyes sparkling, and he looked bizarrely excited.

“Percy,” Leo said breathlessly and he couldn’t move because the boy’s hands were keeping him pressed firmly to a tree. Leo had no idea what to expect, but he couldn’t have prepared himself for what came next.

Percy kissed him, crashed their mouths together. It was clumsy, desperate, messy. It made Leo’s heart pound and his stomach twist. It was the best, even if it was short, and it made Leo feel as light as a feather when Percy pulled away. Light and dizzy.

“I listened to all of them,” Percy said.

“All of what?” Leo asked breathlessly.
“All the songs. All sixty two.”

Leo’s eyes widened, “H-How long did that take you?”

Percy shrugged, “Like four hours.”

Leo swallowed, “I...oh. So...so...so you listened to the songs and then you kissed me?” he couldn’t wrap his head around that. Percy grinned and then he was pushing Leo’s phone into his hand and letting go of his shoulders.

“Look at your playlists,” he said, taking a small step back. Leo gave him an uncertain look but quickly went onto his Spotify. His heart twisted when he saw that a new playlist had been added, titled proudly in capital letters ‘I LIKE YOU TOO DIPSHIT SO DON’T RUN AWAY FROM ME ;’)’ When Leo clicked it with shaky fingers he found songs waiting for him.

He gaped at the playlist and his eyes fleet ed over the titles.

*I’m in Love with You.*

*Crazy in Love.*

*I just Called to Say I love you.*

*Can you Feel the Love Tonight?*

“D-Did you put a Lion King song in here?” Leo asked shakily, voice trembling. Percy smiled.

“I like the Lion King,” he said, and then, “I like you.”

“I’m in love with you,” Leo blurted. Percy’s expression softened.

“Yeah. I probably should’ve said ‘love’ huh? Cause I do. Love you, that is.”

Leo stared at him. Percy closed the space between them and cradled Leo’s face in his hands. Their next kiss was hesitant and soft and shy.

“I’ll listen to them,” Leo murmured against Percy’s mouth, heart pounding, “All of them.”

“There’s one hundred and eight.”

“All of them,” Leo confirmed breathlessly and then he finally smiled. *I’m not dreaming,* he told himself, *this isn’t some fantasy made up to a song. This is real.* Percy pressed their foreheads together.

“I’ll listen to them with you,” he promised.

Chapter End Notes

Ps. Let me know if the last chapter was a bit hardcore coz I kind of feel like it was.
It's Where My Demons Hide

Chapter Notes

Just to clarify - you can leave as many prompts as you want, I acc encourage you to do that because it gives me a better variety and there's a bigger chance I'll write something of yours.
What I don't want is you repeating one prompt over and over. Someone's been doing that; I see all the prompts, you posting the same one 80million times isn't going to make me want to write it.
All love tho.
Thanks so much for all the lovely comments x

Perleo AU where Leo summons a demon to be his friend bc he’s low key a little lonely (even though he has Piper and Jason) and Percy shows up all suave and flirty and Leo’s like ‘I can’t take you seriously in a Hawaiian shirt and board shorts’ and Percy is offended but also oddly attracted by this puny human who dare insult him, the heir to hell. smutty please?
For BobThunder

It couldn’t possibly work. Leo was sure of that. He found the book in his school library, for fuck’s sake, and he was pretty certain it wasn’t meant to be there. It was a cliché kind of thing – old, black, dusty, with a pentagram at the front. Inside the pages were yellowed and resembling parchment, with the words inked on in a language Leo didn’t understand. The only reason he even attempted the ritual was because there was a post-it on one of the pages that read DO AT OWN RISK and then proceeded to explain in detail how to summon a demon.

It was ridiculous: draw a pentagram out, light five candles, make sure it’s dark. Stupid shit. But just for shits and giggles Leo decided to do it – there was nothing better to do. The seventeen year old lived alone in his dorm room at university and his two best – and actually only – friends, Jason and Piper, were out on a date with each other. Which left summoning demons as Leo’s only pastime.

Whatever. It wasn’t going to work anyway.

***

Percy had just slipped out of the garden and into the Underworld Palace to try and get away from the sweltering summer heat and the overbearing demonesses trying to flirt with him and slip their hands
down his shorts, when he felt it. It was a small tug at first, so insignificant the Demon Prince barely noticed. But then it grew, stronger and stronger. If growing up amongst witches, demons and devils taught Percy one thing it was to never ignore his gut feeling, and now his gut feeling was telling him that someone was calling to him.

He floated down the corridors of the grand, dark palace that belonged to his father, the King of Hell, wondering where the heck he was going. The feeling in his stomach got uncomfortable, then painful, and suddenly Percy realised what was happening. He was being summoned up to Earth.

Percy panicked and grabbed the barrister of the closest staircase, “No, no, no, no,” he muttered to himself. He was a Prince of Hell, he didn’t get summoned anywhere! He wasn’t some lowly demon whose only entertainment came from haunting the place upstairs. Also – who the fuck had gotten their hands on his spell? How was he being summoned right now?! It was unacceptable and it had never happened before and-

The light exploded behind Percy’s eyelids and the next thing he knew was that he was standing in a bedroom, blinking and disoriented. He had a second to take in his sudden change of surroundings; there was a bed with messy covers on top, posters of bands and diagrams of engines on the walls, a cluttered desk, a closet spilling clothes, and a boy kneeling on the edge of the pentagram Percy was standing in, looking shocked.

“Oops.” The boy whispered.

Shit, he’s cute, Percy thought, his nerves disappearing. Curly hair, skinny, big, brown eyes. Exactly his type. Percy smirked and crossed his arms over his chest, knowing he was intimidating. His eyes blazed red, his hair fell perfectly, his muscles bulged, his black wings folded themselves against his back.

“Oops?” he asked with a flirty smile. The boy who summoned him stood up and wiped his hands on his sweatpants. He barely reached Percy’s chin, and yet he didn’t seem scared.

“Shit, didn’t think it’d actually work,” he said, “Where do I sign?”

“Sign what?” Percy blinked.

“The contract.”

Percy looked around, “What contract?”

“The contract to sell my soul,” the boy groaned, as if Percy was a stupid child. It completely threw the demon off, “I want my three wishes, or whatever it is you do.”

“W-Wishes!?” Percy spluttered, offended, “This isn’t Aladdin!”

“You know what Aladdin is?” the boy grinned, “Shit, didn’t know they had Netflix in hell.”

Nobody had ever spoken to Percy like that. He had the biggest horns in Hell, the biggest wings, everyone was either scared of him, intimidated, or attracted to him. The boy in front of him seemed like he was none of those things, and that pissed the Demon off.

“You know what Aladdin is?” the boy grinned, “Shit, didn’t know they had Netflix in hell.”

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“Do you know who I am?” Percy said, low in his throat, and the boy in front of him just shrugged, “I am the heir to the throne of hell. I am a Demon Prince! You should be afraid of me, I could destroy you in seconds! You’d be nothing but a pile of ash on the floor.”

The boy snickered. He actually snickered. Percy felt anger erupt in him but before he could saying
anything else the Mortal held up his hand, “I’m sorry,” he was still grinning as if he couldn’t help himself, “I just can’t take you seriously in a Hawaiian shirt and board shorts,” he gave Percy a once-over and then disappeared into giggles.

Percy’s outrage disappeared, replaced by sudden pleasure. He was pleased. The boy was standing there, snickering, a little adorable, and Percy was very intrigued by him. He had no idea that Percy could kill him in an instant, or that he was nothing but a puny little human. But Percy would let him have his fun.

“So why did you summon me?” he asked.

The human shrugged, “Dunno. Guess I was just bored.”

“You don’t seem as shocked as I thought you’d be,” Percy said. Again, the human shrugged.

“So what’s your name? Like Azazel or Tequila or something?”

Percy grinned, “No. It’s Percy.”

“Percy?” Leo laughed, “You’re a demon with wings and horns and shit and your name is Percy.”

“It’s Perseus, actually,” Percy said. Leo was grinning.

“Right. Okay Percy.”

“What about you?” Percy questioned, “What’s your name?”

“Leo.”

“Nice name.”

“Thanks.”

They lapsed into silence and Percy regarded the boy before finally saying, “Is there something you want from me or...?” he was ready to blast Leo to pieces and go back home. But then Leo bit his lip and shifted.

“No. Not really. I...,” he looked up at Percy and he seemed a little shy, “You’re really nice. For a demon. I didn’t expect it.”

Percy was really out of his element then. He cleared his throat, “Yeah. Thanks,” he looked around the room awkwardly, “So I’m gonna go now.”

“Okay,” Leo nodded, and seemed a little disappointed, “I should probably clean up.”

“If...,” Percy hesitated, and Leo looked up at him, his eyes full of hope suddenly, “If you want to...if you need anything...just summon me again. You might need to sell your soul but it’ll be worth it,” he winked.

“Will do,” Leo gave him a little wave and Percy melted into the floor.

***

“So some boy found your spell in a book?” Annabeth thought it was the most amusing thing ever. Percy looked at her over his milkshake, not really that pleased.
“Yes. I don’t know how it got there,” the Demon Prince grumbled.

It had been three days since Leo had first summoned him, and for some reason Percy couldn’t stop thinking about him. He had met humans before; seen them freak out and scream when they saw him, or even try and seduce him. It was as if Leo didn’t notice his size, or his horns, or his blazing red eyes, or his wings. He looked at Annabeth now as she swirled her straw in her milkshake. She was a beautiful demoness; long blonde hair that angels would’ve been jealous of, icy blue eyes that could freeze mortals in place, a flawless complexion and two creamy horns spurting from her forehead. If Percy was a human man, he would’ve been intimidated. So then why wasn’t Leo intimidated by him? He didn’t understand.

“Maybe it’s one of Hermes’ pranks?” the demoness offered.

“Maybe.”

He soon returned to his room in his father’s palace. The foreboding, huge Gothic structure overlooking the whole of Underworld was intimidating to many, but to Percy it was just home. Inside it wasn’t as gloomy, with tall arched windows and blue carpets everywhere. Percy and his dad loved blue.

The demon laid in his bed and thought about Leo before he even realised what he was doing. His mind just drifted...he remembered the boy’s mischievous smile, the sparkle in his eye, the way he had impatiently shifted from foot to foot. It was like watching a rare species of cat, twitching and glancing around. And Percy was incredibly intrigued. He had lived for hundreds of years and always found humans quite dull. Vampires were better, or Werewolves, or better yet, Sirens. But humans? Humans couldn’t do anything. They were fragile and died quickly...

But something about Leo was special, and it pulled Percy toward him. Subconsciously Percy closed his eyes and looked for the link between them, created the moment Leo had summoned him. That’s how it worked; if a human summoned a demon they became connected until they worked out a deal. They remained joined until the contract was fulfilled. The connection was helpful in case a ‘client’ was hurt or dying, so the Demon could come for payment, but many Demons exploited the connections for personal gains.

And Percy was about to do that. He cast his mind to the bedroom, he remembered the exact colour of Leo’s dark eyes. Leo, of course, had no idea that Percy could watch him. And more out of sheer boredom than anything else, the demon found his mind hovering above the human.

He was in some classroom, which was empty save for Leo and a couple of humans. Leo was sitting sprawled in a chair, his legs resting on a table, while his two friends sat together on a desk. It was a peculiar feeling; Percy knew he was still in his bed, could feel the blankets under his hands, but all he could see was this sunny classroom. Leo was in a loose hoodie and jeans, his shoelaces untied, hair wild and curly. Seeing him made Percy smile and he tuned into the conversation.

“...and so then I told her, no, potatoes don’t grow on trees, that’s ridiculous!” the girl was speaking, laughing, holding the hand of the blond boy next to her. They were both facing each other, clearly in love, kind of ignoring Leo.

“She’s stupid,” the blond boy laughed.

Leo cleared his throat and Percy saw the annoyance on his face, “Still here, guys.”

“Right,” the girl turned to him with a sheepish grin, “Sorry.”
“By the way the weirdest thing happened to me the other day,” Leo was twirling a screw in his hand, as if he couldn’t keep still, “I found this book in the library. About summoning demons.”

The blond boy face-palmed, “Please tell me you don’t believe that shit.”

“Well I didn’t,” Leo admitted and Percy felt personally offended, “but then...”

“Oh!” the other boy sat up suddenly, “Shit, I almost forgot!”

Leo blinked, “Forgot what?”

“Me and Piper got invited to Drew’s party,” by the way he said it Percy assumed that Drew wasn’t really a friend. Leo’s eyes widened and for a second pain flickered in his eyes, before it was replaced by a blank look.

“Oh... just... just you two?” he asked, and Percy could hear the hope in his voice. The couple exchanged a sheepish look.

“Yeah,” the girl said, “Sorry. We asked for you, but she said no.”

Leo was nervously playing with the strings of his hoodie, “I thought we didn’t like her.”

“We don’t,” the blond boy sighed, “But it’s a party...”

“Yeah,” Leo smiled and for some reason Percy knew it was forced, “That’s cool. So anyway, this book-“

“I just remembered!” the girl interrupted and Percy gritted his teeth together. Just fucking listen to his story, he wanted to shout, not knowing why he was getting so pissed off, “I was supposed to copy Hazel’s homework!” she jumped off the table, “Sorry, Leo!” she blew him a kiss, grabbed her boyfriend’s hand and dragged him to the door and out of the classroom. The second they were gone, Leo’s shoulders and expression fell.

He suddenly looked so sad and lonely and tiny that Percy’s heart – that he didn’t even know he had – twisted in his chest. Leo’s eyes were trained on the floor and his bottom lip wobbled. Percy wanted to drag him close suddenly, and comfort him somehow, because his friends were assholes.

The offending shrill of the bell jerked Percy violently out of his voyeurism and he returned to his sunny room in the Underworld, breathing a little hard. He shifted on the bed, his wings re-arranging themselves against his back. He felt anxious, uncomfortable. He felt like he needed to look over Leo like some goddamn guardian angel.

He’s just a stupid mortal, he told himself.

***

Secretly Percy hoped that Leo would summon him, because no matter how much he tried he couldn’t get the boy’s heartbroken expression out of his head. He had looked like a kicked puppy. So when Percy randomly felt the now-familiar tug in his gut he grinned and didn’t fight it, allowing it to pull him into the light. The next thing he knew was that he was standing in the middle of the pentagram on Leo’s floor again.

“Hello,” he said.

The human was standing by his bed, wearing cammo pants and a loose white t-shirt, a duffel bag
slung over his shoulder and a bandana holding his hair back. His look confused Percy.

“Hello,” the Latino said, seizing him up, “Did you get taller? I feel like you got taller.”

Percy grinned, “Don’t worry, I didn’t. What’s with the outfit?”

“Well,” Leo shifted the bag on his shoulder, “This time I actually summoned you for a reason. I have a request.”

“We didn’t sign a contract,” Percy pointed out. Leo rolled his eyes.

“Fuck contracts. It’s not that deep; all I want is to go to Hell.”

“You mean the Underworld,” Percy corrected.

“Tomatoe, tomato,” Leo rolled his eyes again and Percy was worried he’d get a headache if he kept doing that, “I just want to know where I’m going to end up eventually.”

“Already know you’re going downstairs?” Percy raised one eyebrow and pointed to the floor. Leo shrugged.

“I’m gay. Don’t all gays go to hell?”

Percy snorted, “I mean I’m there, so...”

Leo blinked, “You’re-“

“So we going or what?” Percy interrupted. Leo nodded and tucked a stray curl under his bandana.

“Yeah. Let’s do it.”

***

Hell – or the Underworld – was not at all Leo expected. He thought it’d be all fire and screaming and torture, but meanwhile he found himself in a middle of a city. Glass skyscrapers reached up towards a blue summer sky, and twelve suns reflected off the windows. Swirling roads, like rollercoasters, weaved over the buildings with cars racing down them. And everywhere there were creatures.

Leo saw some like Percy; tall, muscular, with blazing eyes and black wings and horns. There were petite, willowy ones as well, with blue and green skin, dancing down the streets, practically naked. White-skinned ones all in black, hairy and wild looking ones. Leo found himself turning in a circle, mouth hanging open, looking at every one that passed. They all gave him weird looks.

“Welcome to the Underworld,” Percy said with a charming grin.

“It’s...,” Leo swallowed, “Wow,” his voice was breathless and full of awe. He didn’t know where to focus his eyes. A few days ago he didn’t even know a place like this could ever exist, and now..., “Did I take drugs? I don’t remember taking drugs.”

Percy laughed and slung a muscular arm over Leo’s shoulders. The Latino jolted because it was the first time he had ever been touched by Percy, by a demon. He felt surprisingly solid, warm and human. Leo looked up at him, and smiled.

“So, what are the attractions in the Underworld?” he asked.

“Loads,” Percy grinned, “We can get some Fey food – weird, but delicious. Or we could go on the
Leo frowned, “So where do all the bad people go then?”

“This place called Tartarus. Unfortunately they don’t do tours,” he smirked then, “What about ice-cream?”

“Ice-cream?” Leo asked sceptically, “Doesn’t seem very demon-y.”

“Trust me, you’ll love it,” Percy said and pulled Leo through an alleyway. That was when the human briefly wondered if he would get murdered by this actual demon and if he had made a mistake coming here, but then he and Percy broke out of the darkness of the alley onto another sun-lit street. It was weird because above were the skyscrapers and the loopy-roads, but down below it seemed like a mesh of Camden Market and China Town, with small shops packed full of stuff ranging from normal shit like t-shirts reading *My Brother Went to the Underworld and all I got was this Lousy T-Shirt* and cups with I <3 THE UNDERWORLD, to really weird stuff like eggs the size of Leo’s head and pulsing organs in glass boxes that Leo hoped weren’t human. The shop-keepers were all different creatures, fluffy and scaly, horned or with long tails, all colours of the rainbow, dressed in leather and fur and materials Leo didn’t recognise, smoking purple smoke out of huge pipes, tattooed and pierced. It was like walking into a fantasy movie.

“Ice cream,” Percy’s voice snapped Leo out of his wonder and the boy was suddenly glad for the arm around his shoulders. Although he barely knew the demon, something about Percy made him feel safe. The demon steered the human towards a little shack manned by one of those pale, red-eyed girls with long, black hair, “A Vampire,” Percy whispered to Leo and the boy’s eyes widened. He didn’t have time to ask questions because they were standing by the shack together, looking at the assortment of weirdly coloured ice-cream. There was a neon green one called *Ogre Fung* and Leo didn’t really want to know what it tasted like.

“I’ll have two scoops of the blue blues,” the Demon said and the Vampire loaded them onto a black chocolate cone.

“And for your little human friend?” the Vampire asked, distaste creeping into her voice. Leo’s eyes scanned the weird flavours.

“Uh...chocolate?” he offered.

“Fresh blood is better,” the Vampire said, smiling and revealing her incisors. Leo shuddered.

“I’ll take the chocolate, thanks.”

Moments later they were sitting on a wooden bench, listening to a jazz band of Werewolves playing on the street corner. It felt almost normal. The ice cream was tasty.

“I have a question,” Percy said, and Leo could imagine him as human – no wings, no horns.

“Shoot.”

“Why did you summon me?” the Demon asked, “You said during our first meeting that you didn’t think this would work. So why bother?”

Leo looked at his ice-cream and thought *What’s there to lose? I’m talking to a demon,* “Honesty...I was just lonely.”

Percy’s face fell, “Yeah. I thought so?”
“Is it that obvious?” Leo laughed awkwardly.

“No. I watched you.”

“W-Watched me?” Leo flushed. His ice-cream dripped on his hand.

“Yeah. It’s a thing we now have, like a connection until our little ‘contract’ is broken, even though there’s no contract yet,” he said, “I can watch in on what you do.”

“W-What did you watch?!” Leo demanded.

“You with that girl and the blond boy in the classroom. Talking about some girl’s party.”

“Drew’s,” Leo exhaled, embarrassed, “Well, now you know. I’m Leo Valdez, the weird ADHD kid that nobody really likes at school, not even his friends,” he knew he sounded pitiful.

Percy was quiet for a moment, “I like you,” he said. Leo smiled.

“Gee, thanks, a Demon actually likes me. Does that mean you won’t suck my soul out?”

“Depends how you define suck,” Percy winked and Leo snickered, blushing. “It’s like we’re on a date,” Percy said, thoughtfully licking his ice cream. Then he giggled, “Hades, on a date with a Human.”

“It’s not a date,” Leo said, and Percy just winked at him.

“There is somewhere else I think you’d enjoy before I have to take you back upstairs.”

“And where’s that?”

“My house.”

***

Seeing Leo walking around Percy’s bedroom was both bizarre and adorable. The Latino looked dwarfed by Percy’s huge mahogany, canopied bed, his wardrobe and the fireplace and the floor-to-ceiling French windows looking out at the gardens.

“So you’re heir to all this?” Leo asked in disbelief, hesitantly touching the edge of Percy’s covers.

The Prince smiled, “Yup.”

“I thought it’d be...,” Leo looked for the right word, “Darker.”

“That’s Tartarus. Here, in the Underworld, it’s just a normal world for the abnormal,” Percy’s eyes followed Leo as he walked slowly around the bedroom, “I’m still surprised you’re not more scared. Or fainting, or something.”

“The world above seems more like hell than this, honestly,” he said, then he paused, “it makes me wonder whether I even want to go back up.”

“Don’t be stupid,” Percy said, but his heart twisted. He thought about a way to change the subject, “So what’s your type?”

“I think I know a guy,” he said, and then realised they were flirting. Percy was flirting with some puny eighteen year old Mortal.

***

Percy spent his seven hundredth and eighth summer jumping back and forth between the Underworld and the ‘Upstairs,’ seeing Leo. They did all kinds of stupid shit that Percy didn’t think was in their ‘verbal’ contract – Leo told him all about human movies, and taught him how to play Fifa, and cooked him Mexican food in the tiny kitchen of his dorm flat. In the Underworld they had more freedom since Percy didn’t stand out with his horns – they went to nightclubs, ate weird food Leo never thought he’d try, looked at landmarks, spent time in the huge, beautiful palace gardens.

And Percy found himself falling in love with someone whose life was as short and delicate as a leaf on a tree.

One August, stuffy day when Percy came up to see Leo he found that the surroundings were different. The walls were a faded orange, the curtains on the windows ugly and floral, the bed piled high with musty covers. Leo had shoved a carpet aside and drawn a pentagram on the floor. He was kneeling there now, his curls long enough to tie back in a low pony, wearing a white tank top and the same cammo trousers he wore on his first trip to the Underworld.

“Hello,” Percy said, as always, “This is new,” he gestured at the room. Leo stood up and wiped his hands on his trousers.

“Yeah. My Aunt’s house. We’re in Mexico.”

“Mexico?” Percy was surprised.

“Yeah, I flew in for the summer since I couldn’t stay at Uni and Piper and Jason were going on a romantic holiday to Costa Rica together.”

“Leaving you out again?” Percy asked. Leo shrugged.

“I’m not going to third wheel,” he said, “Besides, recently you’ve been a better friend than Piper and Jason.”

Percy smiled, and his heart fluttered, “So, what is there to do in Mexico?”

***

It was a week later, September creeping up, when Percy felt the tug on his heart. He was laying in his bed, unable to sleep, his mind continuously drifting to Leo, when he felt it. Suddenly he was flooded with pain and despair and loneliness and he knew it was him.

Before he knew it his mind was skipping down the familiar pathway to where Leo was, and then the Demon was floating by the Latino, not really there, watching the raging, short woman that he knew was his aunt screaming at him.

The rug on the floor was thrown aside, revealing the pentagram, “You are in league with the Diablo!” the woman screamed, face red, clutching her rosary beads, “You demono! You spawn of Hell! You should have never been born!” she blessed herself and muttered something feverishly in Spanish, “begone, leave, my own nephew! A believer of Satan!”

Leo stood there, tiny and helpless, and Percy’s heart twisted. He was back in his bed and gasping for air and aching. He scrambled from the bed and shoved on some clothes and then he was going
towards the light, ready to fight the little, angry Spanish woman. But when he arrived in Leo’s bedroom he was met with empty silence. Outside, on the streets, he heard drunken laughter but Leo and his aunt were both gone.

The Demon followed the pull of his heart, across the bedroom and into the dark, stuffy hallway. He heard the sobs before he opened the door – broken and helpless and miserable and Percy opened the door. It was locked but it was no match for the Demon.

The second he opened the door he saw him, Leo, crumpled on the floor by the bath, shaking and sobbing, a razor in his hand. It made Percy’s stomach plummet to the floor.

“Leo,” he whispered.

The Latino looked up at him. There were fat tears in his eyes, tumbling down his cheeks, “I-I don’t w-want to be h-here anymore,” he sobbed, hand holding the razor shaking.

“Put that down,” Percy whispered.

Leo shook his head, “I-I’ll go to the Underworld. O-Or T-Tartarus. Anywhere. A-Anywhere but here,” he curled in on himself, curls tumbling into his small, flushed face. He was breaking Percy into pieces, “N-Nobody here l-loves me.”

Percy knelt next to him and took his face into his hands, forcing the boy to look up at him, and then leaned down and kissed him. His lips were soft, salty from tears, and shaking. When he tried to pull away Percy held him tighter, kissing and kissing until the boy’s sobs subsided and his hands covered Percy’s and he started to kiss back.

Finally Percy pulled away and Leo was breathing shallowly, “You okay?” the Demon murmured. Leo sniffled, his eyes red and puffy, and nodded.

“You don’t have to kill yourself,” Percy whispered, stroking Leo’s face. He was completely thrown off, and even after being alive for so long he still found that he was unable to control his pounding heart, “I’ll just take you. I’ll take you to the Underworld, and I’ll find you a nice place to stay...,” his voice faltered, “I’ll find you a place to stay, with me. And you don’t have to stay up here. You can just disappear.”

Leo’s eyes filled with hope, “R-Really?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Percy said, and smiled “I’m going to take care of you, I promise.”

***

“I love you,” the heir to the throne of the Underworld whispered into Leo’s shoulder as he thrust into him. And Leo was just an emotional mess so all he could do was cling onto the Demon’s broad shoulders and cling onto him as he sobbed and moaned and refused to let go.

They were there, in Percy’s room in the Palace, far away from the uncaring world upstairs. And now the man that Leo had loved – the one who he thought would never have feelings for him – was making love to him in what was supposed to be hell, but was heaven inside.

“P-Percy,” the human whimpered, his insides hot and trembling, just like him as he clung onto the Demon.

“Shhh, shhh,” Percy dragged his mouth over Leo’s neck, careful not to hurt him with his horns. The wings on his back unfolded and then suddenly enveloped him and Leo in a cocoon of black feathers.
Leo’s eyes widened and the Demon stopped thrusting. He nuzzled Leo’s nose and kissed him, “I love you,” he said again, voice surprisingly steady. Leo’s heart twisted, because he never thought someone would say that to him, especially not someone like Percy.

“I-I...,” Leo tried to get the words out of his throat but it was too much, all of it was too much. Leo’s life had changed so suddenly and now he was here, in a different world, with a Demon that claimed to love him-

“Hey,” Percy smiled, breaking Leo out of his head, “Don’t get lost.”


“I love you,” Percy said heatedly, “and I’m going to repeat it until you believe me.”
Can you do a Freo one where Frank and Leo just started having sex, but with Frank being the big strong Roman he is, he’s very rough and dominating in bed, which leads to him leaving a lot of bruises on Leo. He doesn’t mind, but once his siblings see the bruises on his wrists and hips, they threaten to kill frank and Leo has to tell him to be more gentle with him, so they have slow, passionate sex instead of rough hard and fast. Shamelessly inspired by the song try with a little tenderness
for dadsona

Try a Little Tenderness

Frank gripped Leo’s hips in his hands, and they were so big that his thumbs almost met in the small of the boy’s back. Too hard, Frank’s pleasure-overridden mind told him, You’re holding him too hard. That thought was always in the back of Frank’s mind somewhere, because being that much bigger than his boyfriend meant that he was constantly worrying about hurting him. Even while he was fucking him like no tomorrow.

“Frank, Frank, F-Frankie...Gods, Frank...,” the Latino blabbered under him now, high-pitched and whiny, his back arched, ass pressed up against Frank’s crotch as the Demigod fucked him. Leo always did that when he was close to coming, just moaned Frank’s name over and over like some kind of mantra. Frank’s mind was detached – part of him was busy staring at Leo, the sweat beading on his tanned back that was decorated in bites and hickeys and bruises, his small hands gripping the covers beneath him so hard that his knuckles were white, his big, round, perfect ass just beneath Frank’s huge hands, holding his hips.

The other part of him was completely losing control, slamming into Leo over and over, feeling the boy’s hole clenching around him desperately. He could feel his orgasm, just seconds away, and so he folded himself over Leo, covering the boy’s body completely, and bit his shoulder to muffle his groan. Leo cried out and come spurted on the bed as he arched back against Frank and reached back to cradle his head and keep him close, and Frank came inside him.

They collapsed on the bed, panting. Frank was blissed out, shivering, his whole body tingling. Leo sat up first, looking like he got hit by lightning, his hair sticking up everywhere.

“Fuck,” he whispered, and touched the bite on his shoulder, “That was intense.”

Frank rolled closer and kissed his hip, where bruises in the shape of fingers were already forming, “Sorry. I lost myself a little.”

Leo smiled at him, gentle and sweet, “It’s okay,” he reached down and ran his fingers through Frank’s short hair, “I liked it. A lot,” then he made a face, “But Gods I’m sore, and sticky. I’m gonna take a shower.”

“Can I join?” Frank asked, nuzzling the boy’s thigh.
“Yeah. Sure.”

They walked across Leo’s private room to the little bathroom in the corner together and climbed into the small shower. The room had creamy walls, a mirror, a toilet, and a shower, and Frank loved it because here he felt like he and Leo were in their own little world. They turned on the water and Frank let Leo put it on really hot because the boy liked it like that.

Of course they didn’t just have an innocent shower, they were too obsessed with each other for that. Frank pressed Leo against the tiles and kissed him hungrily as if he hadn’t seen him in ages even though they just fucked.

“Frank...,” Leo whispered when Frank dragged his mouth down his neck and sucked a hickey just under his chin. He knew it was a really obvious place but he couldn’t stop himself. He had Leo had been together for three months and Frank still couldn’t get enough of him, “I-I love you,” the Latino choked out, “But I can’t go. Not again.”

Frank exhaled and pulled away, “I know. I’m sorry.”

He washed Leo’s back and his hair and the boy giggled and then climbed out of the shower as Frank lathered himself up. Leo stood by the mirror, wet curls dripping onto his shoulders, and watched his reflection, tracing his fingers over the path of bruises down his neck and shoulder and side. Frank watched him, feeling like his heart was too big to hold all the love he had for the boy.

“I over-did it,” he said, apologetic. There were too many bruises on Leo, he’d have to be gentler. But at the same time Frank liked how much he had marked the boy, just because it was clear that Leo was his.

“No,” Leo smiled, “You didn’t.”

***

Leo was hammering away at a piece of metal that he’d add to the new body he was making for Festus, when he rolled his sleeves up.

“Leo,” Nyssa’s voice, abrupt and sudden and laced with shock, made the boy look up, “What happened to your wrists?”

The Latino blinked and glanced down and almost smiled because on his wrists were two purple bruises. He remembered when last night Frank had pinned them down when he fucked him, both of them in one of his big hands.

“Nothing,” he said, because he was not about to tell his sister about his and Frank’s sex life. But then Jake was involved, and he strode across the forge and pulled the collar of Leo’s jumpsuit aside, revealing the mass of hickeys and bruises on Leo’s neck.


“This is Frank isn’t it?!” Nyssa demanded, fuming, “I knew those damned Ares kids couldn’t be
trusted!

“Does he hit you?” Beckendorf asked, cracking his knuckles, “I’ll beat him up, I swear.”

“Guys, no-,” Leo tugged his shirt back down.

“I can’t believe you’re in an abusive relationship!” Christopher shook his head.

“I’m gonna destroy him for hurting my little bro,” Shane growled.

“It’s not-“

“You’re staying here,” Nyssa said firmly, “I’m not letting you go back to him.”

“We’ll tell Chiron,” Harley said.

“Screw that, we’ll take him ourselves,” Shane argued.

“Guys!” Leo yelled and all their heads snapped to look at him. Leo swallowed, his face bright red, “It’s not...I...,” he had to look at his feet because he was too embarrassed, “Frank didn’t hit me.”

“Then how do you explain those bruises?!” Beckendorf crossed his arms over his chest. Leo tucked a curl behind his ear.

“It’s from sex,” he said quietly. There was silence for a second, and then snorts, followed by outright laughter. The boy blushed harder, “Shut up,” he grumbled.

“Oh my God,” Shane wheezed, leaning on Christopher.

“This isn’t funny,” Nyssa’s eye twitched, “That brute needs to be aware of his own strength,” the girl flicked the bruise on Leo’s neck and the boy flinched.

***

Frank was kissing down his back, and biting too, and Leo’s body ached because they had had sex that morning, and he was still bruised and didn’t think he could take a rough fucking right now.

“Frank,” Leo said suddenly, looking over his shoulder at his boyfriend, who tensed and frowned.

“What’s wrong?” he asked immediately.

Leo sighed, “My siblings saw the bruises. They wanted to kill you.”

Frank rolled the boy over, onto his back, and Leo looked up at his boyfriend who hovered over him. He looked concerned, “I didn’t...,” he swallowed, “Please don’t tell me they thought I hit you.”

Leo reached up and cradled his face in his hands and smiled, “Yeah, they kind of did,” he grinned when Frank winced, “But don’t worry, I set the record straight. All of the Hephaestus Cabin now knows about our sex life.”

Frank groaned, “Great,” he rested his head on Leo’s shoulder and the Latino stroked his hair, “I’m sorry,” Frank murmured, “I push you too much.”

“Do you think...” Leo bit his lip, “Do you think we could take it slow tonight?”

Frank pulled away to look down at him, “What do you mean?”
“Can you be gentle?” he asked shyly, not knowing how Frank would react. They didn’t really talk about sex much, they kind of just went for it, and most of the time it worked wonderfully. Now Frank’s expression softened and he kissed the corner of Leo’s mouth.

“Of course,” he whispered, “Anything you want. I’m sorry for being too rough.”

Leo relaxed against the bed and allowed Frank to pull his shirt over his head, then doing the same to himself, so they were chest-to-chest. Frank’s kisses, usually so hard and rough and almost violent, were slow and gentle this time, and impossibly passionate. Frank kissed him deeply, slipping his tongue into Leo’s mouth and making the boy melt against the mattress and loop his arms around Frank’s shoulders.

The boy broke the kiss and nuzzled his nose against Leo’s, “Did I ever tell you how perfect you are?”

“Like a million times,” Leo rolled his eyes.

Frank kissed a bruise on his neck, softly, “Well, you are,” he murmured against his skin, making Leo shiver, and he kissed the next bruise, then a hickey. He made his way down Leo’s body, his huge hands sliding down the boy’s sides as if he was something precious. It made the Latino hard, just from how caring Frank was being. He kissed every single bruise and bite and hickey, as if it were a silent apology.

He peeled off Leo’s trousers and underwear and then did the same to himself, so he could press their naked bodies together. Leo was trembling and chasing Frank’s mouth, because the boy’s kisses had turned soft and barely-there and teasing.

“Do you want me to prepare you?” he asked, trailing his lips down Leo’s arm.

“No. I want you to make love to me,” Leo replied breathlessly.

Frank looked at him and for a second it looked like he would snap and lose control, but then his dark eyes softened and he took Leo’s face in his hands and leaned forward to capture his mouth. The Latino felt like he was being held together by little strings, that would snap and make him fall apart any moment. He wrapped his legs around Frank’s waist and pulled him close.

Frank kissed his forehead, his cheek, his neck, he intertwined their fingers together and pressed their joined hands down onto the bed, on either side of Leo’s head. The only light in the room came from the moonlight falling in through the window, cold and silver, but not cold enough to extinguish the impossible warmth in Frank’s eyes.

When Frank slid into Leo they both exhaled shakily and they just remained in that position together for a moment. Frank didn’t immediately start pounding into the boy, the way he normally did, just allowed his thumbs to stroke the sides of Leo’s hands and watched his face, the love in his eyes so clear that it made butterflies flutter in Leo’s stomach. He never thought sex could be like this, so intimate and loving. He always thought he could be satisfied with the rough fucking.

“You can move, you know,” Leo said, mouth twitching into a smile. Frank smiled back.

“I know,” he kissed his boyfriend, drawn-out and passionate, until Leo was gasping into his mouth. Only then Frank started to move.

Leo couldn’t call it ‘fucking’ because it wasn’t. It was slow and caring and passionate and so deep that Leo felt like Frank was touching his core, and that he was going to break into tiny little pieces. Even though it wasn’t rough and fast Leo was still moaning and shaking, and Frank kept kissing him
and murmuring ‘I love you’ and ‘you’re beautiful’ and other little nothings that served to make Leo feel dizzy.

He came embarrassingly fast, feverishly murmuring *Frank, Frank, Frank.*
Nico exploded into the infirmary as if the Giant War was still going on, even though it finished almost two months ago, almost giving the medic a heart-attack.

“Will!” the boy looked panicked, eyes wide, shaking. The blond had been bandaging the wrist of an Ares kid but he dropped everything he was doing to get to the son of Hades. They almost collided in their eagerness to get to each other and in seconds Will was gripping Nico’s arms.

“What’s wrong?” he demanded, voice tight with panic, “Are you hurt? What happened?”

The other kids in the medical bay were looking at them curiously, especially because Nico was hysterical. He and Will had only been friends for two months, ever since the end of the war, but Will already had a huge crush on the fourteen year old, which was why right now he was also panicking.

“I-I...,” Nico was stuttered, his breath coming out fast and stuttered, “I-I can’t taste anything.”

Will exhaled and relaxed because at least Nico wasn’t dying, and let go of the boy’s arms, “This is serious, Will,” he smiled, “You scared me for a second.”

“I-I can’t...,” he took a shaky breath, “I can’t taste anything,” he whispered.

Will exhaled and relaxed because at least Nico wasn’t dying, and let go of the boy’s arms, “Gods,” he smiled, “You scared me for a second.”

“This is serious, Will,” Nico growled, “I can’t taste anything.”

The blond looked around the infirmary and Kayla smiled at him, “Take care of it. We’ve got this.”

She knew about Will’s feelings, the boy was sure. He didn’t know how, but she knew. He smiled at her thankfully and then ushered a still shaking Nico out into the sunny afternoon.

When they got to the Hades cabin Nico collapsed on the edge of his bed and buried his face in his hands, trying to calm his breathing. Looking at him made Will’s heart hurt because he hated seeing Nico in distress.
“Okay,” he said, sitting next to the boy and hesitantly touching his shoulder even though all he wanted was to pull him into his arms and hold him until the boy stopped crying, “Tell me what happened.”

“This morning I was at breakfast,” Nico started talking so fast he was almost tripping over his words and Will had problems trying to understand him, “and I tried to have some toast but it kind of tasted like nothing, and so then I had grapes a-and I couldn’t taste them either and I started eating all this food, but none of it tasted like anything, and then I started freaking out and ran to you and—”

“You were shadowtravelling again, weren’t you?” Will interrupted and the guilty way Nico looked at him confirmed that. The blond sighed, “Gods, Nico. I told you to stop doing that; it weakens you and most likely is the reason why you’re losing your sense of taste.”

Nico whimpered and his eyes filled with tears, “So how do I fix it?” he asked, and then let out a little sniffle. Will sighed and ruffled his hair comfortingly.

“It’s okay, I’ll help you get through it,” he said, “it might be due to trauma, or just a short-term thing. I assume if you suddenly ate something without anticipating it your sense of taste would switch back on because your body would need to identify what you ate.”

“How do I accidentally eat something?” Nico asked, frustrated and scared.

“I have an idea.”

Fifteen minutes later Will had an assortment of food from the dining pavilion laid out on Nico’s bed, with the Italian sitting opposite him, cross-legged and blind folded. The fifteen year old had to stop his mind from wandering to other scenarios in which Nico could be blindfolded because they he was way too young to be thinking that. I want to kiss him, though, he thought. Nico looked tense and he had licked his lips three times in the past minute. Will counted. He wondered what if would feel like to press their mouths together, what Nico would taste like and feel like.

“Ready?” he asked instead.

“Y-Yeah,” the Italian replied and shifted nervously. Will picked up a strawberry and cleared his throat, feeling a little awkward.

“Okay, open your mouth,” he instructed, and Nico did so. Will carefully placed the strawberry on his tongue and watched as the boy chewed, slowly and thoughtfully.

He swallowed, “It doesn’t taste like anything,” he whispered, fear creeping into his voice. Will reached out and touched his knee.

“That’s okay,” he said, “it might take a while.”

Nico nodded and Will placed a piece of cheese in his mouth, “Still nothing,” Nico was growing agitated and panicky again as he chewed quickly.

“Oh my Gods,” Nico let out a helpless sob after ten minutes, and reached up to undo his blindfold. Will stopped him by grabbing his hands, “I’ve lost my taste. I-I won’t be able to...,” another sob, “ever taste food a-again. Fuck, fuck, fuck...”
“Shhhh, it’s okay,” Will said, frowning and still holding Nico’s hands, “This is short-term, I’m sure,” he said, even though he wasn’t sure. He had no idea what to do...

Except he kind of did. He took a deep breath and took a strawberry into his hand. Nico was breathing hard, almost hyperventilating, so Will leaned forward and kissed him.

The boy gasped and jerked back but it wasn’t enough for Will so he grabbed the back of his head and forced their mouths together. Nico let out a muffled yelp against his lips and his hands shot out to grip Will’s shoulders. The blond wasn’t sure if Nico wanted to pull him closer or shove him away but he kissed him regardless, because it felt nice and made his heart pound. Nico’s lips were softer than Will expected, and wetter, and he smelled nice.

*The plan*, Will had to remind himself before he got lost in the kiss. He forced himself to pull away and Nico opened his mouth, to protest or yell or something, and Will used that opportunity to pop the strawberry into his mouth. The boy tensed, then slowly chewed.

“Oh my Gods,” he exhaled, still chewing, and then he grinned, “It’s a strawberry! It’s a goddamn strawberry!” he ripped his blindfold off and got to his feet, cheering and jumping on the bed, making Will smile even though his heart was twisting. *He didn’t reject me, at least not yet-*

Nico tumbled into his lap suddenly, breathless and laughing, “Thankyou,” he said, “Thankyou, Will, I...” he stopped suddenly, realising how close he was to the blond, and the smile melted off his face. He swallowed and then hesitantly reached out to touch the son of Apollo’s face. Will couldn’t look away, and when Nico leaned forward he met him halfway for the second kiss he never expected to get.

Maybe the whole thing wasn’t the fault of shadowtravel. Maybe it was fate. Or Aphrodite.
Fluffy Valgrace where Leo thought that he and Jason were boyfriends all this time but Jason is as dense as the ocean? Leo and Jason were childhood best friends and they're sharing a flat and they do lots of domestic stuffs and Jason always tell Leo that he loves him (in a no homo way). But Leo assumed that they were in a relationship and Jason is just so fucking oblivious about all of it. It came to a point where Jason started dating someone else then Leo found out, mega-freaked out and accused the blonde of cheating and everything boils into a massive clusterfuck. Happy ending please.

For Borealis

Jason had never explicitly said it, and that was the problem.

When they were twenty and finishing uni in which they were roommates, and at which point Leo had a helpless, pointless crush on his best friend, Jason offered that they rent out a flat together. And to Leo it sounded like he was asking him out, and yes, looking back on it that was stupid, but Leo wasn’t a love expert and he believed what his heart wanted him to believe.

It really felt like they were a couple.

So how did it end up like this?

***

Leo padded into the kitchen, exhausted, his muscles aching. Down at the shop he had been working on fixing the engine in a Land Rover all day and now his back felt like it belonged to a ninety year old man. The smell of bacon helped the pain go away though, and the sleepy boy found himself smiling as he walked into the kitchen and saw his boyfriend bustling behind the counter.

Jason looked gorgeous, half dressed for work. He was a lawyer and worked in central London, so he was always in suits and even now, as he cooked breakfast and listened to the radio, he was in a shirt and tie, his blazer slung over the chair in the living-room that was attached to their kitchen. Leo would’ve never have been able to afford such a nice place on his mechanic salary.

“Hey,” he said as he walked in, voice groggy from sleep. Jason smiled at him, and it made Leo’s whole body flood with warmth. There was just something about the way Jason smiled; nobody had ever looked at Leo and smiled that way before.

“Morning,” the blond said. Leo walked across the kitchen and snuggled into his boyfriend’s arm as the lawyer flipped the eggs on the frying pan. He laughed and hugged Leo quickly with one hand before ruffling his hair, “Someone’s cuddly today.”
“Mhmmm,” Leo muttered sleepily, slinging his arms around Jason’s waist and flattening his cheek against his muscular arm, “Can’t we just stay in and call in sick?”

“Someone’s gotta pay the rent, baby boy,” Jason said, dropping a kiss on top of Leo’s head. The Latino smiled at the pet-name and detatched himself from Jason’s side, full of energy now. He sat down by the small dining table, looking out of the window at the grey, rainy London outside. Jason brought the delicious smelling food over, along with tea. Leo watched him in the watery light as he buttered his toast.

Jason looked up at him after a second, “Eat,” he said.

“You’re amazing,” Leo told him, and dug into his breakfast. Jason laughed.

“I know. By the way, did I tell you…”

***

Jason spent all of breakfast over-thinking the kiss because shit, that was a bit weird, wasn’t it? Sure he and Leo were best friends and everything and they even shared a bed (the only minus of their amazing flat was that it had only one bedroom) but that didn’t mean Jason could just go around kissing the top of his head! That wasn’t what normal friends did...

But the blond had been unable to stop himself and it had been almost an automatic thing. Leo was all warm and snuggly like a cat, and holding onto Jason like he needed him, and the morning was just generally so perfect, and the little kiss on top of the boy’s curls felt so natural...

Leo didn’t mention it, but Jason wondered how far he could push it. They were best friends for fucks sake, and yeah Jason had a huge crush on Leo but that didn’t mean that being weird with him was okay. And then he had gone and called him baby boy too...

“Ahh shit,” Jason’s eyes landed on the clock and he snapped out of his self-hating thoughts, “It’s late, I gotta go work,” he stood up and grabbed his blazer, shrugging it on, “The client’s gonna kill me.”

“Have fun,” Leo told him, mouth full of egg. He just sat there, barefoot, in his over-sized star wars pyjama top, without a care in the world. He was beautiful. Jason smiled.

“Love you,” he said, before he could stop himself. Leo didn’t look at him like he was weird, just smiled wider and said;

“Love you too.”

***

The first rays of spring sunshine were peering in through the dusty windows of the workshop, but Leo wasn’t naive enough to think they’d hang around long. He looked up from where he was stretched out below a car, elbow-deep in grease, and smiled. It was nice, the sunshine, no matter how short lived.

The light was suddenly cut out as someone towered over Leo, “Oi,” it was Beckendorf, one of the boy’s best friends, a huge, muscular man that was really just a big softie, “Your boyfriend’s here.”

“Jason?” Leo brightened up and scurried from under the car, wiping his hands on a cloth as he almost ran to the front of the garage. All around him was shouting and laughter and the sound of hammers banging away on metal parts of cars, suspended from the tall ceiling.
Jason looked horribly out of place in his clean, crisp suit and his briefcase and his clean face, but he also made Leo feel relaxed and happy.

“Jas!” the Latino called and skipped over to his boyfriend, who brightened up when he saw him and opened one arm for a hug. Leo stopped himself short though, “I’m all dirty,” he said, pointing at his black-stained overalls.

“Let’s get some lunch,” Jason said, not seeming too care, “My treat.”

“So romantic,” Leo rolled his eyes. Jason did this often, since they usually had lunch breaks around the same time and Jason worked only a short drive away, “Where do you want to go.”

“Your choice, but doubt they’ll let you into many places looking like you just climbed out of an oil mine,” Jason teased.

“Shut up,” Leo stuck his tongue out, and called into the shop, “I’m taking my break!”

“Screw you, Valdez!” came the reply. Jason chuckled and together they walked out into the still-sunny afternoon.

***

Leo wasn’t sure if they were actually dating until about two months into living together. They were just too close to be friends and although Jason didn’t explicitly ask him out, Leo just assumed they were together. They cuddled and slept in the same bed. They borrowed each other’s clothes and went out on dates and said ‘I love you’s’ to each other. Okay, they never kissed or had sex, but Leo just assumed that Jason didn’t feel quite ready since he only had girlfriends before, and Leo wasn’t going to pressure him. Even four months in he was so content with their relationship that he didn’t really mind that much. Because Jason was his boyfriend, and Jason loved him, and that was all that mattered.

Sometimes when Jason worked later, Leo felt like a bit of him was missing. Tonight it was raining, again, and Jason was staying behind to fill out paperwork for a client, again. Leo was forced to curl up on the couch by himself, wearing Jason’s t-shirt, lonely and sad, watching old re-runs of the original Star Trek.

His phone lit up suddenly and Jason’s picture popped up on screen. It was one Leo had snapped when he had fallen asleep, right on this couch, and it made Leo smile. He picked up.

“Hello?”

“Hey baby boy,” Jason sounded tired, but happy.

“Hey,” Leo shifted on the couch and hugged a pillow to his chest, “You okay?”

“Yeah. I’m just gonna have to stay behind longer. Probably until one or two in the morning.”

Leo tried not to sound too disappointed when he said, “You want me to wait up?”

There was a short pause, then, “No? Why would you? You have work tomorrow, I don’t want you to collapse,” Jason laughed and Leo smiled.

“I saved you dinner. I made Mexican. It’s in the fridge.”

Jason sighed, “I’m sorry I wasn’t there to eat with you.”
“Don’t worry, I know how important this case is for you,” Leo said, then yawned.

“You’re tired. Go to sleep,” Jason said, voice soft and caring, “You have the bed all to yourself for once.”

Leo giggled, “True. Wake me up when you get back?”

“Yeah I will,” Jason said, and then, “Love you.”

Leo shivered in pleasure, “I love you too,” he said, and Jason hung up.

***

Jason woke up, and he didn’t want to leave the warmth of the bed, but he knew he had to. At least spring was fully here and it was a sunny morning. He sighed, yawned, stretched and then pushed the covers aside.

Leo’s arm snuck out from the folds of the blankets and slipped around Jason’s chest, “Don’t go,” came the whine. Jason grinned and had to dig about in the covers to uncover Leo, who always slept all curled up. The boy, who normally looked like an elf, now appeared to be a gremlin, dark circles under his eyes, hair sticking up in all directions. He was still cute.

“I have a meeting,” Jason said.

“Five minutes,” the smaller boy grumbled. The blond could never say no to him so he rolled on his side and immediately Leo snuggled into his chest, wrapping both arms around Jason’s chest and crossing them over his back, as if he was scared the blond would run away. The man stroked Leo’s hair.

“You need a haircut.”

“Mhmmm...,” Leo’s voice was muffled by Jason’s chest and the blond had to fight the urge to kiss his head again, or kiss him somewhere else. He was sure that Leo, no matter how affectionate, would freak out if Jason were to confess his feelings.

So he allowed himself to just enjoy the moment of holding the boy in his arms. If he were braver he might’ve imagined that they were boyfriends, but he was scared if he thought that too much he might do something stupid. He’s my best friend, that’s all, he told himself as he held Leo close, I need to find myself a girlfriend...

***

Jason walked into the almost empty club and his eyes landed on the bar. The lights were all on, the staff cleaning after the night, and Leo was perfectly visible. He was in the same dark jeans and jumper that he had left the house in, but now he was resting his head on the counter of the bar, mumbling to himself, looking like a limp noodle. A drunk, limp noodle. Jason sighed and walked over.

“You here to get him, mate?” the bartender asked, pointing at the barely conscious boy.

“Yeah,” the blond said, “Sorry if he caused any trouble.”

The man smiled, “Nah, no worries. Just drank too much.”

Jason slung an arm around Leo’s waist and the boy jerked awake, looking at the blond with wide,
unfocused eyes, “Huh?” he slurred, “Wha...”

“It’s okay, it’s me,” Jason said softly, “I’m here to take you home, idiot.”

A big, childish grin broke over Leo’s face, “Jayyyyyson!” he exclaimed and threw his arms around the blond’s shoulders, “I knew you’d come for me.”

Jason chuckled and the bartender snorted, “You his boyfriend or something?”

“Or something,” Jason said.

“No,” Leo struggled to his feet and leaned heavily against Jason so he didn’t fall over, “I am his boyfriend.”

Jason laughed at Leo’s drunk antics but he had to admit that it was endearing, and made him feel warm and happy, “Of course you are,” he played along, and looked at the bartender, who was shaking his head fondly, “Better take him home before he passes out.”

Leo tugged on Jason’s shirt clumsily, “Jas,” he said in a suddenly small voice.

“What is it baby boy?” the blond’s arm was still around his waist.

“I think...I’m gonna be sick.”

***

Leo was sobbing on the bed, shoulders shaking, holding Jason’s phone in his hands. Stupid, stupid, stupid.

Minutes ago the blond had gone out, dressed in a suit, and Leo hadn’t even asked where he was going. It was Saturday night so he just assumed the man was going to a meeting or to work because sometimes he did that, but Jason had left his phone and Leo saw and all he could think about was how? How long had it been going on? How long had Jason been lying to him? How long had he been cheating? How did it end up like this.

One of Leo’s tears tumbled off his chin and landed on the screen, which lit up with another message.

Piper: u deffo up for tonight??

Piper: should ill meet u there or r u gonna pick me up?

Piper: ill wear heels

Piper: btw do u wanna go back to mine after?

Piper: or we can go bck to urs

Piper: call me xx

Leo felt sick to his stomach and he almost hurled the phone across the room. Who the fuck was Piper and why was she messaging Jason like he was her man? He wasn’t! He was Leo’s boyfriend, he’d been his boyfriend for five months! And that’s what Leo couldn’t understand; how could Jason do this to him, when he knew how much the Latino loved him? He had said he loved Leo back so many times...was it all a lie? They never kissed, they never fucked, so why? Leo was so confused.

He heard the front door open, and then the shout, “Hey! Leo, I left my phone!” and he didn’t even
have the energy to think of a cover-up story or try and pretend that everything was okay because his whole world just shattered and he felt like his body was disjointed and in pieces. As he heard Jason approach the bedroom, his body numbed.

“Leo-,” the blond pushed open the door and froze mid-word, shocked at the state of Leo, crying and flushed and shaking, “Leo, what happened?” Jason demanded immediately.

“W-W-Whose....” Leo couldn’t get his words out and he had to swallow past the dryness of his throat, “Whose Piper?”

Jason frowned, “What?”

“Whose Piper?” Leo gritted out and stood up, shoving Jason’s phone into his chest. The blond looked confused, and Leo waited for the excuses to come.

“Oh, you found my phone. Great, I was scared I was gonna be late-“

“Late to meet your mistress?” Leo demanded, trying to hold his sobs back.

Jason blinked, “I’m so baffled,” he admitted, “Do you mean Piper? Yes, I’m going to meet her?”

“How long?” Leo asked brokenly, stepping away, “How long have you been fucking her?”

“I haven’t,” Jason blinked “It’s our first meeting. We met on Tinder.”

“Tinder?!” Leo yelled hoarsely, “What the fuck is wrong with you?! You have a boyfriend and you’re on Tinder?!”

“What the hell are you on about?” Jason was getting agitated, “Is this some sort of piss-take?”

“How could you do this to me?” Leo asked, quiet and heartbroken.

“Do what?” Jason sighed in exasperation.

“cheat on me.”

Jason sighed again, “Leo we...,” he trailed off suddenly and his eyes widened. He took in Leo’s messy appearance and it dawned on him, “Leo...you don’t...you haven’t...you don’t actually think I’m your boyfriend, right?”

The words were, somehow, more of a blow than the text messages. Leo slid down onto the edge of the bed, his legs refusing to hold him up any longer, and he stared blankly into space as his mind replayed the last five months in his head. All the hugs and cuddles, and jokes and dates, and softly whispered words of love. Jason had never explicitly said it, and that was the problem.

It really felt like they were a couple.

So how did it end up like this?

“Oh my God,” Leo whispered, more to himself than to Jason, “Oh my God, what-,” his face crumpled and his eyes flooded with tears and he had to take a shuddery breath to calm himself down.

“How could you think we were in a relationship?” Jason didn’t seem like he understood.

“We sleep in the same bed,” Leo said, and then, louder, “We sleep in the same *fucking* bed, Jason!”
“That’s ‘cause we only have one!” Jason exclaimed, as if it was a plausible excuse.

“No. No, no, no, no,” Leo stood up and pointed at Jason, “I refuse to believe I’m the crazy on here. We went on dates, you too me out to dinner, we cuddles, we even **showered** together. That’s not what **friends** do!”

“We never kissed,” Jason still seemed unable to comprehend, “We ever had sex. I never asked you out-“

“You said you **loved** me!” Leo yelled brokenly.

“I meant as a friend!” Jason yelled back, then froze. Leo let out a chocked off sob, “Wait. So all those times...all those times you cuddled me, and said you love me...you meant it?” he asked quietly.

Leo felt pathetic. He felt so fucking pathetic. He wiped his cheeks but the tears just kept coming. His world didn’t make sense anymore, “You called me baby boy,” he whispered, heartbroken.

Jason’s expression crumpled, “Please don’t do this. Not now. Not when I’ve tried so hard to...,” he groaned and rubbed a hand down his face, “For fuck’s sake I’ve been looking for someone for so long just so I can bloody get over you and just when I found her you barge in and **ruin** everything!”

Leo turned away and buried his face in his hands, feeling like he was going to pass out. It was too much, too fucking much, “I can’t,” he whispered feverishly, sobs lacing through his words, “I can’t do this, I can’t, I can’t...”

He collapsed on the bed and curled himself up against the wall, pressing his forehead against it in an attempt to calm down as his breaths came out loud and fast and hysterical. He hugged himself, because he knew nobody else would, and wondered how he could’ve been so naïve. Now that Jason had said it out loud it made sense. They were friends, only friends, and Jason didn’t love him.

A second later the covers were thrown over Leo, like a protective cocoon, and that somehow made it worse because Jason still caring made the Latino’s heart ache. What confused him even more was when he felt the bed dip and then felt the warmth sturdiness of Jason’s chest against his back as the blond tucked himself in behind the boy.

“I’m sorry,” he said, and Leo was so confused he stopped crying. Jason’s arm slid around his waist and the Latino jerked, but the blond didn’t let go. His voice was soft, but calm, relaxing, “I’ve been a shitty boyfriend. I haven’t even kissed you.”

“S-Shut up,” Leo squeezed his eyes shut, “I don’t know w-what you’re doing, but just because you feel guilty-“

Jason’s free arm slipped under Leo’s body and crossed over his chest so the blond could clutch him protectively, burying his face in Leo’s neck, his hair tickling the smaller boy’s face. The mechanic tensed.

“I don’t feel guilty,” Jason murmured, voice muffled, “I feel annoyed. Because if I had known, I would’ve done this ages ago.”

Leo’s heart twisted, “I don’t believe you,” he said quietly.

Jason turned him abruptly around, so they were face to face, and then wiped the surprised Latino’s cheeks with his thumbs. His eyes were brimming with emotion, his eyebrows drawn, “I can’t believe I made my baby boy cry.”
“Stop it-,” Leo tried to turn away, “This isn’t funny, I don’t know what you’re trying to make this out to be but...but...”

“I’m trying to make it what I want it to be,” Jason said firmly, and Leo glanced at him, “I don’t want to throw the last months away. You thought we were together and even though I wasn’t aware of that I was still in love with you all that time, so it counts...doesn’t it?”

“Y-You’re not joking?” Leo asked in a small voice. Jason leaned their foreheads together, closer than they’ve ever been before, and Leo inhaled sharply.

“Of course not,” Jason said.

They kissed a kiss Leo had anticipated for weeks. The mechanic felt exhausted and warm and tired, and his cheeks burned from crying and his eyes and head ached and his lips felt like mush when Jason kissed him, but that was kind of nice. It was raw, imperfectly perfect. Jason’s lips were dry, Leo’s were wet, and they moved together in a wonderful synchronisation of two people who have been tiptoeing around each other for months and in that moment Leo knew that Jason wasn’t lying; he loved him.

The realisation made Leo slump against the bed and started crying again and Jason pulled away.

“No, no, no,” he murmured and pulled Leo to his chest, hugging him and stroking his back, “No, don’t cry baby, please don’t cry anymore,” he kissed the side of his head, then his forehead, “I love you. I love you, don’t cry.”

“I-I know you love m-me,” Leo sobbed, clinging onto Jason’s shirt, “T-That’s why I’m crying.”

Jason brushed his hair back from his forehead and kept his lips pressed there until Leo’s sobs turned to sniffles and then to hiccups. It was comforting, it made Leo feel safe and warm and whole. It’s going to be okay, he told himself.

“I need to ask you something,” Jason said.

“What?” Leo sniffled, so tired he could barely think straight.

“Will you be my boyfriend, Leo?”

The Latino blinked, glanced at the blond, and his eyes filled with tears again. It was just too much, the way Jason was looking at him, smiling at him. He hadn’t imagined it after all, “Y-You idiot,” he smiled through his tears, “We’ve been dating for five months.”
So Wake Me Up Before You Go

Person A sleepwalks into person B's bed once or twice a week. It is normal by now and person B doesn't really think about it too much... except for the fact that he is unbelievably in love with A. One night B starts to jerk off thinking about A and suddenly A walks in and collapses on top of him. Please don't make it so that the sleepwalking is fake. Other than that do whatever you want. Ends in smut please!

For Mook21

Jason jerked awake violently when he heard the door to his cabin open. He was a light-sleeper, and always aware of the dangers that could wait for Demigods around any corner. He sat up in bed and his eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness of the cabin. He could see a shadow by the door, shifting and silent. A monster, Jason thought and reached for his swore, laying on his bedside table. He didn’t dare speak, in case the monster hadn’t noticed him yet, and stood slowly, poised, sword ready. How did this creature get past Camp Half Blood’s defences? Jason didn’t know but he felt his adrenaline surge when the shadow approached. The blond lifted his sword, ready to strike-

And he exhaled in relief because the ‘monster’ stepped into the moonlight falling in through the window and revealed himself as none other than Percy Jackson. Jason laughed and lowered his weapon, shaking his head at his best friend.

“One, you scared me, man,” he said, but Percy didn’t reply and when Jason peered closer he saw that the boy’s eyes were closed and that he was swaying slowly with each step. The blond blinked, confused, and watched the son of Poseidon shuffle past him and collapse onto his bed, his breathing deep and even. Oh my Gods, Jason realised, he’s asleep. He gaped at the boy, sprawled on his bed, and almost reached for him before remembering it was dangerous to wake sleepwalkers up. Because he was sure that that’s what Percy was doing; sleepwalking.

Jason sighed and ran a hand through his hair, contemplating the passed-out form of his friend before shrugging and climbing in on the sliver of bed Percy had left him. They had slept in tents and hotels together before, during quests when they all had to squeeze onto beds, so it wasn’t a big deal...

At least while Percy stayed on his side of the bed, which didn’t last long. The boy shimmed across in his sleep in minutes and slid an arm under Jason’s, wrapping it around the blond’s chest and snuggling up against him, burying his face between the blond’s shoulder blades. Jason found himself blushing, tense, and incredibly awake.
It was one thing having your best friend cuddle you. It was another when your best friend also happened to be the person you were unbelievable in love with. Jason swallowed and thought this is going to be a long night.

He fell asleep though, not really knowing how or when, and when he woke up in the morning Percy was gone, and at breakfast he acted as if nothing had happened. So Jason acted right back.

***

Jason heard the now-familiar creak of the door and he barely opened one eye, double-checking that it was just Percy, before scooting across the bed. The son of Poseidon approached slowly, his breathing calm and deep, eyes closed, and collapsed face-first next to Jason. How he didn’t wake up from the impact, the son of Jupiter had no idea.

It had gone on for two months. Eight weeks. Sixteen times. Percy came to his bed twice a week, and by now Jason had established that the boy was completely unaware that he was doing it. At dawn Jason sometimes woke up in time to see the boy rise in his sleep and sleep-walk back out of his cabin and back to his own bed. It was entertaining, honestly, except for the part where Jason had to share his bed with the love of his life, which he had already done sixteen times, each harder than the last.

The first few times had been horrible, and Jason often didn’t sleep at all, tense or prying Percy’s hands off his body since the boy was extremely cuddly. But then Jason started to relax, realising none of it was his fault. And then, when he realised that Percy wasn’t going to wake up, he started to return his sleeping affections.

Right now he was laying on his side, facing the boy, sleepy but watching his face nonetheless. Jason liked falling asleep like this, just looking at Percy, because it meant his dreams were full of the son of Poseidon. The son of Jupiter’s arm was slung around his best friend’s waist, and Percy’s hand had jerked up ten minutes ago, his fist now curled into the space between Jason’s jaw and shoulder.

Subconsciously Jason’s thumb stroked a sliver of skin on Percy’s hip, between his pants and shirt. The boy’s eyelids flickered every so often as he slept, his breath deepening at times. His eyelashes cast a dark shadow on his cheeks, rosy from sleep.

“I wish I could kiss you,” Jason murmured to him, because he knew the boy couldn’t hear him, “I wish I could hold you properly. I wish you’d love me back.”

“Jason...,” the boy mumbled and the blond tensed, exhaling when he realised that Percy was still asleep and only muttering his name in his dreams – maybe he was aware of how close Jason was, subconsciously.

***

Jason groggily woke up as the bed dipped and saw Percy collapse next to him, back to the blond. The son of Jupiter smiled and scooted forward, still mostly asleep, and slung an arm over Percy, dragging him backwards against his chest so they were spooning. He was so used to this that he didn’t even think twice as he dropped a little, loving kiss on Percy’s shoulder.

“I love you,” he whispered and fell back asleep.

***

Jason couldn’t sleep, and it was all Percy’s fault. Okay, it was still early in the night, the clock not even showing midnight yet, but Jason knew he’d be awake till dawn, all because of Percy. Earlier he had been right here, in the Cabin, awake for once, laughing and teasing Jason about something. They
wanted to go swimming in the lake and were changing clothes and Percy just *stripped* right in front of the blond, as if he didn’t care about how it would affect him.

Now the image of his naked body was burned into the blond’s mind and his cock was throbbing and hard no matter how hard Jason tried to push the thought away. It was clear the erection wasn’t going anywhere and although Jason *promised* himself he wouldn’t wank over Percy (again) he now found his hand treacherously sliding down and into his boxers. He was too weak.

He closed his eyes when his fingers wrapped around his cock and immediately he conjured up the image of Percy, naked, the beautiful curve of his smooth ass, his abs, the dark line of hair leading to... As he stroked himself slowly Jason’s mind started wandering; he imagined the boy underneath him, squirming and moaning and gasping for air as Jason fucked him, sweet and slow and the way he always wanted to...

He didn’t hear the door open, and didn’t realise Percy had sleep-walked into his cabin until it was too late and the boy was falling on top of him. Jason yelped at the sudden weight on top of him, cock still in hand, but Percy didn’t wake up.

The blond lay there, holding his breath and his cock, tense. Percy was sprawled on top of him, face resting against the blond’s shoulders, arms loll at his sides, breath brushing Jason’s skin. The boy didn’t know what to do, or how to react. He tried to wriggle free but it didn’t work and he just managed to rub his erection against Percy’s thigh. He stifled a groan, and tried to think of a way out of this when Percy suddenly shifted and his dick rubbed against Jason. He was hard.

*Had he been hard before?* Jason thought frantically, heart pounding, as he cast his mind back to their previous nights together. He didn’t remember, or maybe he just hadn’t checked? *Fuck, fuck, fuck...* Jason knew he was drowning in quicksand and if he didn’t do something, things could go very, very wrong...

*How did this happen?*

Percy shifted again and Jason squeezed his eyes shut as his cock twitched. He forcefully stopped himself from thrusting up against Percy and then slowly, slowly rolled them over. It was the only way to get Percy off him without waking him and after a few painful minutes the blond had the son of Poseidon on his back and he was hovering over him, panting.

Jason needed to move *now*, or he knew he’d lose control and fuck everything up. He’d go to the bathroom and finish jerking off there and then he’d come back and pretend nothing happened. Yes, that was what he was going to do. The boy swallowed and started to pull away when Percy’s arms suddenly shot out and wrapped around his shoulder, dragging him down.

Jason gasped but Percy clung onto him with surprising strength. Worse still, his legs slid apart, allowing Jason to lie between them and slot their clothed erections together.

“No,” the blond huffed out against the pillow next to Percy’s head. The sleeping boy wouldn’t let him go when he tried to pull away, and instead let out a muffled sound and *grinded* up against Jason.

*He’s having a wet dream,* the blond realised and when he managed to pull away slightly he saw that the other boy’s face was flushed, mouth open, brows furrowed. His breaths were quickly turning into little breathy moans as his hips stuttered upwards, his hard cock rubbing against Jason’s.

The blond just *couldn’t.* He bit his lip and apologised to Percy silently, bracing his arms on either side of the boy’s head as he pressed down, brushing his straining erection against Percy’s. The boy twitched and moaned quietly, his hands clenching and unclenching in his sleep. Jason gritted his
teeth to keep quiet as he thrust against the boy, enjoying the shudders of pleasure that travelled up his spine every time he did so.

Before he knew what he was doing he was leaning down and kissing Percy, sloppy and open mouthed and desperate, but still soft and tentative at the same time, as to not wake him up. Percy’s bodily response was to arch up against Jason and let out a keening sound, which somehow forced Jason to kiss him harder, plunging his tongue into the boy’s mouth and gripping the pillow on either side of his head. His thrusts grew rougher and faster as desperation crawled through the boy’s body.

And when Jason pulled away he found, with gut-wrenching shock, that Percy was awake and staring up at him with dark, wide, dazed eyes. The blond wanted to stop, to say something, to fucking apologise, but his body was moving on its own accord and Percy didn’t looked disgusted or scared. His expression crumbled into one of undeniable pleasure.

“Jason,” he moaned and his arms tightened around the blond’s neck while his legs slid up to wrap around his waist. Jason didn’t know what was happening, but he couldn’t stop it. He rubbed himself against Percy, eliciting sweet sounds from him, and collided their mouths together. Percy kissed him back fiercely and it was all too much; in seconds they were both panting each other’s names and clinging onto one another and then Percy was shuddering and coming, throwing his head back against the pillows, and Jason could just watch him as his own orgasm washed over him.

Jason slumped against Percy and tried to get enough air in his lungs and when his head stopped spinning he realised what happened. He pulled away, climbed off Percy, and watched, confused, as the boy just laid there, breathing hard and eyes closed.

He was silent for a while and the blond couldn’t pull his eyes away from the dishevelled son of Poseidon. He watched as the bliss on Percy’s look turned to a frown, and then his eyes were fluttering open. He stared at the ceiling and then, almost in slow-motion, he reached over with his left arm and pinched his right. He winced, and then sat up abruptly, so quickly that Jason flinched. His eyes were wide and full of panic that made Jason’s heart twist, “Oh my Gods,” he gasped.

“What?” the blond asked hoarsely.

“It wasn’t a dream.”

His stomach fell, “What?”

Percy’s eyes snapped to Jason and his voice was high-pitched and panicky when he said; “One second I was having a dream you were fucking me in like a fucking meadow or something, and then I was here, and I thought I was still dreaming but—”

“You had a sex dream about me?” Jason asked, mouth dry. Percy blushed. Jason had never seen him blush.

“What am I doing here?” he asked, looking anxiously around the Zeus Cabin.

“You sleep walked here,” Jason was too out of it to lie.

Percy frowned, “Sleep walked?”

“You’ve been doing it for months.”

“M-Months?” Percy asked shocked, “I’ve been coming into your bed for months and doing this?” he gestured at the wet stain on his pants. Jason flinched and looked away guiltily.
“No. Tonight was the first time. You...er...caught me at a bad time,” he rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, “I was wanking, and you just kind of fell on top of me and started grinding on me and...yeah.”

Percy still looked like he was in shock, “Why didn’t you wake me up or stop me or something?”

“Because I’m in love with you,” Jason said, then recoiled. His heart sunk, “Shit. I wasn’t supposed to say that. Shit, shit, shit.”

“Wait,” Percy held up his hand and took a deep breath, “So you’re telling me I’ve been sleep walking into your bed for months and that right now we just basically did that and you didn’t stop it because you’re in love with me?”

“Yes,” Jason muttered.

Percy exhaled, then flopped back on the bed, “Does that mean I don’t have to go back to my Cabin?”

Jason didn’t understand, “Aren’t you grossed out?”

“Jason. I had a sex dream about you. Multiple sex dreams about you. I’ve wanted you since we were fifteen.”

Jason pounced on him, pinning him down on the bed and kissed him, clumsy and feverish, before the boy changed his mind. Percy laughed into the kiss and then relaxed, holding Jason’s cheeks in his hands and kissing back, forcing the kiss to slow down.

“I should’ve woke you up sooner,” the blond admitted in-between kisses.
Ticking Away the Moments

Chapter Notes

This turned a bit more angsty than anticipated, sorry.

Percy x Malcolm Soulmates! Au where there's a watch on your wrist and it stops when you meet your beloved one? 10 year old Percy had his clock stopped when he met his new neighbours, Annabeth (and her family and her annoying brother). He's really convinced that Anna's his soulmate and he keeps following her everywhere. But her cockblocker of a brother keeps getting in his way, mocks the hell out of him and third wheels them all the time. When Percy's 17+, Annabeth revealed that her clock is still ticking (and she didn't tell him for some heavy reasons) but Percy is very stubborn and very petulant that it must be her and then suddenly they stopped arguing and turn to Malcolm who had been quiet for awhile and well, he kind of never checked his clock for a long time either so he removed his arm band and oh.

Oh shit. Cute, humorous ending pleaaaaase.

For Yuuuuuuki

Percy always thought that princesses were his type; blonde and pretty and in dresses. Even as a child he would watch cartoons and listen to his mother telling him his goodnight-fairytales, and he’d fantasise about how he would one day meet his princess and that their clocks would stop together, and that they’d be Soulmates. Of course Percy was ten and a big boy and he knew princesses didn’t actually exist.

That was, until he met Annabeth Chase.

In his world people’s aims weren’t money or careers or fame, but rather love, and the intention to find their Soulmate, the one person meant just for them. To that end they were all gifted by some God with clocks. Every single person in the world had a clock, or rather two clock hands and twelve little dots in the shape of a circle almost tattooed into their wrists, subtle but carrying humongous meaning. The hands moved silently the moment a child was born, and continued until they met their
Soulmate, at which point both of their hands would stop at the same time, and they’d have matching clocks. Some people died with their clocks still going, and that was heartbreaking, but at age ten Percy didn’t really think about that.

He lived in a little ‘bubble,’ in a beautiful house at the end of a long driveway in Florida where the flowers were always blooming and the pavements were always scorching hot. He had a group of great friends in school, and his days were spent doing homework, roller-skating down the street with the neighbouring kids, and eating ice cream. A blissful childhood.

Until the Chases moved in to the house next door. It had stood empty for months and one day – it was a Saturday – as Percy came bounding down the steps to his house and into the blazing afternoon, he saw a van parked outside and people milling in the front yard, the doors of the house thrown wide open as the people passed each other cardboard boxes. Percy was confused and he just stood there, staring, until his eyes fell on two out-of-place people.

Two blond kids sat on the low wall that separated Percy’s house from theirs. Percy noticed the girl first, because she looked like a princess with gold, flowing locks and pretty blue eyes. Sure, she was a scruffy princess in dirty sneakers, boy shorts and a cap turned backwards, but she was pretty nonetheless and Percy found his heart pounding as he looked at her. She was eating a lolly, and looked around the boy’s age. Next to her sat a small boy who Percy assumed was her brother. He wore awkward, too-big glasses on his nose and his hair curled weirdly around his chubby face. He ate his own lolly with the clumsiness of a child.

Percy knew he had to say something, and so he came over, “Hi,” he said. The two turned on the wall to look at him.

“Hi,” it was the little boy who spoke, his voice shy and squeaky. Percy ignored him, eyes focused on the girl, who didn’t look pleased to see him.

“Are you moving in next door?”

“Yes,” the girl replied, “papa got a new job in town.”

“That’s our new house!” the little boy said, pointing a chubby finger at the house. Percy rolled his eyes at the child.

“What’s your name?” he asked the girl, eager to know. She looked anxiously at her parents, busy with moving boxes, but clearly decided that Percy wasn’t a threat.

“Annabeth Chase,” she said, “and this is my little brother, Malcolm.”

The blond boy waved so excitedly that his glasses slipped down his nose. He hurriedly pushed them back up and Percy fought the urge to push him off the wall. He wanted to be alone with Annabeth, the scruffy princess.

“I’m Percy, and I’m ten. How old are you?”

“I’m ten too!” Annabeth smiled at that.

“That means we’ll be in the same class if you move to my school!”

She exhaled in relief, “Oh thank God! I thought I wouldn’t know anyone and now....” she paused, “Now I know you, I suppose. Percy.”

The boy’s heart fluttered and he grinned, not moving his eyes from the girl. He felt a sudden tug on
his hand and saw that Malcolm was by his side, barely reaching Percy’s elbow, his hand sticky from the lolly.

“I’m seven,” he said loudly, as if Percy cared. The older boy pulled his hand out of Malcolm’s in disgust and pushed him away.

“Don’t touch me, stupid kid.”

“Hey, don’t talk to him like that,” Annabeth interjected, but it was too late. Malcolm’s eyes, as blue as his sisters, welled with tears and with a wail he clambered over the wall and ran for his mother. Annabeth sighed, “Now look what you did,” she told Percy.

“Jeez, what a brat,” the boy shoved his hands into the pockets of his shorts, “I was just trying to talk to you. He didn’t need to butt in.”

Annabeth smiled, “Just be nicer. Malkie’s sensitive.”

“Annabeth!” her mother yelled suddenly, Malcolm clinging onto her leg like some monkey, “Come take care of your brother!”

Annabeth sighed and slid off the wall, “I’ve got to go,” she paused, “I’ll see you later?” there was a little bit of hope in her voice and Percy grinned and nodded eagerly, losing his cool for a moment. The girl returned his smile and then bounced off towards her annoying brother, leaving Percy awe-stuck.

He forgot what he was supposed to be doing and went back into his house, thinking about the beautiful girl. It was only that evening, when he was laying in his bed, that he glanced at his wrist and was shocked, because the hands of his clock were frozen. The boy stared at it intently for long, long minutes but the hands never moved.

He knew it. Annabeth was his Soulmate. The thought made him insanely happy and he laid in bed, too excited to sleep, thinking about her scruffy knees and cuts on her elbows and her mean stared.

Percy realised he didn’t like princesses anymore.

***

“I still can’t believe we’re Soulmates,” Percy said, a year later, walking down the beach next to Annabeth. They were on their way back from school, walking the same way they did every day ever since they moved to the same class in middle school, “It feels so surreal,” Percy continued, ignoring that Annabeth was quiet. She always went quiet when Percy blabbed on about Soulmates, but he just assumed that it was because she was shy, “That means we’re gonna have to date sometimes.”

“Ew,” Annabeth made a face, “I hate boys.”

Percy flushed and grabbed the straps of his backpack tight, “W-Well I hate girls too! At least now. You’re gross.”

“You’re gross,” Annabeth fired, giggling, and then turned to the road suddenly. Percy blinked and then chased after her,

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“I have to pick Malcolm up from school,” she didn’t stop walking, “My parent’s are staying late at work today.”
Percy groaned, “Jesus Christ we never get a break from him, do we?”

Annabeth glared at him over his shoulder, “He’s my little brother, stop being so mean about him,” they got to the school gates, where dozens of kids were milling around in the summer sunshine.

“But he’s annoying,” Percy complained.

“Whose annoying?” Malcolm asked, appearing out of nowhere and beaming up at his sister.


“Percy.”


“I hate you too, brat,” Percy grumbled.

Annabeth took her brother’s hand, “It’s not my fault he follows me around like a stray dog,” she said, winking at Percy, who was too pleased to mind what she said.

They walked down the street, Malcolm creating an uncomfortable gap between Percy and Annabeth. The older boy wished it was he who was holding the girl’s hand.

“Annie can you help me with my sums today?” the blond asked, and every one of his words made Percy want to throw him under a car. He was just so annoying.

“No, sorry,” Annabeth said, “I promised I’d got to Percy’s house so we can watch a movie.”

“Can I come?” Malcolm asked, looking at Percy hopefully. The dark haired boy snorted.

“No. It’s a movie for big kids.”

Malcolm pouted, “I am a big kid! I’m nine!”

Annabeth stepped in, “Hush, Malkie. Percy’s right, you’d have nightmares after this movie.”

Malcolm sulked and Percy was pleased his Soulmate was taking his side for once.

***

Percy eagerly waited outside of the movie theatre. He had done everything like his mom told him to; he had dressed in his nicest jumper and jeans and even cleaned his shoes and brushed his hair. He went to the shop and bought a rose with his pocket money and then his mom bought him two tickets to see Toy Story 3 before driving off, promising to come pick him and Annabeth up when the movie was over.

When he saw Annabeth’s mom’s car pull into the parking lot, Percy’s heart started pounding with excitement and he gripped the rose tighter in his hand. The girl stepped out of the car, looking grumpy as always, her hair pulled up into a tall ponytail. Unlike other twelve-year-old girls she didn’t like skirts and flats, and showed up today in leggings, a jean jacket and sneakers.

And her brother.

Percy’s heart fell when the door on the other side opened and Malcolm clambered out. Despite being ten he was still awkward and small and seeing him made Percy’s blood boil.
“What’s he doing here?” he demanded when Annabeth approached.

“My mom made me bring him,” the girl shrugged and looked at the rose, “that for me?”

Now Percy found the whole thing stupid, “Yeah,” he muttered, offering her the rose, “I don’t have a ticket for him,” he said as Malcolm bounded over, happy to be included.

“It’s fine, my mom gave me money to get him one,” she noticed Percy’s expression and leaned forward to kiss him on the cheek. They were the same height. Percy’s heart skipped a beat, “Sorry,” she murmured. But Percy didn’t care anymore, grinning, because his Soulmate had kissed him. Granted, it was only his cheek, but still.

In the movie theatre Percy forgot all about Malcolm because Annabeth sat between them. He could barely focus on the screen and mid-way his hand snuck across their seats and took Annabeth’s. It was awkward and his palm was sweaty but she was his Soulmate, and those were the things Soulmates did.

But then Annabeth pulled her hand away because Malcolm needed to go to the bathroom and she had to take him and in that moment Percy decided that he hated him.

***

They were sitting on her bed in a patch of sunshine, shoulder to shoulder, tense and awkward. It was the summer of when they were thirteen. Percy was drumming his fingers on his leg, Annabeth was perfectly still. Both of them stared right ahead.

“So-“ Annabeth started.

“Should we-,” Percy said at the same time. They fell silent again, until Percy took a deep breath, “Should we do it then.”

Annabeth turned to face him, “Yeah,” she sounded unsure. Percy also turned his head. Their faces were inches away and Percy could feel her breath on his lips. They looked at each other, then looked away, blushing. Just do it, Percy told himself, and leaned forward.

It was just a touch of lips, and it made Percy so incredibly awkward that he immediately wanted to pull away. He didn’t know how to kiss, but he knew it shouldn’t be like this.

Thankfully Annabeth took the initiative. She put her hands on Percy’s shoulders and kissed him harder, moving his lips against the boy’s. Percy copied her clumsily. She tasted like strawberries and her lips were sticky with lip gloss. When had she started wearing lip gloss? The movements of the kiss were horribly mechanical and tense and Percy’s mind started wandering – he had a lot of homework, what would be for dinner?

The door to Annabeth’s room burst open and the two sprung apart, embarrassed. Percy fought the urge to wipe his mouth but Annabeth didn’t manage to hold back and brushed her sleeve over her lips, which honestly stung a bit, but then they had bigger things to worry about. Namely Malcolm.

He came spiralling into Annabeth’s arms, sobbing, and the girl barely caught him, “What happened?” she demanded immediately, kiss forgotten. Percy wanted to feel mad and angry at the interruption, but the kiss had been bad, and when he looked at Malcolm all he could do was feel sorry for the eleven year old. His glasses were cracked and clumsily cello-taped together, and there were fat tears rolling down his chubby, flushed cheeks.

“T-They d-did it a-again,” he wailed, gripping onto Annabeth’s shirt. There was murder in the girl’s
eyes.

“Who? Those boys? Did they hit you again?”

Malcolm nodded, chocking on a sob, and then his eyes landed on Percy. He froze and then tried to wipe away at his tears even though they kept coming. Percy was too shocked to move.

“W-What’s h-he d-doing here?” Malcolm stuttered out

“Did you get beat up in school?” Percy blurted, and subconsciously reached for the boy’s ruined glasses. Malcolm flinched away.

“Don’t touch me.”

“Okay, chill, I was just trying to be nice,” Percy rolled his eyes.

“Malkie-,” Annabeth started. Her brother looked between the two of them and the pain in his eyes made Percy feel horrible for a second, but then he barrelled out of the room and took that pain with him and Percy didn’t know what to think.

***

“So, it’s a stupid notion,” Malcolm said pretentiously, regarding the black band around his wrist where his Soulmate clock was. Annabeth and Percy walked near him, holding hands, and Percy wanted, more than anything, to drag the girl behind one of the funfair rides and hide from the irritating twelve year old. They were fourteen and still had to babysit Malcolm as if they weren’t on a date, “why should some stupid clock decide who I love?”

“It works,” Percy snapped, “always,” he squeezed Annabeth’s hand and she gave him a weird, tight smile.

“Whatever,” Malcolm snorted.

“Why are you here again?” Percy asked.

“To piss you off, Jackson,” the twelve year old said smartly. In the past year he had turned his crying and into sarcasm, like a defence, and it just irked the boy more.

“Jesus Christ, don’t you have friends?” Percy grumbled, “Oh wait, of course you don’t. Nobody would stand you.”

He knew he hit a nerve when Malcolm glared at him, “Idiot,” he mumbled.

“Hey,” Annabeth broke up their fight by pointing at a stand full of goldfish in little tanks, “Why don’t we try and get one?”

“T’ll win one for you,” Percy said confidently.

It proved harder than he thought and when he failed to shoot down a bottle twice, Malcolm had a go, and failed too. Eventually Annabeth won herself a goldfish, leaving both the boys sulking as they trailed towards the biggest ride in the funfair – the Dropper. It consisted of a huge pole that towered over the fair, with a square on the top filled with seats. The people sitting would get pulled to the top and then dropped abruptly, their screams of fear and glee sweeping over the amusement park.

Percy was buzzing with excitement, “Come on, come on, come on,” he muttered as Annabeth exchanged their tokens for tickets. The man taking the tokens peered down at Malcolm.
“He old enough?”

“I’m twelve,” the blond spat and Percy felt pleasure from seeing him embarrassed. The token-man didn’t seem to bothered and he shrugged, allowing the trio onto the ride. Percy found himself sitting between Malcolm and Annabeth and as they were clipped in he decided it was his mission to make Malcolm feel as isolated as possible. But when the boy turned to his Soulmate he found that Annabeth had turned away too, and was chatting to a pretty brunette sitting next to her. Percy sighed and decided to look right ahead instead.

He forgot all about Annabeth and Malcolm as the ride started and they slowly travelled up the pole. Butterflies exploded in Percy’s stomach and he grinned, giddy as his legs hung freely over the growing space between them and the ground. To his left he heard Annabeth tell the newly met girl Jesus it’s high and as they reached the top and froze there, he glanced at Malcolm.

The boy looked paler than usual and he was shaking. One of his hands was gripping the part of the ride that was keeping him clipped in, while with the other one he kept his glasses from falling off. Below them the funfair spread out like a multitude of lights, and passed that the rest of night-time Florida glowed. Malcolm didn’t appreciate the beautiful scenery because his breath was coming out stuttered and he looked on the verge of a panic attack.

Percy didn’t know why he did what he did but suddenly he found himself reaching out and plucking Malcolm’s glasses off his nose. The boy looked at him, surprised, and Percy pocketed his glasses.

“So they won’t fall off,” he told the teary-eyed twelve year old. Malcolm continued to stare.

“I’m scared,” he whimpered, and he sounded so vulnerable that Percy had no option but to reach across and take his hand. It felt clammy and shaky in his own but when Percy slotted their fingers together he found that they fitted together quite well, which was surprising-

The ride dropped suddenly, with no warning, and the riders screamed, including Percy and Malcolm. The older boy squeezed the younger’s hand, as much for his own sake as the boy’s, and soon the seconds of exhilarating terror were over and their feet touched the ground.

The second they did, Malcolm and Percy snatched their hands back.

***

Percy’s and Annabeth’s legs dangled over the edge of the low, wooden bridge that hung over the river. The summer was unbearably hot, the water beneath them cool as it flowed past their bare legs. They sat in a comfortable silence, shoulders together, and Percy thought it was romantic. He thought he should kiss Annabeth, but he knew it’d just be sweaty and too-warm and so he didn’t.

“This is nice,” he said instead.

“Yeah,” Annabeth said. Lately she’s been distant, hanging out more with Piper – the friend she met a year ago at the funfair – than with Percy, who was supposed to be his Soulmate. Percy acted like he didn’t mind, because he kind of didn’t. Annabeth was a part of his life but she wasn’t crucial to it, which scared Percy, who hoped he’d grow into needing her. Because sometimes he found that he forgot she even existed, because he was too busy with school or swimming or with arguing with her brother.

But for now it was nice, as long as they didn’t have to kiss.

The sound of footsteps on the bridge made Percy look up and he groaned audibly when he saw Malcolm approaching. He had visibly changed from twelve to thirteen, and was growing into a
teenager. He wasn’t as short anymore, though still a lot shorter than Percy, and had lost the childish chubbiness he always had about him. Now he was skinny and lanky and just as awkward. The thing that stayed the same about him were his glasses and the black patch over his Soulmate clock.

“What do you want?” Percy snapped at Malcolm, because he liked fighting with him. Now that the boy was almost a match for him it was exciting.

“To see my sister, jackass,” Malcolm replied, and sat down next to Percy, pulling off his shoes and dipping his feet in the water. He let out a pleased sigh, “Ah, this is nice,” he echoed Percy’s earlier words. The older boy’s eye twitched.

“Annie, tell him to leave.”

“You leave,” Malcolm snapped.

“For God’s sake,” Annabeth sighed, and she looked sad as she gazed out at a dragonfly grazing the water, “Can’t you two just get along for once.”

“Yeah,” Percy slung an arm around Annabeth but she wriggled free. Probably too warm, “You should get along with your sisters Soulmate.”


“What do you mean?” Percy’s eyes narrowed.

“You are the lousiest pair of ‘Soulmates’ that I’ve ever seen,” he said. Percy felt anger burn through his gut and before he realised what he was doing he had propelled Malcolm forward, and into the river.

“Percy!” Annabeth stood, outraged. Malcolm spluttered and stood up, soaking wet.

“What the hell?!” he screeched.

“What’s the matter with you, Percy?” Annabeth demanded, “Why do you always have to ruin good moments?!”

Percy felt attacked, “He started it!” he pointed at a shivering Malcolm. Annabeth’s eyes were steely.

“I don’t care,” she growled and strode off, pissed. Percy groaned in annoyance and glared at Malcolm.

“It’s all your damn fault you little shit.”

“Shut up,” Malcolm’s teeth clattered, “I didn’t make her mad, you did. You always make her mad, or upset. You’re a shit Soulmate.”

“I hate you,” Percy hissed.

“I hate you too,” Malcolm snapped, climbed out of the river and ran after his sister, leaving Percy alone on the bridge. *I hate him, I hate him, I hate him.*

***

They were sixteen, laying on a blanket by the river, covered by the shade of the huge tree. They had been swimming. Annabeth was in her bra and underwear. Percy was in his boxers. They were both dripping wet. He hovered over her and she looked up at him, gaze unwavering, but full of fear.
“You should put it in,” she said. Percy’s stomach twisted.

“Yeah.”

He leaned down and kissed her first, and it felt rehearsed and emotionless and filled Percy with frustration. *What's wrong with me?* he thought, *why can’t I do it?* He wasn’t even hard and his *Soulmate* was practically *naked* underneath him, asking for sex.

He shakily reached down and touched her stomach and she looked away and blushed and he was still soft. He didn’t know what to do, where to touch, where to put what. He was anxious and distracted, and then suddenly-

“Get off my sister you pervert!” came the shout and fourteen year old Malcolm came barrelling towards him from the bridge, looking furious. Percy had time to climb off Annabeth and pull her to his feet before Malcolm shoved him into a tree with a surprise burst of strength from someone so weak, “What’s wrong with you?!” he demanded, face flushed, eyes angry.

“It’s fine,” Annabeth said quietly.

“No, it’s not!” Malcolm yelled. Now Percy was angry too. Angry, because he couldn’t do it. Angry, because the hate he felt for Malcolm was stronger than anything he ever felt for his *Soulmate*.

“You fucking cockblock!” he growled.

Annabeth rubbed the bridge of her nose in annoyance, “Percy, don’t swear at him!”


He tackled him to the ground and pinned the younger boy down as Annabeth screamed and when his vision cleared he saw that Malcolm was looking up at him, wide eyed. Wide eyed, and flushed, and panting, hair mused and spread around his head like a halo, shirt ridden up to reveal milky skin and *oh God.*

Percy’s cock twitched and he let go of Malcolm and shakily scurried away. The blond stayed on the ground, shocked, and Annabeth had her hands over her mouth. She strode to Percy and slapped him.

“You could’ve hurt him!” she screamed as he touched his stinging cheek, “That’s my little brother, you fucker!” there were tears in her eyes, and tears in Malcolm, and Percy couldn’t take it, so this time it was he who walked away.

***

They were seventeen when Annabeth finally told him. It happened by that tree, the place where they first tried and failed to have sex a year ago. They never tried again after that and this was a parody of that time; Annabeth was half naked and dripping wet opposite Percy, a towel over her shoulders, and he was just in his swimming trunks. Malcolm was a few steps away, fully dressed. How had the conversation started? Oh, yes, Malcolm and Percy had been bickering again, and the argument has escalated and then Annabeth had said-

“My clock is still ticking.”

Naturally Percy didn’t believe her until she showed him her wrist. He watched for a few minutes as the arrows moved, telling himself he wasn’t seeing things, that it was real, that she had lied, or rather hidden this from him. That’s when he exploded.
“Why?! Why didn’t you tell me?!”

“I couldn’t!” Annabeth cradled her wrist to her chest.

“What do you mean?!” Percy didn’t understand, he didn’t understand anything, “I thought you were my Soulmate, all those fucking years-”

“I like girls, Percy.”

“You what?” Percy demanded, his heart cracking.

“I like girls,” Annabeth looked like she was on the verge of tears, “And I just couldn’t tell you. I had to be sure, I kissed Piper-“

“Is she your Soulmate?” Percy yelled bitterly, “Is she the one??”

“No,” Annabeth shook her head, “God, no, but she’s out there somewhere-“

“She?!”

“My Soulmate-“

“Then what am I?!”

“I love you, I do-“

“Then who the fuck is my Soulmate?!” Percy yelled, voice echoing off the river. He was breathing hard, as was Annabeth, and they stared at each other in silence. Simultaneously it dawned on them and they turned their heads to look at Malcolm.

Why was he there? Oh, yes, he had come to pester Percy.

The older boy looked at him now, flushed and afraid, and remembered when he had first seen him on the wall outside his house. He hated him then and he hated him now.

“Your clock’s still ticking, isn’t it?” Percy asked in a cold, calm voice. Malcolm swallowed and, like his sister, cradled his covered wrist to his chest.

“I-I don’t know,” he stuttered.

“Percy-,” Annabeth started.

“Shut up,” Percy barked, “I need to fucking know this. I need something to make sense.”

He strode towards the younger boy, who fearfully backed up against the tree, “Percy, no-,” he said, but the dark-haired boy had already seized his arm and in one swift movement he ripped off the black band covering the boy’s clock.

It was frozen, in the exact same position as Percy’s, the arrows mirroring the ones on Percy’s wrist. Percy stared, waited for the arrows to move like he had when he was ten, but they didn’t.

“It was you,” he whispered, feeling as if someone had punched him, “You all along,” he laughed, hysterical and bitter, and Malcolm pulled his wrist free. He looked both afraid and confused. It was like a cruel joke from the Universe. Percy turned away from him, pressed the heels of his hands into his eyes to stop the tears, and Annabeth just stood there, helpless.
Suddenly Percy whirled around and slammed both of his hands on the tree, either side of Malcolm’s head, scraping them and making the blond flinch violently.

“God, I hate you,” Percy told him, feeling like his whole life was falling apart, like he was going to start crying, and Malcolm was just looking at him and his eyes seemed to be saying I’m sorry, and Percy just kept repeating, “I hate you, I hate you, I hate you,” and with each ‘I hate you’ he felt the burden on his chest lighten, because it made sense – his obsession with bothering Malcolm, his lack of interest in Annabeth sexually – there was nothing wrong with him, he had just made a mistake, a wrong assumption, “I hate you. I hate you so much,” with each ‘I hate you’ Percy closed the space between them a little, more and more each time, until his nose was brushing Malcolm’s and his voice was just a whisper. The blond was looking up at him, his eyes full of emotions Percy didn’t have the strength to interpret, “I hate you,” he murmured, and his lips touched Malcolm’s, “I hate you,” he whispered and kissed him softly, and the boy remained tense, trapped between him and the tree, “I hate you, I hate you,” Percy cradled his face in his hand and licked his bottom lip and Malcolm just opened his mouth, allowing Percy to slip his tongue inside, “I hate you,” just a soft, slurred mutter. Malcolm kissed back, “Hate you. Hate you.” His arms looped around Percy’s shoulders and he pressed them together, so the dark haired boy couldn’t say ‘I hate you’ anymore. Malcolm was crying into the kiss, and Percy didn’t know why.

“I’m gonna go,” Annabeth said, but Percy barely heard her. Malcolm was fifteen, it was his first kiss, and Percy had hurt him more than anyone else, he knew that. His own Soulmate had hurt him. How do you even fix that?

Kisses couldn’t do it, but Percy still tried. He kissed Malcolm slowly and softly and apologetically until the blond couldn’t take it anymore and pulled away, alternating between sobbing and gasping for air. Percy helplessly rested his head on the tree next to Malcolm’s, but he didn’t let the blond go.

“Whatever I say now seems wrong,” he whispered.

“J-Just don’t say anything, t-then,” Malcolm whimpered.

Percy crushed him to his chest, enveloped the boy in his arms, a desperation seeping into him suddenly. Malcolm squirmed and struggled and tried to free himself. It made sense, everything, he had to make it right. The two of them lost their balance, tumbled onto the grass, and Malcolm stopped struggling, going limp in Percy’s grip. The older boy kissed him everywhere he could reach, his curls, his tear-stained cheeks, his eyes, his nose, his mouth.

“Stop,” Malcolm whimpered, “Percy, stop.”

Percy stopped and rested their foreheads together. Please don’t hate me, he thought, heartbroken. Malcolm, as if reading his thoughts, reached up and cradled his face in his hands.

“This,” his voice was hoarse from crying, “You can’t fix in a day.”

“I know,” Percy closed his eyes and enjoyed the warmth of his Soulmate, “I should’ve taken you out on dates,” he murmured and smiled. Malcolm let out a small, breathy laugh.

“Idiot.”

Percy opened his eyes, “I’ll fix this, okay?”

Malcolm exhaled, “Okay.”

That was all his broken heart could offer in that moment.
Can you do one where Nico likes to tell everyone he's the dominant top in the bedroom and would die the day anyone found out he likes Will to spank him and call him a slut. But one day Connor finds out and blackmails Nico into giving him a lap dance in lingerie and about halfway through Will walks in. Nico tries to explain to him that it's all a misunderstanding but Will isn't having any of it and gives Nico the silent treatment. Them when Nico finally manages to tell him what happened Will feels sorry for treating Nico the way he did and to make it up to him he goes and beats the shit out Connor before reporting him to camp officials for blackmailing someone into sex. Preferably bottom Nico for Lol

It was Piper who asked first, leaning conspiratorially across the table they were sitting at in a cafe in New Rome, eyes gleaming with amusement as they slid between Will and Nico.

“So,” she said, a smirk tugging at her lips, “Who tops and who bottoms?”

Will started violently choking on his milkshake and Percy snickered while Jason looked at Piper, horrified, “Pipes! You can’t say that! It’s like asking whose the man and whose the woman in the relationship?”

Piper smiled sheepishly, “Right. Sorry. I suppose you swap.”

“Our sex life is-,” Will started, red in the face, but Nico interrupted quickly.

“I’m the top,” he blurted. He didn’t know why he said it, because it wasn’t true. Will gave him a surprised look as did the rest of the table.

“Shit, really?” Frank asked.

“I knew it,” Leo smirked and turned to Hazel, “I bloody told you.”

“Why is our sex life the subject of your conversations?” Nico grumbled. The Seven all looked vaguely uncomfortable.

“We were all just wondering,” Annabeth spoke up eventually, “Because Will’s obviously taller and stronger,” Nico felt his irritation spike at the statement – it wasn’t his fault he was smaller!- “but I feel like Nico’s personality is more dominant. So I’m not surprised Nico tops.”

“Can we change the subject?” Will’s blush and embarrassment played perfectly into the ‘submissive’ role he had been assigned by the group, even though Nico knew very well that it was not true at all;
Will always, always topped him. It was just the way they liked things; the blond liked to be in control, Nico liked to lose it. The truth of their sex life was too embarrassing to voice aloud – if the Seven were ever to find out that Nico liked when Will spanked him, and dirty talked to him, and tied him up, and called him a slut, he’d die of embarrassment. This was better, this lie, because it ensured nobody ever found out and if Nico ever shifted too much because his ass hurt after a rough fuck nobody would question it.

It was stupid, but Nico was old-fashioned like that. Will didn’t care what people thought, thankfully.

***

The hand came down, hard and fast and with no warning, and connected with Nico’s ass-cheek with a painfully resounding smack that made pleasure shoot up the Italian’s spine, mouth opening in a moan.

“Fuck,” he panted out, “W-Will...shit...”

He squirmed in his boyfriend’s lap, laid out across it like a piece of meat, and the blond lovingly stroked the globe he had just spanked, kneading the flesh in his warm hands.

“You’re doing so well,” he murmured, “So perfect for me, your ass all red. You want my cock don’t you?”

“I-Fuck please...” Nico was dizzy with pleasure and cried out when the hand came down again, sending another flurry of pain and pleasure mixed together, and bringing tears to Nico’s eyes.

***

So Piper started it, and Nico thought that that one little lie wouldn’t make a difference. But it did. Weirdly, it was Beckendorf who asked next. They were cramped into the Hermes Cabin, all sixteen and seventeen year olds, drinking smuggled beer, when the son of Hephaestus slung his arm around Nico.

“So,” he shouted over the booming music, charmed by the kids of Hecate to be contained within the cabin and not heard outside, “I heard that you fuck Solace into the mattress!” Beckendorf winked, and Nico’s stomach clenched, which had nothing to do with the alcohol he consumed.

“What’s it to you?”

“Well is it true, or not?” Beckendorf asked, eyes sparkling, and Nico waited for the derogatory or homophobic remark to come. In the time that he was from, it would’ve come, but not this time. This time, Will came, materialising next to Beckendorf’s shoulder.

“Problem?” he asked.

Beckendorf laughed, “Not at all, man,” he clasped Will on the shoulder, “Was just asking di Angelo about your sex life. Probably a bit out of bounds, sorry about it.”

Nico relaxed and Will smiled, “In case you’re curious, it’s true. He fucks me all the time, and real good too,” he sent his boyfriend a fleeting smile that made his heart melt. Nico didn’t know why Will was doing that, heck he didn’t know why he himself was doing this. There was just this wall inside of him, something from the 1940s that made him think that being dominated by another man was somehow degrading, when Nico knew that wasn’t true. Still, it made him ashamed.

“Well good for you, boys,” Beckendorf laughed, completely unbothered, which still surprised Nico,
and walked off into the dancing crowd. Will approached his boyfriend and took his hand.

“Everything okay?” he asked, leaning close.

“Yeah,” Nico exhaled, “Yeah I’m...I’m sorry.”

“Shhh, don’t be,” Will kissed him quickly, “I don’t care if they think you’re the dominant one, I really don’t. I know it makes you feel better,” he smiled sweetly, “and I’m good with that, because only I know how much you like to submit to me, you dirty little slut-“

“Shhh!” Nico hissed, gripping his face and flushing, “Shut up!” Will giggled and kissed him.

***

Nico couldn’t see anything, anything at all, but that was okay because darkness always gave him comfort. Will also gave him comfort, and Nico could feel him inside of himself, only inches away. He would’ve been able to touch the other Demigod if his hands weren’t tied above his head.

“W-Will,” he panted, and was rewarded by a particularly hard thrust to his prostate that made him whine and burn with pleasure. He squeezed his eyes shut, not that that made much difference.

“Good boy,” Will cooed somewhere above him, voice low and husky and missing his usual innocent cheer. Nico felt his boyfriend’s fingers digging into his hips, “Good slut. You’re taking me so well, just keep still baby boy, and I’ll let you come.”

So Nico kept still, because he was a good boy.

***

Nico was on his way to his cabin after a tiring day of Shadowtravelling and running errands for Chiron. It was dusk, the shadows between cabins dark, the campers already inside. Nico’s brain was barely walking as he climbed the short steps to the Hades Cabin and let himself in. It was dark inside, grey-ish, shadowy light falling in through the windows. The boy toed off his shoes and then reached for the light switch.

“T-They wouldn’t,” came a voice, sudden and deep, and Nico flinched, reaching for his sword, “I wouldn’t do that either.”

A shadow rose from the armchair in the corner and stepped into the light falling through the window. Nico exhaled, his fear ebbing away in order to be replaced by irritation and mild anxiety. He released his sword.

“Conor,” he said, facing the smirking brunet son of Hermes, “What the hell are you doing in here?”

The taller boy shrugged casually, “Exploring.”

“Exploring my cabin?” Nico felt his eye twitch, “Hilarious. Get out before I get my Hellhound on you.”

“Actually, I’ve come to do business,” Conor cocked his head to the side, regarding Nico as if he was a particularly interesting animal in a zoo. It made the Italian beyond uncomfortable.

“What business?” Nico knew Conor was known for his dodgy dealings in the Hermes cabin, some of which Nico wholly disapproved of. The son of Hermes reached nonchalantly into his pocket and pulled out a phone that seemingly everyone but Chiron knew about. He clicked a few things on the
screen and then a crackle sounded, followed by voices from a recording.

Familiar voices. Nico’s body froze.

“I’m gonna fuck you,” that was Will, unmistakeably. Nico’s mouth went dry, especially when he heard the needy, helpless whimper that could’ve only belonged to him. Blood rushed to his cheeks.

“Y-Yes, fuck, please.”

“W-What is this?” Nico demanded shakily, and Conor just skipped on in the recording.

“W-Will.” Now Nico’s voice was whiny and high-pitched and hot waves of shame washed over the Italian. It was followed by Will’s husky whisper.

“Good boy...Good slut. You’re taking me so well, just keep still baby boy, and I’ll let you-“

“Turn it off,” Nico snapped, “this isn’t fucking funny.” He wanted to cry. How had Conor gotten those recordings?! Who else had listened to them?

“Hmmm, I suppose you get the gist,” Conor turned off his phone and pocketed it, which Nico was thankful for, “I’ve got seven hours of it,” the older boy informed him. Nico’s world tilted.


“Hidden microphones. I installed them in this cabin a week ago,” he smirked, “you sure let Solace fuck you a lot. And here I thought you were the oh-so dominant top. Change of dynamic?”


“Blackmail,” Conor said simply.

Nico blinked, “Black...Blackmail?” he didn’t understand.

“Yup,” Conor said, as if they were chatting about the weather, “there’s something I’ve always wanted from you, di Angelo, something I wanted from any of the kids of the Big Three. I suppose you’ll do.”

“What?” Nico didn’t understand.

“Call it a...insecurity,” Conor waved a hand in the air, “Of being the child of a minor God,” his eyes were cold, “I hate you, you know? You think you have all the power in the world just because you’re the Son of Hades. Well, now I’m going to take the power away and you’re going to become my bitch.”

“What do you want?” Nico asked faintly.

“Simple. I want you, to wear these,” Conor pulled out a pair of frilly female thongs from his pocket and threw them on the floor in front of Nico, who could only gape at them in shock, “and give me a lap dance.”

The Italian laughed, “You’re not serious.”

Conor pulled out his phone, quick as lightning, and a second later the recording was back on. This time it was Will, and in the background Nico’s sob-like moans. Good boy. Good slut. You’re taking me so well, just keep still baby boy, and I’ll let you come.
“T-Turn it off!” Nico yelled in shock, flinching. Conor turned it off, leaving Nico alone with the shame again. He couldn’t stand it, couldn’t stand to hear himself, so hungry and needy like a whore on some street corner. Yes, Will was his boyfriend and Nico loved him, but the sex...hearing it now, it was embarrassing.

“So you have two options,” Conor said, still casual and infuriating, “Give me the lap-dance and I destroy the recording and all the copies I’ve made, or refuse, and the whole camp will know just how dominant Nico di Angelo really is. Or rather, how much of a slut.”

The hot flames of familiar shame clawed at Nico’s stomach and he thought he was going to be sick. He was being blackmailed by another Demigod about his sex life. What’s the worst thing that can happen? Nico wondered, and the dark part of his mind supplied the answer, all my friends could turn away from me, disgusted. Will could turn away from me. The alternative meant basically cheating – giving another man a lap-dance was not something Nico was willing to do and yet...the idea of all his friends listening to the tapes made him nauseous. If it were to happen he would sink into the Underworld and never come back...and what about Will? His reputation would suffer too. It’s only a lap-dance...

“I can see you’re having an internal battle,” Conor drawled, and Nico wanted to punch him, “Let me help you out here; all I want is the lap-dance, for personal pleasure only, so I can know that I am better than you and the other scummy kids of the Big Three. I won’t video it, or take pictures.”

“Why would I trust you?” Nico barked.


“Just a lap-dance?” he checked.

“Just a lap-dance,” Conor’s eyes were cold, “Solace doesn’t have to know.”

***

Will was tired after a whole day at the infirmary. All he wanted now was his bed, warmed by his amazing boyfriend. He wanted to feel Nico’s warmth against him, inhale his comforting smell. Maybe the Italian would wake up for long enough to give him a kiss? That was a nice thought.

Will practically skipped up the steps to the Hades cabin, humming to himself, and opened the door without knocking since he basically lived there. What he saw made every blood cell in his veins freeze abruptly, and for a second he swore his body stopped functioning before his heart plummeted to a place so dark it might’ve as well been Tartarus.

Conor Stoll was sitting in a chair in the middle of the room, Nico straddling his lap. Will’s boyfriend was naked save for a flimsy pair of black, lacy thongs that were definitely meant for girls. One of Stoll’s hands was on Nico’s milky thigh, the other dangerously close to the boy’s ass. They both stopped to look at Will when the door opened, but before that the blond caught a second of movement, a moment of a hip grind, and it was pretty clear what was going. Which didn’t stop him from asking anyway.

“What the hell is this?” his voice came out faint and weak and not at all what it was meant to be. Nico’s eyes widened and there was panic in them, and fear. Of course there was – he had been caught.

“Will-,” he scrambled off Stoll’s lap and shakily grabbed his t-shirt, tugging it over his head, but Will stumbled away when the boy tried to approach.
“You cheated on me.”

“No, no,” Nico said feverishly and now tears shone in his eyes. And Will didn’t understand. He just
didn’t understand. They were happy, weren’t they.

“Why?” he asked helplessly, feeling like a child. He felt the puzzle pieces of his heart, that Nico had
re-arranged during their relationship so they fit in with each other perfectly, begin to slide apart.

“I didn’t cheat,” Nico said, voice laced with pain. Stoll was leaning in the chair, looking bored,
“Fuck, listen. This whole situation-”

But Will didn’t want to listen, he couldn’t. He couldn’t bear it. Seeing Nico – the love of his fucking
life – in front of him, making up excuses for breaking his heart was like another blow. Will knew he
had to go before he broke down crying before the boy and Stoll, before he completely lost it. He
needed to think, he needed to control the pain in his chest threatening to cripple him.

“We’re over,” he whispered to Nico, unable to look at him, the words barely scraping their way past
his throat. Nico let out a sound between a gasp and a sob and his face crumpled. He reached for Will
and the blond almost caved but fuck Nico had no right to look so heartbroken when he was the one
who had just messed everything up.

“Will, no,” he whimpered, “Please. Just listen-”

But Will didn’t want to. He turned on his heel and spilled from the Cabin and then he turned and ran,
past the cabins, past his own, towards the Big House. He barged in through the door, heard Nico
running after him. He made it to the attic, to one of the guest bedrooms, and slammed the door shut,
and waited, but Nico never came and Will was relieved. The green mist curling beneath the door told
him that the Oracle of Delphi was looking out for the child of her master, and keeping the person
who was ripping him apart away, at least for now.

With a hopeless sob Will collapsed on the bed, cradled a pillow to his chest, and cried until the night
outside gave way to dawn.

***

The next week was hard, torturous even. Will barely had the strength to get out of bed. He had
moved into the room in the Big House because he couldn’t bear his sibling’s sympathies and Nico’s
an asshole, and he couldn’t bear seeing the Italian either. He didn’t go to meals and ate alone, he
didn’t go to the infirmary, he remained alone, mulling over what he had seen. Naturally Nico tried to
contact him. He followed him around on the rare occasions when Will did venture out of the House,
like a stray dog.

“Will you need to listen to me,” he’d say, and Will would ignore him and walk on, “I need you to
speak to me,” Will would ignore him, “Will, please, it wasn’t what it looked like!” ignored again,
and “I love you, Will, please, for fuck’s sake, just listen,” but that would be ignored too.

Will told Chiron what happened, and the Centaur made it clear to Nico that Will needed space,
which didn’t stop the Italian from somehow sneaking letters under the blond’s door, letters Will
didn’t read. He felt numb and detached and he wanted to keep it that way, because isolation meant
not feeling the pain of betrayal.

Chiron promised Will he’d keep Nico out, but on the seventh day the Italian was waiting on Will’s
bed when the blond returned to the Big House. Will didn’t know how he got in, but he didn’t care.
All he cared about upon walking into the bedroom was how much the sight of Nico – his beautiful,
“Get out,” Will said. Nico stood and his eyes filled with agony the moment he saw Will.

“Please,” he whispered.

“I don’t want to talk to you,” Will tried to keep his voice emotionless even though it trembled, “I know what I saw, I don’t want excuses, I don’t want you to tell me it was a mistake.”

“It wasn’t, but please-“

“So you admit it then?” Will asked, wincing as it felt as if Nico had thrust a dagger in his heart, “That you wanted it?”

“No!” Nico yelled, and there were tears gathered in his eyes, “Fuck, no, Will! Just listen to me-“

“I don’t wanna, you fucked it all up-“

“Just listen-“

“To what? Excuses?”

“JUST FUCKING LISTEN!” Nico screamed, so sudden and loud that Will flinched. He looked at his ex-boyfriend then – properly looked at him for the first time since their breakup – and in Nico’s flushed cheeks and teary, shamed eyes he saw that something was very, very wrong.

“Tell me what happened,” Will whispered, and in that moment he knew that it should’ve been his first question when he saw Nico and Stoll together. The Italian took a deep breath and ran a hand through his hair, as if he didn’t know where to begin.

“He had audio of us,”

“What?” Will frowned.

“He played it back to me,” Nico was staring at the floor and he sniffled, “Of us having sex. Hours of it. He put microphones around my cabin a-and he said that if I d-don’t give him a lap-dance in that s-stupid underwear he’d p-play it to everyone.”

Will tried to comprehend what he was hearing, “He blackmailed you?” he asked, and when all Nico did was let out a heart-wrenching sob, Will asked again, “Nico, did he blackmail you?”

“I-I can’t fucking lap-dance,” the Italian said suddenly, choking on a sob, “I-It’s not something I-I wanted to do, e-especially not with him, o-or anyone but y-you and I felt awkward and embarrassed but I kept thinking – pretend it’s Will, and then I thought giving you a lap-dance wouldn’t be so bad, but I realised it was him, and he was touching me everywhere and I just wanted to vomit and push him away, and so I told him to stop, but he wouldn’t, and he was stronger than me, and then you came in-“

He was rambling, hysterical, and Will knew he made a mistake. He made a mistake because his boyfriend had been forced into it, forced to be touched by some guy who had material that Will knew would completely crush Nico. And he had pushed the boy away. Fuck, Nico had almost gotten raped, and he had pushed him away.

“I’m so sorry,” Will whispered, and Nico cried harder, hugging himself, “Gods, Neeks, forgive me,” the blond closed the space between them and pulled the boy into his arms, holding him as tightly as
he could, “I’m sorry. I should’ve listened, I-

“I’m d-disgusting,” Nico sobbed into his shoulder, voice muffled, “I-I’m sorry.-“

“No, shhh,” Will stroked his back and his pain slowly turned into anger. Fucking Stoll, “It wasn’t
your fault. None of this was. I’m so sorry it happened to you, I’m so sorry I didn’t listen or do
anything. I was just so jealous and upset and angry and fuck,” he pulled away so he could press his
forehead to Nico’s, “I love you so much. I’ll make him fucking sorry for ever touching my baby.”

Nico’s eyes were still teary and puffy, his nose red, but he had calmed down considerably and was
now looking at Will tiredly, “So will everything be okay? Will you move back into my cabin? I don’t
want to be there alone, I hate it-

“Shhh, yes, of course,” Will’s heart twisted, “anything you want, love, I’ll take care of you. I
should’ve been there for you from the start,” he kissed Nico sweetly and the Italian leaned into him
heavily, as if he needed Will to support him, “I’m sorry,” the blond drew away, “I just need to sort
something out.”

Will found Conor Stoll standing outside his cabin. He grabbed him by the throat and shoved him into
a wall and when the other Hermes campers tried to pull him off he screamed at them that Conor had
tried to rape Nico, and they all backed off, horrified, and watched as Will plummeted the other
Demigod into the ground, hitting him until his face was a mess of bruises and blood and he was
begging him to stop. Only when the son of Hermes was almost unconscious did someone drag Will
off but by then there were two dozen Demigods surrounding them. Annabeth was there, asking Will
to calm down, and Hazel and Jason were fretting over Nico, standing at the edge of the circle of by-
standers, looking shaken. Chiron appeared out of nowhere, demanding answers for what happened,
and Will knew that when he finished explaining Conor Stoll would never be let back into Camp, and
that made him happy.
But I Still Find Pieces of You in the Back of My Mind

Can you do a a/b/o AU where frank is an alpha with two kids and his partner died, and he is struggling to care for two kids and work full time so he takes his kids to a day care where Leo, a young unmated omega, works at. The kids quickly become attached to Leo, literally not wanting to let him go whenever Frank picks them up from day care. Frank doesn’t consider the possibility of mating with Leo because of his age, but his body continues to give him signs to be with Leo, and he eventually does. Lots and lots of fluff please :-) for dadsona

“Daddy, is mommy going to ever come back?” Poppy asked, holding her father’s hand. Frank dragged his eyes away from the gravestone, heart heavy and stone-cold in his chest, and looked down at his daughter. She was only four and yet she had to looked at her own mother’s gravestone. Benjamin gave a little unhappy mutter from where Frank was cradling him to his chest with a free arm, and the man looked down to see that his nine month old son was waking up from his nap.

Frank Zhang met Hazel Levesque in college. He was studying veterinary science, and she studied archaeology. He was an Alpha, and she was an Omega and told him she hated Alphas, so for a long time he pretended to be a Beta. Eventually he told her the truth, because they had fallen in love. It warmed Frank’s heart to think of that time; it was simpler then, full of light and happiness. He and Hazel got married when they were twenty in a little chapel and everyone was there – both their parents, Frank’s grandmother, Hazel’s half-sister Bianca. All dead now, gone in the space of the eight short years.

At twenty-four Hazel gave birth to their first child – Poppy, an Alpha. And Frank was glad because he knew how badly the Omegas were still treated in the world. Perceived as the weaker sex they still lacked rights that Alphas and Betas had. But Hazel, as a mated Omega, had it good and Frank let her do anything she wanted – travel abroad, study, work. He promised himself he’d never limit her opportunities even though she was his mate, and technically she ‘belonged’ to him and had to follow his rules. He didn’t have rules, except one, love me. And she did, she loved him so much, and he loved her too, and he loved their little family, especially when Benji, their perfect little Beta boy, was born.

And then, just like that, she was taken away from him, ripped from his heart and leaving a hole behind. The day they left the hospital with newborn Benji, a car had come out of nowhere. If she were an Alpha she would’ve sensed it, the paramedics told her as they packed her up in a black bag. But she wasn’t an Alpha, she was an Omega, and she was weak, and the impact had killed her instantly. She had been so tiny. The months after that were a blur of depression, alcohol, tears and his two babies looking at him with confused, pained eyes, asking where mommy was. And now they were here, and now that the agony of losing his wife had subsided enough that Frank could think straight, he found his world empty and grey. His children were the only rays of sunshine in his
world.

“No, Pops. She’s not. I’m sorry,” he whispered, gently touching the crown of his daughter’s head.

Poppy nodded thoughtfully, “Yeah. I thought so,”

“But she’ll always be with us. And you can come here to speak to her.”

The little girl smiled, kissed her hand and waded over to the gravestone with Hazel Levesque engraved in gold, and touched it with the hand she had kissed, “Bye mommy.”

She looked more like Frank than Hazel – her skin was a lovely blend between Frank’s pale one and Hazel’s caramel one, but her hair was straight and black and used to be long, but Frank had taken her to get it cut because he didn’t know how to style it. Hazel had always done it. It was growing out now again, past her shoulders, and they’d have to get it cut once more.

Benjamin was a spitting image of his mother. His skin was darker, the hair on his head curly and a dark blond. His eyes were golden, just like hers had been, and although at first glance he and Poppy didn’t look like siblings there was a clear resemblance between them in their bone structure, and the almond shape of their eyes.

“Daddy,” Poppy said, “Ben’s awake.”

Sure enough the baby in Frank’s arms was squirming, his golden eyes open and looking curiously at Frank. Then his mouth stretched into a smile and dimples appeared in his cheeks, and Frank smiled. He wished he knew how to show his children more affection, but he sometimes felt there was an icy wall between him and them, a wall created after Hazel’s death. He wanted to melt it but he didn’t have any fire to do it.

“Let’s get back to the car,” Frank said, and shifted Benjamin in his arms as Poppy walked next to him. The man cleared his throat, “So, you excited to go to daycare tomorrow?” he asked.

“Not really,” Poppy mumbled, “I don’t see why we can’t just stay home with you.”

“I told you, I have to get back to work,” Frank said patiently, “and I don’t want you to grow up with nannies. In daycare you’ll meet loads of other kids-“

“Alphas like me?” Poppy asked.

“Alphas, and Betas, and Omegas,” Frank said evenly.

“I don’t like Omegas,” Poppy grumbled, “They smell weird.”

Frank flicked her in the back of her head gently, “Oi, don’t say that. Your mother was an Omega.”

“Mom didn’t stink,” Poppy shrugged. Frank sighed. He didn’t know how to teach the girl about their society, what to tell her, what to explain. It was all too hard for him, and he had nobody he could lean on. All of his family had passed away and he would never burden his friends. Daycare seemed like the best option.

“Well I’m going to pick you up and drop you off every day, so we’ll still be able to hang out,” Frank said, which got Poppy to stop sulking, but just as she did, Benji started crying. They reached the car and Frank felt a headache coming on from the boy’s insistent wailing. He had forgotten the milk bottle...again, and knew from experience that the cries would continue until Benjamin ate, “Sorry,” he told Poppy as he clipped her in the back and then put Benjamin in the baby chair next to her.
“It’s okay,” the girl said, understanding more than she should’ve at her young age. She slipped her finger into Benji’s clenched little fist and his cries grew softer and were eventually drowned out by the sound of the engine.

***

Frank looked at the hoard of kids swarming around the daycare building – it had one floor and was painted a bright blue, with clouds and butterflies and birds welcomingly drawn on the side. The man still felt anxious though, because he didn’t know if it made him a bad father, to leave his kids here. But he needed to go back to work and although his nose was assaulted by a mixture of smells belonging to Alphas, Betas and Omegas.

Poppy held firmly onto his hand, her dark eyes scuttling over the heads of the over-excited kids. Frank swallowed anxiously and re-adjusted Benji on his hip. He was twenty eight, for God’s sake, he shouldn’t feel nervous just because he was in a social situation. Still, subconsciously he started backing back towards his car.

“Hi there!” the voice made him stop and he realised that an Omega had materialised in front of him, seemingly out of nowhere. It was a man – no, a boy, tiny and young and oozing with excitement and joy. Frank blinked and took him in; wild curls, pulled back into a low ponytail, big, sparkling eyes, a warm smile. There was something lanky and slightly awkward about the boy, but not in a bad way, and his bright orange t-shirt informed Frank that he was a staff member. A whiff of him told his inner wolf everything he needed to know – sweet, so an Omega, chocolatey, so had a sweet tooth, motor oil, so interested in cars, apple-scented shampoo, crisp, fresh smell, so unmated. Frank swallowed, because he hadn’t been around an unmated Omega in ages.

“Hi,” he said quietly, casting a longing glance towards his car.

“My name is Leo,” if the Daycare carer noticed Frank’s look, he ignored it, “I work here at Half-Blood Daycare, and I assume you’re here to drop your kids off?”

“I...uh...yeah,” Frank stammered, feeling like a teenager again. Leo smiled and then dropped down into a squat, to look at Poppy who was glaring at him from behind Frank’s leg.

“Hi, there,” Leo repeated, this time softer, and Poppy blinked at him, “I’m Leo. What’s your name?”

“Isn’t it supposed to be Mr. Leo?” Poppy asked smartly and Frank flushed with embarrassment because his child was rude, but Leo just grinned.

“Nah, I’m too young to be a ‘mister.’ Just Leo’s fine,” he stuck out his hand, “Pleasure to meet you...?” Frank had to admit, the guy was persistent. He watched his daughter hesitate, and then she also stuck out her hand and shook Leo’s.

“Poppy,” she said proudly, probably feeling very grown up, shaking her teacher’s hand, “Poppy Zhang.”

“Lovely to meet you, Poppy,” a twinkle appeared in Leo’s eyes. By then most of the kids and parents had shuffled into the Daycare, or driven off in their cars, leaving Leo and Frank and Poppy and Benji alone in the car-park, “You have beautiful hair,” Leo said.

“Thanks,” Poppy self-consciously touched her hair and let go of Frank’s hand, “Daddy wants me to cut it because he doesn’t know how to braid it.”

“Oh, come on now!” Frank protested, not wanting to seem like a bad father, but Leo just sent him a grin as if he knew exactly how Frank felt. The man tensed, expecting the kid to blurt something out
about a mother and tilt the weird, peaceful balance they had achieved in their parking lot, but Leo just turned back to Poppy.

“Well if you’d like today during down time I can braid it for you?” he offered.

“You know how to braid?” Poppy asked excitedly.

“I sure do, and I’m pretty good at it too, if I say so myself,” Leo winked at her and she giggled, “My best friend Piper has a little daughter and she lets me practice on her.”

“You’re an Omega aren’t you?” Poppy blurted and Frank stifled a groan. It had been going so well. He saw a flash of darkness pass over Leo’s face, as if he was ashamed, but then his bright smile was back.

“Yes. I am.”

Poppy smiled, “You’re the first Omega I’ve met that I actually like,” she proclaimed and strode away from her dad to stand by the teacher’s side. Leo let out a surprised laugh,

“Well, I’m flattered,” he stood up and had to crane his head up to look at Frank, who towered over him, “I wouldn’t want you to be late to work, so if you leave Poppy and the little one with me, I think we’ll be fine,” he saw that Frank was still hesitating and in the most re-assuring voice he said, “I have a schedule for you if you’d like, it tells you exactly what activities we’ll be doing during the day,” as he spoke Poppy started poking at a paint stain on his jeans, and Leo let her, “and you have the Daycare’s number, so you could call in if you were worried at any time. I know how unnerving it can be to leave your kids with strangers sometimes.”

Frank exhaled, because Leo seemed to get it, knocking down each of his fears before he could even voice them, “Yeah. Sure. Thanks,” he said tensely and hesitantly held Benjamin out to Leo. The Omega plucked him from Frank’s arms and then slid the child onto his hip as if he was used to doing it. Frank had to admit that being surrounded by children suited him.

“Benji usually cries around strangers-,” Frank started, a little panicked, but Leo just looked down at Benjamin. The boy was staring at him curiously, sucking his thumb. He let it out with a wet plop and offered Leo a toothless smile, to which the teacher laughed.

“He doesn’t seem like he wants to cry,” he said, and looked at Frank, “sorry, I didn’t catch your name.”

“Oh, Frank Zhang,” Frank said quickly, and held out his hand. Leo shook it with his free one that wasn’t holding Benji, and it disappeared within Frank’s much larger one. Leo’s hand was soft and delicate and warm and Frank found himself holding it for longer than necessary. He cleared his throat to hide his embarrassment and dropped it, “I...thank you. For this,” he said, eyes trained over Leo’s shoulder, “I’ve never really even thought about Daycare before, but you seem like you really care,” he paused, “You also seem really young. How old are you?”

“Twenty two,” Leo said casually. Frank flinched.

“Ah. Right,” he laughed, “Quite a bit younger than me then,” he had no idea why he said that, but Leo didn’t seem to mind. Leo didn’t seem to mind any of Frank’s awkwardness and clumsiness with words, and for that the man was grateful, “So did you go college for this or...?”

“Nah,” Leo grinned, “I just have a ‘maternal instinct,’ y’know?” he rolled his eyes, and Frank smiled. Then he glanced at his words.
“Shit,” he swore.

“Language!” Leo gasped, horrified, covering Benji’s ears with his free hand.

“Sorry, sorry,” Frank said sheepishly, already walking backwards to his car, “I’m going to be late for work, I’m-,” he stopped and hurried back, kissing Poppy on the forehead before doing the same to Benjamin. The child gurgled happily and reached for Frank, but all the man could concentrate on was how close he had to get to Leo in order to touch his child. It made him hot and bothered, “I’ll see you kids after Daycare!” he called as he hurried away again, “Thanks, Leo!”

***

Frank deserved a speeding ticket, the way he drove back to the Daycare from work. It was coming up to three and he worked twenty minutes away as a private vet, and now he was running late because some dog had a broken paw and ugh. He imagined Poppy standing in the pouring rain like some orphan, holding Benji in her arms, crying. Of course it was a stupid vision because it was a sunny, September day, and Frank was still getting used to the situation, despite Poppy and Benji being at Daycare for almost two weeks now, and he was only fifteen minutes late. Still, his primal Alpha urges told him he needed to protect his kids, no matter what.

He was relieved to see that when he pulled up to the Daycare that Leo was sitting on the bench with Poppy, Benjamin sitting in his lap. Frank barely parked the car and then hopped out, hurrying over.

“I’m so sorry I’m late!” he gushed immediately. Leo just smiled at him brightly, the way he always did, the way that made Frank’s heart clench even though he wished it wouldn’t.

“No worries,” the Omega said, “Me and Pops were just having a conversation about your cooking, or lack of it thereof.”

Frank blinked, “Huh, what?”

“You know, it’s important for kids to have nutritious diets,” Leo lifted an unimpressed eyebrow at Frank, “Poppy has been telling me that for ages all you guys have been doing is eating take-out, frozen food or going to restaurants. Don’t you know how to cook?”

Frank rubbed the back of his neck, “No. Not really, my-,” he stopped, catching himself just as he was about to say my wife always did the cooking. He cleared his throat, “I never learned.”

Leo sighed, and stood up, sliding Benjamin into his father’s arms, “I’ll get you a pamphlet about healthy eating for tomorrow,” he said, indicating the conversation was coming to an end. Frank didn’t want it to. He really, really didn’t want it to.

“I don’t wanna go!” she said loudly. Leo chuckled and Frank sighed.

“Come on now, Poppy, you’ll see Leo tomorrow.”

“I wanna see Leo now!” the girl complained, “Leo knows how to cook! He said he’d make me broccoli and rice and chicken, and I don’t want to have Chinese again!”
Frank rubbed the space between his eyes that was beginning to hurt, “You told her that?”

Leo seemed apologetic, “Sorry. I just got carried away...”

“It’s okay,” Frank said, tired, “but we need to go home, Poppy, so let go of Leo.”

“No!” the girl said stubbornly.

“Poppy,” Leo stepped in with a soft, calming voice that Frank wasn’t capable of using, “listen to your dad now.”

Poppy grew teary eyed and she looked up at Leo, “But can’t you come with us?” she asked, bottom lip trembling, eliciting a laugh from both Frank and Leo.

“Course not, dummy,” Leo ruffled her hair and then gave Frank a quick, questioning glance that he clearly did automatically, without thinking, because he looked away again. But it gave Frank an idea.

“Why not?” he asked, making Leo look at him, “It’s not that weird if you come to our place and show me a few ways to feed my kids...right?” he asked, the last word hesitant. Leo smiled and bit his lip, forcing Frank to look away as his blood grew a little hotter.

“Yes!” Poppy squealed, “Please come Leo! I wanna have your food!”

“I suppose it’s not that weird...,” Leo admitted grudgingly, even though it was weird, and unprofessional. Frank would’ve never asked any of the other Daycare teachers to do this for him, but something about Leo drew him in.

Minutes later they were all in the car; Poppy in the back with Benji, giddy and practically jumping in her seat at the prospect of showing their flat to Leo. Benji was nodding off, the radio was playing, and Leo sat next to Frank. Where Hazel had always sat. The thought of her made Frank feel guilty, because when he was around Leo he forgot all about her, and the painful memories he associated with her death. He didn’t know if it was good or bad but he felt like he was betraying her.

“I like your car,” Leo said, his fingers drumming on his thigh. Frank wondered if it was creepy that he had a twenty-two year old in his car.

“Thanks,” he said, forcing his eyes to stick to the road. It was a nice car; Frank earned quite a bit, and could afford the Mercedes he drove. He also owned his flat because with kids he couldn’t risk renting and having the walls all scribbled on. He wondered if Leo would like it too.

***

Seeing Leo, in the orange Daycare t-shirt, in his kitchen, simultaneously made Frank confused, and warm. Poppy was watching cartoons in the living room but Frank got Benjamin into the high-chair so now the baby was watching them happily as they cooked and made little garbled, adorable noises.

“So then just chop up the chicken into little bits,” Leo was talking like a real chef and Frank was mesmerized by his graceful movements – for someone as hyperactive as Leo, he was surprisingly good at cooking. He chopped the chicken quickly now, and Frank stared, “kids loved food in bits, the smaller the better. If you feel like it, you can do shapes.”

“Are you sure you don’t have children?” Frank asked, awed.

Leo laughed tensely, “Nope, no kids. No Alpha either,” he said, and Frank swore he saw him blush, but that could’ve been the heat from the cooking rice, “My friends just have a lot of kids,” he threw
the chicken onto the hot frying pan and it sizzled, “Right,” the teacher washed his hands and turned to Frank, “You’ve got everything going. Turn the rice off when it’s soft, then get the water out through the sieve, the broccoli needs a few more minutes, the chicken-“

“You’re talking like you’re not staying for dinner,” Frank said.

“I-I’m not,” Leo said, shy all of a sudden.

“Of course you are. You cooked the food, for God’s sake.”

“I just...,” Leo bit his lip, but he could see that Frank was adamant about this, “okay, just this one time.”

The four of them sat at the dining room table, Benji in his high-chair, and it was nice. Dinner had been a depressing ordeal ever since Hazel’s death – her cooking was always amazing, and she always made dinner full of laughter and fun. Frank was unable to do the same but now, watching Leo alternating between eating his food and then pretending that the spoon was an airplane and feeding Benjamin, and having Poppy Fangirl over how delicious the food was, Frank felt content. It felt like the huge hole Hazel felt behind was not filled, per say, but rather mended over, with a visible band-aid. Leo wasn’t replacing her in any way, but he was soothing the pain of her absence.

It wasn’t until an hour later, when Frank was walking Leo to the door, that the boy finally asked. He was hovering in the doorway, his jacket slung over his arm, when he hesitated.

“Do you want me to drive you back?” Frank asked, worried that a small Omega like Leo could get hurt.

“No. It’s fine, I live around here and you can’t leave the kids,” he said, but Frank could see that something wasn’t right. He was about to insist when Leo spoke, “If you don’t mind me asking...where is your wife?”

Frank’s stomach fell, “M-My wife?”

“You have photos of her everywhere,” Leo shifted, looking at the floor, “I just...sorry, I didn’t mean to be impolite-“

“She died,” Frank said bluntly, pain creeping into his chest and making it hard to think. He could hear the cartoons playing in the background, the ticking of the clock, the traffic outside, and Hazel wasn’t there. She’d never be there again. She’d never come home.

Leo looked stunned, he opened his mouth, then closed it, then said, in the most unbearably soft voice, “Oh Frank...,” and Frank didn’t want any more sympathies. They didn’t do anything and they wouldn’t bring his wife back.

“Goodnight,” he said briskly, and closed the door.

***

Leo didn’t take it to heart, and for that Frank was grateful. He was a bit worried since for the next week Leo wasn’t even at Daycare, but then he returned, and he looked pale and shaky and there were dark circles under his eyes and Frank knew that he had simply gone through his heat. In the morning, when Frank was dropping the kids off, things were a little more tense and professional, and Frank had a hard time being close to Leo since he could still smell the sickly sweet aroma of his heat, clinging to his skin, but by the afternoon, when Frank had to pick up the kids, everything was back to normal.
Poppy sprinted towards Frank the second he got out of the car, “Daddy!” she squealed and he caught her, swooping her up into his arms.

“Hey,” he said, smiling. She shoved a piece of paper against his chest.

“I made a drawing!” she said proudly.

“Oh really?” Frank set her down so he could look at the picture, and his breath caught in his throat.

Poppy had drawn a line of people on the paper, stick ones, with big, round heads and wonky smiles and bright hair, and she had labelled each one in her wonky handwriting. There was Frank, in the middle, taller and bigger than he really was, like a giant, and the words *daddy* written above his head. Next to him was Benji, standing on his own two feet even though he couldn’t do that in real life, and Poppy had spelled his name wrong, like *bengee*. She was on his other side, with the word ‘me’ by her head. And then there was Hazel, above them, smiling, a halo over her head and angel wings on her back. And underneath her was Leo, smiling, curly hair and in bright orange.

“They’re my most important people!” Poppy declared and Frank could barely hear her over the blood rushing to his head. His hands trembled, and he didn’t know why. *It’s just a picture, it’s just a picture...*

“It’s really nice,” he choked out.

Then Leo was there, “Hey Frank,” he said, all bright smile, the coldness from the morning gone. He slid a sleepy Benjamin into Frank’s arms and noticed the picture in his hand, “Nice, isn’t it?” he asked, and something about his eyes soothed Frank, “Nice *picture,*” he emphasised, as if wanting to calm Frank that yes, it was just a picture of a four year old girl. Frank smiled gratefully.

“Thanks for taking care of them.”

“No problem,” Leo said.

“Leo can’t you come today too?” Poppy asked, “I have new paints I wanna show you!”

“Not today kiddo,” Leo said immediately, before Frank replied, “I’m busy.”

“Have you found a mate?” Poppy asked, and Leo blushed prettily.

“I-I,...,” he checked out.

“Poppy,” Frank snapped, irritated suddenly, “Don’t ask private questions like that! It’s inappropriate, especially since Leo is your teacher,” he looked at the boy, “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t worry,” Leo smiled, “I’ll see you on Monday?”

“Yeah. See you Monday.”

***

As the kids were being loaded on the bus, Leo approached Frank. Today he was in his orange camp t-shirt and a matching orange jacket since it was October and getting very cold. He had a lanyard around his neck with his details and picture, and a wad of papers in his hands.

“Thanks for coming again,” he said to Frank in his sweet voice. His hair was out today, the curls tumbling into his every time the wind blew too hard, “I needed chaperones badly.”
“Yeah, no problem,” Frank returned his smile and shifted the pink bag belonging to Poppy on his shoulder. He must’ve looked funny, but he didn’t care, “I left Benji with some friends, and I suppose a day out with my daughter will be nice.”

“Yeah, definitely,” Leo said, “it’s important that they learn about the world early, and a trip to the zoo is perfect I...,” he hesitated, “You can use animals to explain the Alphas, Betas and Omegas in our society, which is, um...helpful.”

“Yeah,” Frank said, watching Leo closely. He had realised earlier that the boy was incredibly uncomfortable with the fact that he was an Omega and tried to avoid speaking about it whenever he could. He was unmated, and Frank wondered if an Alpha had hurt him before..., “Shall we?” the Alpha asked now, gesturing to the bus, where the last of the kids were walking on.

“Yeah, yeah, of course,” Leo said.

On the bus they sat together and the twelve kids old enough to go to the zoo sat together and chatted. Frank was pleased that Poppy had made friends and she sat with a little blonde girl. Still, Frank kept turning around during the ride to make sure everything was okay.

“Hey,” Leo put a hand on his arm at one point, and Frank jerked, so Leo quickly removed his hand and shifted closer to the window and away from Frank, his smile wavering, “She’s fine, you don’t have to watch her like a hawk. She’s safe.”

“I know,” Frank exhaled and slumped against his seat as they zoomed through the city, “I just...I’m paranoid...after Hazel...”

“Hazel,” Leo smiled, “beautiful name.”

“Yeah,” Frank’s mood dampened, but not in the way it usually did. He didn’t fall into a pit of depressing memories about the accident and the funeral, instead Hazel’s smiling face floated into his head. Would she approve of his parenting? Frank hoped so, “She...,” the man swallowed, “She got hit by a car.”

Leo tensed, “Oh my God,” he gasped, and then suddenly he was squeezing Frank’s hand and that was very unprofessional but Frank didn’t care because Leo touching him kind of eased the pain, “I am so, so sorry.”

“I don’t know why I told you that,” Frank said quietly.

“I’m glad you did,” Leo said, “I want you to...,” he trailed off and let go of Frank’s hand, “I want us to have a good relationship, for Poppy’s sake, and the more I know about you the better, because I won’t say anything in front of Poppy.”

Frank smiled, “Yeah.”

***

The day was amazing. It was chilly but sunny and Frank enjoyed hanging out with Poppy – like actually enjoyed it. He didn’t have to worry about making food or changing nappies or putting anyone to bed, he could just enjoy explaining to Poppy about different animals and watching her squeal at a whole enclosure of chickens. And Leo was there, often at their sides, filling in the gaps in Frank’s knowledge about the animals, and lifting Poppy up so she could see better.

He looked good with her, really good, like a father and Frank’s mind conjured up a little fantasy that they were a family – that this wasn’t a school trip but that he and Leo and Poppy had decided to
come here of their own accord, because they loved each other. The thought sickened him though, because that was betrayal. It should’ve been Hazel there with them. And it was just a stupid school trip, with dozens of kids surrounding them, and Leo didn’t – wouldn’t – feel the same. Frank knew he had to step away from him, because he was getting attached.

And then it all went so wrong, so quickly.

Using the Daycare’s budget Leo bought all the children mini donuts and they were walking back towards the school bus in a cluster, Leo shouting at the kids to stay in order. Neither of them saw Poppy dash out until it was too late.

“Pony!” she squealed excitedly, pointing to the other side of road where a woman was leading a pony. And Poppy ran for the animal, right into on-going traffic.

“Pony!” Frank screamed, and in his head he heard the phantom sound of a car slamming into his body and he couldn’t get to her, because there was a sea of kids between her and him, and the instincts inside him were shouting at him to move, and God no, please. It all happened in slow motion – the cars sped towards Poppy, who was unaware of them, oblivious, and tiny, and happy, like Hazel had been.

And then Leo was running out, and Frank’s heart froze. Everything slammed back into action – Leo grabbed Poppy by her pink backpack and jerked her backwards and into his arms and then stumbled back, just as the cars passed, almost touching him. Frank finally broke out of the clump of terrified kids and ran for the two. Leo shakily set Poppy down on the ground and Frank collapsed on his knees next to her. The girl looked shocked.

“What were you thinking?!!” Frank shouted, grabbing her shoulders and shaking her, and all he could think about was Hazel, “You could’ve died! What’s wrong with you?! How many times did I tell you not to go onto a road by yourself?!!” his voice was tense and borderline-hysterical and he wanted to cry.

“Frank, don’t shout at her,” Leo said softly above him and only then Frank noticed the tears in his daughters eyes. His expression softened and she wobbly said-

“I’m s-sorry, d-daddy.”

He pulled her into a hug and held her tiny body against his, telling himself over and over that she was safe and that he hadn’t lost his daughter. Poppy started crying, as did some of the other kids, and Frank realised her.

“It’s okay,” Leo said above her, “Daddy’s not angry, you just scared him.”

“Sowwy.” Poppy sniffled. Frank let her run to her friends who all started hugging her. The man shakily got to his feet and looked at Leo. The boy was shaking visibly, his face pale, and Frank realised that he had saved his child’s life.

“Thankyou,” Frank whispered, helpless and brimming with emotion. Leo tried to smile and didn’t quite manage.

“I-It’s okay. Don’t worry about it. It’s my job.”

“Are you hurt?” Frank demanded, and grabbed Leo’s hands, turning them over to look at them, then patting him down his arms, “Are you in pain? I’ll take you to the hospital-“

Leo let out a short, amused laugh and some colour returned to his face, “I’m fine,” he said, “just
shaken.” Frank pulled him into an abrupt hug, clutching Leo to his chest, and although bigger than Poppy he felt fragile and small in his grip, “F-Frank,” Leo chocked out, and the Alpha just melted against his warmth and something inside him insistently told him that he had to protect his Omega. But Leo was pushing him away, “The k-kids are looking.”

Frank released him, embarrassed. So much for stepping away.

***

Frank looked at the gravestone. It was cold, the wind biting his skin and tugging on his hair. He was alone, for once, the kids at Daycare.

“I’m sorry, Haze,” he whispered, his hand resting on the cold stone, “I’m sorry if it feels like I’m betraying you. He’s...I think you’d like him. Leo. He’s helped me a lot, to be a better dad. He saved Poppy the other day, from getting hit by a car, but I’m sure you already knew that,” he smiled, “I miss you,” his voice cracked, “but...he makes the loneliness easier. I don’t...I don’t want you to think I’m going to replace you, because I won’t, ever. You are the mother of my children and my wife and I will always love you,” he exhaled, “What am I saying? He’s just a teacher at a Daycare, it’s not like there’s anything between us.” He shook his head, “The kids are doing well. Poppy made a ton of friends at Daycare. Benjamin said his first word yesterday. It was ‘mama.’”

***

“But why can’t we see Leo?” Poppy whined from the backseat, making Frank irritated.

“For the last time, Poppy, it’s Saturday. Daycare isn’t on today. You’ll see Leo on Monday.”

“But we haven’t seen him all week!” Poppy complained.

“That’s because he had his heat,” Frank replied, trying to keep his voice even and his mind focused on the dark road ahead. It was dark and raining heavily and they were coming back from the cinema, “He’ll be back on Monday.”

The only reason Frank knew it was Leo’s heat was because when on Wednesday he still didn’t show up he texted his phone – they exchanged private numbers ages ago to talk about ‘the progress of the kids’ – and an automated message was sent back saying; Sorry! I am currently in my heat and won’t be able to reply to texts until Friday night. If it’s urgent text ‘X’ but no reply will be guaranteed. Sorry for the inconvenience!

That’s what he called it – an inconvenience. Frank laid in bed at night and imagined the agony Leo would be in; heats without an Alpha were almost unbearable, and how he thought it was an inconvenience to others. Frank wished he could’ve gone round to Leo’s and make him tea and hold him and bring him anything he wanted and take care of him but he was scared he’d lose control around him in heat. He had never felt that way before about an Omega.

“Daddy look!” Poppy yelled suddenly, jerking Frank out of his thoughts. His eyes re-focused on the empty highway and he saw, in his headlights, a figure walking. A figure with curly, wet hair, wearing a soaking hoodie. Despite there being a few feet and a car door between them, Frank could smell him. It was Leo.

The Alpha pulled over next to the walking boy without thinking and Leo looked up, at first looking like a deer caught in the headlights, before relaxing. Frank rolled down his window.

“Hi,” Leo said.
“Hi,” Frank replied, “Nice walk?”

“Very funny,” Leo was shivering, “Taking walks in the middle of the night in November is just my hobby,” he peered behind Frank, “Hi kids,” he waved.

“Hi Leo!” Poppy was buzzing with excitement.

“My car broke down,” Leo told Frank.

“Well get in then, idiot,” the man replied.

“You know, normally I’d try and politely decline but I’m freezing so thanks,” a smile bloomed on Leo’s face and he jogged around the car, getting into the passenger’s seat. He exhaled, “Ah, so warm.”

Frank glanced at him and smiled. Leo looked like a wet cat. An adorable wet cat.

***

“You’re actually a life saver, you know,” Leo said, padding into the kitchen. Frank had put Poppy and Benji to bed and was sitting with two mugs of steaming tea as Leo finished his shower.

He came out now, in some clothes Frank borrowed him. The sweatpants were too big, sliding dangerously low on the younger man’s slim hips, and the t-shirt was so oversized it was practically a dress. Leo was drowning in Frank’s clothes, which made the Alpha happy. His face was flushed from the warm shower, his eyes tired, his curls damp. And he looked so young. It was the first time Frank had seen him out of his Daycare uniform.

“This for me?” Leo asked, plopping down on the couch and pointing at a mug.

“No, it’s for the holy spirit,” Frank replied. Leo rolled his eyes,

“Very funny,” he said sarcastically and drank some of the tea, settling against the couch. For a moment it felt like there wasn’t a six year gap between them, and that Leo wasn’t the teacher of Frank’s kids, and it felt like they were just friends.

“You working tomorrow?” Frank asked.

“It’s Sunday,” Leo gave him a look. The man shrugged.

“I was just wondering,” he took a sip of his tea, “Did you call someone about your car.”

“Yup. They don’t work Saturdays,” he sighed.

“Well don’t you have some family you could’ve called?” Frank continued drilling, mostly because he wanted to know more about Leo. The Omega looked a bit uncomfortable and he shrugged, refusing to meet Frank’s eye.

“Not really. My mother died when I was young and I never knew my father. I lived with my Aunt Rosa until I was sixteen but then an Alpha tried to break into our house during my first heat, just some asshole from school, and she said I was too much trouble and-,” he stopped suddenly and looked up at Frank, “Sorry. I didn’t mean to just spill everything.”

“It’s okay,” Frank said gently.

“You just make me feel...,” the boy bit his lip and trailed off. Frank’s heart fluttered in his chest.
“Like what?”

Leo let out a nervous laugh, shrugged, ran a hand through his curls, “Dunno. Like...safe, I suppose.”

*Take him*, Frank’s instincts told him and his hand clenched on his mug painfully. The pull towards Leo, that was always somewhere at the back of Frank’s head, grew tenfold. This was what he wanted; this Omega on his couch, telling him that he felt safe with Frank. He wanted to keep him safe, safe and loved, so, so badly.

“Frank?” Leo asked hesitantly, “Everything alright?”

“Yeah,” Frank said tensely. *Relax, you idiot, he’s too young, and he’s a virgin.* He told himself firmly, which didn’t really help the ‘relaxing’ part. He exhaled, “I’m just tired, I think I’m gonna sleep.”

“Right, yeah,” Leo smiled, “I should get going-“

“Nope,” Frank stood up and walked to a cupboard, pulling out a blanket and throwing it at Leo, “You’re sleeping here. It’s pouring outside, and the couch is quite comfy.”

Leo looked unsure, “Is it okay?”

“Yeah, of course it is,” Frank scoffed, “Your wellbeing means the wellbeing of my kids.” It was a stupid analogy, but Leo smiled anyway.

“Thanks.”

Frank was by the door when he stopped, remembering something, “Leo?” he asked. The boy looked up from where he was re-arranging the pillows on the couch, “What are you doing for Christmas?”

“Christmas?” he seemed puzzled, “I don’t celebrate it. Haven’t since my Aunt threw me out.”

“Well, you’re celebrating it this year. With us.”

***

Chr*istmases with Hazel were always a mission. She would bring all her friends in; Piper and Jason, and Percy and Annabeth, and Reyna, and Rachel, and Will and Nico. Before their parents would come, and her sister, and Frank’s grandma, but then they all passed, which didn’t mean the house wasn’t full of cheer anyway. Hazel took Christmas very seriously – she put up holly and made mulled wine and eggnog, and forced Frank to decorate the tree, and then forced Poppy to do it too. The flat was always full to the brim.

The first Christmas she died, Frank had, like a ghost, went to Piper’s house, for the sake of the children. He barely ate, didn’t speak, and despite the best efforts of the host the death of Hazel weighed in on everyone and it was a miserable Christmas. This Christmas Frank felt more like himself, and he wanted to make it nice for the kids, but keep it a small affair. Hazel had been the sociable one, he just wanted his most important people in the house.

He hoped, deep in his heart, that it wouldn’t be a sad day. And it wasn’t, not from the moment Leo showed up. Poppy had ran to the door the second the doorbell rang, even though Frank told her not to, and moments later Leo was waddling into the room, dressed as Santa, with presents in a sack, yelling ‘ho! ho! ho!’ and making Frank laugh. He was dusted in snow and Poppy was ecstatic, and even Benjamin found it all amusing, tugging on Leo’s fake beard.
Leo bought the kids presents, allowed them to unpack them since it was Christmas morning and then went over to say hello to Frank.

“Hi,” he said, pulling off his fake beard. His face was red from the cold, and he was grinning, and he was beautiful.

“Hi,” Frank’s heart stammered in his chest, “You didn’t have to do all that.”

“Thought it’d be nice,” Leo shrugged, “Nice decorations.”

*I put them up for you,* Frank almost said, but kept his mouth shut. Last night he did it with Poppy, letting her stay up late as they put up the tree and the lights and the holly. The flat looked very festive, which was nice, and Frank was glad Leo appreciated it.

“Thanks.”

“Have you started cooking?” Leo asked, pushing past Frank into the kitchen as if he owned it, which Frank kind of liked.

“Um. No. I was hoping you’d help because I...I never made Christmas dinner by myself before.”

“Well, young apprentice, we have a lot to learn!”

Cooking with Leo was awesome, and he sounded like a chef or a YouTube tutorial as he talked Frank through how to prepare everything, which the Alpha found hilarious. Then Poppy dragged the Omega away to draw with him and Frank set up the table. The dinner was lovely and warm and delicious, and Frank couldn’t look away from the people around the table – Benji laughing ad gurgling and saying ‘papa,’ Poppy excitedly telling Leo stories of her life, the Omega grinning at her and sending little, private smiles to Frank. The Alpha felt, for the first time in a long time, content.

Until they finished dinner and Poppy asked, “Daddy, aren’t we going to see mommy?”

Leo’s face fell, and Frank’s heart clenched, but what was he supposed to say? It was Christmas.

“I think you should,” Leo said quietly.

“Leo, come with us!” Poppy said, “Mommy would love to meet you!”

Leo looked at Frank. The Alpha always found the prospect of any outsider of their family going to Hazel’s grave unbearable, but suddenly he found that he wanted Leo there. He wanted the support the younger man gave him.

“Yeah,” he said, “I think it’d be nice.”

***

The cemetery was empty as darkness fell – everyone who had come to see loved ones had already left, their legacy just a hundred candles wobbling in the December wind on the graves. Poppy had knelt by her mom’s grave, murmured a prayer, and then had a long, chatty conversation with her about how awesome Christmas was, and about how awesome Leo was. Then it got cold and Leo took the kids down to the car, leaving Frank alone with Hazel.

He knelt in the snow and touched the freezing stone, “Hey Haze,” he murmured, and smiled, and tears pricked his eyes, “I hope you don’t hate me.”

The wind, so biting and icy, grew softer, almost like a caress, and to Frank that was a sign. He knew,
subconsciously, that Hazel would want him to be happy. No matter what.

“I...I think he’s special. He makes me happy,” Frank sniffled and brushed snow from the gravestone. Hazel Levesque-Zhang, “and I’m scared for the feelings I have for him, just like how I was scared about my feelings for you. I just...I don’t know what to do. I don’t know what he feels, and how...,” he let out a frustrated sigh, “I just don’t know.”

Steps sounded behind Frank, crunching in the snow, and then, “I hope I’m not intruding,” it was Leo. His presence made Frank feel a little warmer.

“No, it’s okay,” he stood up. Leo came and stood next to him and they both looked at the gravestone for a few silent moments. Then Leo spoke, surprising Frank.

“Hi Hazel,” he said gently, “I hope I’m not bothering you,” Frank looked at him but Leo’s gaze was fixated on the grave. He was hugging himself, snow in his hair and on his eyelashes, “I just wanted to tell you how amazing your husband is, and how great of a father he is, and that he’s doing a good job. A really good job.”

Frank reached out and squeezed his hand, just briefly, only for a second. That was as much as he allowed himself – a second. Leo looked at him, his eyes sad.

“I can’t imagine the pain of losing your mate.”

Frank swallowed, “She...she wasn’t my mate.”

Leo looked shocked, “What?”

“We never really paid attention to the whole concept of mates,” Frank explained, shoving his hands in his pockets, “We met and fell in love but when I tried to bite her it wouldn’t take. She didn’t want me anywhere near her during heats but we were still in love. So yeah, we weren’t mates.”

“But...what about your mate then?” Leo asked.

I think he’s standing right in front of me, Frank wanted to say, but instead he said, “I don’t know.”

They stayed by the grave a little longer and then went back to the car. Frank dropped Leo off home, even though he didn’t want to, even though his body was telling him to grab the Omega and never let him go, to take him back home and claim him and love him, because Leo was more than a friend, or the guy from Daycare, or his kids’ teacher, or a twenty-two year old Omega. He was so much more.

***

Frank thought his friends would be suspicious of Leo, especially with how close he and Frank were, only a year after Hazel’s death, but they were surprisingly welcoming at the New Year’s party. As Frank watched the Omega be forced to take shots with Piper and Reyna he realised that any last boundaries and pretences of a ‘professional relationship’ had definitely melted away, like the snow outside eventually would. And Frank was glad about that.

“Well, well, well,” Percy was slightly drunk as he draped his arm over Frank’s shoulders, “He’s quite a catch. Very young though.”

“He’s twenty two.”

Percy watched Leo drink tequila at the Jason’s and Piper’s kitchen counter, “Eh, he looks younger.”
“I think he’s my mate,” Frank said, tongue loose. He knew he shouldn’t be drinking, but he had a beer or two anyway, and now felt comfortably warm and buzzing.

“Really?” Percy gaped, “Have you mates?”

“No!” Frank scoffed, “I haven’t even told him about the feelings I have.”

Percy grinned, “You should! And then you can make beautiful babies together.”

“I already have beautiful babies,” Frank mumbled, “I don’t need any more.”

He drank more, spoke with friends, and they all told him how good and happy he looked, for which he was glad. And then midnight was rolling around, and Leo was nowhere to be found.

“He went outside,” Annabeth said, “I think he’s being sick.”

So Frank left the house and sure enough Leo was leaning on the wall next to the front door, no jacket, no shoes, ankle-deep in snow, not vomiting but watching the fireworks already lighting the sky even though there were still a few minutes to midnight.

“What are you doing here?” Frank demanded, walking up to him, “You’ll freeze to death.”

“I’m fine,” Leo shifted on the wall, stumbling, voice slurred, “I’m warm.”

“Idiot,” Frank huffed and slipped off his own jacket, draping it over Leo’s shoulders. He didn’t expect the Omegas hand to shoot out and grab his, “What?” he asked.

Leo looked at him curiously, his expression a blend of hesitance and warmth, “Aren’t you going to do it?” he asked.

“Do what?” the alcohol was making Frank confused. Leo pulled him forward, so Frank’s hands rested on the wall on either side of his head.

“Aren’t you going to kiss me?” Leo asked innocently, and Frank’s breath caught in his throat. He almost reached for the Omega then, because his wolf wanted – no demanded – for him to hold Leo. But something made him stop.

“It’s almost midnight, I think you should be my New Year’s kiss,” Leo continued.

“I-I...,” Frank’s eyes slid to Leo’s lips, they were dry, and blue from the cold, and yes, he did want to kiss him. Badly. But he didn’t, “I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Why?” Leo frowned.

“You’re drunk.”

“Am not.”

“You’re also too young,” Frank racked his head for excuses. Leo looked at him, outraged.

“I’m only six years younger!”

“You’re six years younger,” Frank replied. Leo huffed out a bemused laugh and let go of Frank’s hands.

“You don’t want to kiss me do you?” he asked, “Shit. I thought you’d want to.”
“Leo,” Frank breathed, and he didn’t know where to even begin explaining. He didn’t want this to happen now, outside someone’s house on New Year’s, with both of them smashed, “I’ll call you a taxi.”

“I don’t want a taxi,” Leo said, and he sounded so heartbroken and hurt that Frank flinched. His wolf growled at him, to take care of his fucking mate, to give him anything he wanted, to kiss him, and hold him, and fuck him, but something was keeping Frank back – the ice wall was melting, but it was still there, still blocking him from allowing himself to live properly.

“I’m sorry,” he said, and pulled away.

He did call Leo a taxi, and then he called himself a separate one. Only when he was laying in bed later, and Poppy had woken up from a nightmare and climbed in with him, did he realise what it all meant. It meant Leo wanted him too.

***

Seeing Leo on the first Monday back from Christmas break was hard. The first thing Frank noticed was the smell – sickly sweet and bitter. Leo had had his heat, and he had been crying. It made Frank’s stomach clench and his heart ache, because he should’ve been there to take care of his mate, as did the Omegas appearance – he looked frail and pale and unsteady but he still smiled when Poppy charged at him and wrapped her arms around his legs and asked him when he was coming over.

“Hi,” Frank said, coming over. Leo wouldn’t look at him as he took Benji.

“Hi,” he replied softly, a blush on his cheeks. He was embarrassed, Frank could tell. Poppy looked between them.

“You smell sad, Leo,” she said loudly, “Did daddy make you sad?”

“N-No,” Leo stuttered, “No, it’s nothing, don’t worry, Pops.”

And he turned away, just like that, and led the kids inside, without a second look at Frank, and that was fucking painful.

***

Frank was running late, really late, there was an emergency at the clinic, a dying cat, and Frank had to take care of it, but his kids were at Daycare, so he did the only thing he could think of. He texted Leo, even though they haven’t spoken in almost two weeks.

You: Please pick up kids from skl and take them home. Key under doormat. Emergency at work. So sorry

The response was almost instant, and painfully cold.

Leo: Okay.

But at least he had done it, and for that Frank was grateful.

***

He came home tired to the bone, but at least he had saved the pet. He opened the door to a dark hallway, toed off his shoes, hung up his coat and dropped his keys in the bowl by the door. He went
to the bathroom and washed his hands and only when he walked out did he smell him. Leo. He was still in the flat.

Frank found him on the couch, curled up in a ball, clearly asleep while watching TV since the screen now had a ‘no signal’ announcement on it. The living room was filled with a faint glow from the TV and in the light Frank could see Leo’s tired but beautiful features. The Alpha stared at him, at every curve and line of his body, and his wolf told him to take him, but Frank was stopping himself with every inch of his will.

And then Leo shifted in his sleep, frowned, and opened his eyes. They were like two pools of molten chocolate. The Omega blinked slowly, and then he noticed Frank. He sat up quickly, still disoriented.

“S-Sorry,” he stammered, “I didn’t mean to fall asleep-“

Frank jerked forward, his willpower broken by Leo’s helpless, sleepy voice, and he crashed their mouths together, pushing Leo’s head against the back of the couch to prevent him from pulling away. The Omega gasped and his hands scrambled against Frank’s chest, eventually curling into his shirt as Frank kissed him feverishly, sliding his tongue into the boy’s mouth forcefully.

Leo was tense against Frank, but his mouth was warm and wet and soft. He tasted like chocolate and toothpaste and he smelled amazing and in seconds Frank’s head was filled with only the boy. He had never felt such intense feelings for anyone, not even Hazel, and his whole body burned with the need for Leo. He didn’t care that his kids were asleep down the hall, he needed to take the Omega right there and then.

“Frank!” Leo finally managed to break away from the kiss, flushed and panting for air. He looked confused and shocked and Frank grabbed his face, forcing the boy to look at him. His heart was hammering.

“I love you,” he blurted, and Leo gaped at him, “I’m in love with you. I think you’re my mate and I need you, right now, and always, I need you to stay with me and love me back and-“

Leo hauled him forward by the hand still curled in his shirt and they collided again in a violent, desperate kiss. Months of pent up frustration and denying the connection between them culminated in that moment. They tumbled onto the couch together, a tangle of limbs, and Frank had to be careful not to crush the smaller boy, which was hard since Leo had his arms wound around his neck and was pulling him impossibly close.

Their breaths mingled as they kissed, and Frank felt hot and agitated and wanted to just be inside Leo. Every moment that the boy wasn’t his felt painful. The Alpha broke away from the kiss, following his instincts, and pressed sloppy, wet kisses to Leo’s jaw and neck. He sucked a hickey under the boy’s ear, eliciting a moan from him, and then grazed his teeth lightly down the curve of his neck. He wanted to bite, so badly. He felt light-headed and drunk off Leo and more than anything he just wanted to claim him as his mate, to show the whole world that Leo was his.

“Do it,” Leo said in a breathy, moany voice, one hand gripping the back of Frank’s shirt while the other slid into the Alpha’s hair, firmly keeping him pressed against Leo’s neck, “Bite me, and then fuck me, a-and please don’t argue with me about this,” he shivered, “I want this. You know I want this, that I want you. So make me yours, please.”

Frank couldn’t fight him on that, because he knew it was true. So for once he gave into his desire, and he sunk his teeth into Leo’s skin, where the boy’s neck met his shoulder. Leo cried out, jerked against the couch, slapped a hand over his mouth in order not to wake the children up. He was
panting, gasping for air, all high-pitched and desperate, and Frank released his jaws and pulled away.

Leo’s eyes were closed, curls messy around his head. His arms had slid from Frank and now laid helplessly on either side of his head. The bite was red and beautifully visible on his skin, bleeding lightly and staining the collar of his t-shirt. When Frank had bitten Hazel she had started crying and it had hurt so badly they had to take her to the hospital, where they were told she wasn’t his mate. Leo didn’t look like he was in pain. When he opened his eyes they were glazed with bliss and lust and he just looked safe, and warm, and comfortable, and Frank’s heart ached because that was exactly what he wanted for the boy. For his mate.

He gently wiped away the blood from the bite and Leo smiled, “Guess I’m your mate then, huh?”

Frank couldn’t speak. It was just too much. He couldn’t believe he was getting another chance at happiness. Leo saw his expression and frowned, sitting up.

“Hey,” he murmured, cradling Frank’s face in his hands. He kissed him comfortingly and Frank wrapped an arm around his waist, keeping him close and grounding himself. Leo stroked his cheeks with his slim fingers and nuzzled his nose against Frank’s and peppered his face with kisses until the older man smiled.

“I love you,” he whispered. Leo kissed him passionately and climbed into his lap, so he was straddling his hips. Frank didn’t mean to be that guy but his hands subconsciously slid down to Leo’s ass and he kneaded the globes roughly, causing Leo to gasp against his mouth, “We’re gonna have to be quiet,” Frank murmured in-between kisses. Leo nodded and kissed Frank harder as he started to grind down against the man.

Frank hadn’t even noticed he was hard until he felt Leo’s ass pressing down against his erection. He groaned into the boy’s mouth and his tongue tangled with Leo’s as the boy breathed shakily through his nose and continued his movements, making pleasure course through Frank. But it just wasn’t enough.

Frank pushed Leo backwards onto the couch again and climbed in-between the boy’s open legs. He grabbed his shorts and pulled them down his legs, throwing them somewhere to the side. The Omega wasn’t wearing any underwear and his cock was hard and leaking against his t-shirt that Frank didn’t dare take off in case one of the kids walked in. The bite on Leo’s neck reminded him that they would have a thousand more moments like this – and Frank would make sure to do it slowly next time, to show Leo how much he really loved him, but this time he just needed to be in the boy before he exploded.

Leo clearly felt the same because he started to undo the buckle on Frank’s belt muttering urgently, “Come on, come on, come on…”

“Leo, wait-,” Frank tried to get a hold of his own urges but Leo wasn’t having it. There was a sudden desperation in him as if he literally needed Frank and his hands trembled as he to free the Alpha’s cock. Frank helped him do it but didn’t slid his trousers off, in case the kids walked in and they had to stop quickly, and the second his erection sprung free Leo was pulling him forward, “Leo-,” Frank said.

“Just fuck me,” the Omega whimpered, wrapping his legs around Frank’s waist and forcing the Alpha’s cock to slide against his ass, “Just do i-it, fuck, I can’t wait Frank, p-please-“

Frank kissed him to silence any sounds he would make and then pressed his cock against the boy’s hole. He pulled away almost immediately, staring down at Leo.
“Are you in heat?” he asked.

“No.”

“Then why are you wet?”

Leo blushed and looked away, shy all of a sudden, “Because it’s you, idiot,” he mumbled.

A surge of pleasure went through Frank and his inner wolf howled happily. Frank lost control and crashed his mouth to Leo’s in a hungry kiss as he slammed into the boy. Leo cried out, tensing and arching up against Frank, his legs so tight around the Alpha’s waist that it was almost painful. He was impossibly tight and hot and yet his body didn’t resist Frank at all, as if it was meant for him, allowing him to completely bottom out in the boy.

It was amazing.

Leo broke the kiss because his head fell back against the arm-rest of the couch and he tried to keep his breathing even but it was erratic and all over the place. Frank knew he had to give him a moment to adjust but it was hard when all his instincts were telling him to just fuck, fuck, fuck.

“G-God,” Leo gasped, hands digging into Frank’s arms, “Shit...fuck...nghh...”

“You okay?” Frank asked hoarsely. Leo nodded.

“It’s good,” he whimpered, biting his lip, “I-It’s really f-fucking good, Jesus Christ.” He was shaking, his cock twitching against his stomach, and he smelled of arousal and sweetness and heat and Frank loved it, “Move,” Leo whispered, looking at him with half-lidded eyes, “P-Please move.”

So Frank did. In all fairness his first thrust was slow and gentle and his second one too, but on the third one, when he pulled out Leo forced him back in abruptly with his legs, causing both of them to gasp. Slick ran down Leo’s thighs and onto the blanket he had been lying on every time Frank thrust back in. It only took a minute or two for both of them to lose control.

Frank was fucking Leo hard, the room filled with the sound of skin slapping against skin. Frank’s fingers dug into Leo’s hips and he alternated between looking at his mate hungrily, to kissing and biting his neck. Leo, on the other hand, just laid there, rendered completely helpless by Frank’s cock. He moaned and gasped and had to bite his palm to stop himself from being too loud and in five minutes he was sobbing, tears in his eyes, and a string of moans spilling from his mouth.

“Frank, Frank...fuck, p-please...ah! God, fuck...I-I can’t, I’m gonna...nghhh...Frank!”

He came first, sobbing, and Frank continued to fuck him for ages after that, until the boy looked like he was going to pass out. The Alpha didn’t want it to end and he staved off his own orgasm in order to watch Leo lose control under him even though he himself felt that he was falling apart.

Eventually Leo came again, his hole clenching around Frank’s cock and forcing him to come too. They cleaned up as quietly as they could in the bathroom, not speaking, both still a bit out of it. And then Frank pulled Leo to the bedroom. They didn’t need to communicate, they knew exactly what they needed. Together they climbed into Frank’s king-sized bed and curled up in the centre, wrapped up in each other’s arms.

After a few moments of silence, Leo spoke, “I love you,” he murmured.

“I love you too,” Frank replied hoarsely and kissed the top of his head. They laid in a comfortable silence, feeling sleep creeping up on them.
And then Frank sat up abruptly, because he remembered something important. His heart hammered and he was awake in a second.

“Oh God,” he choked out.

“What?” Leo asked sleepily, lifting his head from the pillow.

“That was your first time.”

Leo snickered, “Yeah.”


“Frank,” Leo sat up and kissed his shoulder, “Stop freaking out. I liked it. More than liked it, actually. And it didn’t hurt.”

“I didn’t even prepare you,” Frank whispered in horror.

Leo slipped his arms around the Alpha’s neck and kissed his cheek, “You’re my mate, you don’t need to prepare me. Our bodies were literally made for each other.”

Frank looked at him, sceptical, but he didn’t see hurt or fear or upset in Leo’s eyes. All he saw was the remains of his afterglow and warmth and pleasure and content. He exhaled and nodded.

“Next time I’ll go slow.”

Leo grinned, “Next time, yeah?”

***

“Happy birthday again, sweetie,” Frank said, five months later, laying Poppy into bed. The now five-year old gave him a gap-toothed smile.

“It was the best birthday ever!” she proclaimed. Frank smiled and Leo stepped from his side and ruffled the girl’s hair before kissing her forehead.

“We’re glad you had fun,” he said, “Now go to sleep. You must be exhausted,” he looked at Frank, “as are we.”

They murmured their goodbyes and checked up on Benji and walked out of the kid’s room to their bedroom. Once in, Leo collapsed on the bed and Frank went to the closet.

“Well that was exhausting,” the Alpha said.

“Mhmmm,” Leo hummed, eyes closed, “Who knew kids parties required so much energy.”

“You should’ve,” Frank grinned, “You literally work at a Daycare.”

“Details, details...,” Leo said and trailed off. There was something in his voice that made Frank worried and he turned around. The Omega was laying on his back, staring sadly at the ceiling.

“What is it?”

Leo closed his eyes briefly and exhaled, “I haven’t told you everything,” he murmured.

Frank frowned, “What do you mean?”
“I...,” Leo bit his lip and sat up, tucking a curl behind his ear in agitation, “I just...there’s something I never told anyone, and I know I should’ve told you, but-“ he was panicking, Frank could see, so he walked to the bed and sat on the edge and took Leo’s hand. He kissed it and Leo looked at him with a sadness in his eyes.

“Just tell me,” Frank whispered, “Nothing you’ll say will make me stop loving you.”

It must’ve given Leo some courage because he took a deep breath, looked away, and said, “I can’t have children.”

“Okay,” Frank said, not missing a beat. Leo looked at him, puzzled.

“Okay?”

Frank shrugged, “Yeah.”

“But...but Omegas are supposed to give their mates children,” Leo said, “Aren’t you disappointed?”

Frank kissed his forehead, “You’d never disappoint me. You’re absolutely perfect Leo.”

“No, I’m not,” the Omega whispered, “I’m broken.”

It made Frank’s heart ache to hear him so upset, “You and Hazel will always be the great loves of my life,” he said, quiet, “And the kids, obviously. But I think,” Frank played with Leo’s hand, curling and uncurling his delicate fingers, “that this all happened for a reason. That I met Haze so she could give us our beautiful babies and...and I wish she was here, I wish you could meet her. She would’ve loved you, I know she would’ve. But she died, and I met you and...and I don’t want any more kids, Leo. I have everything I ever wanted – I was given the blessing of having Hazel in my life for a short but wonderful ten years, and now I have you, for the rest of my life, I hope. And I don’t need anything more. I just need Poppy, and Benjamin, and you. Because you’re perfect, in every way.”

Leo had tears in his eyes, “Frankie,” he whispered.

The door to the room opened and Leo quickly wiped his eyes. They saw Poppy in the doorway.

“What is it sweetie?” the Omega asked. The girl looked at them grumpily.

“I’m sleeping here today,” she said and, without waiting for a response, clambered up onto Frank’s and Leo’s bed. The two exchanged an amused glance, the sadness from seconds ago disappearing.

“I’ll get Benji,” Leo said, slipping off the bed and out of the room. Frank laid down and opened his arms and his daughter happily crawled into them, giggling.

“Had a good birthday?” Frank asked, stroking her hair. She nodded eagerly, and then paused.

“Daddy?”

“Yes?”

“Is Leo gonna stay with us forever?”

Frank smiled and kissed her head, “Do you want him to?”

“Yeah.”
“Then yes, he is.”

The Omega walked back into the bedroom with sleeping Benji in his arms, and shut the door. He climbed into the bed and laid the little boy next to Poppy, who delicately wrapped her arms around her baby brother. Frank slung his arm around both of them, so his hand rested on Leo’s hip. The Omega smiled at him over the heads of the children.

Frank mouthed ‘I love you’ at him, and Leo winked, and it was perfect, perfect, perfect, and when Frank felt a little warm caress at the back of his neck he knew that Hazel thought it was perfect too.
Flowers In Your Hair

Percy x Leo. When Leo explodes Gaea they end up bonded or something. Leo gets plant powers and can't figure out how to control them so he grows flowers all the time. Percy thinks it's really cute and will randomly throw water at Leo so the flowers grow even more. After some time Percy starts to notice that the flowers grow different colours depending on how Leo is feeling. He does some research about what the colours mean and realises that Leo is in love with him. Then Percy confronts Leo about it and they get together.

For PsychoFangirl

The Demigods looked in shock at the Hephaestus Cabin which had, overnight, become a greenhouse. Flowers crept out of the windows, out of the door, out of the multiple chimneys.

“Fuck,” Percy whispered.

“Language, Percy. What happened?” Chiron asked. Leo, who having returned to camp the previous night was re-installed as Head Counsellor, looked just as baffled as everyone else.

“I-I don’t know,” he spluttered, “When we woke up it was like a jungle in there.”

The flowers shifted at the door and an annoyed looking Nyssa walked out, pulling petals from her hair, “It’s all fucked!” she proclaimed.


“I’m sorry but the forge is overgrown!” the girl seemed really pissed off, “Nothing’s working, can’t even get the fire started or the whole place will go up in flames.”

Chiron turned to the Demeter kids gathered next to him, “Miranda,” he addressed the Head Counsellor, “any idea what’s happening?”

“I don’t know,” the girl admitted, “Perhaps it has something to do with Apollo’s fall, or the new girl, Meg, but-“

Her explanation was interrupted by a rather violent sneeze from Leo. Everyone stared in shock as the action caused a purple hyacinth to burst from the ground at the boy’s feet.

“Sorry,” Leo said, sniffing, “Hay fever?” he offered, and blinked at the hoard of shocked Demigods looking at him, “What?”
“I think we all know what caused this...err, disturbance,” Chiron gestured to Leo’s feet and the boy blinked at the hyacinth, swaying in the breeze.

“It’s...a flower?” the Latino seemed confused, “And this explains everything how?”

“It wasn’t there seconds ago,” Percy explained, rather amused.

“Yeah, it was,” Leo said.

“No, it wasn’t.”

“Yes, it was,” Leo seemed pretty adamant, “I didn’t magically develop flower-powers like a goddamn anime character,” he was getting angry, and it was understandable – he hated being accused of things and ganged up on, since it happened all his life, “I’m not a child of Demeter I don’t know where the fucking flowers came from.”

As he spoke more flowers burst at his feet, these ones taller with bulbous heads of small, pink petals all curled together.

“Peonies,” Miranda breathed, “they represent anger.”

Leo stopped his monologue and glanced at his feet and his face fell when he saw the mini-garden. He couldn’t deny it any longer – he was creating it, “Shit,” he muttered. Percy had to hide his smile; Leo looked really funny swearing in a field of flowers.

Chiron rubbed the bridge of this nose, “Language,” he said half-heartedly, “There could be an explanation for this,” he lowered his hand, “In the moment of your death, Leo,” the boy flinched, “When you put Gaia back to sleep a connection was most likely created, which explains your new geokinetic powers.”

“You’re telling me I have a connection to evil Mother Nature?” Leo whined, “for Gods sake! Why is it always me!”

“Actually, it’s always me,” Percy chimed in.

“Shut up, Percy,”Leo grumbled, “What do we do?”

“Let’s hope this is temporary,” Chiron said, “but for now I suggest you stay away from the Cabin and Bunker 9, for health and safety reasons.”

***

Percy couldn’t get Leo’s face – sulking and upset – out of his head all morning so as afternoon rolled around he went in search of the Latino, since he wasn’t in the dining pavilion at lunch. He found the son of Hephaestus sitting on the steps of the Big House, digging a ditch in the ground with the sole of his foot as he kept scraping it along the ground, back and forth.

“You know, you won’t hurt Gaia in that way,” Percy said, amused. Leo looked up at him.

“I can try,” he said gloomily. Percy had to wrestle through a whole clump of peonies in order to sit next to Leo on the step. Their legs touched and Percy plucked on flower, enjoying the sweet scent, “Miranda said these symbolise anger,” he remember, “You still pissed?”

“Of course I am,” Leo huffed, “My siblings won’t let me anywhere near the forges because these keep sprouting up,” he kicked a peony angrily, “and I’m scared of even going to the dining pavilion,
so I’m stuck here, doing *nothing* all bloody day.”

Seeing Leo angry and worked up made Percy smile because he looked a little like a pissed off puppy – adorable. Really adorable.

“Cheer up, they’re just flowers,” Percy said.

“Screw the flowers,” Leo kicked another one. Percy playfully reached over and slid a peony behind Leo’s ear and for a second the boy looked startled and beautiful with the flower in his curls, before he was pissed off once more, “For fuck’s sake,” he ripped the flower from behind his ear and tossed it to the ground, “This isn’t funny.”

“It’s hilarious,” Percy said and casually flicked his wrist. A stream of water erupted from the ground and splashed over Leo, who screamed and jumped to his feet, “there,” Percy watched with pleasure as more peonies sprung from the ground, now intertwined with branches heavy with little white flowers, “now you’re a whole garden,” Percy teased.

“I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!” Leo yelled at him, face flushed from anger, and Percy watched him stomp off like a wet, tantrum-throwing kid, followed by a path of peonies that sprung up behind him. Percy smiled and watched him go before standing up and stretching.

The flowers left behind by Leo rustled in the wind and Percy leaned down and plucked a little twig with the white flowers on it. He twirled it thoughtfully in his hand, wondering if the different kinds of flowers somehow reflected Leo’s mood, but he had no idea what flower it was, or what it meant. But he knew who would.

Miranda was standing outside the Demeter cabin, tending to the garden surrounding it in a wide sunhat.

“Hi,” Percy said, leaning on the white picket fence surrounding the cabin. Miranda looked up, shielding her bright green eyes from the sun.

“Oh. Hi Percy,” she said, “What can I help you with?”

“Right down to business, eh?” Percy asked. It was one of the first times he had ever spoken to the girl and he felt a little bad for immediately asking for a favour but he didn’t know who else to go to. He held up the twig of flowers, “Can you tell me what this is.”

“White Jasmine,” Miranda replied immediately, “Usually grows on trees, and more in warmer countries. It originates from China and-,” she paused and blushed, “Right. Sorry. I’m blabbing.”

“It’s okay,” Percy smiled, and decided if he was straight he’d definitely find Miranda attractive. Instead he was interested in a certain Latino boy, surrounded by flowers, “Earlier you mentioned peonies symbolise anger.”

“That actually depends,” Miranda re-adjusted her hat nervously, “Flowers have lots of different meanings, for instance peonies represent anger, but also stand for riches and honour, they’re also considered good omens for good fortune and happy marriages.”

“Wow,” Percy was genuinely impressed, “You know a lot about flowers.”

“I sure do,” Miranda laughed, a little embarrassed.

“So what about this white jasmine then?” Percy asked, looking at the little white flowers. They sure had an interesting smell.
“Well, it symbolises beauty, purity and sensuality,” she said, which puzzled Percy as he remembered Leo’s angry expression. A flower representing that seemed out of place among his ‘pissed-off’ peonies, “but it’s also one of the flowers commonly associated with love.”

Percy blinked and looked at the small white flowers, “Oh.” He said.

“That help?”

“Kind of,” he laughed, “Thanks.”

As he walked between the cabins he looked at the jasmine flowers, and felt a little disappointed. He had thought the flowers really meant something, like a reflection of Leo’s feelings, but Miranda’s translation made no sense. Percy sighed and tried to look for the Latino, to ask him outright, but it seemed the flower-boy was avoiding him, and everyone else for the matter.

***

The next morning Percy saw an exhausted looking Leo at the Hephaestus cabin at breakfast. He had stopped spurting peonies and just one or two random flowers surrounded the table, however he seemed annoyed that the majority of the Aphrodite cabin had his pissed-off peonies in their hair. Percy found it hilarious.

After breakfast the son of Poseidon caught up with his crush as he walked towards the training pit, “In a better mood?” he asked, matching Leo’s pace. The Latino looked up at him, dark circles under his eyes.

“Not really, but sorry about snapping at you yesterday,” he mumbled.

“It’s okay,” Percy ruffled his hair, “you becoming an environmentalist anytime soon?”

“Fuck off,” Leo said, but he smiled. Only then did Percy notice the new flowers spurting at their feet sporadically. They were stunning and lily-like, but instead of the normal pink and white these were splashed with red and yellow, decorated in little dashes, with their insides curled and red and growing outwards.

“Pretty,” Percy pointed. Leo looked down and with a huff stomped on the flower.

“Annoying,” he argued. Percy committed the new flower to memory and slid an arm around Leo’s shoulders.

“Cheer up,” he said, “It’s a beautiful day, the air smells all fresh and...flowery.”

“I’ll make you a nice bouquet for your funeral,” Leo jabbed Percy in the ribs and the taller boy laughed, dancing away. Leo sighed, “I’m serious though, I want these flowers to leave me alone. I woke up today feeling like I was in a jungle.”

“Could be worse. You could have gotten some shitty powers like brick-laying or something.”

“Yeah,” Leo giggled, “That is a shit power.”

They walked into the pit together even though Percy wasn’t due to train that morning. Instead he relaxed against a wall and watched Leo and Nico fight with blunt wooden swords. It was a short fight due to Leo’s constant falling over the garden at his feet. The new flowers were hardly flowers at all, just clumps of green leaves with dark purple dashes of flowers among them. The bees seemed drawn to them though and as they started floating in through the open ceiling, pissing Leo and Nico
off, Percy decided to head off.

He pocketed a purple flower and walked through the sunny strawberry fields. He saw Miranda among the fruit, picking them into the basket, and he grinned.

“Hey Miranda!”

She looked up, “Hey Percy,” she smiled “Got any more flower queries for me?”

“Actually, I do,” he squatted next to her and presented the purple flower to her, “Can you tell me what flower this is?”

“Why are you suddenly so interested?” Miranda asked.

“No reason,” Percy lied, shrugging.

“These...these flowers,” Miranda smiled, “they're to do with Leo, aren’t they?”

“Maybe,” Percy grumbled.

“Well that’s basil,” Miranda said.

Percy frowned, “Like the seasoning?”

“Yes,” the girl laughed, “but it’s also a flower. I assume you want to know its meaning?”

Percy hesitated. He had established that the flowers were random and didn’t mean anything...but he was still curious, “Sure,” he said.

“They have a basic meaning,” she said, “they simply mean ‘hate.’”

Percy frowned, “Hate...right.” He didn’t understand, and then remembered the other flowers, “there were some other ones. Like lilies, but yellow and red on the inside.”

“Those might’ve been Alstroemeria,” Miranda said.

Percy blinked, “Who?”

“Known as the Peruvian Lily or the Lily of the Incas,” Miranda clarified, “they have lots of meanings. From what I can remember friendship is the main one, but they also symbolise devotion, trust and a bond.”

“Okay. Right.”

“Here,” Miranda pulled a little booklet out of her pocket and offered it to Percy, “it looks small but it’s magical, so when you think about a flower it will automatically show you all the information about it. Very handy and a better source of information than me.”

“I can’t take it!” Percy protested.

“No,” Miranda smiled, “You can’t. But you can borrow it. Don’t get it wet.”

Percy grinned and pocketed the book, “Thanks so much.”

***

The next day confused Percy because he caught Leo three separate times, and each time new flowers
sprung at their feet. The Latino seemed agitated and nervous and awkward, blushing and not looking
Percy in the eye when they spoke, and quickly dashing away.

The meanings of the flowers were even more confusing. The first time Percy had caught up to Leo
near the forest as the boy headed for bunker nine, wanting to ask his siblings if he could finally go
inside, and the trees around them all bloomed with little, furry-looking yellow flowers that Miranda’s
book stated were yellow acacias – they symbolised true friendship, but also secret love. The second
time they were in the dining pavilion and big, pointy edged white flowers grew from between the
tables, delighting the girls. Percy later learned that these were gardenias and that they also
symbolised secret love. By then Percy was paying more attention to Leo’s reactions, his twitches and
blushing and mumbled answers, and by their third encounter, in the evening outside the Hephaestus
cabin, Percy paid particular attention to the tall-stemmed flowers with little buds on the top, coloured
white and yellow. These were called yarrow flowers and were healing plants, and they,
unsurprisingly, also symbolised love.

The flowers were baffling. The pissed-off peonies made sense, given the circumstance, even the basil
as it grew when Leo trained, which he openly hated. But the rest made no sense – love? It kept Percy
up at night, the stupid flowers, and he had the basil and the gardenias and the white jasmine on his
bedside table, filling the room with sweet scents.

By dawn Percy’s exhausted mind was working over-time and suggesting ideas – what if the flower
meanings are real? What if Leo has feelings for Percy? What if he was in love with him too? It
seemed too good to be true, but as the first sun rays danced through the windows of the Poseidon
cabin Percy decided he had to make sure before Leo’s gift went away.

***

The sun was almost setting and the Demigods loitered about the beach by the lake, as the Hephaestus
cabin tried to start the bonfire. Leo wasn’t with them, since every time he got near flowers would
sprout among the firewood. Percy had seen him angrily stomp towards the forest and hesitated,
before following him. His heart was pounding and he felt anxious, but he knew that this could be his
only shot at finding out if his feelings were reciprocated.

The previous night Percy had stayed up, studying all the ‘love’ flowers in Miranda’s book, as well as
some other ones, to be able to interpret what Leo was feeling. If the flowers even reflected that at all.

Leo was easy to find in the forest due to the path of pissed-off peonies he left behind, like a trail.
Percy found him leaning against a tree and furiously ripping petals off a peony, like a parody of ‘he
loves me, he loves me not.’

Percy gathered his courage, “Hey,” he said. Leo flinched and a red rose bloomed among the carpet
of peonies around his feet. Percy’s heart twisted – he didn’t need the book to know that red roses
symbolised love. He pretended not to see it though.

“You okay?” Percy asked carefully. Leo dropped the peony and more red roses curled at his feet.
His cheeks were just as red, as if he was aware of them too.

“Fine,” he choked out, “Look, I kind of just want to be alone-“

Percy took a step forward and Leo tensed, as one new flower curled from the branches of a tree. It
was purple, with a black and white centre. An anemone. Percy desperately tried to remember its
meaning as he approached…it represented the good times that come after the bad. Anticipation. Leo
was anticipating something...but what? Percy would’ve had fun guessing if he wasn’t so nervous.

Roses crept up the bark of the tree Leo was leaning against.

“P-Percy-,” he said, like a warning.

“Red roses, huh?” Percy picked one up and, weirdly, it had no thorns, as if Leo didn’t want to hurt him. He leaned closer to the boy and slid it behind his ear and Leo squeezed his eyes shut as if he expected Percy to hit him. The older boy’s hand lingered on Leo’s cheek until the Latino opened his eyes again, “Are you going to say it out loud?” he asked, because in that moment it was obvious, clear in Leo’s face and the flowers surrounding him.

The small boy swallowed, and his hands trembled. He looked down at the roses crowding around his and Percy’s legs, pushing them closer together, “I...I...,” he took a shaky breath, “I...,” he bit his lip and then blurted, “I think I like you.”

Tulips slipped out from between the roses. Red tulips. They symbolised love too, but they also symbolised declarations of love. Percy knew the weight that Leo’s timid ‘I like you’ really carried, thanks to the flowers, and his heart twisted with emotion. The forest was full of golden and amber lights from the sunset.

Percy didn’t think this far ahead, and he didn’t really know what to do. Saying ‘I like you too’ sounded stupid and besides, he didn’t think he’d be able to get a word out right now. So instead he leaned forward, his hand still cradling Leo’s cheek, and pressed their foreheads together. The Latino looked at him through his eyelashes, hesitant and shy, and Percy closed his eyes and kissed him.

It was a short, sweet kiss of two boys just figuring things out for themselves, but it filled Percy with content and happiness, and when he pulled away Leo looked dazed and they were completely surrounded by red roses. Percy smiled at them and then said the only thing that seemed natural then.

“I love you.”

Leo exhaled and slumped against the tree, “Oh. Okay. Good. Same,” he swallowed, “Just promise to never buy me flowers,” he muttered weakly, and Percy grinned, kissing him again. When he pulled away the flowers were gone.
Like a Virgin

Solangelo first time/losing virginity fic? lil awkward maybe for Anon

“Are you sure you want to bottom?” Will asked worriedly, hovering over Nico.

They tried to make it romantic, they really did. Every surface in the Hades cabin was littered with candles that filled the room with a soft, golden glow. Nico had changed the sheets on his bed and now laid on them, naked, looking at Will uncertainly.

“Yeah,” he said after a moment, “Yeah. It’s less scary than topping.”

Will agreed with that, “What if I hurt you?” he asked.

“Then I’ll slap you,” Nico exhaled and then slipped his arms around his boyfriend’s neck, “Hey,” he said, “We agreed to this, didn’t we? But if you don’t want to do it today…”

“I do, I do,” Will said quickly, because he did, “but I’m just worried. I’ve never done this before.”

“Me neither,” Nico shrugged, “But we might as well try.”


Nico’s eyes narrowed, “Bitch, you better,” he allowed his arms to flop to his sides and Will picked up the bottom of lube from next to his boyfriend’s head. He was settled between his legs, and honestly he had thought Nico would be more self-conscious about this, but he wasn’t, laying naked in front of Will. It was because he trusted the son of Apollo, and would have never been able to do this with anyone else.

Will opened the tube and poured some lube on his fingers, “Do you wanna…err…,” he made a vague gesture with his dry hand and Nico nodded and wriggled a little as he rolled onto his stomach. Will swallowed, taking in his boyfriend’s body, and wished he wasn’t so goddamn nervous about this so he could appreciate him properly. He gently nudged Nico’s legs apart and looked at the boy’s hole. It looked tiny. Will swallowed again. They had given each other hand and blow jobs but this…this was a whole new level.

He ensured that he had enough lube on his hand and then carefully pressed the tip of his finger against Nico’s entrance. The boy shifted and tensed.

“Relax,” Will said, “or I won’t be able to get it in.”

“Right, sorry,” Nico forced himself to relax and after a bit of wriggling Will managed to get the tip of
his finger in. He pushed, a little surprise at how soft and squishy and hot Nico’s insides felt. Will felt his cock twitch into semi-hardness with interest. Nico was very still and very quiet as Will slid the first digit inside him.

“You okay?” Will asked when he got it all the way in. Nico made a vague, mumbly noise that made the blond smile, “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Feels weird,” Nico replied. He had his face buried in his arms, folded on the pillow, and so his voice was muffled and Will couldn’t see his face. He trusted that his boyfriend would tell him if he was doing anything wrong.

“It should feel better soon,” Will said, but he wasn’t sure, because he never did this before. He kissed the space between Nico’s shoulder-blades, hoping it was some comfort to him, and then pulled his finger out before pushing it back in. He went slow, slipping his finger in and out of Nico until the boy felt a tiny bit looser, “Can I add a second?” he asked.

“Yeah. Should be fine,” Nico’s voice sounded breathier than before and Will hoped that was a good sign. When he pressed two fingers against the boy’s entrance, however, Nico tensed up again. He quickly remembered not to, though, and relaxed once more.

Two fingers were harder to get in than the first so Will came up with a new tactic of showering Nico’s back in kisses, which seemed to help the Italian lose the tension in his muscles. After a few minutes of caressing, the blond was able to push the two fingers inside Nico, but it was a tight fit, and Will had no idea how his dick would ever fit in there.

“Tell me if it hurts,” he said.

“It’s fine,” Nico’s voice was tense. Will bit the inside of his cheek and his cock softened because he knew Nico wasn’t enjoying himself. He had half a mind to stop, but something made him want to keep trying. He wanted to do this with Nico, even if it took time, and was awkward.

Will fingered Nico with two digits for what felt like ages, until his wrist ached and his hand was soaking wet from the lube. He scissored the fingers inside Nico to try and stretch him out more, and it seemed to be working. Then suddenly Will’s fingers brushed something and Nico tensed and let out a little gaspy moan and turned to look at Will over his shoulder with wide eyes.

Will froze, “What?” he asked, worried.

“I-I don’t know,” the Italian stuttered, “I think you...you touched something. It felt...,” he blushed and turned away, “Do it again.”

Will smiled, finally he thought, “That’s your prostate,” he said, and tried to find it with his fingers again. He managed to after a third try and Nico moaned again, hands curling into the sheets below him loosely.

“Fuck,” he whispered.

Will repeated this a few more times, getting more excited with every little sound of pleasure that Nico was letting out. The boy was completely relaxed, and so the blond took his chance to push the third finger in. Lube slid down Nico’s thighs and he gasped, but Will immediately found his prostate again, getting him to relax. He fingered him until he thought his hand would fall off and his cock throbbed.

“Can I put it in?” he asked finally.

Will withdrew his fingers and Nico whimpered, which he took as a good sign. He reached for the condom and ripped open the packet and then tried to – futilely – slide it onto his erection.

“What’s taking so long?” Nico asked impatiently after a minute.

“I can’t get the condom on,” Will grumbled. Nico groaned in annoyance and sat up. Will was lost in his appearance for a second; hard, flushed, messy. Nico batted his hands away and in seconds he got the condom onto Will’s erection, his hands sliding down it. The blond had to stifle a moan and Nico plopped back down onto the bed, stomach-down.

He grabbed a pillow and put it under his hips, so his ass was more in the air, and Will took special care to lube up his cock, so much that the liquid slid off his erection and started dripping onto Nico’s fresh covers. Will’s heart pounded in anticipation, and he leaned forward, placing one hand on Nico’s hip.

“You sure you want this?” he asked.

“Just do it,” Nico grumbled.

Will grabbed his dick in his hand and pressed it against Nico’s hole. Classically the Italian tensed and Will’s cock slid free, rubbing lube over his entrance.

“Relax,” he giggled.

“Fuck off,” Nico grumbled, but relaxed enough that after a few rubs of Will’s cock against the hole, the blond managed to get the head in. Immediately there were shots of heat and pleasure going through him. Nico hissed in pain but Will only stuttered out a shaky fuck.

He went slow, or at least he thought he went slow, sliding inch by inch into his boyfriend’s hot insides. By then Nico was gripping the sheets painfully in his hands and letting out little whimpers.

“S-Slow down asshole,” he choked out suddenly and so Will stopped pushing. He had only gotten half of his erection into Nico but the Italian was already shaking.

“Sorry,” Will murmured, and then, to try and make it better, “You feel amazing.”

“Hurts,” Nico whispered, and Will suddenly felt terrible. He plastered himself over Nico’s back and kissed his neck before turning his flushed face from the pillow to capture his lips. It was clumsy but sweet.

“Do you want me to stop?” Will asked, really hoping he wouldn’t. Nico shook his head.

“No. It’s okay now.”

So Will pulled away and continued pushing and it wasn’t until he was completely enveloped in Nico’s amazing heat that the boy let him know that it wasn’t quite rainbows and sunshine for him, “Ouch, ouch, ouch,” he mumbled, “fuck...shit...”

“Are you okay?” Will sounded breathy and all he felt was pleasure, which clearly wasn’t the case for Nico.

“Just give me a sec,” the Italian said. ‘A sec’ turned into three long, agonising minutes in which Will’s cock pulsed inside the boy’s hole and his body ached for an orgasm, which Will knew was
“Can I?” he asked tentatively after what seemed like forever. He didn’t want to hurt Nico, but he also knew he couldn’t stay like this much longer.

“Yeah,” Nico’s voice was tight, “Just go.”

So Will ‘just went,’ pulling out of his boyfriend halfway and pushing back in, to which he earned a hiss of pain from the Italian and a little swear word, but he couldn’t stop. He thought about trying to find Nico’s prostate again but he thrust in once, twice, and his insides were already in knots and before he knew it he was shuddering and coming.

Embarrassingly fast, as expected.

Will emptied himself inside the condom, then pulled out, shaky and feeling like he was melting. Nico let out a relieved sigh when the blond slid out of him.

“That was fast,” he remarked, glancing at Will over his shoulder. He looked pale, only his cheeks flushed, and shaken. The blond rolled him over and settled over him. He noticed that Nico was soft.

“Did you come?” he asked.

Nico winced, “No. Sorry.”

“Don’t apologize,” Will caressed his face, and sighed, “I’m sorry. I was really selfish, wasn’t I?”

Nico smiled and shook his head, “No, you weren’t,” he tugged the blond down for a kiss, “I’m glad you enjoyed it, at least. It was just too uncomfortable for me, but I’m sure next time will be better.”

But it didn’t make Will feel any shittier, “You felt so good though,” he mumbled, like a kicked puppy, and Nico grinned and ruffled his curls.

“Cheer up. You can suck me off if you want?”
All These Horses

If you could do Jason and Percy where Percy rides horses but no one knows and then Jason follows him one day and sees? And Percy is shy and is like I didn’t tell anyone because I didn’t want to be made fun of and how no one would like him anymore. But then Jason’s like don’t worry I’ll always like you and then just kisses him. And in the demigod world please for Horsegirl

It wasn’t until after the war with Gaia that Jason started to notice Percy’s disappearances. Of course it was logical since before they were too busy staying alive to pay attention to each other’s habits. But as they re-settled back in Camp Half Blood with Jason as an honorary Roman representative, he noticed.

He shouldn’t have noticed. He didn’t notice Leo’s habits, or Frank’s, or Hazel’s, or even Piper’s, and she was his bloody ex-girlfriend. And he and Percy were strictly friends...so why was Jason always paying so much attention to him? It was creepy.

But yeah – disappearances. Quite common in Percy’s case. He’d be there for meals and for training and for capture the flag, but during ‘down-time’ when everyone should’ve been minding their own business, Jason noticed Percy’s absence. He asked Annabeth about it but she just shrugged and pointed vaguely to the forest, not really having an answer. So Jason paid even more attention, and noticed that at least once a day Percy would disappear among the trees, only to reappear hours later, flushed and grinning and exhausted.

*He has a lover,* was Jason’s immediate, jealousy-fuelled thought. But who? A nymph, or a dryad, or someone outside camp? Jason didn’t know but he was desperate to. He had a crush on Percy, which was hard to admit even to himself because one, Percy was a guy and two, he was his best friend. Jason was scared of freaking him out, of disgusting him, of ruining their friendship, so he never said anything but seeing Percy come back from the forest so happy made his blood boil.

So one autumn afternoon Jason snapped. It was a warm day and the sun was about to start setting, when Percy slipped out of the dining pavilion. Jason watched him disappear in the trees. A minute passed, then another, and Jason’s eyes stayed firmly on the forest as if waiting for something.

“Oi,” Thalia, who was in Camp with some Hunters, helping rebuild the Camp, snapped her fingers in front of her brother’s face, “You okay? You’ve stopped eating.”

Jason looked at his plate and lost his appetite, “I’m not hungry.”

Thalia frowned, “Did you and Percy fight?”

“What? No!” Jason flinched, too defensive. He suddenly couldn’t stand Thalia’s scrutinizing gaze
and got up, mumbling *I’m going for a walk* before leaving the dining pavilion. He just wanted to be alone, to sort out his thoughts and figure out how he could get over Percy. He wasn’t paying attention to where he was going and before he knew it he was under the cover of the trees in the same place Percy had been only moments earlier.

He saw Percy’s fresh footprints in the ground and he didn’t *mean* to follow him, but something pushed him to do it. He used the skills he learned with Lupa and tracked the other boy through the forest, heart pounding at what he might find. He was scared he’d see Percy and his lover in the thick of it, and he’d lose it and hurt the other guy. And yet he couldn’t stop walking.

The trees started thinning out and Jason found himself in a part of the forest he had yet to explore. He was almost sure that it was beyond camp borders, and certain that it was in the opposite direction of the lake and the cave leading towards the remains of the Labyrinth, and Bunker 9.

The trees opened up to a meadow and Jason anxiously hovered by a tree, hand on the trunk, eyes searching. Then out of nowhere came a joyous, free yell of pleasure and Jason jerked. His eyes followed the noise and he saw, on the other end of the large meadow, ringed with trees, Percy on top of a horse.

Jason exhaled in relief and slumped against a tree and watched as the boy galloped on the back of the mare. She was white with a dusty blonde mane and Percy rode her without a saddle. He himself looked as wild as the animal, hair flying, eyes wide and sparkling, mouth open in a grin. They raced around the meadow together and Jason watched, mesmerized. He didn’t know Percy knew how to horse ride but now as he watched he realised the other boy was a natural; he looked so graceful on the horse that Jason couldn’t look away.

He watched for ages, leaning against his tree, until Percy finally slipped off the horse. He gave the mare a pat on the nose, fed her an apple from his pocket, and watched her race off to the trees on the other end of the meadow. And then he turned and saw Jason.

He froze and his eyes widened, “How...,” he seemed completely shocked, “How longer have you been there for?”


“You!” the other boy shouted, “You shouldn’t be here!”

“What?” Jason didn’t understand.

“You weren’t meant to see that!” Percy was shaking, and panicky.

“See what? You horse riding?” Jason asked, puzzled. The other boy nodded in a jerky fashion and then hugged himself.

“Fuck,” he swore, “Fuck, you’re gonna tell everyone now, and they’ll all make fun of me,” he looked angry and frustrated.

“What are you talking about?”

“The horse thing!” Percy exploded, yelling now, his face red with shame, “The fact that I can talk to them! And that I ride them like some teenage girl from some horse movie,” he groaned, “You don’t get it.”

Jason stifled his laugh, “Okay, drama queen, relax.”
“This isn’t funny!” Percy snapped.

“Wanna know why I followed you?” Jason asked, “What I thought you were doing?”

Percy swallowed, and visibly calmed down, “Yeah. Why did you follow me?”

“Because I thought you were fucking someone,” Jason said simply and Percy gaped at him, “I thought you were disappearing to meet a secret lover, and meanwhile you were doing something as innocent as horse-riding,” he smiled, “You’re really good at it, by the way, you look really...,” he trailed off, because Percy was still staring at him in shock, as if he didn’t expect that reaction from Jason.

“I thought people wouldn’t like me anymore,” he admitted eventually, in a small voice.

“Why? Because you like horse riding?”

Percy shrugged, clearly realising how stupid he was being, “Yeah...I mean, I’m like Percy Jackson,” he rolled his eyes, “Everyone seems to think I’m like super cool and the only thing I do is train and fight monsters and horse-riding...I guess it just doesn’t suit me.”

“Yes, it does,” Jason said firmly, approaching the other boy, “You’re a natural. Besides, you shouldn’t worry, because I’ll always like you, no matter what.”

Percy smiled, beautiful and bright, “Thanks. I’ll always like you too.”

And then Jason leaned down and kissed him. He had no idea why he did it, and his brain came to a screeching halt the second he felt the softness of Percy’s lips. The other Demigod froze, caught off guard, and Jason pulled away abruptly. They were both beet red.

“I-I’m sorry,” Jason spluttered, “I didn’t mean to do that!”

“Oh,” Percy exhaled, “right. Yeah,” he cleared his throat, “I’m just gonna...,” he gestured to the meadow and Jason nodded, embarrassed, wanting to just get out of there.

“Yeah. Sure,” he squeaked, and turned on his heel, ready to race to his cabin, barricade himself in and never come out again. But he only took two steps into the forest before he felt a hand on his wrist, pulling him back. As he whirled around Percy crashed into him, his mouth finding Jason’s. He kissed him, clumsy and surprisingly passionate, but before Jason could react the flushed Demigod was pulling away.

“Okay, bye!” he yelled, and raced through the meadow, though Jason had no idea where he was going. Dazed he himself walked into the forest, feeling like he was dreaming, and he heard a victorious yell behind him. He stopped, smiled, and touched his lips. I kissed him, he thought proudly, and he kissed me too. The forest seemed a little more beautiful in that moment.
do you mind doing a Freo abo webcam au (you can leave the abo out if you want to) with alpha frank and omega Leo where Leo hosts an webcam show to pay his college tuition and frank watches because he thinks the omega is super hot. the catch is that they go to the same college and totally hate each other (it's sexual tension mostly), but one day, while filming Leo gets asked if he has/likes an alpha and says no to having a boyfriend but yes to liking one and basically describes frank and how hot he is, ect... Frank is shocked but super into it when he realizes its Leo, and confronts him about it after. (I would love you forever if it ends with frank appearing on the show after they get together.)

for Suplexia

OMEGA_CURLS9 IS ONLINE.

Frank was immersed in hurriedly finishing his homework before the lecture began when suddenly a small hand came into his vision, sliding over his page and giving him a little wave. Startled, Frank looked up and saw Leo Valdez standing in front of him with a sheepish grin.

“Frank, right?” he asked, and Frank’s heart twisted and he swallowed and pretended everything was normal.

“Yeah. Do you need something?”

He couldn’t look the boy in the face, this boy who he technically wasn’t supposed to know even though they’ve sat next to each other in this maths lecture for the past two months. So he glued his gaze back to his paper, hoping he wasn’t coming across as rude.

“Uh...I was just wondering if you have a pen I can borrow,” Leo said, and laughed, “I think you’re the last person in this class I didn’t ask for one, so um, yeah.”

Frank tried not to feel bad about being the last person Leo Valdez would go to and without a word he dove into his bag. He dug about and then offered a spare pen to the other boy without looking up, his face burning. Leo took the pen without touching it and hesitated before mumbling a quick and awkward – “Thanks.”

He scurried away and Frank let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding. Out of the corner of his eye he watched the boy slide into his row. Their lecture wasn’t overly packed so there was a lot of space between them but ‘technically’ they still sat next to each other. Twenty years ago that would’ve been unthinkable, that an Alpha and an Omega could sit in the same row, in the same college, studying the same subject. But Omega rights had come far and so now Frank had the
privilege of being distracted every lecture by the way Leo Valdez tucked his curls behind his ears, or nibbled on the end of his pen, or the sweet, chocolatey way he smelled.

The thing was, Frank and Leo didn’t know each other and this interaction – this asking for a pen – was the only conversation or interaction they ever had except a few awkward smiles when their eyes met. But Frank had a dark secret as to why he never spoke to his neighbour, why he never looked at him, and that secret made shame flood him in that moment as he stared at his paper. The professor came in and started speaking but Frank couldn’t hear, blood rushing to his head. He was embarrassed, and he could smell the nerves on Leo – he had felt that their conversation, if it could even be called that, was just as awkward as Frank believed.

He had first stumbled upon Omega_Curls9 when he was a senior in high-school and stressed out with exams and with what college to go to. Frank knew he was gay since he was fifteen, and so browsing gay porn pages was a typical Thursday afternoon for him, a way for him to let off the steam of going through exams. But that particular week he ventured out of his usual type of porn – typically Omega boys getting fucked by big, strong Alphas – to watch...boys on webcams. One of his friends had said it as a joke, that people on webcams were hot and you could chat to them, and curiosity got the best of Frank, which was how he ended up finding some videos of Omega_Curls9 on PornHub. He was everything.

Frank had never felt any personal attachment to any of the pornstars, usually only watching one of their videos, but there was something about Omega_Curls9 that made him impossibly hard. He watched one video, then another, and it wasn’t enough. The boy was tiny, tanned, with the most gorgeous curls and big, brown eyes. Naturally he was sexy as hell and the sometimes lagging, dim video added an intimate feel to the whole thing. Frank forgot to even masturbate and watched, dry-mouthed, video after video, his cock twitching. Omega_Curls9 did a lot of things, and all of them solo. Dildos, toys, fingers, jerking off sessions, all ending with that mischievous smirk melting from his face to be replaced by absolute bliss. His voice was breathy and teasing and his moans made shivers run down Frank’s spine as he eagerly drank them in through his headphones.

But it wasn’t enough and after a very quick search, Frank found that Omega_Curls9 now had his own site, and went live every Saturday night. So Saturday nights became Frank’s wank nights. On his site there was a short paragraph on his background, but no name.

I’m doing this for two reasons a) i’m broke and this pretty ass wants to go to college, and b) it’s really fucking fun. From a small, conservative town and no, I will not give you my address. Hobbies include taking romantic walks in the park and being vegan. Just kidding. My hobbies are all NSFW :) webcam show every Saturday at 10PT. Be there or be square. Any questions I can answer in the show, but that costs $$$$. Also don’t ask me to do anything, because I do my own thing.

It was so sarcastic that Frank laughed the first time he read it. From what he could tell Omega_Curls9 wasn’t just a typical, submissive Omega. His webshows, watched by thousands, to Frank’s shock, were funny and satirical and hours long, with the boy taking his time, teasingly taking his viewers through the night, removing article of clothing after article of clothing and answering the questions that were let through by the site, usually things like I’d fuck you so good, would you let me? and oh my God you’re so fucking sexy let me come in your mouth. Frank wished the comments weren’t there, because they made him angry, and jealous.

Omega_Curls9 did more private shows too, once a month, when he was in heat. Into that he allowed only 30 selected viewers and Frank had the pleasure of once seeing that, of being accepted personally by the Omega to watch him at his most vulnerable. And although the sight of him – sobbing and wet and trembling and begging for an Alpha – made Frank’s whole body burn with desire, he exited the video. He had paid $20 to watch it, but he exited within 30 seconds because he
just couldn’t. The sight of the boy like that was too much and Frank was angry because the boy shouldn’t have to sell himself like that in order to pay for college, and as much as he swore he enjoyed the shows, in those 30 seconds Frank saw how scared he was, and he desperately wished the Omega had an Alpha to take care of him, to pull him away from the camera and take care of him the way he should be taken care of, and not watched by some seedy, aroused Alphas who only wanted him for his body.

Omega_Curls9 called Frank out on exiting the video, and clearly he was the only person to ever do so. In the next show, a week later, the boy was sitting cross-legged on his familiar bed, smirking, dressed in shorts, knee-high socks and a hoodie.

“So last week something bothered me,” he said, and immediately messages popped up on the side.

What bothered you sweetheart?

Oh i’d bother you for sure ;)

Not all of them were in English, but they made the Omega giggle. His dark eyes looked at the camera, seemingly directly at Frank who was curled up on his side in his bed, the lights switched off, earphones in lest his grandma walked in.

“I was doing my private show during my heat,” here he seductively smiled and tucked a curl behind his ear and Frank shivered with anticipation, “with the lucky 30, when one of them exited. And yet he’s watching right now. SonofMars5, was I not up to standard?”

Frank’s stomach dropped and his mouth went dry, and the comments came flooding.

Someone left a viewing?!

You have to pay 20 bucks for that man

Bullshit

What a fucking idiot

Sonofmars5 whoever u r u r a dumb muthafaka

The Omega laughed, “Okay, let’s give him a break. Should we start the show?”

Frank should’ve exited then and never watched Omega_Curls9 ever again, but he was addicted and normal porn seemed bleak in comparison to the sparky boy, who managed to get Frank to come every single time just from watching him.

He continued watching him the first night in college, to ‘break his dorm bed in,’ and to distract himself from missing home. And when a week later he went to his first mathematics lecture he sat down with no friends.

And then Omega_Curls9 came and sat down next to him, leaving three seats between them, and offered Frank a brief smile. Omega_Curls9 turned out to have a name – Leo Valdez.

Frank continued to watch him, in secret, every Saturday.

4 months later.

“Ask me for a pen one more time, Valdez,” Frank growled, “I dare you.”
Leo smirked, leaning on the table, and the Alpha tried not to think about how he knew exactly what Leo’s body looked like without clothes. The Omega cocked his head to the side, “Can I have a pen, please?” he asked, faking innocence. Frank gritted his teeth.

“Piss off.”

Leo grinned and danced back to his seat as the lecturer came in, blissfully oblivious to all the secret knowledge Frank had of him. If I told the school about his side job everyone would turn on him, and no Alpha would want him...except I want him anyway. Frank’s heart twisted and he looked away.

He had decided, somewhere around Christmas, that going on the offence against Leo was the way to go, because ignoring him wasn’t an option anymore as the boy got more confident and continuously tried to involve Frank in whisper-conversations during lectures. So Frank started to be an asshole to him, hoping the boy would fuck off, but Leo saw this as a challenge and now every day the two fought, publicly and dramatically, arguing over stupid shit.

It helped Frank hide his true feelings for the Omega. He glanced at Leo now, to the side, and saw the boy was grinning and fiddling with a pen in his hand. Frank’s eyes narrowed and the boy winked at him.

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Frank settled in his dorm bed, his laptop in his lap, the lights switched off. Outside he could hear a party happening, and maybe he’d join in once Leo’s show was over. He waited anxiously for it to begin, skin tingling. He had everything ready – tissues, lube. He waited for the little red dot on the top of the page to go on and the second it did he scrambled to press it.

OMEGA_CURLS9 IS ONLINE.

Leo came on-screen, and he was kneeling on his bed, across campus from Frank. The Alpha yearned for him, but knew he had no claim on this beautiful, beautiful boy. He was wearing a cream jumper and nothing else, curls ruffled, eyes sparkling.

“Good evening, guys,” he said playfully. Immediately the comments came flooding in and Leo’s eyes shifted to read them, and he smiled, “Nice to see you’re as excited as I am. So let’s start with answering some questions...”

For fifteen minutes Leo talked, dodging personal questions, and answering the sexual ones, and Frank didn’t understand how someone so innocent looking could be so lewd at the same time. He watched and listened and was so invested in the show that the outside world ceased to exist.

Finally Leo grew bored of the questions and reached behind his laptop – Frank wondered if it was the same one he brought to class with him – and pulled out a big, purple dildo, a fan favourite. Frank’s heart throbbed and he shifted, anticipation and arousal coursing through his body. He laid on his bed, facing the camera, and lubbed up the dildo. Frank did the same to his own cock, wrapping his hand around it. He watched Leo’s face as he pushed the toy inside himself, the furrowing of his brows, his lips parting, his eyes falling shut, the small, helpless moan spilling from his mouth. The comments were vile, urging Leo to fuck himself, to go hard and fast and Frank wanted them to shut up. He was fixated on the Omega and as Leo started to push the toy in and out of himself Frank matched his pace, imagining he was the one that was making Leo look like that.

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“Fuck you Valdez!” Frank shouted at him outside the lecture room. Leo was glaring but smirking,
“Don’t hate me just because you failed the test and I didn’t!”

“Oh my God, but it was your fault for distracting me!” Frank was fuming, and as much as he tried to push his Alpha-ness onto Leo, to make him intimidated, the boy stood his ground, which was fucking infuriating. Their friends from class gathered around, watching the exchange, amused.

“You guys fight like a couple,” Annabeth said, “Just get with each other already. The sexual tension is suffocating.”

Leo flushed, all the way to the tip of his ears, and you would’ve never thought he masturbated on a cam-show from looking at him, but Frank knew, “I would never get with him,” he growled, “I hate him. I hate you,” he looked at Leo, “I fucking hate you.”

For a second Leo’s demeanour shifted and he looked taken-aback and upset, but his smirk quickly return, if a bit wobbly, “Aw, cute,” he said. Frank walked off before he did something stupid.

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OMEGA_CURLS9 IS ONLINE.

The next evening he still went on to watch Omega_Curls9, despite being furious with Leo. Frank was surprised to see that the Omega looked a bit worn down and sad and Frank felt a little sorry, wondering why the boy was so sad.

“Hi guys,” he said with less enthusiasm than normal, though his viewers didn’t seem to care and notice, already littering the comments with lewd, inappropriate proclamations and demands, “Let’s start with some questions shall we?”

Frank listened to Leo’s voice as he answered questions, and his heart twisted. He knew what dorm he lived in, but would never dare to go there. What would he say anyway? Hey, I know you’re sad because I watch your cam-show, what’s up? And then a question was asked that made Frank tense.

StarDuster113: Do u have a boyfriend?

Leo smiled, a sad, little smile, “Star Duster one-one-three, no, I don’t have a boyfriend. Unfortunately,” he laughed. The comments that followed were all along the lines of ‘I’ll be your boyfriend’ and ‘I’ll wife you.’ But then another question came.

Alan1997: what about an Alpha? Do you have one you like?

For a second Leo’s smile faltered and then he exhaled, “Alan ninety-ninety-seven, to answer your question, on the contrary I do have someone I like. Actually, I’d say I love him.” The commentators demanded to know more, and Frank himself was intrigued and anxious because he could already feel the jealousy in the pit of his stomach, “I can’t tell you his name,” Leo said, “but I can describe him. He’s an Alpha, obviously,” here Leo rolled his eyes, “all tall and muscular and really, really hot. He’s Asian, has short, dark hair and the most amazing dark eyes that just make me want to-,” he bit his lip and paused, and Frank thought bitterly lucky guy, “he’s everything I would want in a partner.”

Shoala: do u think about him when u do this?

“Yup,” Leo giggled, “Hope that doesn’t put any of you off but yeah, I do always imagine it’s his dick inside me, and not a plastic toy.”

Frank’s stomach twisted with anger and jealousy and he almost slammed his laptop lid shut. But then
Leo’s expression fell.

“Problem is...he hates me. He sits next to me...ish...in my maths lecture, and he always fights with me. I tease him because that means he’s paying attention to me and looking at me,” he looked down at his hands, trembling, voice sad and sounding as if he was going to cry, “and yesterday h-he got so mad at me and he t-told me he hated me...,” Leo took a deep breath and looked up and his eyes were shining with tears, “Sorry guys, I can’t do this today.”

OMEGA_CURLS9 HAS DISCONNECTED flashed on Frank’s screen and he gaped in shock.

And then the realisation came. Asian. Tall. Sits next to me. He got mad at me and told me he hated me. Frank’s whole body didn’t feel real and he stared into space and mulled the information over in his head. No, it can’t be...

Before he even knew what was happening, he was getting to his feet.

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Leo opened on the second knock, and he looked irritated and sad, his eyes red and puffy from crying. When he saw Frank his eyes widened.

“What are you-“ he started but Frank barged in, shoving Leo into the room and slamming the door shut behind them. Leo backed up, clearly thrown off by Frank’s manner, “What’s going on?”

“Did you mean me?” Frank demanded, not thinking straight, his Alpha instincts taking over. Leo blinked.

“Huh?”

“On the webcam show,” the Alpha growled, “Did you mean me?”

He watched as Leo’s face paled in slow motion. For a second the boy looked ready to deny everything, but he was smart and he knew there was no point, “You...how did you find my site?”

Frank flushed a little with embarrassment then, “I’ve been watching you before I even knew you. Before we came here.”

Leo went bright red and turned away, burying his face in his hands, “Oh my God,” he whispered to himself, horrified, “Oh my God you...you’ve seen me...y-you watched me do all those thing to myself...,” he looked like he was going to be sick and Frank took a step forward, needing to say something, to assure Leo somehow that it was okay, but then the boy was shaking, “No wonder you hate me,” he whimpered, not looking at Frank, “You think I-I’m disgusting, don’t you?”

Frank’s expression softened, “No,” he said, approaching Leo, who shied away like a scared animal, “No, I don’t think you’re disgusting. And I didn’t mean it the other day, when I said I hated you.”

Leo didn’t seem to be listening, “You know n-now,” he blabbered to himself, “You know about my f-feelings. Fuck, fuck, fuck...”

Frank grabbed his shoulders roughly and turned Leo to face him and hesitated for a second, seeing the tears in the Omega’s eyes, and smelling the bitter distress mixed with his usually loved scent, but then he decided to just fuck it and he leaned down and kissed Leo.

It was quick, too quick, because Leo stumbled away, “No,” he whispered, “No, y-you don’t get to do that. I’m n-not some slut that’s g-going to sleep with you j-just because I have a c-cam-show-“
“You’re not a slut,” Frank was trying to keep a hold of his emotions, and kept his gaze fixed on Leo, “What you are is beautiful, and sexy, and breathtaking, and funny, and sarcastic, and really fucking annoying and I am...,” his voice faltered and Leo looked at him as if he didn’t believe he was real, “and I am in love with you,” Frank finished.

Leo closed his eyes briefly, as if needing to ground himself, “What...what do you want?”

“I want you to stop the show,” Frank said, voice laced with desperation. He itched to touch Leo, “I want you to be mine, and mine only.”

“That’s a bit selfish.”

“I love you.”

“Frank,” Leo’s expression crumpled, “But I’m...I’m gross and...”

“No, no you’re not,” Frank grabbed his arms and drew him near and held him and Leo was all shy suddenly, his hands hesitantly resting on Frank’s chest, “You’re everything. If I had known...if I had known about your feelings I would’ve come here sooner,” his voice was soft and feverish and Leo wouldn’t look at him, “I spent so many nights aching for you, and watching that show and wishing all those other viewers would fuck off, so I could have you all to myself, every perfect little inch of you.”

“But you do,” Leo said brokenly, “I wanted all of them to watch, but you were the only one I wanted to ever touch me. You are the only one-“

Frank swooped him up into a kiss, unable to hold himself back. Leo kissed back immediately, a clash of tongues and teeth and lips, clinging onto each other and kissing with heat and passion and desperation. Touching Leo was like everything Frank imagined, and better. He didn’t see the boy through a computer screen, but felt him in his hands, all the soft curves and hard edges and perfect curls and wet, soft lips.

“Mine,” Frank whispered protectively as he walked Leo backwards towards the bed, the Omega pulling him close, “Mine, mine, mine.”

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OMEGA_CURLS9 IS ONLINE.

“Hi guys. This is Frank.”

“For f*cks sake don’t tell them my name!”

“Shush, it doesn’t matter. Anyway, guys. This is Frank, my Alpha, my boyfriend I suppose...”

“You suppose?!?”

“Shut up. Jesus, he’s annoying. I love him though. Anyway, this is just a quick update from me. Quick, and final. Yup, I know you’re sorry to hear it but me and my curly hair will no longer be up here. I’m deleting this site and all of my videos, and this is an official goodbye. I must say though, this site and you guys really helped me to do the things I wanted, and thanks for all your money, even if you are just some sleazy old men, I don’t mind. Or rather, I didn’t mind. Now I do mind, because all of me belongs to Frank. So sorry about it.”

“I’m not.”
“I know you’re not. Gimme a kiss for the fans...okay, well, that’s that guys. Thanks for watching!”

OMEGA_CURLS9 HAS DISCONNECTED.
Can you do one where Michael k is like a super popular jock whom literally everyone loves even the old guy who's like get of my lawn and Octavian is from the next town over and Michael has a crush on him for the longest time and Octavian is a pastel flower crown wearing even makes Tumblr jealous sarcastic likes to prank people but doesn't actually want people to get hurt. So at Michael’s school everyone wants them to get together so they start doing little things like pushing him so Michael can catch him dumping water him so Michael can offer his varsity jacket taking his books so Michael shares with him etc. And Octavian is like what did I do so like he starts thinking it's because they heard he was gay and pastel so he starts dressing normally but then like Michael ask him out and Octavian is like y'all are sick so he goes back to his school all sad and stuff, and they just have a really fluffy ending.

For jungkookmorelikejungshook

A quick introduction about the two towns that these two boys lived in. The two towns don’t need names, because they are irrelevant to the rest of the world. They’re small, conservative, religious, with annoyingly high expectations for teenagers that never meet them. The old people are old, and go to church just as often as they meet up for teas to gossip. The middle-aged people are tired and beaten down, projecting their failed aspirations on their kids. And the kids, as clean-cut and perfect they seem in the daylight, are demons at night. The small town full of churches and grandmas is also full of booze and sex, but nobody would be able to tell with the way all the teenagers come to church on Sundays as if they’re asses aren’t aching and their necks aren’t covered with hickeys under collars and they aren’t hangover.

A quick introduction about the only high-school in both the towns. It does have a name – Jupiter High – but it’s only slightly more relevant than the name of the town. It’s an old building made of red brick, with windows that haven’t been cleaned since the Cold War, and full of stereotypical cliques. While the rest of the world had moved on, these two towns and this one high-school seemed frozen in the ‘Mean Girls’ era, with people fitting a status quo or automatically being assigned as the ‘outcasts.’ There was no way around the cliques, you’re in one, whether it’s voluntary or not. And actually no, it’s not like the movies, the ‘popular’ girls don’t bully the underdogs. The popular girls go to church and have a little bit more money and the underdogs refuse to go to classes and pretend to chant satanic verses at old ladies on the street, and on Fridays they all smoke weed together.

A quick introduction about one of our main interests in this story – Michael Kahale. He lived in one of the towns and was from a good, middle-class family Michael grew up an only child and the eldest son, destined for...not much but following his father’s footsteps. Mr Kahale owned a car company and made big money which allowed him to buy their expensive house in the heart of the town. Mrs Kahale didn’t do much all day, mostly sunbathed, hosted parties and gossiped. Michael was like
neither of his parents – he was in the ‘jock’ clique for his love of soccer, but really he was very academically talented, and very popular with both the boys and the girls due to his stunning good-looks. He was kind, warm and friendly which made him one of the student favourites at Jupiter Highschool. Everybody loved him, even old Mr Dionysus who hated most people and screamed at them to get off his lawn for most of his day.

Now our final quick introduction, regarding one Octavian Augustus. Octavian Augustus didn’t have many friends but no, it wasn’t because he was bullied, it was because he was an asshole. He came from a family in the second town, only slightly less wealthy than the Kahales; his mother owned a line of hotels and his father was a banker, spending most of his time away from home. Octavian was what you would consider ‘rebellious,’ acting like the whole world was against him when it really wasn’t. He was snobby and bratty and old ladies frowned at him because he didn’t go to church and he lied and he was sarcastic. He was a bit of a character in both the towns with his icy blond hair that was all natural and piercing blue eyes. He wore flower-crowns, much to the horror of the old ladies previously mentioned, and dressed only in pastel colours. He listened to bizarre, foreign music, was studying to go to an art college and liked to play harmless pranks on people.

Now here is where it gets interesting. When the boys were both thirteen they used to be ‘friends,’ and the word is used loosely because sometimes they went down to the river in a big group and they came to each other’s birthday parties, but they never spoke one-on-one which was why Michael was surprised when one day Octavian Augustus, knees bruised from trying to play soccer with the other boys, blond hair falling perfectly on his forehead, proclaimed his undying love to the boy, who stood shocked on the side of the pitch, before simply saying ‘okay’ out of lack of a better thing to say. That was the day they stopped being ‘friends.’

But since this is already cliché, the story will now progress to tell you how the ‘flower boy’ and the ‘jock,’ once friends, fell in love.

***

Michael was walking up the stairs on Monday with his two best friends, Reyna and Dakota. Reyna was on the soccer team with him, the only girl, and Dakota...well, Michael had known Dakota since they were babies and although the boy was part of the ‘stoner’ gang now, they still hang out from time to time. They were just talking about the physics assignment, walking through a crowd of kids rushing up and down the stairs, when Michael saw him.

Octavian was walking up down alone, and the crowd of kids parted for him as if he was Moses or some shit, throwing him anxious looks. Octavian was known for throwing balloons full of water at people on staircases, or dropping stink bombs in their backpacks, so the fear of the students was understandable. But Michael didn’t care about all that because he was too busy looking at the boy, who seemed surrounded by light. Today he had picked a flower crown of lilac and silver flowers that looked gorgeous in his light blond hair. His blue eyes were stormy and annoyed, porcelain skin flawless. Due to the warming weather he wore a lilac jumper that matched his flower crown, but his sleeves were rolled up. His silver backpack was slung casually over one shoulder and his hands were in the pockets of his baby blue jeans. He looked ethereal, like some fairy that didn’t belong in this old, stuffy school.

Michael’s walk slowed and he watched the other boy, mesmerised. His friends walked ahead, past the blond, who came closer and closer, and Michael saw Dakota grin briefly before suddenly he shoved at Octavian’s back. The blond’s eyes flew open and everything snapped into normal time as he went propelling forward, right into Michael’s arms.

Octavian was not a big person...actually, he was painfully skinny, and Michael was big and strong
and muscular so he didn’t even wobble as he automatically shoved his arms out and caught the blond, who flew over three steps and crashed into his chest. He heard gasps from the crowd, who stopped moving, then giggle and whispers and Reyna and Dakota grinned at Michael, who held Octavian to his chest protectively and glared at them over his chest.

Octavian pushed himself away from Michael, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment, and Michael wanted to tell him that it was okay, he wanted to say ‘hi,’ he wanted to apologise, but Octavian just turned to his friends.

“Screw you, Dakota,” he growled and shoved past Michael, and out of the front door, leaving the jock stunned. The late bell snapped all the students back into action and they hurried to their classes. Michael caught up with Reyna and Dakota, who looked smug.

“What the heck was that about, guys?” he demanded. Dakota smirked and exchanged a look with Reyna.

“Wellllll,” he drawled, “We know how much you like Octavian, so we now officially have a plan to get you two together.”

Michael sighed and blushed, “Guys...”

“Oh come on,” Reyna said, “What’s the worst thing that can happen? You think he’d reject you like you rejected him four years ago?”

“Yeah,” Michael mumbled, self-conscious.

“It’ll be fine,” Dakota said casually, “Besides, like the whole school wants you two together. Even Ms Hestia.”

“Okay, that’s a stretch.”

“No, I saw her seating plan. She deliberately sat you with Octavian and put a heart around your names.”

Michael blinked, “Are you serious?”

“About which part?” Dakota snickered.

***

It was Monday again and Michael was sleepy and tired as he shuffled down the hallway. First period hadn’t started yet, and it was math, so the boy eagerly got to his locker to dump his books inside. He had soccer practice after school and thought about how much more he’d rather go home and have a nap. Knowing he’d regret it later, the boy pulled out a can of redbull from his bag and opened it. Dakota was late for school again, and Reyna was in debate club, so the jock just stood by himself, muttering ‘hi’s’ as people walked by, waving at him.

Octavian appeared down the hallway, and instantly Michael felt more awake. He looked at the boy, dressed in a baby pink sweatshirt today, paired with light green trousers, with a flower crown of pink roses on his head. He looked vaguely annoyed, but beautiful, and Michael beat himself up mentally about rejecting the boy in the first place. Octavian’s confession years ago had seemed sudden and confusing, and so Michael didn’t know what to say, but a day later he had already known that he had the same feelings for Octavian, but by then it was too late.

The jock looked longingly at the blond as he walked down the hallway, a beautiful mix of pastels
and flowers. The two boys from Michael’s team – Jason and Frank – ran up behind him suddenly, holding a bucket between them. Michael had no idea where they got it from and he watched, frozen in horror, as they tipped it over, dumping a load of water on Octavian. Everyone in the corridor seemed to anticipate it, watching, and Octavian stopped and gasped as the water doused over him, wetting him from head to toe.

He whirled around on the two boys but they were already sprinting down the corridor, laughing, “What the fuck is wrong with you?!” Octavian screamed after them, outraged. Michael felt so fucking bad. He approached the boy, shrugging out of his varsity jacket before he could even think about it.

“You okay?” he asked. Octavian’s eyes snapped to him, cold.

“Fuck off, Kahale,” he growled, “I don’t need your pity.”

“But you might need this,” Michael stuck out his hand with the jacket, offering it to Octavian and scared the boy would push him away. He could feel the eyes of the students on the two of them, waiting. Octavian glared at Michael, silent, but then he shivered and gave up, angrily taking the jacket from the jock.

“Thanks,” he gritted out grudgingly, shrugging the jacket on. It was much too big and for a second it looked like Octavian was one of those girls that wore their boyfriend’s oversized jacket, but of course he wasn’t a girl. Which didn’t make him any less adorable.

Michael wanted to say more, but Octavian had clearly had enough because he stomped off without another words, dripping water onto the corridor like a trail that Michael wanted to follow. The boy turned to the closest girl and raised an eyebrow. She giggled.

“Sorry, Michael. That was the team’s attempt at trying to get you and Octavian closer. We thought you might give him your jacket.”

“He’s just more mad,” Michael sighed. The girl smiled.

“You should just confess already. You guys would make a cute couple.”

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The next Monday, Michael was completely shocked by Octavian, as were most other people in the school. The boy came in, angry as always, missing his pastels and flower crowns. Instead he wore a dull navy sweatshirt and black jeans. His hair was free of flowers and he even got a new, black backpack. It was shocking and completely unlike him but when a worried Michael tried to start a conversation with him, the boy just brushed him off.

It wasn’t until Thursday that Michael saw him again, and the boy was still out of his pastels, wearing a grey sweater. They happened to be sitting at the same table in the library. It was a big table, so actually, they weren’t even close, about six chairs between them. But they were six empty chairs, so it was as if they were kind of sitting next to each other.

They were both doing their English homework, Octavian with his earphones in his ears, Michael with a pen in his hand but not doing any work, watching the late afternoon light falling in through the window and making Octavian’s hair look like a halo.

Bryce Lawrence came out of nowhere, one of the more ‘hooliganish’ boys in school and in the ‘bad boy’ clique. Octavian didn’t notice him until it was too late; Bryce swiped all of his books off the table and into his arms and then took off, cackling.
Octavian gaped after him, shocked, and they both noticed some students glancing at them knowingly from surrounding tables before returning back to work. “What the fuck,” Octavian whispered faintly, looking completely lost. Michael’s heart twisted and he just wished these stupid attempts at getting them together would stop.

“You can copy from my book if you want,” he said nervously. Octavian looked at him and he didn’t seem angry. Just upset.

“No, thankyou,” he said quietly, very unlike him, and stood up. He grabbed his backpack and walked out of the library calmly, but something about his demeanour made Michael get up and follow him. He was anxious and worried and sure something was wrong. As he hurried his step he saw Octavian round a corner, and as Michael did the same, he noticed the door of an empty classroom swinging shut. The hallways were deserted since lessons were over and the jock hesitated for only a moment, before following Octavian.

He felt his chest tighten when he walked in and saw that Octavian was leaning against a wall, face buried in his hands, crying. His slim shoulders shook and helpless little sobs filled the room and Michael felt his heart break.

“Octavian?” he asked tentatively. Octavian’s head snapped up, his eyes swollen and red, and he hurriedly turned away, wiping his face, “Octavian, what’s wrong?” Michael approached slowly.

“F-Fuck off, Kahale,” Octavian replied, shakily, hoarsely.

“Not until you tell me what’s wrong,” Michael reached out and touched his shoulder. Octavian whirled around, pissed off.

“What’s wrong?!” he demanded, “What’s wrong?!?” his expression crumbled and he looked at Michael helplessly, “I don’t know,” his voice broke, “I don’t know why everyone suddenly hates me. I mean, I know I’m an asshole, but it’s not like I ever deliberately hurt people. I don’t want people to be sad and I haven’t done anything to actually deserve this, so why...”

“I don’t understand?” Michael frowned, “Nobody hates you.”

“Yes they do!” Octavian snapped, and sniffled, “they bully me all the time-“

“Bully?” Michael was baffled.

“Yeah! First your stupid friends shoved me down the stairs, then those fucking jocks poured water over me in the middle of the hallway, and now Lawrence stole my bloody books-,” he took a breath because he was running out of air, “I see people looking at me and laughing and I don’t know what I did to suddenly make everyone turn against me-“

“It’s not you,” Michael said, feeling hot shame spread through his chest. The cause for the misery of the boy he loved was...him. “They don’t do it because they hate you or want you to be upset,” Michael laughed, “Actually most of them didn’t even realise it upset you.”

“What?” Octavian’s face was sour, “Did they expect me to be happy about all those things? It’s obvious that they don’t like me, and the fact that I’m gay and that I like pastels and flower crowns and...,” he trailed off, looking lost, and Michael realised why he had suddenly started dressing ‘normally’ and that hurt.

Just be brave, Michael told himself, and took a deep breath, “Truth is, the reason they’ve done all these things was because they want us to be together.”
Octavian blinked, his eyes glazed with tears, “What?”

Michael awkwardly shoved his hands in his pockets, “Yeah,” he mumbled, “They pushed you so you’d fall into my arms, and poured water on you so I’d give you my jacket, and now Lawrence took your books because I assume they wanted us to share.”

Octavian looked shocked, and he was blushing, and still on the verge of tears, “That’s so stupid,” he whispered, “You don’t even like me.”

“You don’t like me either,” Michael grumbled.

“I never said that,” Octavian blurted.

Octavian tensed. They stared at each other.

“Go out with me,” Michael said.

It was the wrong thing to say. Octavian took a step back, his eyes suddenly full of hate and pain, “This isn’t a joke,” he whispered. Michael frowned.

“I never said it was.”

“This isn’t funny,” Octavian didn’t seem to hear him, and a sob bubbled up in his throat, “Oh my God, what is wrong with you, this isn’t fucking funny. I—I’m in love with you and y-you’re taking the piss out of it?!” he was yelling, angry and hurt and Michael was shocked, “Do you know how much it fucking hurts?! You’re all sick for this, for this fucking prank, and it’s not funny!”

Before Michael could do anything Octavian flew past him and out of the door and by the time the shocked jock made it out into the corridor, the boy he loved had vanished.

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Octavian missed Friday but the next Monday he was back in school and, surprisingly, he was back in his usual attire. His jumper was a pale purple, his flower crown made of orange and green spring flowers, his silver backpack on his shoulder. He seemed angry, but didn’t look up at people as he trailed down the hallway.

“Now’s your chance,” Reyna told Michael as Octavian approached his own locker, opening it violently, “You need to persuade him that you mean what you said.”

Michael’s friends were gathered around him. They had all deliberated over the weekend about what to do about the seemingly hopeless situation and Michael knew what he had to do, but it was still hard, because he feared rejection. That was hypocritical since he himself had rejected Octavian, and caused him heartbreak.

“Just do it,” Dakota said. Michael exhaled and nodded and then, pushed by some invisible force, made his way toward Octavian. As he approached a sudden feeling gripped him, a sudden desperation. He watched Octavian pull his books out of his locker and he looked like a fairy, that could slip through Michael’s fingers. If he didn’t have him now, he never would.

Michael reached Octavian, grabbed his shoulder and turned him around, startling the boy, and then, in front of the entire hallway of students, Michael leaned forward and kissed him.

Everything seemed to slow and Michael could only hear his own desperate heartbeat in his head. He felt Octavian freeze up, clutching his books to his chest and Michael’s hands found the boy’s face on
their own accord. The world clicked back into place, and everything made so much sense, and felt so right, and when Octavian’s lips tentatively moved against Michael’s and his eyes fluttered shut, the hallway erupted in cheers. Michael wanted to push Octavian up against the lockers and kiss him until they both couldn’t breathe, but the bell went, and there were too many people around, so regrettably he pulled away.

Octavian looked completely shocked, “I...,” he whispered, then cleared his throat, “I...I...”

“Mike! We’ve got biology!” Dakota called.

“Will you go out with me?” Michael asked, looking directly into Octavian’s piercing eyes. The blond swallowed.

“This isn’t a joke?” he asked faintly, “Because if this is a joke then I swear I’ll kill you.”

Michael smiled, “It’s not. I’m serious. I should’ve said yes to you when we were thirteen, but you just surprised me and-“

Octavian stood on his tiptoes and kissed Michael, shutting him up, “I’ll go out with you, idiot, so just shut up,” he grumbled, and Michael just held him, so, so happy.

They came into Ms Hestia’s class late, but she didn’t even give them a detention, just smiled, and in that moment Michael believed that the heart seating plan was real, though he didn’t care too much as he sat with Octavian in their seats, holding hands under the table and grinning like idiots.

The jock and his flower boy.
Ain't No Way Anyone's Gonna Stop Before the Music Does

Valdangelo AU Where they're at an event and all of a sudden they're playing musical chairs and Leo's like (Lmao ?? I could be building a big ass mechanical elephant, but you guys want me to play a kids game ??) and Nico's like (Eh not the worst thing I've done here) So then they start playing and then suddenly when the music stops they both go for the same chair and Leo reaches it first but then Nico accidentally sits on his lap and Leo over here having the biggest crush on Nico is like (Oh my fuckadoodle I think I have a noodle) So now Leo has the most awkward hard on throughout the event. (Smut if you want with bottom Nico ;)))) )

for hoshi_moshi

It was the summer solstice and all of the Demigods were back at Camp Half Blood for the summer. It had been ages since the Seven were together, and now all the Camp Jupiter kids had come down to Camp Half Blood and Piper, Jason, Percy and Annabeth all came back from college so it was like a big-ass reunion, which was exactly why the Hermes cabin was hosting a summer solstice party.

Naturally none of the Camp supervisors knew about this and nobody under fifteen was allowed in. The cabin had been transformed completely, with beer-pong tables in every corner, strewn with red solo cups, couples making out on bean bag couches, and bottles of alcohol littering the floor. Leo had no idea how the Hermes kids did it honestly, or where they got the booze from, but he didn’t really care much because he was drunk and happy by the time midnight rolled around.

He had already had an emotional reunion with Hazel and Frank, played beer pong with Percy, had a heart-to-heart with Jason, took shots with Piper and Reyna, got a talking-to from Annabeth and spent a good half an hour just staring at Nico’s ass because damn the boy had a nice one.

Somewhere after Ogygia, Leo realised that he wasn’t really into Calypso, or boobs, or vaginas, and that actually he was gay. He proceeded to follow Nico – his closest friend that was gay – around like a lost puppy until the Italian stopped getting annoyed at him for asking too many personal questions. It was just them at Camp most of the time, with Hazel and Frank at Camp Jupiter, and the rest at college, so they became kind of best friends. Leo went away for part of the summer to Mexico, to rediscover himself, and when he came back he noticed he was a little taller and a little broader, so he and Nico were basically the same size, which made him happy because...well, in their hypothetical relationship that Leo fantasised about way too often he didn’t want to be the small one.

“Leo!” Hazel appeared out of nowhere, flushed and stumbling and drunk. Some of the Demigods had snuck out of the Hermes cabin, to go fuck in the woods or vomit behind the weapons shed or find snacks or go to sleep, so the party became more of a gathering, “We’re playing musical chairs!”

“What?” Leo blinked at her dumbly, his mind sluggish from the alcohol. The girl’s only reply was to grab his hand and haul him to his feet, dragging him to where the Hermes kids were organising a
dozen chairs in a circle. Leo found himself standing next to Nico, who looked only a little more sober than him, and a lot more adorable.

“This is stupid,” Leo grumbled, and since he was being pessimistic, Nico decided to be optimistic.

“Not the worst thing we’ve ever done,” he grinned dopily at Leo. When he was drunk he was a lot more open and friendly.

“I could be doing something cool,” Leo was grumpy and a little tired, “like building a mechanical elephant or something.”

“Don’t think you could build anything in that state,” Nico chuckled and then reached over and brushed the back of his hand against the back of Leo’s playfully, making the Latino flood with pleasant heat and smile.

Reyna was in charge of the music and, as the most sober one, she was the judge. She walked over to the stereo in the corner, gave everyone a warning glare that seemed to say ‘don’t you dare cheat’ and turned on the music. ‘Shape of You’ started playing and the twelve players slowly circled the chairs, each looking at the next person suspiciously. Percy walked with his hand skimming the top of the chairs, Frank shuffled, Hazel would stop until the last moment and then dash to a chair. The tension was palpable in the air, everyone taking it way too seriously, and Leo’s eyes were so focused on Nico’s ass in front of him that he almost didn’t get a chair when the music stopped. Lou Ellen was out.

“No fair!” she slurred and collapsed on a bean-bag chair.

The music restarted. Leo’s skin prickled with anticipation and yes, he knew he was eighteen playing a kid’s party game, but he was enjoying himself. It was probably because he was drunk. It continued and more chairs and people lost – Hazel, Butch, then Percy, Mitchell, Nyssa...

The circle was growing continuously smaller and Leo felt the pressure. When the music stopped next there were only five chairs left, and six players. Leo’s heart jumped in his chest when the music was cut off and he froze for only a split second before throwing himself at the closest chair. Unfortunately Nico did the same, but Leo was faster, sitting down only a second before Nico tumbled into his lap.

The Latino tensed when he got a lapful of warm, squirming Italian.

“Nico!” Reyna yelled, “Out!”

“No!” Nico yelled back, crossing his arms over his chest and leaning back against Leo. The Latino didn’t know what to do with his hands and his mind went blank. All he could focus on was Nico’s heat, and his ass pressing down firmly against his crotch. Leo’s blood rushed south. *Oh no, oh no, oh no...* “I got here first!”

“Leo’s sitting down, moron!”

“So am I!” Nico protested.

“On him! That doesn’t count, get up!”

Nico grumbled and got up, throwing himself on a couch and sulking and Leo wished he hadn’t because now he felt too exposed, especially since he had a full-fledged erection. He could feel himself blushing and he tried to tug his hoodie over the bulge in his pants. He failed miserably stood up.
“Nico can have my seat!” he blurted, feeling more sober now, “I need to go toilet anyway!”

Before Reyna could agree or disagree the Latino dashed – or rather stumbled - towards the Hermes bathroom and slammed the door shut behind him. He heard the music turn on again and he slumped against the wall of the bathroom, closing his eyes briefly and willing his hard-on to fuck off. It didn’t.

Leo bit his lip and slid his hand into his pants. Normally he’d never jerk off in someone else’s bathroom, especially not at a party, but he was drunk and all he could think about was Nico in his lap. Leo closed his eyes as his hand wrapped around his hard cock and he imagined that he turned Nico around back then, so the Italian straddled him, and that they had no clothes and Leo was inside the other boy, fucking him.

Leo was breathing hard, biting his lip to keep back the noises, his hand moving furiously in his underwear as he imagined what Nico would look like if Leo fucked him. He heard the door open through the haze of pleasure and his eyes snapped open because shit, he forgot to lock the bloody door.

Nico, out of all people, stood in the doorway. For a second he seemed shocked, eyes dancing down to where Leo’s hand was still in his pants. Then he eyes darkened and he closed the door and before Leo knew what was happening Nico was crashing into him and kissing him. Leo, although shocked, automatically responded, kissing back. It was sloppy and desperate and their mouths both tasted like the vodka they drank.

“Nico-,” Leo stuttered out as a warning because they really shouldn’t be doing this, but Nico was like a man possessed, kissing Leo with a fire the son of Hephaestus didn’t know he had, deep and passionate. His hand grabbed Leo’s, pulling it out of the Latino’s trousers and replacing it with his own. Leo moaned when Nico’s fingers curled around his cock and started stroking him, fast and vigorous. Leo felt light-headed and dizzy as pleasure coursed through him. He felt the rough drag of Nico’s palm against his erection, and he breathed hotly against Leo’s mouth.

Pushed by a sudden need to see Nico lose control Leo walked the Italian backwards until he was pressed up against the wall. The son of Hades opened his mouth when Leo insistently pressed his tongue against it, and threw his free arm around the other boy’s shoulders, dragging him close. As he continued to stroke Leo, more clumsy now, the Latino felt the boy’s erection pressing into his thigh. He had no idea what was happening, or why. He bit at Nico’s bottom lip and the boy whimpered, legs parting, so Leo could slot between them.

“Fuck me,” Nico panted out and Leo lost his shit, his body tensing with pleasure that made his toes curl. He roughly turned Nico around, pressing him into the wall, and the boy whined and arched back against him like a cat in heat, his ass pressing against Leo’s straining cock and-

They couldn’t do this here.

Leo stumbled away and Nico turned around, flushed, panting and needy, “Leo?” he asked, frowning.

“We need a bed,” Leo blurted, “and we need to be sober.”

“What?” Nico didn’t understand. Leo was bright red and he knew that to Nico this was probably just a quick fuck, but to him it was so much more and he didn’t want their first time – and probably only time – together, to be in someone else’s bathroom. He wanted it to be special, as soppy as it sounded.

“I don’t want to fuck you against the bathroom wall,” Leo said, unsteady on his feet, “at least not the first time. I want it to be proper, and comfortable, and...and...”
He trailed off, expecting Nico to ridicule him, but the Italian’s expression softened and he closed the space between them and wrapped his arms around Leo’s neck, nuzzling his cheek, “You’re so cute.”

“That’s my line,” Leo huffed, but he smiled when Nico kissed him sweetly.

“Can I at least finish getting you off?” the Italian asked in a whisper.

Outside Piper cheered. She had won the stupid game of musical chairs.
Will and Nico are in the middle of having sex (top Will) and Nico calls him daddy and like they pause for a second before it gets like real rough but not too rough ya know? And like no baby boy shit just like low key daddy kink ya know?

For lonelywriter

“I missed you,” Will huffed into Nico’s neck, his breath warm against the boy’s skin, making him dizzy, “So much.”

Nico wanted to say me too and I won’t go to the Underworld for that long again and I’m sorry but all that came out was a helpless, breathless “Will.”

“Shhh, I know,” Will’s voice was like honey, warm and soothing. He was thrusting into Nico, slow but deep, dragging out their reunion sex for as long as he could. How long had they been at it for? An hour? Two? Nico lost track of time, his mind was just a fuzzy blur of pleasure, his body a mess. He knew Will was teasing him, seeing how far he could push him before Nico was begging to come, but the Italian didn’t mind, because he wanted this to last as long as possible. He had missed the warmth of his boyfriend’s body so much in his father’s palace.

Will hovered above him, one hand splayed on the pillow next to Nico’s head. His eyes were focused on the boy’s face, only occasionally sliding down his body, hungrily and appreciatively taking in his hard cock, leaking precum all over his abdomen. Sometimes Nico wondered if other people ever thought Will was like this in bed. In the outside world he was always cheerful and smiling and skipping around, all blond and freckly and tanned and gorgeous. But here, in the privacy of Nico’s cabin, he was someone else. In the dimness of the room his freckles melted into his skin and his eyes were so dark with lust they were almost black, pupils blown wide. His curls tumbled into them and his muscles flexed as he fucked Nico. His voice lost that charming, sweet edge and became more demanding and dominant and even his adorable ‘I love you’ carried a desperation and a passion that made Nico’s toes curl.

“Fuck,” Nico gasped out when he felt Will’s cock drag over his prostate. He bit his lip to try and hold back the whiny noises clawing up his throat and pushed his head back against the pillow. Will’s free hand came up and he carded his fingers through Nico’s hair, pushing it back from his forehead and watching him hungrily.

“You’re mine,” he said, low in his throat and Nico shuddered, feeling pleasure shoot through him like lightning bolts. Will punctuated his sentence by a rough thrust, right into Nico’s prostate, causing the boy to cry out. The Italian felt like a mess, like a melted puddle of pleasure, and his fingers subconsciously curled around Will’s wrist that was next to his head, just because he needed something to hold on to.

“W-Will...fuck,” Nico moaned, but Will wasn’t satisfied. He always got like this when Nico went away, all possessive and shit, like he needed to ensure that Nico was really there.
“Say it,” he murmured, leaning down and giving Nico a barely there kiss. The Italian uselessly arched up against him, trying to chase his lips, “Say you’re mine.”

“I’m yours,” Nico gasped and threw his arms around Will’s shoulders, feeling like his body was on fire. He dragged Will down and kissed him feverishly, “I’m y-yours, just yours...fuck, Will...Will...daddy...please-“ he inhaled sharply when his overheated brain caught up with the babbling that was coming out of his mouth and Will pulled away abruptly. He stopped thrusting into Nico and they both stared at each other in shock.

_I fucked up_, Nico thought as panic curled through his body. He hadn’t meant to call Will ‘daddy’ but it had just come out in the heat of the moment. Nico waited for the disgust, for Will to freaked out...but instead Will’s expression changed from one of shock to one of complete and utter desire and before the Italian could fully comprehend it Will was roughly throwing his legs over his shoulders and slamming into him.

Nico’s breath caught in his throat but Will didn’t even give him a chance to collect himself because then he was _pounding_ into him, the slowness of the past few hours forgotten completely. Nico felt pleasure erupt in his gut and he let out a sound between a gasp and a sob. When he tried to reach for Will the blond pinned his wrists down in a bruising grip, which just made everything so much hotter. Nico felt like he couldn’t breathe, but in a good way, and Will just fucked him over and over, his cock hitting Nico’s prostate every time. It was so fucking good, and so fucking sudden that Nico couldn’t do much more than moan.

“Will...Will...O-Oh my Gods, Will- Ah!”

Will ducked down as he continued to pound him and started kissing and biting his neck and Nico’s vision blurred. The whole world was just pleasure and heat and he was sure he was losing his mind. His body burned, his legs ached from the position, but Nico didn’t care. His hard cock rubbed against Will’s abs, smearing them with precum.

“Say it again,” Will said heatedly against Nico’s ear and the boy shuddered, feeling that he was impossible close to just toppling over the edge. The blond released his wrists and Nico immediately slid his arms around his shoulders, fingers digging into Will’s back.

“Daddy,” he gasped against Will’s ear, clinging onto him. Under normal circumstances Nico would’ve been too embarrassed to say that, but under normal circumstances he wouldn’t be falling apart like this, “D-Daddy, please...Will...”

Will kissed him, crushed them against each other and stiffened, his cock twitching inside Nico. They both orgasmed together, holding on for dear life as if they would crumple if they let go. Nico was sobbing into Will’s mouth and the blond kissed him, gasping through his climax.

After the world stopped ringing and Nico’s vision cleared he leaned his forehead against Will’s. The blond was smiling, eyes closed, back to his soft and gentle persona. Nico secretly hoped Will somehow forgot what just happened and wouldn’t bring it up, but of course it was wishful thinking.

Will opened his eyes – blue and sparkling – and the corners crinkled when he smiled, “So,” he started, voice a little hoarse, “You didn’t tell me you had a daddy kink.”

All the blood that had moments ago been in Nico’s dick flooded up to his face, “I-I didn’t know I had it either. Besides it’s _you_ who has a daddy kink – you completely lost control!”

Will grinned, “What can I say? I just like it when you rely on me like that,” before Nico could argued Will kissed him, silencing his protests, “Gods, I really did miss you.”
Kings Never Die

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Freo fic where Leo is a prince arranged to marry a chieftain (Frank) because they want to make peace between the lands. So Leo has to adjust to the life of a chieftains wife and Frank is just doing all he can to make Leo scared and run away by taking him out to hunts and to fights, but Leo isn't having it. Eventually they fall in love and admit their feelings during a festival to celebrate the latest hunt. Ending in smut?

For Morgan

“Father, please...,” Leo whispered urgently, glancing at his father standing by his side. The King didn’t even bother to look at him but the clench of his jaw told Leo all he needed to know – nothing he would say would change his mind.

And his mind was to marry Leo off to a savage.

King Hephaestus came from a long line of Kings that ruled over Knossos, the Kingdom of Fire. It was situated on a volcano, and the weather was always hot, and the cities were made of white marble and brick and were beautiful. From the Palace Leo could see the sea. He grew up the perfect little Prince, surrounded by older brothers, playing in the water and horse-riding and training to fight and attending feasts where women in puffy dresses cooed at him and pinched his cheeks. He grew up in luxury, with hot baths and servants to cater to his every need.

And now, seventeen summers old, he was standing at the edge of a dark, foreboding forest, about to be married off to some brute. His step-mother, Aphrodite, who was glad to see him go, had told him never to call the Chieftain a ‘brute.’

The Chieftain. Leo was marrying a Chieftain. No, not a Princess, or a Queen, or a Lady, not even a Lord, or a Duke, or a Prince, or a King. A Chieftain. A Chieftain, who lived in the forest and was a wild animal for all Leo knew.

Enyalios was a kingdom, though barely. For a thousand years it refused to communicate with
civilisation, and its people came out only to wage war. The Alios, the sacred warriors of the kingdom, were monsters in bedtime stories told to the naughty children of Knossos. And now Leo was marrying one, an Alios, the Alios. His father told him little about his future husband, only that his father had recently passed and the surprisingly young Alios, who was known for his prowess in battle and his strength, became the Chieftain of the ‘clan.’ How big the clan was nobody knew, but it was unbeaten in battle.

Enyalios had declared war on Knossos a winter ago, a dispute over cold, barren land in the North that Leo’s father refused to give up due to nothing but stubborn pride. What came after was blood and fire and destruction. The war went on for far too long, in Leo’s opinion that nobody cared about, and finally the Chieftain of Enyalios and the King of Knossos decided to make peace. With a marriage, naturally.

Leo was the second-youngest of six. His eldest brother, Charles, ruled over the kingdom of Beckendorf with his wife, Silena, and he was far too far away to help Leo in this situation. Shane and Christopher, Leo’s older brothers, were off fighting in the last battles with the Alios before the treaty was signed. Jacob, or Jake as everyone called him...Jake...he had died. Even thinking about him now, in this cold forest, made a shot of pain go through Leo. That left Leo’s elder sister, Nyssa, but she was already betrothed to a Queen from the Starry Islands, and Leo’s infant brother, Harley, much too young to marry.

Leo was the most suitable candidate, his father told him coldly in the throne room not a fortnight past, he was closest to age with the Chieftain, who was only five summers older, and because Leo was still a virgin – here his father cleared his throat – he’d be good for the role.

Good for the role. Of the wife of the Chieftain.

Leo stood in a line now, with his Father and his father’s advisers, dressed in his best clothes. His maid had dressed him, the old woman more of a mother than Aphrodite had ever been to him, weeping and lamenting the fate of her darling boy out in the forest with the beasts. She dressed him in a soft white shirt, too cold for this weather, Leo realised too late. Over it he wore a crimson cloak trimmed with gold, high boots for the muddy terrain of the forest. This was not what he wanted, not the future he imagined for himself as a little boy.

He wanted to be a warrior, a knight, but soon realised that he was much too small and much too fragile. He couldn’t be King, he knew that, the honour would fall on one of his elder brothers. But he could be an inventor, he could figure out the way the world worked...but no, his father had other plans for him.

The Alios appeared silently out of the tree-line, on the backs of horses and Leo’s breath caught in his throat. They were fierce, and terrifying, perfectly still on their animals, who they rode with no saddles and no equipment, mirroring the Knossos line perfectly. It irritated Leo’s father, but the boy didn’t care because all he could do was stare. The men and women on horse-back looked savage, their eyes cold, their hair long and twisted with feathers of falcons. They wore trousers, their chests bare and scarred. Their faces were painted fearsomely, with red and black. They looked like monsters and Leo felt fear wash over him.

He couldn’t go with them.

“Father,” he turned to the King abruptly but Hephaestus only grabbed his arm roughly and marched the struggling boy forward. They were followed by soldiers.

“Where is your Chieftain?” Hephaestus boomed, letting go of Leo’s arm, which ached from his hard grip. The horses parted, the Alios silent, and Leo saw a man dismount. His heart tumbled through his
body and seemed to flop down uselessly in the grass, but when he looked down there was nothing on the ground.

The man – the Chieftain – Leo’s fiancée – approached.

Leo had always imagined that if a man were to propose to him he would be courted first, and sent flowers, and written letters. And that the man would be handsome and like a prince from a story, and that he’d ask his father permission. What he got instead was this beast of a man, towering over Leo, the size of his father.

He was huge, which made Leo, who normally felt small, feel tiny. He reached maybe the man’s collarbone, his chest was thick and muscled, and a long, white scar ran from above his heart down to his belly-button. His biceps were the size of Leo’s thighs, and his face was painted terrifyingly in the paint, so Leo couldn’t see his features. Surprisingly his dark hair was cut short, and the feathers the others wore in their hair were on a necklace around his neck.

I can’t marry him, Leo thought feverishly, and felt the eyes of the man slide to look at him. They were dark, brewing like the storm, terrifying. Leo swallowed and froze and almost looked away, but then decided to stand his ground. He was sure he was going to die, that this man was going to kill him, but he wouldn’t do it cowering with fear.

The terror slipped away. Leo stood up straighter, raised his chin, adrenaline rushing through him. He was a Prince, he could do this.

“Chieftain,” Hephaestus said, voice laced with disapproval. The Chieftain’s eyes broke away from Leo slowly and he looked at his father.

“King Hephaestus,” he said, neutral, voice lacking any accent.

“I present to you my son, and your fiancée,” the King said emotionlessly. Leo felt like some object, being sold off. His father didn’t even look upset and that hurt.

The Chieftain didn’t look at him when he said, “He’ll do.”

Leo felt outrage and irritation spike through him, so sudden and surprising that he didn’t have a chance to compose himself, “Excuse me?” he demanded. His father’s head snapped to look at him, eyes full of anger.

“Silence, boy,” he seethed, and Leo shut up. The Chieftain glanced at him briefly, and some emotion appeared in his eyes but before Leo could identify it, it was gone.

Leo watched, fuming, as his father and the Chieftain both signed some document, and then he heard the dreaded words.

“He’s all yours.”

Leo would’ve begged his father to change his mind again, if he thought it would work, but it was too late. The scribe rolled up the scroll of parchment and that scroll had signed Leo’s life away. An Alios grabbed his arm and jostled him forward and Leo felt like he left his heart and stomach there in the grass.

He felt dazed, as if he were in a dream. A man stood by a rider-less horse, tall and muscular but smaller than the Chieftain. He looked softer too, his dark hair tumbling to his shoulders, his eyes the colour of moss.
“My name is Perseus,” he said when Leo approached, and the Prince was surprised they knew his language. He was even more surprised when Perseus smiled at him in a friendly manner, “I am an Alios and a friend of your future husband. He asked me to ensure you have every comfort, though I’m afraid we live in no castle.”

Something about him made Leo think that he hadn’t always been an Alios, that perhaps he was like him, forced to join. He forced a tense smile, “My name is Leo.”

“I know,” Perseus smiled and then patted the horse, “This is Festus, one of our best, an early wedding gift from Frank.” Leo looked at the creature and had to admit that he was gorgeous, a golden colour that almost looked bronze with deep dark eyes. *Maybe it’s not going to be that bad,* Leo thought and thanked Percy. He swung himself up on the horse and once up he realised that the Chieftain was staring at him, though he hastily looked away. *Frank,* he thought. A surprisingly mundane name.

Leo felt himself blush, from embarrassment and anger. As he turned his horse to follow the rest of the hoard, aware of the Alios closing in behind him like guards, he decided that he would never ever love this savage.

***

Frank was angry. Really angry. He could already tell this Knossos boy was going to be a problem. *Damned Rachel,* he thought as he and his hoard approached their camp, hidden by magic deep in the forest. The Oracle had told him that this was the only way, that marrying this Prince would end the war in which Frank’s friends were dying. Now he did it, and he was regretting it already.

The Prince was barely a man, small and thin and so unlike the Alios it was painful. He first looked at Frank with so much fear that the man had wanted to laugh, but then the fear had morphed into disgust and the one thing the Prince told to him was insulting, and Frank could tell that he wasn’t one to just submit. Which meant he was a problem. Frank didn’t like problems.

They entered the campsite, and he glanced at his fiancée, who during the journey had somehow ended up close. He saw the shock and horror on the boy’s face. *Good,* Frank thought smugly, *maybe he’ll run away.*

He knew that the camp was no palace, but it was home to him, and he adored it. His people lived in huts or in caves, in this gorgeous valley, its walls surrounding them like the arms of a loving mothers. Trees grew everywhere, a waterfall cascaded nearby, birds sung in the trees as campfires blazed in preparation for the wedding ceremony. It was beautiful, and close to nature, and yet the Prince looked like he had walked into a dog’s den. Frank fought the urge to just knock him off his horse.

The moment he dismounted, Hazel was rushing to his side. She was the valley witch, a hundred years old and Frank’s closest and dearest friend. She looked anxious now, her golden eyes full of uncertainty.

“Frank,” she exhaled when she saw him and threw her arms around his naked shoulders, the beads and bells attached to her long dress making a sweet noise, “Thank the Gods. I was worried.”

He held her briefly, “No need, everything went smoothly.”

Hazel’s eyes danced to the Prince, who was slipping off Festus, “Is that him? Is that Leo?” she asked quietly. Frank nodded curtly, not wanting to look. To his surprise, Hazel smiled, “He’s gorgeous.”

Frank made a face, “He’s skinny and awkward, and he doesn’t shut up. He spoke to Percy the entire
“Oh stop it,” Hazel hit his arm playfully, “He’s lovely,” she looked at the sky, which was painted pink and purple and darkening quickly, “But you are later than we expected, so the ceremony must start now.”

Moments later the horses had been taken away and everyone gathered by the huge fire-pit that served as the centre of the village. The moment Hazel approached it, fire blazed within and the people gathered around solemnly to watch the marriage ceremony.

Leo was urged forward, opposite Frank, and the Chieftain had to hide his irritation. They had made the boy take off his cloak and shirt so he stood there partially naked, arms crossed over his chest protectively, again looking scared as well as embarrassed. In the light from the fire Frank could see his red cheeks.

Hazel and her priestesses approached, and she began the marriage chants in the ancient tongue. Frank felt the urge to run, to flee, before he was forever connected with this fragile looking boy, but he couldn’t move. He unwillingly reached out, palm up, and Leo looked at him, confused.

“Give me your hand,” Frank growled, low in his throat. Hastily the Prince placed his own hand on top of Frank’s, painfully small. One of the priestesses tied a string of beads over both of their wrists as Hazel chanted, eyes closed, purple smoke curling from the fire and up into the sky. Another priestess brought melted clay in a pot and smeared it over Leo’s shoulders, making the boy jerked. Frank watched as she swiped her fingers over his cheeks, and he looked like a scared bunny. His hand trembled in Frank’s and the man had to stop himself from closing his fingers over Leo’s because as much as he didn’t like the boy, he was a kind person, and he wanted to comfort him.

Then the ceremony was over, and night had fallen, and Frank’s people were cheering and dancing. Drums were brought out, and other instruments, and the alcohol came out as people began celebrating. Frank felt defeated, and he himself couldn’t celebrate because the priestesses cut the string between him and Leo and ushered them together towards Frank’s hut.

It was the biggest in the village, and Frank had to push Leo inside because the boy seemed adamant to stay outside. The interior was round and only one, big room. There was a fire pit in the centre and a nest in the corner, made of piled up furs and blankets and pillows. Leo looked around it as if he were in hell, and he looked horribly out of place. If it was up to Frank he would’ve thrown the boy out of his house, but he couldn’t. Instead he grabbed his wrist and dragged him towards the bed.

“What are you-,” the boy blurted, and then, “No. No. Hell no.”

Frank shoved him down onto the bed, and the boy landed among the furs on his back, startled. Frank climbed on top of him. Make this purely physical. Just consummate and then go to drink your worries away, he told himself as he reached for Leo’s breeches.

The boy shoved at his hand and only then Frank noticed the pure fear in his eyes, “N-No,” he blurted.

“Shut up,” Frank growled, irritated. He didn’t have time for this. If he didn’t take Leo, Rachel would know, and she’d be angry. He grabbed the boy’s wrists and pinned them to the bed, forcing his legs apart with his knee.

“S-Stop it, don’t,” there was panic in Leo’s voice, “I don’t w-want to. S-Stop-“ and suddenly he was fighting Frank, trying to get away, and crying, and Frank was so taken aback he froze.
He didn’t want to be pushed away, and he never had been before. Women and men always reached for him and smiled seductively and allowed him anything he wanted, clinging onto him and moaning with pleasure.

So why was this boy crying?

Leo looked as if someone had hurt him, cheeks red, tears tumbling down his face, trying desperately to shove Frank away even though he was so tiny the Chieftain barely felt it.

*I can’t hurt him,* Frank realised, and let go.

Immediately Leo scrambled to his feet and dashed to the corner of the hut where he curled up like a hurt animal, burying his face in his arms and sobbing. He sobbed like he just got his heart broken and Frank felt physical pain. Something inside him twisted and he almost said *I’m sorry* but then he realised this wasn’t his fault. He didn’t want this either, but he had to do it. Maybe not tonight though.

He got to his feet and swept out of his hut, the sobs of his now husband echoing in his head, louder than the music.

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Leo considered running away but he made it as far as the front door, when he decided it was a bad idea. Outside was some pagan festival celebrating his union with Frank and with the backdrop of the blazing bonfires the people, singing in a language Leo didn’t understand and dancing, seemed like demons. The boy retreated into the hut then, and curled up in the corner, way away from the bed, trying to decide what to do.

For the past fortnight he thought about this whole thing; the marriage, living in a tribe. And he didn’t even think about the wedding night. Frank’s actions seemed bizarre to him, and sudden, and terrifying. Leo didn’t want to have sex with a stranger, especially some brutish stranger who seemed to hate him and said that ‘he’d do’ and looked at him with no desire or love or warmth. Leo couldn’t stop shaking as he listened to the celebrations drag into the night. He remembered Frank’s hands on him, how big and strong he’d been, and how close, and how powerless Leo felt in the situation, unable to push him off.

But Frank had stopped, and Leo was more than thankful for that, though he couldn’t imagine staying here with his husband. The ground was hard and dirty, and primitive. Leo was used to luxury. Here he couldn’t even work on his projects. He sniffled and his eyes welled with tears. He’d be miserable for the rest of his life, he was sure, unless someone saved him, a knight in shining armour.

Leo had no idea how long he sat there for, sulking and crying and pitying himself, but eventually the sound of the celebration grew quieter and the night was filled instead with distant moans of pleasure. Leo shuddered, imagining those animals outside, fucking on bare ground. He was cold and hungry. The door to the hut banged open and Leo flinched, pressing himself further up against the wall as Frank stumbled in. He was clearly drunk and clumsy on his feet.

“Big oaf,” Leo grumbled to himself, glaring at his husband. His face paint was smeared on his face and he reeked of alcohol. What more there was a line of hickeys on his neck, which angered Leo. No, he wasn’t jealous, but the covenant of marriage was sacred and yet Frank was out there, whoring about. *He expects me to be some housewife for him. Well, he had another thing coming.*

Thankfully Frank barely noticed Leo, stumbling to his ‘bed’ and collapsing on top of it with a happy groan. Leo was disgusted. The man had no manners and acted like some wild animal, and it scared
Leo, and angered him. He was always taught to act a certain way, his parents always angry when he spoke out of line or came to dinner in oil-stained shirts. And yet Frank, a Chieftain, was allowed to do as he pleased. How unfair.

Leo watched his still form for a moment, and when he decided that his husband was asleep and wouldn’t attempt anything, he curled up on the ground, hugging himself and gritting his teeth in anger and cold. The chilliness of the night slipped in through the wooden walls and Frank hadn’t bothered to get a fire going, and Leo didn’t know how. He had servants for that. So he laid there, hoping subconsciously that he would freeze to death overnight and this nightmare would end.

Unfortunately he heard a shifting and before he could turn a large fur was dumped on top of him clumsily. Leo blinked and saw Frank clamber back into bed. The Prince had no idea where the sudden act of kindness had come – perhaps Frank just didn’t want the war to start again. Either way Leo found that he was a little grateful. He wrapped the fur all the way around himself like a protective cocoon, so he wasn’t touching the ground, and fell asleep, without even meaning to.

***

This was definitely going to make Leo leave. Frank had hoped that after the ordeal of their wedding night he would find the boy long gone in the morning, but instead he stubbornly remained on the floor for the past three days. He asked Frank questions, angry and entitled, and belittle him, and it was starting to irritate Frank. Leo was like a fly, buzzing around his head.

But now he knew Leo would definitely leave. Frank conspired with his best friends Jason and Percy about how to scare the Prince off, and send him running back to his Kingdom. The hunt.

The hunt happened in the last fortnight of autumn, where the biggest and strongest Alios would ride out early in the morning and return in the night with the animals they had hunted, for a feast commemorating the end of the season.

Frank woke early, as did his warriors, and now saddled his horse in the heart of the village, near the huge fire that was already blazing. It would snow soon and they wanted to get the hunt in before that happened. Frank was shirtless, despite the biting morning air, with just a sleeveless fur vest thrown over his shoulders. There was a quiver of arrows at his back, his bow strapped to it. That morning Rachel had painted his face and torso and blessed the Alios for the Hunt.

Frank was exhilarated; he loved hunting, and he hoped for a chance to get away from the suffocation of his hut. There never seemed to be enough air there, not with Leo present. Frank sighed, irritated from just thinking about his husband, and swung himself up on the horse. Taking his lead, the other Alios did the same. They looked fearsome; the seven best warriors of the clan, their faces painted blue and white.

“Shall we proceed?” Annabeth asked from next to Frank, her mare impatient to go. Frank was about to reply when suddenly Hazel appeared, pulling none other than Leo alone. Frank’s stomach dropped.

“Haven’t you forgotten something, Chief?” the girl asked, and Leo looked at her helplessly, clearly indicating he didn’t want to be there. Despite being in the village for a few days he refused to abandon his ridiculous clothes and looked out of place in his shirt, long coat and breeches, all stained from sleeping on the ground. He looked pathetic and Frank hated him.

“He’s not going,” Frank said bluntly. Leo slid his wrist free of Hazel’s hand.

“You heard him,” he sounded relieved, “I’m not going.”
Hazel glared at Frank, “It’s tradition for the spouse of the Chieftain to join the autumn hunt. You’re not trying to break tradition, are you, Chief?”

Frank’s jaw clenched but he knew that he couldn’t argue with that, “Saddle his horse,” he growled instead and exchanged an annoyed look with Jason on the horse next to him. They both though the same thing; Leo would only slow them down.

The Prince didn’t look happy about the ordeal either but they brought the horse to him – the one Frank had picked himself, hoping his future husband would be someone he’d fall in love with – and Leo slid on top of him with the grace of someone who had horse-ridden all his life. Frank didn’t miss the wince of the boy though as his thighs, which had chaffed during the journey here due to the lack of a saddle, pressed against the animals flanks.

But then the hunt was beginning and Frank forgot all about Leo. He raced to the front of the hunters and they all filtered in behind him, Leo lost somewhere at the back. They raced through the village and Frank’s people called out words of encouragement to him, waving herbs for luck and good hunt in the air as the Alios went. Soon the huts and cottages and tents gave way to trees and in the blink of an eye, the hunt was in the wilderness.

***

Frank had to admit, he was a little impressed. They had hunter for hours, and the sun was now far up in the clear autumn sky, and Leo wasn’t crying. It had been a hard hunt, but somehow the small boy had managed to keep up, never straying or causing problems. He also didn’t cringe at the animals the Alios shot down, accepting it as part of life, and watched with interest when they murmured prayers of thanks to the Gods over the carcasses of animals. He didn’t seem as disgusted as he was before and when the hunters took a break, eating cold meat and slightly stale bread from the pouches while perched on the ground, Leo wandered around, his hands brushing tree trunks. He seemed to like the forest and Frank found that his eyes naturally followed the boy.

“You’re staring,” Piper teased from his side, playfully poking Frank with the butt of her knife. He batted her away.

“He’s my husband,” he huffed, “I can stare all I want.”

The others were too far away to hear their conversation, laughing. “Have you...,” Piper glanced at them quickly, “have you taken him yet?”

Frank winced, “No. He won’t let me near him.”

Together they watched Leo wandering. The boy returned to his horse and smiled sweetly as he fed Festus an apple, brushing his fingers through the horse’s mane. Frank’s stomach twisted. Gods why did you make him beautiful?

“He looks like some tree nymph,” Piper said with a smile, “Perhaps you should try and befriend him.”

“Perhaps not,” Frank grumbled.

They all heard it simultaneously – the low growl, the branches cracking. Frank swore softly in the ancient tongue and exchanged glances with his fellow warriors. They all silently rose to their feet, eyes focused on where the sounds were coming from. Leo stood obliviously by Festus.

In the darkness between a cluster of trees, shone half a dozen pair of eyes.
“Wolves!” Jason yelled, just as the animals came charging from the underbrush.

They were strong and fierce, unlike what they would become in the winter months, and twice the size of normal dogs. Their pelts were dirty from mud, and dark. They threw themselves at the Alios and before Frank knew it Piper was racing off to help her husband and he was alone, facing the biggest wolf. The Alpha had sniffed out the Chieftain.

“Come on,” Frank whispered, low to himself, adrenaline rushing through his body. The wolf was growling steadily, ready to pounce. Frank slowly reached for an arrow and un-slung his bow. He kept his eyes firmly on the animal, in challenge, and the wolf’s golden eyes seemed to glow. Frank saw in them bloodlust and violence. He cocked his arrow, and the wolf threw itself at Frank.

Frank was faster. He drew the dagger from his belt in seconds and as the animal collided into him, he slashed it across the throat. The wolf gave out one pathetic whimper and fell to the ground, squirming as blood gushed from its wound and soaked the ground.

“Gods, thank you for this animal,” Frank whispered hurriedly, kneeling next to it. He could hear the sounds of shouting, horses screaming and howling all around him, “be at peace.” Then he stabbed the wolf, putting it out of its misery. When he looked up he saw the fight was coming to an end.

Most of the wolves laid dead but two of them were still going. Annabeth was slumped against a tree and Clarisse was bleeding profusely but still fighting. As she and Jason put down the last two animals, Frank’s world slowed down.

He saw a seventh wolf shoot out from the shadows of the trees, unseen by the others. Everything seemed to happen in slow motion; the wolf raced right for Leo, who had been standing frozen and shocked by a spooked out Festus as the wolves attacked.

Leo the name died on Frank’s mouth and he couldn’t move, rooted to a spot. He watched in horror as the wolf raced towards the boy and suddenly regret filled Frank because he didn’t want it to end like this – he wanted to do better, to try harder...

Just as he thought that Leo was going to get his pretty little head ripped off by the wolf, the boy whirled around and pulled an axe Clarisse must’ve thrown out of the ground near him. He threw it and it sailed through the air for a second before embedding itself between the eyes of the last wolf.

The animal crumpled to the floor only a foot away from Leo, dead.

Everything went eerily silent. The forest held its breath. Frank stared in shock at his husband, who just stood there, looking a little lost but by no means traumatized.

Life jerked back into action; the Alios were shouting and taking care of the wolves’ bodies, loading them back onto the horses that they first had to calm down. But Frank was overwhelmed by sudden protectiveness and something inside him made him rush to Leo – he was tiny and defenceless in Frank’s eyes, even if he had just protected himself perfectly.

“Are you hurt?” Frank blurted, grabbing Leo by the shoulders and squeezing, ensuring the boy was in one piece. Leo looked up at him, blinked as if dazed, and then shrugged Frank’s hands off.

“I’m fine,” he said curtly, and turned to his horse, swinging himself back up as if nothing happened.

Frank was shocked by his matter-of-fact behaviour – he had thought Leo would scream and run at the first sight of blood, and yet the boy handled the hunt perfectly well, and didn’t even flinch at the wolf. Frank looked at Percy, who was getting ready to swing onto his horse. The man shrugged – he didn’t know what the hell was going on either.
After a week Leo gathered the courage to venture outside of Frank’s hut. The hunt had given him confidence and news of his actions spread so people didn’t look at him like he was dirt anymore...at least not completely. So one afternoon, when it was a little cold, Leo came outside. He refused to let go of his clothes and knew he was smelly and grimy but he didn’t want to wear the savage, rough clothes of the clan. He’d stick to his cotton and wool, thank you very much.

He weaved his way between the huts, observing the life of the clansmen. A woman was breastfeeding on the doorstep of her hut and men walked past without even a glance. Leo found that peculiar; in the city rape was incredibly common and if a woman was to bear a breast...well. But here everything seemed weirdly safe. There were no guards, no money, everyone lived in a bizarre harmony. Children ran around freely, unafraid they’d get snatched up for ransom or worse. Dinners were prepared over fires, some young girls danced around them, holding hands and laughing. Sweet, wild music drifted from among the tents.

Leo inhaled and for a second he felt free, broken out of societal restraints.

And then he exhaled and saw all the sideways glances and remembered he didn’t belong here at all.

“Leo.”

The voice came from behind him and the boy turned, anxious. But all he saw was a young girl sitting cross legged in front of a fire outside a tent dyed a deep blue and decorated with jewels. Her wild hair was full of the same jewels, crystals gleaming among the dark curls.

“Hello,” Leo said, “Um. Who are you?”

“I’m Hazel. The resident witch,” she smiled, cocking her head to the side, as if being a witch was normal. Leo didn’t know if he was scared, curious, or both. She patted the ground next to her, “Sit.”

For some reason, Leo sat. The girl – Hazel – smelled like spices and wood smoke, and it was a good, comforting smell. He expected her to spew something he wouldn’t understand, or hex him, but she didn’t do either. Instead she looked up at the cloudy afternoon sky.

“It will snow soon,” she said.

“How do you know?”

“I can smell it,” she smiled at Leo, “How are you feeling?”

The boy shifted, “Good,” he said, keeping his guard up, “Why?”

“I imagine living with Frank is...difficult,” Hazel took care to pick her words carefully. Leo exhaled, and nodded, “He’s cold towards you, I can see that.”

“I don’t want him to be warm,” Leo said immediately, “I hate him.”

Hazel didn’t react, just picked up a stick and moved the logs in the fire about, “Mhm. No you don’t,” there was a twinkle in her eye that made it hard for Leo to argue with her, “You simply need to get used to him. And he to you. I heard of what you did in the forest. It impressed a lot of people.”

“I’m stronger than I look,” Leo said defensively.

“You look strong,” Hazel replied, catching Leo off guard. He didn’t know what to make of her,
“Were you scared? When the wolf attacked?”

“Not at the time,” Leo remembered the glowing yellow eyes that kept him up at night and shuddered, “But afterwards...afterwards I realised that I could have died.”

Hazel was quiet for a moment, “Frank worries, since that time. He didn’t before and I truly thought there’d be no hope for this union...but after that hunt he watches you. Like a hawk.”

“Well that isn’t comforting,” Leo rolled his eyes. Hazel grinned.

“I think he respects you more because you proved you’re not a weakling.”

I’ve been trying to prove that all my life, Leo wanted to say, but kept it to himself instead, “So...this is my life now,” he said, phasing it partly like a question as he looked at a group of children race past, chasing each other, feathers in their hair.

“It’s a good life,” Hazel said softly, then she looked at Leo, “I know that you and Frank hadn’t mated.”

“Mated,” Leo wrinkled his nose, “We’re not dogs.”

“Well, it’s important,” Hazel sighed, “the gods chose this marriage and if it’s not completed bad things will happen.”

“I don’t want to have sex with him,” Leo grumbled, blushing despite his best efforts. He remembered Frank’s intrusive hands on him and his hands clenched into fists.

“You’re going to have to,” Hazel didn’t loo happy about forcing him, “It’s in the contract. If you don’t...finish the union, by the winter solstice then the marriage is annulled-“

“Really?” hope flooded Leo’s heart.

“...and the war will restart,” Hazel finished. Leo’s shoulders slumped. Suddenly he was tired. He thanked her for speaking to him and then dragged himself back to Frank’s hut. By then it was getting darker and Leo didn’t trust himself around these savages when it got late.

Once inside Leo put more wood into the dying fire, hoping it would last till morning even though he knew it wouldn’t and he’d wake up freezing, and then he climbed into his little cot that he made for himself in the corner. By then he had gotten used to sleeping on the bare, hard ground, and he didn’t mind it as much. His bed in his father’s castle was a blurry and distant memory.

His father’s castle.

Leo buried himself in the furs and laid there, thinking about what his life used to be. Speaking to Hazel and looking at the village he realised he might’ve misjudged the place; it was safe, the people were close and kind, they had fun and freedom. At the castle Leo was never happy; the servants gossiped about him, his father thought he was inadequate and he was always lonely. It was cold and grey and tedious, but at least Leo could build. He laid there and contemplated what his return would be like – if his marriage was annulled then it would be shameful. Leo squeezed his eyes shut. Just let him fuck you and get it over with. It’d be a miserable life with a husband who hated him, but all the other options were miserable too.

Leo heard the rustle of the door to the hut opening and he squeezed his eyes shut tighter, burying his head under the furs. He didn’t want to bicker with Frank right now and he knew it was too early for the man to be here to sleep.
“I brought you dinner,” came the gruff voice. Leo pretended he was asleep, and stayed silent. He heard Frank sigh and place the plate down, and then heard footsteps approaching. He senses that Frank was near probably looking at him, and felt the man’s eyes slide over his form, hidden underneath the furs. He almost jumped when he felt the lightest touch of fingers on the top of his head, almost like a caress. His face burned. “Why do you have to be so difficult?” Frank asked softly, and it made Leo’s heart twist.

He wanted to shout that Frank was the one who hated him, and who was making this difficult, but the Chieftain’s hand disappeared and when Leo finally mustered up the courage to sit up he was alone with his dinner.

Stay. He had wanted to say, but it was a stupid thought. Of course he didn’t want Frank to stay. He was happy by himself. He was always by himself.

***

Leo watched the angry grey clouds culminating overhead and his body twisted in discomfort. Where are they, he thought, his eyes trained on the only entrance into the village, between two great mountains, where is he?

Leo had been perched on this rock for what seemed like forever, and his ass was starting to ache. He hadn’t eaten either, and his stomach made sure to remind him of that. All because of him.

That morning a messenger had come that a force from a rival clan had crossed over into the territory of the Enyalios. Naturally Frank saw that as an act of aggression and in moments the horses and the Alios were ready. Leo had woken up groggily at dawn, just as they were riding out. Frank didn’t even say goodbye or when he’d be back, but according to Rachel – the redhead oracle that lived in one of the caves – they’d be back by nightfall. Well night had just fallen, and they were nowhere to be seen.

Leo shouldn’t have cared – if Frank died fighting some enemy then he’d be free to go back home. But instead he was here, anxiously awaiting his husbands return like some foolish house wife. Even the partners of the other Alios were going about their daily business, but Leo had a bad feeling.

For the couple of days as Leo’s stay drew close to becoming a fortnight, Frank had really tried with him. They didn’t bicker as much and Frank tried to spend much time with him, though Leo didn’t trust him. With the war-paint and the muscle he was scary.

But now Leo wished he’d come back already.

“Fuck this rock,” the boy grumbled to himself and climbed off his seat. He made for Hazel’s tent but when he went inside he found that the girl was absent. He decided to wait for her in the sweet smelling tent and laid down and before he knew it, he was asleep.

When he woke up it was completely dark, and snowing, and Hazel was shaking him awake, “Leo, come, he’s asking for you.”

“What?” the boy asked groggily, confused, “Where am I? Whose asking?”

“Frank. He’s hurt.”

Instantly Leo was alert and scrambling to his feet. Still disoriented from sleep he clumsily followed Hazel out of the tent and his foot crunched as it sank into something. Leo frowned and looked down and exhaled. His breath turned into a white cloud in front of his face.
“It snowed,” he said dumbly, looking around. It must’ve been late because there were a few fires scattered around and only a few people. The sky was clear, twinkling brightly with stars, and the ground was laid with snow like a white blanket. Hazel was walking fast.

“Come on!” she called after Leo.

He hugged himself and hurried after her, trying to ignore the cold seeping into his bones. In moments his shoes were wet but he didn’t care as his mind suddenly understood what Hazel told him. Frank’s hurt. Before he knew what he was doing he was running through the snow, overtaking the witch and making for Frank’s hut – for his hut.

Outside there were people gathered, looking anxious and worried, and Leo shoved past them and exploded into the room. There was a small crowd by Frank’s bed, concealing him from Leo’s room. The Prince gasped for air after running, feeling like there were icicles in his throat. The people around the bed turned to him and he recognised some of the healers as well as Rachel, her face intricately painted.

“Leave us,” the voice came from the bed, weak and shaky, but definitely Frank’s. Leo’s heart twisted as the women whispered things to Frank and then slipped out of the hut. Tentatively, the Prince approached the bed.

He inhaled sharply when he saw Frank.

The furs were laying at his waist, but above it he was naked. Across his chest was a slash, and although dressed it was already soaked with blood. The warrior looked weak and pale but, most importantly, he had been washed and the war paint he always wore was gone. For the first time Leo saw his husband’s face.

Frank looked younger and softer, his dark eyes half-closed as if it took too much strength for him to keep them open. Leo leaned heavily on one of the poles of the bed and stared at him, trying to comprehend. This man – looking at him softly, with a gentle mouth and a sharp jaw and a nose that must’ve been broken once upon a time – looked like a different person to the harsh, violent Frank Leo had come to know.

“Leo,” Frank exhaled, and the way he said Leo’s name made the boy shiver, “You came.”

For some reason Leo wanted to cry, to just sob his heart out, “You’re not dying,” he said, happy that his voice remained steady. Frank smiled palely and closed his eyes, “Frank I’m serious. You’re not fucking dying.”

“Can you hold my hand?” the Chieftain asked suddenly, and Leo blinked. He wanted to ask questions but Frank looked too weak to answer them so after a moment of hesitation, the boy sat down by his side. He carefully drew Frank’s arm into his lap and curled both of his small hands around one of Frank’s big ones. His palm was rough and warm.

“You’re not dying,” Leo whispered, this time a whisper, and he sniffled, trying to keep his tears at bay. Whatever he said before, he didn’t want to lose Frank. The man had never hurt him and he was trying and it was his husband and he didn’t deserve a death like this.

“I didn’t tell anyone,” Frank’s voice was just above a whisper, “but I’ll tell you, because...” here he let out a small laugh, “Because you’re my husband, eh? Imagine that. I suppose I’ll have to tell you then.”

“Tell me what?” Leo’s thumbs were subconsciously stroking Frank’s hand. The Chieftain opened
his eyes and they were full of pain.

“T’m scared.”

Leo wanted to say don’t be and everything will be alright and I’m here, and he wanted to pull Frank’s head into his lap and stroke his hair, and kiss him, and reassure him that he wasn’t alone. But Leo was weak, and he was scared too. And so he let go of Frank’s hand and stood up shakily.

“You’ll be alright,” he managed, and called for the healers. When they swarmed in Leo darted out into the winter night. Nobody tried to stop him. He wasn’t a prisoner, he never was. He walked through the snow but didn’t feel the cold and tears started tumbling down his cheeks. With a broken sob he collapsed behind a hut and leaned his back against it and cried and cried and cried. And then he prayed to whatever Gods were listening that Frank wouldn’t die.

***

Frank didn’t die. He got stronger and better and within a fortnight he was walking and healthy again. The healers told him he’d have a scar, but Frank didn’t seem to mind. Leo helped a lot – he brought the man meals and changed his bandages and bickered with him to make sure he was still alive, and Frank got better.

Which left Leo in a complicated position because he found that actually he quite enjoyed the other man’s company. When Frank wasn’t acting like the big bad Chieftain he was quite kind, and funny, and made Leo’s stomach all squirmy and funny.

And then he got sick.

On the night Frank was hurt he had sat in the snow until dawn which was stupid but he hoped nothing would come of it. Well, it did. Leo woke up one morning in his cot in the corner of the room and the world was dark and spinning and he was hot and confused. His head ached, and he couldn’t seem to focus his eyes. Frustrated he kicked his furs aside, breathing hard to try and get some air.

The noise must’ve woke Frank up because then he was kneeling next to Leo, his worried face floating into Leo’s view. He had no paint on and Leo wanted to, stupidly, tell him how handsome he was, but only because his head wasn’t working properly.

“Leo?” Frank asked, and touched his face with his amazingly cold hands. Leo arched into his touch and let out a hopeless sob, “Leo, what’s wrong?”

“I’m d-dying,” the boy gasped, and his body felt like it was on fire.

“You’re burning up,” panic was visible in Frank’s eyes, “Oh Gods, no. Just not this. I’m going to get the healers.”

Leo had no idea how much time passed because when he blinked the healers were crowding in on him, running their wrinkled old hands over his face and chest, and Leo wanted all of them to go away and he just wanted Frank back. He wanted to cry but his body wasn’t cooperating. He felt dead already.

He must’ve passed out because when he woke up it was bright in the tent – midday – and there were warm hands on his forehead. It was Hazel, her golden eyes looking down at Leo’s. She smelled lovely.

“He’ll be fine,” Hazel said, not to Leo, but to someone in the room, “He’s strong. It’s just a sickness.”
Just a sickness. Leo felt like his body was being pulled apart and rearranged and with a groan he felt back into unconsciousness. He dreamt dark, convoluted dreams. In one of them he was back in his father’s castle, walking through a stone corridor that had no end. Every time Leo round a corner there’d just be another corridor. There were no windows, no doors. He was trapped, and it was suffocating him. In the next dream he was a flame in a fire, climbing up towards the sky but never quite reaching it, and his body burned bright. Then his father was there, shouting at him that he was useless, and Leo couldn’t move.

When he woke up he was surrounded by warmth and steadiness and he opened his eyes. The fire in the fireplace burned nice and warm, and Leo tried to figure out why it looked different before realising it was because the angle was different. Because he wasn’t in his cot, he was in Frank’s bed, wrapped up in Frank’s arms.

Under normal circumstances Leo would’ve been angry, but the fever was still burning in him so the feeling of Frank’s strong arms around him brought him nothing but comfort. He shifted a little and let out a little whimpery moan at the needles of pain jabbing at his head.

“Hey,” Frank’s voice was soft and soothing and with some difficulty Leo craned his head up. Frank was looking down at him, smiling gently, eyes all warm, “Good to see you’re awake.”

Leo wanted to ask him how long he had been holding him for, but he couldn’t find the words. He just stared at Frank and his eyelids felt so heavy. All of him felt heavy, but he wasn’t scared anymore. He wasn’t dying, he was safe.

Frank had one arm underneath him, wrapped across his back and waist, the other one was under his arm, and that one was stroking Leo’s back. At least he thought it was that one, he wasn’t really sure. He sniffled and Frank watched him.

“How are you feeling?”

“Sick,” Leo croaked out.

“You’re been out for two days.”

That made his head hurt more. He didn’t want to face reality. He didn’t care. He just snuggled forward and into Frank’s chest, closing his eyes and focusing on the warmth surrounding him. Frank understood that Leo didn’t want to talk because he hugged him harder. They had never touched like this, and yet it was so natural. Leo found enough strength to slip his arm under Frank’s, hugging him back weakly.

“I’m going to protect you,” Frank said suddenly, fiercely, “You’re going to be alright, and I’m going to protect you, alright?”

That reminded Leo of the forest, when he had been standing by Festus and the wolf had come out of nowhere and nobody had moved to help him. For some reason that made pain explode through him but he couldn’t move.

“Did you want it to kill me?” he asked hoarsely.

“What?” Frank asked, shocked.

“Did you want the wolf to kill me?” Leo’s head was spinning and he just wanted for sleep to take him again, “do you want me to die now? Wouldn’t it be easier?”

He got his wish and he felt asleep before he heard Frank’s answer.
It took a week for Leo to get back to full health but the moment his fever passed he moved back to his cot on the floor, embarrassed by how close he had been with Frank. There was an air of discomfort between them, and tension of things they hadn’t said to each other, and the winter solstice crept up on them without either of them realising.

The festival that happened was bigger than the ones Leo had witness before. He heard the music from the hut, heard the laughter and voices, and he refused to go out there. He spent the evening sitting on the floor, contemplating the options he had. If he and Frank didn’t sleep with each other this night, then their marriage would be considered void, and Leo would have to return to his father’s castle. That didn’t make him hopeful anymore. He wanted to stay here – he had started wearing the clothes of the locals, had made some tentative friends, he enjoyed the food, he enjoyed Frank... Leo exhaled and looked longingly at the man’s bed, which was empty. Frank was, of course, partaking in the celebrations. How will they know he hasn’t fucked me? Leo mused, and then he thought, what if I want him to do it...the thought made his face go red. He didn’t know what he wanted anymore. A part of him wanted to join the celebrations and allow himself to be swept away by this clan life. But another part of him was shy and scared and remembered how intrusive Frank’s hands had been on their wedding night.

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The door to the hut opened and none other than the Chieftain stepped in. He had feathers in his hair and was shirtless – which Leo didn’t understand since it was freezing outside – and had his face painted red and blue. Leo didn’t mind anymore and he found he enjoyed watching the people paint each other’s faces and torsos in the morning. There was a pouch at the man’s hip.

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“Hello,” Leo said.

“Why don’t you come celebrate?” Frank asked. Leo shrugged.

“I don’t want to,” he said simply.

Without a word Frank opened his pouch and started pulling things out, placing them on the stone table by the door. Leo watched, wide-eyed, as he produced screws and nails and bits of metal and wood and machinery.

“What...,” Leo’s mouth went dry. He hadn’t seen materials like that since he left his workshop at the castle. Frank looked a little embarrassed and he rubbed the back of his neck.

“It’s for you. I know you like to make things.”

“H-How?”

“You told me when you were feverish,” Frank mumbled, then glanced at Leo, “Do...do you like it?”

Feeling stupidly, stupidly brave Leo stood up and walked over to Frank and before he could chicken out he stood on his tiptoes and pressed his mouth briefly to Frank’s, “I love it,” he tried to ignore the pounding of his heart and how light-headed he felt just from that tiny touch, “Thank you.”

Frank looked like he had been struck by lightning, his eyes wide and focused solely on Leo. He wasn’t moving, and so Leo decided to. He lifted his hand and rested it on Frank’s shoulder and counted it as a win that the man didn’t move away when Leo leaned in again. He pressed their mouths together for a little longer, but his heart couldn’t take it and his stomach was somersaulting in his gut so he had to pull away again, shaky. Frank’s brows furrowed.
“You don’t need to do this,” he said softly, “It was a gift, I don’t expect anything in return.”

“I want to do this,” Leo admitted quietly, and he saw desire darken Frank’s eyes. Encouraged by this Leo slid his second arm up and linked them behind Frank’s neck, arching up for another kiss. He moved his lips tentatively but when he expected Frank to kiss back, the man drew away.

“I can’t,” he said, sounding like he was in pain. Leo’s heart twisted at the prospect of rejection. He could hear the celebrations outside – it wasn’t too late, he could escape into the crowd and keep his dignity...but his heart wouldn’t let him.

“Why?” he asked.

Frank looked away and stepped back as if it caused him physical difficulty, “Leo, I can’t.”

“Don’t be a fool,” Leo was angry now, because why. They had to do this and Frank was making it harder by acting like he didn’t want Leo...’Of course you can. Just close your eyes and-’

“I can’t hurt you. Not again.”

Pain flickered across Frank’s features and all the air left Leo’s body. He swallowed and then slowly and hesitantly lifted his shirt over his head. Frank’s eyes flickered to him and he looked unsure and Leo felt unsure, but Gods, he needed to do this. He stripped off completely, even though he felt vulnerable in front of the Chieftain, and then walked over to the bed and lay down, like an offering. He just hoped Frank would take him.

There was silence in the hut, and festivities outside, and Leo was too afraid to look at his husband. He wanted to vomit with nerves and he was afraid, but he wanted this, he was sure of it.

He felt the bed dip and he looked up to see Frank hovering over him. Even with the war-paint he wasn’t scary, not anymore. His eyes were gentle and brimming with emotion and this time it was he who reached for Leo, folding him into a cage made of his strong arms and connecting their lips in a sweet kiss that soon took a passionate turn.

***

“Does it hurt?” Frank asked. He never asked. He never cared enough to ask before. But Leo...Leo was underneath him, flushed and sweaty and gasping for air, and Leo was his, just his, and Frank had to make sure he was alright. With difficulty he stilled his movements and looked down at his husband, gorgeous in the light from the flames, “Leo.”

The boy opened his eyes and looked at Frank with a mixture of neediness and uncertainty. He had bit his bottom lip so much it was swollen, or maybe that was from all their kisses.

The Prince shook his head, “N-No,” he said shakily, “It feels weird but it doesn’t hurt anymore.”

Frank ducked his head and kissed him and Leo met him halfway. Their tongues tangled together and Frank’s fingers dug into Leo’s beautiful, naked hips. When Frank pulled out of Leo and thrust back into him slowly the boy moaned into his mouth. It wasn’t like before, which was what Frank had been afraid of. Leo wasn’t pushing away, but pulling him closer, and as Frank set up a gentle rhythm that wasn’t too much for the virgin, Leo’s legs wrapped around his waist as if to keep him there.

“G-Gods,” the boy whispered Shakily and Frank kissed his neck instead. His mind was clouded as his lips and tongue ran over the boy’s sweaty skin, earning him sweet little moans from Leo, “Gods, F-Frank...”
The festival outside continued and Frank kissed his husband and with heart-aching pain thought I love you but was unable to say it. He was scared, so scared, of this boy from a different culture in his life, and the way he had turned everything upside down. But at the same time Frank had never cared about someone so much in his life, or had someone care for him as much as Leo did.

When he pulled away from the kiss Leo looked up at him with warm eyes and he smiled the softest, gentlest smile and Frank knew that he felt the same, even if he was too scared to say it.

“I’m not letting you go,” Frank said hoarsely, movements stilling, “I’m going to take you outside after this and I’m going to paint your face and you’re going to be mine forever.”

“That’s a bit over-protective, don’t you think?” Leo teased, but Frank thrust into him, hard, and his sarcasm was lost in a moan of pleasure. Frank grinned.

“No. I don’t.”

Chapter End Notes

Guys just a thing -
I appreciate the prompts you leave me and I love writing them so much, and i don't mind if you guys leave a whole bunch of ideas because I like some of them better than others, but please don't keep leaving the same prompt over and over. I see ALL the comments so re-reading the same prompt 3 or 4 times gets really tedious.
But thank you so much for all your support xx
Take an Angel By the Wings

Guardian angel AU where A is really self conscious and insecure about their body and sit in front of the mirror a lot and one day they look up to see B in the mirror too and he says something like "you're beautiful, A" and disappears. Then A sits in front of the mirror but not because he is self conscious, because he wants to see B again. Then B shows up, gives him a kiss on the forehead, and says he's A's angel. Fluffy fluff follows please!!

For C

When you’re born a guardian angel is assigned to you and although you can’t see them, they grow up by your side and look after you and keep you out of harm’s way. In extreme situations, an angel can reveal itself to his guardianee, and in very extreme cases, the angel and the person he is guarding fall in love. This is a very extreme case.

***

Fifteen year old Ethan Nakamura sat in front of the mirror and glared at himself with his one good eye, the comment said by the girl in his class ringing in his head. *Ew, you look like some villain with that eye patch.* He should’ve punched her, but then that would’ve gotten him in trouble. Well, it wasn’t the first time someone had said something negative about his appearance. All his life he was ugly – too skinny and scrawny, too pale, his hair never laid the way he wanted it to and he’d get so caught up in life that he’d often let it grow out too much, until people would tell him he looked homeless. Not that cutting it helped – Ethan’s father never had enough money for a good barber so he did it himself, and so all the boys would take the piss because he didn’t have a ‘stylish’ haircut. Ethan hated it short, because it meant his face was more on show. He never liked his features; his nose was too wide, his eyes to far apart, his lips too thin. And then the accident happened, and it made everything worse.

When he was ten he and his father got into a car-crash. His father came out with just a broken arm but Ethan had flown forward and through the window because he hadn’t been wearing a seatbelt. The glass took his left eye out. He didn’t remember it happening, or the pain, and he was glad. He woke up in the hospital with gauze over it, and his vision all fucked up. At school the kids were sweet at first, bringing Ethan things and trying to act like a bunch of mother Theresa’s. His father made him an eye-patch and told him he was a brave pirate to make him feel better, and the kids thought it was cool before they got bored. But Ethan got older and went to high-school and that’s when the comments started.
You’re an ugly fucker, you know that.

That eye-patch is so shitty.

Jesus, you look like you could be in some horror movie.

I’m sorry for you, Ethan. Even without the eye-patch you still have an ugly mug.

I wouldn’t touch you with a ten foot stick.

Freak.

It’s not like he was being bullied, he was too tough for that. It was just comments about his appearance, made even by his own friends. If Ethan could he’d take the eye-patch off but he knew that underneath things were even uglier. He didn’t want the world to see the scar and the hole that used to be his eye.

He looked at himself in the mirror, jaw clenched, eyes determined, but as he scanned his appearance and thought yup, I’m ugly, his expression crumpled and tears flooded his eyes. He was only fifteen and it fucking hurt. He wanted to be like other boys, tall and good-looking, he wanted someone to think he was attractive and fall in love with him, as soppy as it sounded, but nobody would. Not when he looked like that.

Ethan wiped the tear that tumbled down his cheek with his sleeve and turned away from his miserable reflection. There are more important things in life, he tried to tell himself, but it was useless.

***

“Please tell me this is an extreme case.”

“This isn’t an extreme case, Alabaster.”

“That is not what I asked, Lou. Fucking look at him, he’s falling apart. He’s mine, I’m supposed to protect him and he’s crying because some asshole told him something at school. I’d kill all of them if I could.”

“That’s not very angel-like.”

“Stop laughing, this is serious. He’s hurting, and he doesn’t see how absolutely stunning he is...”

“This is getting dangerous, Al. What if...what if you fall for him?”

“Then I fall for him, now tell me this is an extreme case.”

“Ah...well, this is an extreme case.”

***

Ethan screwed up, he screwed up big time. He burst into his bedroom and threw his bag across the room and collapsed on the floor, gasping for air and sobbing. He had been so stupid, why did he think it would work?

There was a school Halloween party coming up in a few weeks and for some reason Ethan, urged by his friends, decided to ask a girl out. Not just any girl, but one of the pretty, popular, blonde ones. Her name was Kelli and Ethan didn’t really want to go with her but his friends had joked that he’d
never be able to get a girl and he wanted to prove them wrong. The look of pity on Kelli’s face when
he asked her made his stomach drop and her next words felt like he was being stabbed. Are you
crazy? What, we going to dress up as Jack Sparrow and Elizabeth Swan? Please, Nakamura.
You’re crazy if you think I’d ever go anywhere near you, I mean have you seen yourself. I’d rather
go with Freddy Krueger. You’re crazy and ugly.

It had been so humiliating that all Ethan could do now was sit on his floor, face buried in his hands,
and sob helplessly. Why did it have to be him? Why couldn’t he just be normal-looking? Was he
really that bad that people were disgusted by him? He sat there and his heart ached and his cheeks
were wet and his eyes hurt, when he heard the voice.

“Ethan.”

The boy’s head snapped up in shock and he looked around his bedroom, but there was no-one there.
His father wouldn’t be home from work until late. You’re hearing things, Ethan told himself as he
wiped his cheeks, head pounding. But the voice had been so clear, and so loud, as if the person was
sitting right next to Ethan. And then he came again.

“Ethan.”

The boy whipped his head and looked at the mirror. Slowly, heart pounding with fear, he crawled
across the floor to it, because he knew the voice had come from the mirror. Once there he saw his
own reflection, uglier than usual with his puffy-red eyes and blotchy, flushed cheeks, and then his
heart jumped to his throat because someone was behind him. He was a boy, a few years older than
Ethan, sitting cross-legged on the boy’s bed behind him. He was gorgeous, with mossy green eyes
and brown hair that swept over his brow. He was dressed casually in a t-shirt and jeans but at his
back were two snowy white wings. He seemed to glow. Ethan forgot how to breathe and just stared.
The boy looked so familiar...

He smiled at Ethan in the mirror, “You’re beautiful, Ethan,” he said, completely catching the boy off
guard. Ethan whirled around to look at his bed but there was no-one there and when he looked into
the mirror again, the angel – because he was sure it was an angel – was gone.

My house is haunted, he thought, but that didn’t make sense. The angel, if Ethan hadn’t somehow
hallucinatated him, wasn’t a ghost. Vague, blurry memories from Ethan’s childhood flooded in and he
could’ve sworn he’d seen the boy before, when he was small. He remembered the car-crash, a
memory he fought to erase. There had been fire-fighters and medics, and suddenly Ethan
remembered being loaded into an ambulance. He couldn’t remember any pain and thought it was
weird that apart from paramedics in the ambulance there was a man who glowed, with beautiful
green eyes. He held Ethan’s hand.

“I am crazy,” the boy whispered to himself, still in shock. He stood up, waddled to the bed the angel
had sat on in the reflection, and collapsed face first on top of it, convinced that he had somehow
imagined that whole exchange. You’re beautiful...the angel’s words echoed in Ethan’s mind and he
squeezed his eyes shut. He didn’t understand why he’d imagine an angel telling him a lie like that.

When he opened his eyes and looked at his room, filled with afternoon sunlight, he noticed a single
white feather sitting in front of the mirror where he had been moments ago.

***

All the lights were switched off in the room and Ethan had bought candles from the one pound shop
and lit them around the mirror, like some kind of exorcism. It was late, his father was asleep, and
despite being creeped out Ethan was sitting cross-legged in front of his mirror, desperately trying to
see if his angel would appear again. He was tempted to say ‘bloody Mary’ three times to see if anything would happen but instead he asked.

“Are you there?”

“Yes,” the answer came immediately and Ethan flinched, his heart pounding. In the darkness of his room sat the angel, who Ethan could see in his reflection. He seemed to glow silver despite the golden candle-light and he smiled at Ethan, immediately chasing away any of the boy’s fears, “I’m always with you.”

“W-Who are you?” Ethan stuttered and their eyes met in the mirror.

“I’m your guardian angel,” the other boy replied softly.

“And what are you doing here?”

Pain flashed across his handsome features, “You were crying. I couldn’t just leave you like that.”

Ethan blushed in embarrassment, “I...It was fine. I’m fine, I was just-“

“I know how you feel, I’m your guardian,” the angel said soothingly. Ethan swallowed.

“Do you...see everything...?” he remembered the times he had masturbated, or stolen change from his father, or watched porn. The angel grinned. The whole situation was so bizarre.

“I look away sometimes. Privacy is important.”

Ethan couldn’t stand it, his heart pounded, now out of excitement rather than fear and he turned around and was absolutely shocked to see that the angel was actually in his room this time, perched on his bed. He smiled when he saw Ethan’s surprise.

“I’m real,” he said, as if reading the doubts in his mind, “You’re not crazy.”

Shakily Ethan stood up and the angel did the same. He was a lot taller, and as Ethan came closer he had to crane his head up to see his face, “It’s not normal for you to be here, is it?” he asked quietly.

The angel watched him, “No.”

“Then...why?” Ethan stopped a few steps from the angel.

“Because I needed to tell you how beautiful you are,” the other boy replied, looking at Ethan with soft eyes. The human’s heart jerked in his chest and butterflies erupted in his stomach. He swallowed and opened his mouth but the angel interrupted, “I know what you’re going to say, and I know you think I’m lying, but let me assure you – I’m not,” there was a dark determination in his eyes and he closed the space between him and Ethan. He raised his hand and touched the boy’s cheek. It was warm and solid.

“O-Oh my God,” Ethan whispered, “You’re real.”

The angel unfolded his huge wings and carefully wrapped them around both him and Ethan, like a protective cocoon. The feathers tickled Ethan’s face and arms and for some reason he never wanted to leave, to just stay in the angel’s arms, safe and protected and...loved?

“You are the most gorgeous person I’ve ever seen,” the angel whispered, and Ethan jerked. His other hand found Ethan’s other cheek and he stroked his flushed skin and for a second Ethan thought the angel would kiss him. Instead he leaned forward and pressed his mouth to Ethan’s forehead. The
human let out a shuddery breath and his body melted into the angel’s wings. Nobody had ever touched him with so much care before, “I have to go.”

“No,” Ethan’s hand shot out and curled in the angel’s t-shirt, “No, don’t.”

The angel smiled, “Don’t worry, I won’t be gone long,” he withdrew his hands and then hesitated, and his eyes flickered to Ethan’s mouth. Yes, the human thought, *kiss me*. But instead the angel stepped back and withdrew his wings. He smiled at Ethan, full of warmth, and then disappeared between the human’s blinks.

Ethan was left alone in his bedroom, heart pounding, all the candles burned out.

***

Ethan watched the rain dance down the glass and he wondered if he should try and contact his angel again. Here, in the light of the day, surrounded by his chatting classmates, the meeting didn’t seem real, like a dream. But Ethan still had the feather from the first time, tucked into his pocket, and he knew that the angel was real – he could feel it.

He was so lost in thought he didn’t hear the teacher come in until the class quietened down, “Okay everyone, we have a new student with us today,” Ethan peeled his eyes away from the window and looked to the front of the class. His body felt for a second as if he was free-falling, or missing a step on a staircase, because standing by the teacher, dressed in a school uniform, was Ethan’s guardian angel. He looked exactly the way he had last night, minus the ethereal glow and the wings, “his name is Alabaster Torrington,” the teacher introduced him.

*Alabaster*. Ethan’s heart pounded. Was he delusional? Had he seen Alabaster around and imagined he was his guardian angel...?

Alabaster looked up, right at Ethan, his green eyes sparkling, and he smiled, “Hi everyone,” he said, eyes focused solely on Ethan, and the boy knew that no, he wasn’t delusional. His guardian angel had come down to earth for him.
Pain Without Love

Could you do an AU where Nico gets rejected by Percy and turns all evil and whatever and the demigods finally understand why the big three thought it was so dangerous to have children. Nico is really dangerous and his powers get stronger and more dangerous and then person B (whoever you want) finally convinces him that everything was alright and that he has to stop being a threat to the other demigods and yeah. You can continue it on from there.

For paige1and2

“I’m sorry, but I’m not gay,” Percy said and Nico felt his heart crack into pieces. Fourteen year olds don’t fall in love. Fourteen year olds don’t get their hearts broken. “And even if I was, you’re like a little brother to me-”

“I get it,” Nico interrupted, trying desperately to keep himself together even though his world was falling apart. Percy had been so kind, and sweet, and voluntarily touched him and when Jason found out Nico wasn’t gay he wasn’t grossed out, and so Nico thought it was going to be okay and that Percy wouldn’t be grossed out either...he thought that for once it would be okay, that maybe, just maybe, Percy would feel the same way, “You don’t have...you d-don’t have to tell me why-“

“I’m sorry,” Percy did look apologetic, but Nico didn’t care, he didn’t want his pity. When Percy reached for him the Italian jerked away,

“Don’t touch me,” he hissed.

“Nico, come on,” Percy sounded exasperated, as if Nico was some annoying little boy that he had to put back in his place. That hurt and it made Nico angry – he was serious, he might’ve been fourteen but he had been through so much and he really loved Percy and he didn’t even care...

Nico started walking away, shaking. He wanted to scream and fight Percy and feel physical pain so the agony in his heart would go away. And Percy was looking at him and saying something but Nico couldn’t hear him. He stepped into the shadows, felt the cool brush of them on his skin and he looked at Camp Half Blood. He and Percy were on the hill and below it spread out, all in sunshine. Nico didn’t belong here.

He closed his eyes and let the shadows swallow him up.

***

Jason wished he didn’t blame Percy, but he kind of still did. Subconsciously.

Nico had started out as a kind of fulfilment case for Jason – the blond needed to fix him in order to fix himself. That was his flaw, always wanting to fix people. But then the Quest of the seven happened, and Split happened, and before Jason knew it Nico wasn’t some ‘case’ for him, but so much more, and Jason wanted to protect him and show him that actually he could be appreciated,
and cared for.

And then Percy went and fucked it all up.

Jason took part of the blame for that – he was the one who pushed Nico in Split, as was Cupid, and made the boy feel that he had no choice but to confess to his crush. And he was rejected, after mustering up the courage to tell a boy he loved what he felt. What followed wasn’t really anyone’s fault but Nico’s, however Jason refused to accept that because Nico had just been a kid. A broken, humiliated kid, who felt he had nobody but the darkness surrounding him.

After Percy’s rejection Nico marched straight into the Underworld and resurrected the worst of the worst Demigods, creating a legion of undead warriors who hated both Camp Half Blood and Camp Jupiter. They couldn’t be killed and for three years they kidnapped Demigods (never killing them thankfully), attacked the Camps and Quests, sabotaged inventions. They had their base in Alaska, where the Gods had no power, and Nico was the King of the chaos they spread in both the Demigod world as well as the human one. His legion included the worst of the worst – Luke Castellan, Ethan Nakamura, Alabaster Torrington, Octavian, Bryce Lawrence, and many more, paired with a hoard of murderous monsters let loose from Tartarus.

Nico had gone to Tartarus, and he never really came back the same, though Jason seemed to be the only one who noticed, the only one who desperately tried to keep the boy in the light. And he had failed, too scared of his own feelings. Nico had left him and turned evil before Jason could utter those three words that could change everything.

But he still hoped that somewhere behind Nico’s horrendous army and actions, he was still himself.

***

“Jason! Jason wake up!” someone was shaking him and the blond blinked groggily, before snapping into action, adrenaline rushing through him. He sat up in bed and reached for his sword but a hand on his wrist stopped him. In the half-darkness of the Zeus Cabin at midnight Jason saw Piper leaning over him. The girl looked simultaneously scared, excited and apprehensive, “Jason, we’ve got him.”

The blond relaxed, understanding that there was no immediate danger, “What? Who?”

“Nico,” Piper breathed, and Jason’s insides twisted. In seconds he was on his feet and pulling on his trousers, heart pounding. He had waited for this moment for three years, the moment when they’d finally capture Nico so Jason could ask him why and tell him those three words that he wanted to scream every time he saw Nico on the battlefield. The boy was always too far away for Jason to reach, behind an army of evil Demigods and monsters. But not this time.

Piper chatted excitedly as she led Jason towards the black cube-like building situated behind the cabins. It had been built specifically to interrogate Demigods, and its magic prevented them from using their own powers or even doing things like communicate through Iris messages inside. It had, subconsciously, been built for Nico.

The night was cold, the air piercing, and a loose ring of Demigods surrounded the soundproof compound. Percy was there, and Annabeth and Hazel, and Frank and Will and Reyna, and half a dozen other important Demigods and Counsellors. Jason pushed his way to the front just as the door to the black cube opened and a pale Chiron stepped out.

“He refuses to speak to me,” he said. Hazel looked close to tears.

“Please. Please don’t hurt my brother.”
“We won’t, Hazel,” Chiron assured her gently.

“Let me do it,” Percy stepped forward, all determined and self-righteous, “it was my fault, let me fix this.”

“No,” Jason interrupted, and all eyes turned to him, “I need to speak to him. He’ll listen to me.”

Percy’s eyes narrowed, “Why would he?”

Jason wanted to hit him and scream it’s all your fault. The son of Poseidon saw the shift in atmosphere and that Jason was getting angry, and rightfully decided to back down.

“You know what, you’re right. I’d probably just make it worse. You go.”

Nobody objected, not even Chiron, so Jason strode into the cube as confidently as he could while his heart threatened to burst out of his chest. The door slid shut behind him, heavy and metal, and Jason walked down a short windowless corridor and into the only room in the cube. It was square, with bright lights overhead and no windows or doors save for the one Jason had just walked through. In the centre stood a wooden chair, and tied to it was Nico.

Jason’s breath caught because in three years he hadn’t seen the boy from close up, only from a distance during fights where he looked so strong, dressed in his ebony armour, dark hair shielding his eyes. Now he looked his age, only seventeen, and soft and exhausted and scared. His hair was overgrown, there were dark circles under his eyes and his skin was so pale it was almost translucent. He wore a tattered black shirt, his aviator jacket missing, and ripped jeans that looked like they had been nibbled on by wild animals. He was missing a shoe and there was a bruise on his cheek, which made Jason furious.

“Jason,” Nico said, and although he was clearly trying to stay strong his voice came out wobbly. In that moment Jason didn’t care that Nico was their biggest enemy since Gaia and the Giants, or that he hated him, all he cared about was that Nico was finally there, so close to him. The blond dashed across the room and enveloped Nico in a hug, a little awkward because of the chair, but still amazing. Nico was warm and steady and real. He was also tense and uncomfortable and tried to pull away, “let go,” he barked.

Jason remembered where they were and pulled away, looking over Nico, “Are you okay?” he asked, his mind going into over-drive, “did they hurt you? Who punched you? Do you need anything-,” he stopped when he saw the way Nico was looking at him.

“Wrong side?” Nico scoffed, “I’m on my side. I created my side. The side that none of you were ever on.”
“I was, I always was!” Jason protested. Nico rolled his eyes and for a second the blond thought he saw tears shining in them.

“Yeah, of course you were,” he said sarcastically, “in Split it seemed you were more with Cupid than with me and you would always put your ‘bestie’ Percy above me, so don’t even lie.” He looked furious for a second, his cheeks red, “Do you guys joke about that day? Did Percy give you all the hilarious details about how stupid little Nico confessed his love to him, the great hero?”

Pain prickled in Jason’s heart, “He didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“I don’t care what he meant,” Nico spat, and then calmed down, “Whatever. I don’t have feelings for him anymore anyway. He’s not my type.”

It was a bizarre thing to say under the circumstances they were in, but Jason was weirdly glad. He’d hate for the boy he loved to still love someone else. Not that it made his chances with Nico any higher, but still.

“So what’s your plan?” Jason questioned, “You’re going to continue to wreck havoc until what? When do you stop? It started with camp raids, then kidnaps, then assaults, and now this New York thing...”

“My army is hungry for blood,” Nico said curtly and Jason saw a darkness in his eyes that made him understand why the Big Three swore never to have children anymore. They were too powerful.

“You need to stop, Nico,” Jason said, because he didn’t know what else to say.

“Oh yeah,” the Italian said, “sure. Let me just send all my people back to the Underworld and then show up at Camp. Will you throw me a party? I’m sure people will be very happy to see me.”

“No,” the boy snapped, “I was never welcomed here, Jason, even before I turned ‘evil’ as you put it. I’m the son of Hades and people hate me, Percy hates me, and now you hate me too- “

“I don’t hate you,” Jason interrupted and took a step towards Nico. The Italian glared at him, “Do you think those undead Demigods are your friends?” the blond questioned, “They’re not. They like the power you give them, and that’s it. I care about you Nico, you as a person not you as some powerful Demigod. I want you to come back to Camp.”

“I don’t care what you want,” Nico growled, “You think this pesky cube is going to keep me at bay? You’re really underestimating me, Jason,” a crack appeared on the black floor and the walls trembled ever so slightly. Jason should’ve been scared but as his heart stuttered in his chest and he got an adrenaline rush, he knew that Nico would never hurt him.

“What do you want?” the blond asked softly.

“To get out of here!” Nico snapped. Jason knew what would happen if he left the boy here – interrogations, the others rubbing in his face what he did. Camp wasn’t what it used to be, the morals were low at this point, and Jason was scared that torture could be used to extract information out of Nico. And he was right – what would happen if he returned to camp? Jason tried to imagine that and all he could see was the face of the boy he loved, black and blue from the punches. He shuddered and approached the chair.

Nico followed him with his dark eyes, as if he needed to ensure Jason didn’t do anything stupid. But the blond just circled behind him, so the boy couldn’t see. The walls shook harder, and little bits of
the ceiling started raining down alongside dust. Jason knelt behind Nico and undid the magical ropes his wrists were bound with. The moment he did, Nico was on his feet and facing Jason, staring at him in fury.

Calmly, Jason stood up, “It doesn’t have to be like this.”

“I hate it,” Nico was getting emotional and angry and the room was groaning, “I hate how calm you are, how collected, how perfect. You always knew exactly what to say and I-,” his voice trembled and he swallowed, “I won’t come back here. I refuse.”

“So what?” Jason questioned as he walked towards the Italian, happy that the boy wasn’t backing away, “You’re going to walk out of here and kill everyone in your way?”

Nico’s eyes narrowed, “Yes,” he hissed, “starting with you.”

Jason’s step faltered but by then he was right in front of Nico. I have to do this, he thought to himself and snatched up Nico’s hand. The boy looked surprised but Jason just lifted his hand and pressed it against his own chest, over his heart. The Italian stared at him, confused.

“Go on then,” Jason said softly, so close that his breath ruffled Nico’s hair. He was sure the boy could feel his pounding heart, “suck the soul out of me. Kill me. I know you can.”

Nico’s hand against his heart trembled and the boy looked lost, all his anger and power gone as he stared at Jason helplessly. The blond held his wrist, preventing him from pulling his hand back.

“I’ll do it,” Nico choked out, “Don’t push me Jason.”

“Then do it,” Jason murmured, staring right into Nico’s eyes, “if you’re not with me then there’s no point in me living.”

Nico’s eyes widened, “S-Stop saying shit that you think is going to make me stay.”

“I’m not saying shit,” Jason said, “I’m saying the truth. I should’ve said it ages ago, but I was scared. I want you back, Neeks, here, with me. Or anywhere, as long as it’s with me.” Nico dropped his eyes, shoulders trembling, but Jason pushed on, “if you don’t want to come back to Camp then that’s fine, but you have other options than continuing this stupid war....” his hand slid from Nico’s wrist up to his hand and he intertwined their fingers over his pounding heart, “we could go somewhere nice,” Jason murmured, wanting for it to happen, more than anything, “just me and you, if you wanted. Maybe Italy. I’d love to see where you were born. Or we could travel the whole world,” Jason swallowed, “I know I’m not Percy but-“

“I don’t want Percy,” Nico choked out, his head hung low so his hair concealed his face. Jason’s heart twisted.

“I love you,” he whispered. Nico gasped and then slumped.

“Gods,” he whispered, and it sounded like he was about to cry, “you’re so fucking cruel, Jason.”

The room started shaking as if there was an earthquake outside. Cracks crept along the black walls, fissures appeared in the floor and dust rained from the ceiling, but still Jason wasn’t scared. He trusted Nico and when the Italian tried to pull away Jason forcefully pulled him close by wrapping his arm around Nico’s waist. He let go of Nico’s hand over his heart and grabbed his chin, forcing the boy to look at him.

He was crying, and Jason’s heart broke. Before he knew what he was doing he was pressing their
foreheads together, “I’m not him,” he whispered feverishly, sensing that the room was going to fall apart, “I’m not them either. I mean it, Nico, everything I said. I want you, more than anything, more than I want to be a Demigod. All these years I’ve so desperately wanted to hold you but you were always out of reach...and now that you’re finally here I can’t let you go again.”

“Jason.”

“It’s going to be alright,” the blond whispered, as the world around them crumpled, “You’re going to be alright. I’m going to take care of you and we’ll go far away and I can love you properly. But you need to stop this, this isn’t the way.”

“Tell me you’re not lying,” Nico said, tears leaking down his cheeks.

“I’m not lying,” Jason whispered heatedly, passion rushing through his body. He wiped Nico’s cheeks, brushed the dust from his hair, “I love you. I’ve loved you for so long. You deserve to finally be happy. Let me make you happy, Neeks.”

Jason didn’t know who moved first but suddenly they were kissing. It was desperate and passionate and it tasted like tears and regrets but Jason was happy. He clutched Nico close to him as the room started to collapse and between the kisses he re-assured Nico of his love. He felt a lightness around them, as if Nico was letting go of the dark he clung onto for such a long time, and Jason wanted to cry from happiness.

The other Demigods watched helplessly as the cube collapsed on itself, and when the air cleared they saw no bodies there, just dust and debris, as if Jason and Nico had melted into thin air. Or shadows.
PerColm (Percy x Malcolm, because I'm a sucker for this pairing, a million thanks to you ;D ) where Percy is the 3rd year heartthrob swim team captain and Malcolm is the team's scrawny 1st year manager (whose sister is very, very hot, in Percy's humble opinion by the way). Percy is either riling him up or persuading him to give Anna's num. During the fund raising event, their club decided to have a kissing booth. Percy, himself, is racking up a lot of money singlehandedly and the other guys are not so bad too. That's why, Malcolm cannot understand why he had to join too. Jason, basketball captain and Percy's best friend, visits the booth and found Malcolm cute and drop a lot of cash in the jar and became Malcolm's first freaking kiss (how dare he). So Percy stomped out like a man (or a drama queen) and came back in front of the booth with a thick wad of money, not as the kisser but as a Malcolm's customer.

For TocSick_One

Malcolm Pace walked down the stairs of Camp Half-Blood Highschool and felt the moisture in the air as he entered the basement area that had been converted into a swimming pool. He was nervous, anxiety spiking through him, but he forced himself to be calm as he hurried through the dark hallways towards the locker-rooms.

He was wearing jeans and a t-shirt, because as the manager of the swim team he didn’t need a uniform. Thank God. His sister had already impatiently texted him ten minutes ago, demanding where he was, but Malcolm had been cleaning up the biology lab and that’s why he was late to practice.

Annabeth Chase, his older sister by two years, was the coach of the swim team, and that was how Malcolm had ever become the manager. She had begged him for ages to agree to it because she didn’t have enough time to coach and manage and she knew he was good at finding stuff like competitions, which was what the team needed. Malcolm had been hesitant, mostly because the swim team was full of hot, muscular 3rd years and he himself was openly gay, and he didn’t want to make them uncomfortable especially since they’d be almost completely naked around him. But Annabeth insisted they didn’t care. However after the first session, where Malcolm wrote down everyone’s information, best times, and made notes on their styles of swimming he found that he had a bigger problem by the name of Percy Jackson AKA the Captain of the team. Not only would he shamelessly flirt with Annabeth right in front of Malcolm (and fail miserably in getting her number every time) but he’d also make a point of teasing Malcolm every chance he got. Unfortunately by the time Malcolm realised what a nuisance Percy was it was too late to back out. Now, six months later, he found that every practice made him nervous, because of Percy.

The blond hurried through the empty changing rooms where the clothes of the swim team were
haphazardly strewn around, and walked out onto the floor of the pool. On the end he saw his sister, beautiful as always, shouting at Percy, who was in the pool and grinning up at her. The rest of the team were clumped together, shaking their heads and snickering.

“...you’re so hot when you’re pissed,” Percy told Annabeth teasingly and she blew her whistle at him furiously, causing him to wince. Malcolm tried to not notice the way the water beaded on his impressive biceps as he hurried over.

“Sorry I’m late!” he said, a little breathless and blushing because he hated being in the centre of attention, which was what was happening as the team looked at him.

“Hi Malcolm!” Conor and Travis Stoll said together, grinning and waving. Hesitantly the blond gave them a little wave, never sure if the boy’s were messing about or if they really liked him.

“Hi,” he squeaked.

“Can we stop fucking about and get on with practice?” Annabeth demanded, her voice echoing through the spacious room. Malcolm happened to glance at Percy and the boy was already looking at him with a predatory grin. Malcolm tried his best to glare at him even though his cheeks were burning, “all of you, ten laps for Percy being an asshole!”

The team groaned and Percy winked at Annabeth, which made Malcolm look away and feel weirdly uncomfortable. He sat on a bench with all his papers regarding the team in his hands and watched the boys swim. He liked the way they looked, cutting through the water, but his eyes naturally stuck to Percy. His cap and goggles were on so he looked funny but the muscles in his back rippled when he swam with a freestyle stroke. Behind him Conor was taking the piss by swimming doggy style, earning them all another two laps.

Annabeth collapsed next to her younger brother, “Jesus, they’re like five year olds,” she complained as they both watched them.

“They’re good though,” Malcolm said, fixing his glasses, “I think they have a chance at winning the competition in Brighton.”

Annabeth nodded, “Yes. Hopefully. If they get their shit together.”

“Um,” Malcolm cleared his throat, “there’s just one problem.”

Annabeth’s eyes snapped to him and he swallowed, “What?”

“Uh. We need to rent a coach. Brighton’s far.”

“Okay,” Annabeth seemed annoyed, probably because of Percy, “well, let’s just get a school one.”

“Well, we can’t. A minibus would be the best option,” Malcolm said quietly, “The problem is our funds are low and we need...we n-need...”

“Spit it out,” Annabeth snapped.

“Four hundred and twenty two pounds,” Malcolm squeaked. Annabeth’s face paled.

“Fuck,” she swore under their breaths, “Right. Come on.” She got up and walked to the edge of the pool and Malcolm followed her, “Oi, Team!” she shouted and the boys stopped swimming, pulling their goggles off, “We have a problem.”
She quickly told them what Malcolm told her.


“Let’s not,” Frank Zhang replied.

“What can we do?” Nico di Angelo seemed bored when he looked at Malcolm. All eyes turned to him and the blond swallowed.

“Um...well, we could do a fundraiser?” he offered. Annabeth brightened up.

“Yes! Brilliant!” she exclaimed, “All the girls are obsessed with you guys.”

“Including you?” Percy teased and Annabeth flipped him off.

“What do you guys know about kissing booths?” she asked and Malcolm was so focused on not looking at Percy so he didn’t notice the boy swim over and grab him by the ankle. Before he knew what was happening he was tumbling head first into the pool, clothes and all.

He was surrounded by cold water in seconds and swam clumsily to the surface, spluttering as his clothes dragged him down.

“What the fuck you asshole!” he shouted, and splashed water at a laughing Percy, who didn’t seem to even notice. Malcolm’s face burned and he could taste the chlorine of the water in his mouth. Annabeth started to tell Percy off and he just asked for her number, and Malcolm didn’t want to be there anymore but he was forced to stay because his glasses were at the bottom of the pool and he was too embarrassed to ask someone to dive for them for him.

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Percy was having loads of fun in the kissing booths. They were set up in one of the classrooms, just tables with a banner over them made by the art department. And the lines were huge, though Percy was proud to say his was the longest.

They had been at it for twenty minutes and already made over a hundred pounds. A kiss was two pounds, a snog was a fiver. Nico was at the end, looking bored, and most of his customers were guys. The Stoll brothers had a ‘buy one get one free’ deal going on. Luke was charming all the girls that came up to him, Frank was a little embarrassed, and Silena stood by Beckendorf’s ‘stall’ glaring at any girl who tried to pay her boyfriend a fiver. So far Percy had kissed so many girls he’d lost count, and his lips kind of ached, and he had to admit he was getting a bit bored as the line was getting longer. The jars on each of the tables were full of money.

That’s when Annabeth marched in, dragging her brother by the hand.

“No!” Malcolm was bright red, “I don’t want to!”

“We’re all making sacrifices for this,” Annabeth said firmly, and shoved her brother into a chair at the end of the row, right next to Percy.

“What’s your sacrifice?” the blond demanded.

“Dealing with you lot,” Annabeth scoffed and slammed a jar on Malcolm’s table before storming off. People gave the boy a few glances but nobody moved from their queues and Malcolm crossed his arms over his chest and blushed deeply.
Percy looked at him even as some girl tried to suck his soul out through his lips. *I’d kiss you any day,* he thought, looking at the sad blond. God, he couldn’t remember ever wanting anyone as much as he wanted Malcolm Pace. The whole Annabeth thing was a cover up to try and get his attention and yet the blond hadn’t caught on yet. He admitted that he was happy nobody was going up to kiss Malcolm, because Percy wanted to be the one to do it. Maybe not here though, and when he had more time to woo the boy.

“Thanks,” the girl who had been snogging Percy finished, winked at him, slid him her number on a piece of paper and skipped off. Percy fought an eye roll and smiled charmingly at the next girl in line.

“You want a kiss or a snog, babe?” he asked.

“A-A kiss please,” she stuttered out, dropping two pounds into his jar. Percy smirked and glanced at Malcolm. The boy was looking at him and hurriedly glanced away.

“Hey, Malcolm,” he said as the girl sat down, “So, if I get more money than you can you give me Annabeth’s number?”

The blond glared, “Forget it, asshole.”

Some people in the queues laughed. Just then the basketball team walked in, all grinning. Percy waved at his friends and then waved back and some of them jokingly got into the queues for their friends kissing booths. Jason Grace, Percy’s best friend, looked at him, glanced at Malcolm, and gave him a confused look. Percy shrugged and leaned forward to kiss the girl who had paid. She immediately went beet red and he winked at her.

“Hey Malcolm,” Percy heard next to him and his head snapped to the side. Jason was sitting in the chair across the desk from Malcolm, and smiling. Percy’s stomach dropped and he ignored the next girl who sat in front of him as his best friend slapped a wad of five pound notes onto the desk of his crush, “I’ll have a kiss please.” He looked at Percy, grinning. *You fucker,* Percy thought. Naturally his best friend knew about his feelings for the blond...

Malcolm looked incredibly embarrassed and he was frozen in his seat as everyone started. Without warning Jason leaned forward and kissed him, and though it was quick and brief, it was much too long for Percy’s liking.

“T-That was my first kiss,” Malcolm squeaked when Jason pulled away.

Percy saw red as some girl squealed and abruptly got to his feet, grabbing the jar of money he earned. The air filled with tension as Malcolm and Jason both looked at Percy – the former blushing, the latter looking proud of himself – and the people in the queues as well as the other swimmers looked on as if watching a sitcom. Percy walked across, shoved Jason out of the chair, and slammed the jar of money onto Malcolm’s table. The boy flinched and looked up at Percy with wide eyes as if expecting for him to crack a joke, but Percy was deadly serious.

“I want a snog.”

“O-Okay,” Malcolm stuttered out. Percy grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him up, crashing their mouths together. A collective gasp was heard from the on-lookers, and then girls started squealing and screaming with happiness, but Percy ignored them, kissing Malcolm way too passionately for the school setting. The boy was startled, his glasses pressed into Percy’s nose and he wasn’t kissing back. Annoyed Percy pulled him around the table, wrapped both of his arms around the boy’s waist and kissed him furiously. Someone fainted, a couple of people were clapping and cheering.
Finally Malcolm melted into the kiss and rested his hands on Percy’s shoulders, allowing the boy to slip his tongue into his mouth. He was a little clumsy and inexperienced but Percy didn’t care, he just wanted to eliminate all traces of Jason’s lips on his boy, and he was doing a pretty good job.

“Oi! Break it up you two!” he heard Annabeth’s voice and so he pulled away from Malcolm, who looked dazed. His sister stood by, hands on hips, but she was grinning, “You can do that outside.”

So Percy grabbed Malcolm’s hand and pulled him out of the classroom to the sound of loud cheering.
Young Lord

Solangelo Victorian AU where Will lives in a wealthy estate with his family. And Nico is dressing up as a female maid so he can steal from the house. After a while Will falls in love with Nico thinking he's a girl and Nico falls for him as well then Nico reveals who he really is and why he's there. Then they get into a fight and there's a lot of angst but it eventually it ends with fluff smut is optional if so bottom Nico for Solangelover

“This isn’t going to work,” Nico di Angelo tugged on his best friend’s sleeve as they waited in the servant entrance of the huge, beautiful mansion. In the flickering candlelight it looked like the cavern of Satan himself. Nico was shaking, feeling his nerves twist in his guts. This was, by far, the most foolish idea they had ever had.

“Shhh, it will,” Reyna Arellano hissed to him, pinching his hand, “just be quiet and let me do the talking.”

“If we get found out- if I get found out they’ll hang me,” Nico told her urgently. The girl glared at him, effectively causing him to fall into sulky silence.

Reyna and Nico always told everyone they were siblings, even though they weren’t really. As young orphans they had met on the streets of London and somehow they had stuck together. Reyna was a tough but beautiful girl with long dark hair she always put in a braid and piercing eyes. She protected Nico, who was shorter and scrawnier than her, with overgrown black hair and dark eyes. Her parents had gone to the New Land, she told Nico, but when she was born they chose to return. They died on the voyage back to England and she was put up in an orphanage. Nico’s mother was Italian and his father had died fighting for Napoleon. His mother had come to England with her infant son in search of a fresh start and instead she found pneumonia and died on the dirty streets of London.

London. Nico shuddered to think of it. For two, seventeen year old orphans London was a hell-hole. The river Thames stank of faeces and the streets were infested with rats, bugs and drunkards ready to kill or rape you. The backstreets, that was. Nico would spend his days wandering the ‘nice’ London streets, and looking at the big mansions that stood in the City, wondering what it would be like to live in one.

Reyna got the job first. She had a friend who worked for a rich family in Yorkshire and she recommended Reyna, who had previous experience as a maid. Nico, for a horrifying two weeks, was left alone in the city while his best friend and ‘sister’ travelled to Yorkshire by foot to seek employment. She got the job, and wrote back to him, about how gorgeous the house was, and how kind the master, and how Nico should come and get a job here too. She also wrote how all the wealth in the house was unprotected and laid down a plan for them – they’d work there for three
months and slowly steal from the master of the house before moving to a nice coastal town where they could spend the rest of their lives in a pretty little cottage. It was like a dream come true for both of them; no more fighting other orphans, no more starving, no more sleeping on the streets...

The only problem was the house was only hiring maids, and Nico couldn’t be a maid, because he was a boy. Which was how they came up with the ridiculous plan that was surely never going to work.

Nico caught sight of himself in the window reflection, past the glass there was nothing but the darkness of the night, and swallowed. Reyna had worked here for a while already and she had saved up enough to buy him a wig – a long one, full of black tumbling curls. He wore it now, his hair braided, and all he wanted to do was rip it off. Reyna had also given him one of her dresses – it was a little loose, especially around the hip area, and a dull brown that did nothing for Nico. Not that it was supposed to; he was only supposed to look like an average girl, not a pretty one. He needed this job. He didn’t have money to get back to London from here.

The sound of footsteps on the narrow corridor undoubtedly leading to the backstairs passageways for the servants that climbed throughout the house and that Reyna told Nico about, made both the teenagers look up. A butler appeared, carrying a candle, in a black and white uniform. He looked older than them, but was still young, with dark skin and a kind smile.

"Hello," he said, his eyes sliding over Nico and Reyna. Nico immediately dropped his gaze, heart pounding, "my name is Charles Beckendorf and I am the butler of the Solace House. Miss Reyna has told me much about you, Miss Nicola, and about your expertise."

Reyna pinched Nico subtly so the boy looked up. He offered Beckendorf a wavy smile, "Y-Yes," he stuttered, forcing his voice to take on a higher pitch, "I-I am very honoured you have decided to give me this position."

"Of course," Beckendorf said, "I trust Miss Reyna’s opinion."

Well you shouldn’t, you big fool, Nico thought in his head. Beckendorf spoke to Reyna, giving her instructions as to what to do with Nico. He started back up the servants staircase and Nico picked up the small suitcase of things he had and trailed after them, head hung low, wondering how long this charade could go on for. Beckendorf seemed like he was fooled, but what if someone realised the truth?

When Nico finally pulled himself out of his depressed and anxious thoughts he realised they were in a little wooden corridor. As they passed sets of identical doors Nico looked out of the window. The courtyard was far, far below which meant they had somehow gotten into the attic.

"Here is your room," Beckendorf stopped suddenly and showed Nico a door, "settle in and get some rest. Tomorrow morning you must be dressed and ready at six in the morning, and your duties will be assigned to you by the head house keeper."

Nico swallowed, "Yes. Of course. Thank you."

Beckendorf smiled, "Reyna, help your sister settle in."

"I will," Reyna said, so casual, as if ‘Nicola’ was really her sister. She ushered a dumb-struck Nico into his new room and shut the door behind them.

The room was small, and cozy, and Nico was shocked when he realised it was all his. He had never had a room before. It was wooden, with an angular ceiling and a small, triangular window that
showed the beautiful gardens of the house stretched below. There were curtains in the windows and fresh linen on the narrow bed by the wall. There was a small dresser, wash basin and a shelf for any of Nico’s personal belongings. On the little bedside table was a plate of cold meat and bread, with a pitcher of water.

Tears filled the boy’s eyes. Reyna squeezed his hand.

“Lovely, isn’t it?” she breathed. Nico was so emotional he couldn’t speak so he just nodded and his best friend pulled him into her arms and stroked his back, “We have our own rooms, but soon we’ll have our own cottage,” she whispered urgently, “all we need to do is keep this going for three months, and then we can get away from everything.”

Nico nodded. The room had persuaded him – his own space, his own bed. It was too much to comprehend. Minutes later Reyna bid him goodnight and left and Nico sat on the soft bed and contemplated the whole place. His maid’s uniform was folded on his pillow. He lifted it and smelled it. It was clean. Nico hadn’t worn clean clothes in what seemed like forever. He took the plate of food and wolfed it down so fast he almost choked, his rumbling stomach protesting at the too-fast consumption. He went to the door but there was no key in the lock. He sighed, realising he’d have to wear his wig to bed in case somebody came in in the morning.

Nico undressed and folded Reyna’s dress neatly on the chair. Underneath his pillow he found a cotton night-gown and he pulled it over his head. He looked a bit like he was wearing a sheet but he didn’t care. He blew out the candle and laid down in the bed, climbing underneath the cool, fresh covers.

He laid in the darkness and watched the moonlight on the walls of his room. Silvery. He couldn’t sleep. Everything was just too much, and too fast. Nico was scared if he closed his eyes he’d wake up back in London, curled up in some gutter.

After what seemed like hours of uselessly lying around, Nico climbed out of bed. Frustrated, he lit a candle and walked out onto the corridor. He looked at all the identical doors and cursed himself for not asking Reyna which room she was in. Well I might as well do something productive, he thought, and turned to the servants staircase.

The house was dark, and full of echoes, keeping Nico on his toes as he walked through empty, shadowy corridors barefoot. He made past doors and huge windows and grand paintings he couldn’t see properly in the dim light of the candle, and took twists and turns, wondering how big the house was. He decided that his excuse for getting caught would be looking for the lavatory.

Nico rounded a random corner and slammed right into someone. He stumbled back and almost screamed, disoriented, and the other person stuttered-

“Jesus Christ, I thought you were a ghost.”

Nico blinked and his sudden panic disappeared as he saw who was standing in front of him. It was a boy...no, a young man, with soft-looking blond curls and sleepy eyes. He was dressed in a white, loose shirt and dark pants and, like Nico, he was barefoot. The two regarded each other and Nico protectively clutched his candle to his chest, his heart pounding.

“Who are you?” he demanded.

“William,” the blond replied, eyes sliding over Nico, “Or Will for short. And you are?”

“Nico,” Nico blurted, and then cleared his throat, “Uh, Nicola. I-I’m a new maid.”
Will smiled, “What are you doing up at this time, Nicola?”

“Uh...” for a second Nico’s mind went blank as he noticed how handsome Will was, “Um. Looking for the lavatory.”

“Ah,” Will grinned, “well, it’s on the servant corridor.”

Nico blinked, playing oblivious, “Really? I didn’t notice it.”

“Why don’t I take you back there?” Will offered, “You look lost.”

Nico swore internally. He wanted to find something nice to steal and now Will was ruining his plans. Honestly though, Nico kind of needed him to take him back because he had no idea how to return to his room.

“Yes please,” he mumbled. Will started walking and Nico hurried at his side, holding his candle. Will didn’t have one as if he didn’t need light, as if he knew the house off-by-heart. Nico wondered if he was an important servant or something like that. He found that he wanted to find out more about this mysterious blond. “So why are you walking the house so late?” he asked.

“I couldn’t sleep,” Will admitted, glancing at Nico as he led him up the stairs. Not the servant stairs, but the normal ones that the family and their guests took. They were padded with crimson carpet, “it’s too hot. I hate summer nights.”

“Yes, me too,” Nico agreed, distracted by Will’s broad back. Before he knew it their walk was over and they had arrived back in the attic, “This is me,” Nico pointed to his door. Will nodded.

“Well, goodnight then,” there was a sparkle in his eye, “I hope I will see you again.”

For some reason that made Nico blush, “Well, where do you work? I’m a maid so I doubt we’d bump into each other...”

Will cocked his head to the side and regarded Nico for a second before saying “I don’t work here. My name is William Solace. This is my house.”

Nico inhaled sharply, shocked, feeling as if someone had punched him in the gut. Will seemed amused by his reaction, “Goodnight, Nicola,” he said softly, and then soundlessly slipped down the corridor. Nico dashed into his room, shoved the door shut and leaned against it, feeling like his legs would give out.

He screwed up. He had just introduced himself, and had a midnight walk, with the man he was planning on stealing from. Reyna would be furious.

***

Nico woke up in the morning because of his door slamming open. Immediately he jerked up, confused and scared, thinking that one of the thugs from London were coming for him, and was surprise to see four girls spill into his room and jump onto his bed. Immediately Nico’s hands reached for his wig, but it was still in place thanks to the pins Reyna had put in place.

“Good morning, Nicola!” his ‘sister’ bellowed, hands on hips, dressed in the black and white maid uniform, completely with the big black skirt and frilly white collar. The other three girls giggled.

“Wow, Reyna, your sister is so pretty,” one of them cooed. She had caramel skin and her head was full of tight little blonde ringlets. Her eyes were golden and she was tiny.
“We were so excited to meet you, Nicola,” the second girl, with brown hair escaping her uneven braid, grasped Nico’s hand, “It’s so nice to get young girl in here. I’m tired of those old hags—”

“Oh,” the third girl, a more composed one with long, blond hair, smacked the brunette upside the head, “Don’t let Ms Hera hear you say that.”

Nico was so disoriented and he gave Reyna a helpless look. The girl smiled, “Nicola, I’d like you to meet my friends, Hazel,” she pointed at the first girl, “Piper,” that was the brunette, “and Annabeth,” the blond gave him a mock-salute. Nico forced a smile.

“It’s lovely to meet you all.”

“She’s so cute!” Hazel squealed and tugged Nico up and from the bed. They all started shoving clothes at him and Piper offered to braid his hair but somehow Reyna managed to shoo them out so it was just the two of them. The second the door closed behind the girls, Nico exhaled.

“What was that?”

“Keeping up appearances,” Reyna huffed and drew the curtains across the windows, shoving Nico’s uniform at him, “change.”

He did so, right in front of her, not embarrassed at all, “What time is it?” he asked groggily.

“Coming up to six so hurry up,” Reyna said impatiently, “the plan for today is to keep your head low and blend in,” Nico felt a pang of guilt when he remembered his meeting with Will the previous night, “in the evening, when everyone’s at dinner, we can sneak into the library and take some books.”

Nico made a face, struggling with his apron, “Books?”

“Yes. You’d be surprised how much antiques sell for,” Reyna rolled her eyes. Then she hurriedly braided Nico’s hair and straightened out his uniform, “Keep your answers short and sweet and don’t talk back,” she told him, helping him into his shoes. The boy nodded, still partially asleep, and Reyna pulled him into the corridor. Alongside the other maids they went downstairs to the kitchen, where breakfast was laid out for the servants by the kitchen staff. People milled around everywhere – kitchen maids, and regular maids, and cooks, and valets, and Beckendorf the butler, and Ms Hera the housemaid who looked at everyone like a hawk. Nico followed Reyna’s instructions and kept his head down as he ate his surprisingly delicious porridge and apple, as Hera prattled off about everyone’s duties.

“Miss Nicola,” she barked and Nico looked up, swallowing his bite. Hera’s eyes narrowed, “You reply ‘yes ma’am’ when spoken to.”


“You will go with Miss Piper today and she will show you the standard we expect for the master bedrooms to be dusted. Afterwards you shall go to the courtyard together and hang up the freshly washed linens. Understood?”

“Yes ma’am,” Piper and Nico said together. The boy exhaled in relief when Hera moved on to scolding the next person. He eagerly finished his breakfast, said a quick goodbye to Reyna, and hurried after Piper.

“Come on,” the girl was cheerful, “it’s hard work but the pay is good. One two hundred and twenty pounds a year is much more than most houses pay.”
She was walking quickly so Nico had to hurry to keep up with him as she climbed through the maze of servant staircases and chatted. She stopped at a hidden door within a wall and pulled out clothes and dusters, before continuing on her merry way. Nico needed to adjust to his new life, and fast.

The first bedroom they did belonged to the Lady of the House, Lady Naomi. Her bedroom was huge, with a queen sized bed and tall windows looking out at the garden. There was a fireplace, dead because of the warmth of the summer, and tall, expensive looking vases full of flowers.

Piper chatted as she showed Nico how to dust properly, teasing him about how hopeless he was. The dust in the air made him sneeze, and she laughed, but after fifteen minutes he finally begun to get a hang of it, and mustered up the courage to start asking questions.

“So tell me about this Solace family then,” he said. Piper smiled.

“Where to start?” she asked, “the Lord of the house disappeared some fifteen years back, when his only son was five years old. He went out hunting one day and never came back. Of course I didn’t work here then but some of the other maids told me. Since then the house has been run by the Lady Naomi, who is most kind and loving, but in recent years has been taken over by her son, Lord William, who is even kinder.”

*Lord William*, Nico’s heart filled with warmth and he almost smiled. *Will.* Last night he hadn’t looked like a Lord, just like a normal boy.


“Oh, he is so handsome, Nicola. All the girls have their sights on him but naturally he will marry a rich and beautiful Lady or Duchess, though for now he doesn’t seem interested in any,” she grinned, “all he does is study and go out hunting. He wishes to be a doctor in future years.”

“He seems...lovely,” Nico picked his words carefully. What Will seemed like was intriguing, and humorous, and definitely kind. Nico’s mind danced back to their meeting but then he scolded himself. *Remember why you’re here.*

They finished the bedrooms fast, mostly because Piper was very good at her job, and before they knew it afternoon had rolled around and they were carrying a heavy basket full of linens out into the courtyard. The sun was high up in the sky and Nico felt hot in his dress and wig. He subconsciously wished for the days where he wore trousers, cut at the knee, and raced with Reyna down the sidewalks of the river Thames. Perhaps not all of his memories from London were so bad.

Piper took him to the side of the house where washing lines were stretched out. The stables were nearby and a group of what looked like nobles were gathered around some horses. Nico didn’t really pay attention to them, instead stretching the linens out on the washing lines.

“Piper!” someone called suddenly and when Nico looked up he saw what looked like a delivery boy with blond hair leaning on the wall and waving at the girl.

“Sorry, I’ll be just a moment,” Piper told Nico, excitement visible in her eyes. She picked up her skirts and ran for the boy, tumbling into his arms. Nico looked away, giving them privacy and ducked under the sheets he had hung to hang up some more. Within minutes he was in a maze of sheets, white surrounding him. He stopped working for a second and exhaled, craning his head up. Over the tops of the washing lines he saw the cloudless blue sky. He inhaled. Yorkshire air was so clean.
Nico picked up the half-empty basket and brushed a sheet aside, and there was Will, just standing casually in this own, private little space created by linen. Nico’s heart jumper in his chest and the Lord smiled at him, his hair looking like gold in the sunlight. He looked even more handsome than he had the previous night.

“Good afternoon, Nicola,” he said. Nico swallowed and protectively held the basket between him and Will, fighting the urge to touch his wig and check if it was still on.


“You’re not like the other maids, are you?” he asked. Nico blinked, fear gripping him as he thought I’ve been found out. In response to his confused expression Will said, “you haven’t curtsied.”

“O-Oh,” Nico stuttered, and then, “I don’t know how to.”

Will laughed merrily, as if Nico was being humorous, “Don’t worry. You don’t have to curtsy to me.”

“You should’ve told me you were a Lord yesterday,” Nico said, voice full of accusation. Will snickered.

“I did tell you.”

“When it was too late!” Nico grumbled.

Will looked at him and his expression softened. Nico’s stomach clenched, “So where did you come from, then?”


“That is quite far,” Will admitted, “when is your day off? I’d like to take you horse riding.”

Nico paused, “I...I don’t know.”

“Are you saying that because you don’t want me to take you?” Will said, a little sad, “I’m sorry if I’m making you feel uncomfortable.”

“No, no,” Nico said hurriedly, too eager.

“I simply thought we could be friends,” Will said.

“I’d love to go,” Nico blurted, “But I just...I really don’t know when my day off is. Besides, wouldn’t it be improper.”

“It’s my house, I can do as I please,” Will said. Before Nico could reply Piper’s voice drifted over.

“Nicola! Where are you?”

“I have to go,” Nico said apologetically, “Sorry.”

Will smiled, “Don’t be. Have a good day.”

Nico watched him walk off, feeling that he might’ve gotten himself into something very dangerous. What had Reyna said? Keep your head down? Well that wasn’t going to work. He thinks I’m a girl, Nico scolded himself, I’m here for money, that is all.
A week passed and Nico did his best to try and avoid Will, just in order to not get himself into trouble. The plan was working perfectly; he and Reyna had been stealing little things like pins and gems and ornaments and silver wear and nobody in the house seemed to notice. Nico felt a little bad, because Will was a good person, but he was so wealthy a few missing items wouldn’t impact him too much. Overall Nico was surprised he enjoyed his new lifestyle – he had hot meals and an honest job, he had friends, and Reyna was with him. If it wasn’t for his uncomfortable costume he would’ve contemplated just staying in the Solace house forever.

And then came the night of the summer storm.

Nico was sleeping, already used to his bed, when a sudden crash like a boulder rolling down the mountain jerked him violently from sleep. He sat up in bed, for a second confused as to what woke him since he was alone in the room, but then he realised what was happening as lightning flashed through his room. Immediately his heart went into overdrive, pounding.

Nico hated storms, and was terrified of them. In London he had sat drenched on the ground for much too long. His mother died because of a storm – she couldn’t get warm after her clothes had been soaked through. Storms always carried negative connotations for Nico and even now, in the safety of the estate, he was terrified.

Nico climbed from bed and lit a candle. Rain was slamming into his window as if trying to get in and even though he pulled the curtains shut he still couldn’t calm down. He needed to go somewhere where he couldn’t hear the storm.

Wandering the halls at night wasn’t a good idea, especially with the weather. The dark hallways were already scary as it was without any light, but now, with the rumble of thunder and the flashes of lightning it was like something straight out of a ghost story. Nico crept along corridors that were familiar in the daylight but seemed alien at night, heart throbbing, trying to think of a place to go. The kitchen didn’t have any windows, so perhaps that would be the best place...Nico tried to find his way to a staircase, but he was disoriented, and scared, and he wanted to cry. He felt like he was going to die and he couldn’t breathe as each corridor turn took him further into the house, into areas where he didn’t belong. What if someone found him? What if the house was hit by lightning and set on fire? How would Nico get out then?

He heard voice and saw a flickering light at the next bend of the corridor. Panicked, Nico blew out his own candle and shoved it onto a window sill and then backed out. He was going to get fired, he was sure of it. His hand found a doorknob so he pressed it and stumbled backwards into a room. Without thinking about it twice, he shoved the door closed and leaned his back against it, breathing hard.

“Who’s there?” came the voice, and Nico’s heart jerked. He was in a large, dark room and when the next flash of lightning came Nico whimpered and saw a huge four poster bed. A candle was lit and in its golden light Nico saw...

“W-Will.”

“Nicola?” the blond frowned and shoved the covers aside, standing up. Nico cowered against the door thinking what have you done?! as Will approached. He was dressed the same as he had been the first night, “What's wrong?”

“I'm sorry,” Nico blurted, voice squeaky from fear, “I-I didn’t mean to walk i-in I-I just...”
Will was right in front of him and he reached out and, surprisingly, brushed his fingers over Nico’s cheeks, “You’re crying,” his expression was full of worry. Nico couldn’t catch his breath and he reached for the doorknob but Will caught his hands, “Hey, calm down,” he said soothingly and the next rumble of thunder came. Nico whimpered and squeezed his eyes shut, “Oh. I see. You’re scared of storms.”

“I’m sorry,” Nico sobbed, his tears tumbling down his cheeks. He couldn’t stop them. Everything was just such a mess.

“Shhh, it’s alright, I’m not angry.”

Will led him to a little table and sat him down. He lit more candles and then went to the door. He exchanged words with someone. The next thing Nico knew was that he was putting a blanket over his trembling shoulders and a tray of tea on the table. He poured Nico a cup.

“Milk?” he asked, and Nico shook his head, wiping his tears with the edge of the blanket. The storm continued but in the golden candlelight the lightning wasn’t as noticeable, especially when Will closed the curtains over his huge windows.

Nico held his cup in shaky hands and sipped the tea. Warmth spread through his body and slowly he calmed down. The Lord sat opposite him, watching him with a softness in his eyes.

“Are you better now?” he asked and Nico nodded, embarrassed.

“I am so sorry,” he whispered faintly.

“It’s alright,” Will said, and he looked like he meant it, “I assume you were up because you couldn’t sleep?”

“Yes.” Nico sniffled.

“Any reason why you’re so afraid of storms?” Will questioned. Nico was exhausted, and ashamed, and scared, and he ended up blurting out things he didn’t mean to.

“My mother died of pneumonia after a storm. We lived on the streets and didn’t have money for a doctor.”

Will’s expression fell, “God,” he choked out, “I am so sorry.”

Nico put his tea-cup down, “I should go. I’m sorry for waking you.”

Will grabbed his hand when he tried to get up, “Stay. At least until the storm clears.”

Nico bit his lip and hesitated but Will gently pulled him back into the chair. So they sat together and drank tea and hesitantly shared stories as the storm edged away. Finally when it was close to dawn and the sky – now free of storm clouds – was lightening, Nico got up. He felt like he could sleep for a year.

“Thank you,” he told Will hoarsely when the Lord took him to the door.

“I will tell Ms Hera that you are not feeling well so you can sleep in tomorrow,” he said. Nico dropped his gaze.

“You don’t have to do that,” he mumbled.

“I want to,” Will said kindly. Nico swallowed.
“Sunday.”

“What?” Will frowned.

“My day off. It’s Sunday.”

***

What am I doing here? Nico thought a week later as he sat on a sunny hill overlooking a green forest. Nearby his and Will’s horses grazed the grass and Nico was on a picnic blanket, eating a crumpet.

Piper had borrowed him a dress, one prettier than the one Reyna gave him, made of a blue material. They even put a matching bow in his hair. Will seemed to like it, but Nico hated it, because it was a lie.

“Tell me about Italy,” the Lord asked now, sitting cross-legged opposite Nico. It was the first moment that Nico bitterly thought I wish I was a girl because they he could lean over and touch Will without feeling guilty. He saw the way the blond looked at him – he liked Nicola. But Nico wasn’t her, he wasn’t a pretty girl, but a lying, thieving boy.

“I don’t remember it,” he said, “I was very young when my mother left.”

“And you never knew your father?” Will prodded.

“No. Did you?”

“I was young when he disappeared,” Will shrugged, “I remember little about him but a part of me misses him. I think things would be easier if I had another person who could take care of the estate and it wasn’t just all on me.”

“You seem to be carrying a lot on your shoulders,” Nico admitted.

“I just want my mother to be healthy and happy,” Will sighed, “but in order to do that she wants me to marry. She keeps throwing balls and introducing me to noble Ladies but all of them are so dull and shallow...,” he laughed, and looked at Nico, “Sorry, I shouldn’t bore you with this.”

“No, no, go on,” Nico insisted, intrigued, “I want to know more about you. If you don’t want to marry then what do you want to do?”

“To travel,” Will said, “To learn more about medicine so I can be a good doctor. I want to go to India and Africa, and up North. I want to see the world before I settle down and have children.” His eyes shyly slipped to Nico and then he looked away, “I want to experience love. Real, passionate love, at least once in my life.”

Nico blushed, “I’m sure you will. You’re very good-looking,” he realised his mistake when Will looked at him. Nico forgot he was a ‘girl’ and that things like that sounded like suggestions, like flirting. He swallowed, but Will only smiled gently.

“And you are very beautiful. You will make a man very happy one day.”

Nico looked at his hands in his lap and he wanted to scream. It was too perfect, this picnic, this weather, Will, it wasn’t meant for him. What am I doing? Nico thought helplessly, I am stealing from this man and lying to him about my gender. Reyna doesn’t know, and I am fucking up our plans. I am on a date with him. What if he tries to kiss me?
“We should get back,” Will said, noticing Nico had fallen silent.

“Yes,” the Italian stood up abruptly. He needed to end this, and soon.

***

A month passed and Nico didn’t end it. The theft was going too good for him to suddenly blow his cover so he gritted his teeth and avoided Will, though the Lord still managed to find him and speak to him; after breakfast in the servant corridor, before dinner when he was in his best suit. He took Nico in the carriage and once even walked with him into town to buy supplies for the kitchen. He winked at him in church, and bought him a set of satin ribbons for his hair.

In other words, he was courting Nico, and the bad thing was that the boy wasn’t rejecting his advances. He was mesmerized by Will, by his selfless kindness, and the fact he didn’t expect anything in return. Before he knew it, Nico was falling for the Lord and putting everything, including his heart, at stake.

That’s when the servant ball decided to take place. Annabeth explained to Nico one afternoon when they were cleaning carpets that in the height of August the Solaces always hosted a ‘servant’ ball in which the servants and the family all had a party together. On the evening of the party the maid attic was full of excited voices and chatter as girls pulled out their prettiest dresses to wear. Nico had been out in the garden helping the gardener cut some weeds so he came upstairs late and exhausted. Immediately he said,

“I’m not going.”

“Don’t be stupid,” Reyna scoffed, “it’s a chance to feel like royalty.”

“I have nothing to wear and I’m tired,” Nico told her dismissively and, ignoring the protests of the other girls, slipped into his room.

He was shocked to find a beautiful cream dress laid out on his bed. It was lacy and off-the-shoulder and stunning and for a second Nico thought that there had been a mistake and it belonged to one of the other girls. But then he noticed the letter on top of the dress. He picked it up shakily.

**Dear Nicola.**

*Don’t be angry about this present. I just wanted to make sure you were coming to the ball. I look forward to seeing you tonight.*

*Your friend,*

*Will x*

It was short, but sweet, and Nico couldn’t keep the smile off his face no matter how much he bit his lips. How could he say no to that?

He put the dress on and allowed the other girls to arrange his hair, but didn’t look at himself in the mirror. He didn’t want to see what Will would see, he wanted to pretend that Will wanted him and not the part he was playing.

The hall downstairs where the family held the balls was full of people, servants and nobles alike, and decorated beautifully. The French doors were open into the garden where men sat, smoking cigars. Light and fun music was playing from a band station in the corner, and Nico was overwhelmed until Will materialised in front of him.
“Hello,” he was smiling so much Nico feared his face would split.

“Hello,” he replied shyly. Will’s eyes danced over him in the dress.

“You look-

“Thankyou,” Nico didn’t want him to finish. Self-consciously he tucked a strand of the wig behind his ear. Will himself looked gorgeous in a suit tailored just for him, with his curls artfully tousled. He cleared his throat and offered his gloved hand to Nico.

“Can I have this dance?” he asked.

No, Nico thought even as he placed his own, smaller hand in Will’s, “Yes,” he whispered breathlessly, like some girl being wooed.

Will pulled him into the centre of the floor were couples were already paired up, some, like them, a mixture of nobles and servants. Will was grinning like a child and when the music started playing he took the lead. Nico didn’t really know how to dance, but he somehow managed, relying completely on Will. The man spun him around until Nico was giggling and then pulled him close. Too close. Nico felt his breath catch when one of Will’s arms slid around his waist and his expression grew serious as he gazed down on the Italian.

Nico thought – hoped – that Will was going to kiss him. Instead the blond spun him around again.

Suddenly the music changed – it became wilder, and freer and when Nico looked up he saw Hazel playing a violin cheerfully with the band. Then Piper, Annabeth and Reyna were there, pulling Nico out of Will’s arms. They started their own dance, with the other guests creating a circle around them. There were no steps this time, just a wild kind of dance with spinning and holding hands that left all four of them laughing and breathless. The crowd clapped along to the music as the girls skipped around, and Nico felt as light as a feather, especially when he looked up and saw the way Will was looking at him.

I’m in love with you, he thought as Annabeth spun him away.

***

The storm raged on and Nico was curled under his covers, sobbing. He wanted to run from the room, to escape and get as far away from the sky as possible, but he was so afraid. He didn’t want to wander the halls like last time so he clutched the pillow to his chest and cried and cried, the pillow muffling his sobs.

I’m so scared, mama, he thought and squeezed his eyes shut, just wanting everything to go away. How long had he laid there for? He had no idea, but the storm wasn’t letting up. The rumble of thunder sounded as if the ceiling would fall on Nico and bury him alive, the flash of lightning made it seem as if the storm was inside the room and the pounding of rain made it seem that there were evil spirits at the windows, trying to get in.

The storm was so wild and loud that Nico almost didn’t hear the knock, and then the door opening.

“Nicola?” the voice, like honey, made everything else quieten. Nico poked his head out from under the blankets and saw – in absolute shock – Will, standing by his bed, in his night clothes, looking worried, “The storm started, and you didn’t come, and I got so worried-

Relief flooded Nico, so intense he almost passed out. Instead he leapt from the bed and tumbled into Will’s arms, sobbing, and the blond caught him as if he had expected it, cradling Nico against him
protectively and stroking his wig.

“Shhh, you’re alright, you’re safe, I’ve got you,” he murmured and pressed himself more into Will’s warmth. The blond’s hands slid from his hair, and he stroked his brows and cheeks and jaw and suddenly he was so close, just inches away, his nose brushing Nico’s.

The boy was powerless to stop Will from kissing him and when their lips met he knew this was wrong but it felt so right. He gasped against Will’s mouth, the storm silenced by the pounding of Nico’s heart and his hands covered Will’s, ensuring the Lord stayed right there. Will’s kiss was tentative, hesitant, almost shy as if he were scared of scaring Nico away, but in that moment the Italian knew that he didn’t want to go, that he wanted to stay right there, in that embrace.

Will’s kissing grew bolder, his hands pressed against Nico’s cheeks, his tongue sliding into the boy’s mouth. Nico couldn’t hold back a moan, his head tilted back so he and Will fit better against each other. Then suddenly everything came to a screeching halt and Nico forced himself to pull away, his lungs tight.

He turned away from Will, hand covering his mouth, a thousand emotions rolling through him and the Lord worriedly asked, “What’s wrong? I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to push you—“

Thunder roared outside, drowning out the rest of the sentence, but in that instance Nico wasn’t afraid of the storm anymore, he was afraid of what he did. Will didn’t want him, he wanted Nicola, and Nicola didn’t exist. I’ve dragged it out for too long and now it’s too late. He knew he destroyed everything that he and Reyna had built over the last two months because of his selfish heart. He couldn’t reject Will now and believe that both of them would just leave the feeling that grew between them. If Will were to get married and Nico had to watch he’d be devastated. He only had one option.

“I’m going to leave tomorrow morning,” he said, somehow forcing the words out.

“What?” Will demanded, horrified, “Why?” he grabbed Nico’s shoulder and spun him around. His face was etched with pain, “Please, I didn’t want to scare you, I didn’t...”

“It’s not you,” Nico said helplessly, “It’s me.”

“I don’t understand,” Will whispered, “I lo-“

Nico’s heart froze and he slapped his hands over Will’s mouth, startling the Lord, “No!” he said feverishly, “No, you don’t mean that, don’t say that.”

Will pried his hands from his mouth and held them in his even as Nico tried to squirm away, “But I do,” he said firmly, “You know I do. I understand you’re scared because of our status but I plan on marrying you, so don’t be scared. I know you feel something too,” suddenly Will’s expression became so hopeful and vulnerable that Nico couldn’t bear to look at him, “Please tell me you feel the same. Please.”

Nico dropped his eyes and said the only thing he could, “I’m a boy.”

Will frowned, “What?”

With shaky hands Nico reached up and unpinned the clips in his hair. He let the wig slide from his head and down his shoulders, falling uselessly onto the floor. The storm continued outside and Will was shocked speechless. Nico stood with his hands in fists on either side of him, staring at the ground, unable to face the man he fell in love with.

“Why?” Will asked eventually, voice cracked. Nico closed his eyes and tried to collect himself so he
didn’t burst out crying.

“You were only hiring women,” he whispered.

“But why? Why here? Why not somewhere they needed men?!?” the anger was audible in Will’s voice and Nico knew he deserved to know the truth.

“I’ve been stealing from you.”

“No,” Will turned away and Nico looked up.

“Yes. And I’m sorry but I have. That was the plan; to stay three months and rob you and then move to a cottage-“

Will whirled on him, eyes dark with fury, “You broke my heart and deceived me for a fucking cottage?!”

Nico flinched, “Of course you wouldn’t understand,” he whispered, “I thought for you might. I’m a fool.”

“Understand what?” Will laughed humourlessly, “that the girl I fell in love with is a deceitful thief?!”

Now Nico was angry too, and good, because anger was better than sadness, “You don’t know what it’s like living on the streets!” he exploded and could only hope his hall-mates wouldn’t hear over the raging storm, “You don’t know what it’s like having nothing. You’ve grown up in this beautiful house, the perfect little Lording. Well fuck you! Fuck you for having everything! Fuck you for not realising that other people have it worse, that we starve and beg and sleep on the ground and catch sicknesses and die all while you have golden fucking candle-sticks in your house. You have everything and I have nothing.”

“I don’t have everything,” Will said brokenly and he didn’t look angry anymore, just defeated, “I don’t have you.”

Nico’s heart shattered into little pieces and he almost said you can but he knew he was stupid. Will didn’t love him, the real him, and Nico would’ve been an idiot to drag this out. He knew what he had to do.

“I’m going to leave tomorrow morning.”

He hoped that Will would say no and stay and I love you but the blond just nodded, staring into space, “I’ll write you a good reference,” he said quietly, a final act of kindness, then turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

Thunder boomed outside and lightning flashed inside Nico’s room as he collapsed onto the carpet, sobbing and sobbing and sobbing.

***

London hadn’t changed, but Nico had. He was alone, for one, not betraying Reyna and allowing her to continue working for the Solaces. It was better – that way she could get more money. Nico also had some money of his own in his pocket, and managed to rent a room in a cheap lodge that stank of piss and alcohol. He wasn’t starving or living on the streets but London was still grey and reeked and he was more miserable than when he and Reyna had left this place months ago.

I deserve this, Nico thought as he got off the carriage and looked at the steely grey sky above him.
The summer was over. The picnics and linens and summer storms were over. It was all over. Nico wasn’t Nicola anymore and he didn’t miss the heavy skirts, but he did miss the freedom, the beauty of Yorkshire, Will. Even thinking of the blond made Nico feel like he was dying, so great was the pain.

The autumn weeks dragged on. Nico got hired at the docks, helping sailors unload cargo. He turned eighteen but his birthday passed by silently, save for a letter from Reyna that came three days late. Nico was depressed and miserable and still hopelessly in love with Will when the first snow fell.

***

There was no heating again. Nico laid curled up on his tiny bed in his room in the lodging and stared at the cracks on the ceiling, wandering if old Suzie from next door was going out to hunt for men tonight. Since it got cold the sound of sex had ceased from her room. Too much hustle for not enough money. Still, Nico kind of missed the sounds, because at least they replaced the overpowering silence of his room, the only noise being the wind rattling at the windows.

Nico exhaled and rolled over, staring at a lone candle by his bedside, wandering if tonight he’d get no sleep either. During miserable moments like this he thought about if being Nicola would’ve made him happier – he’d have a warm home, a well paying job, a circle of friends that would mean he’d never be lonely. Instead he was here.

The sound of steps pounding up the stairs made Nico sit up abruptly. He knew from experience that someone running through the lodging meant bad business. Last time someone ran a prostitute above had been killed. So Nico scrambled out of his bed and was halfway across the room to where he kept a knife, when the door to his room burst open. He whirled around, heart pounding in fear, and saw Will standing in the doorway.

For a second, Nico thought that he was hallucinating, or that he had died. He stared at the blond, open-mouthed, but Will’s flushed cheeks and the snow in his hair and his heavy breathing assured Nico that he was real and that he was in London.

“What...,” Nico felt like he forgot every word he’d ever learned, “What are you doing here?”

“I would have come sooner,” Will was finally catching his breath as if he ran here all the way from Yorkshire, “But the roads were snowed in. Miss Reyna gave me your address.

He pushed the door closed, shutting off the light from the hallway, and Nico still couldn’t comprehend what was happening. Will leaned on the door and looked at the Italian.

“So,” he started softly, “your name is Nico.”

Nico swallowed, “Yes.”

“Was everything you told me a lie?”

“No,” Nico whispered, “No, it was all true.”

Will nodded as if unsure of what to say next. His eyes looked around the small room, “It’s cold in here.”

“Yes,” Nico said faintly.

“I hoped the money you took from me would’ve bought you something better.”
“What do you want?” Nico interrupted, his heart aching. Will’s shoulders slumped.

“I thought it was obvious. I want you.”

Nico didn’t know if this was some cruel joke, “I’m not her.”

And then Will was in front of him, as if he couldn’t keep away for a second longer. His arms wound themselves around Nico’s waist and he pulled the boy flushed against him and crashed their lips together. There was none of the gentleness from their first kiss in this one, just raw passion, hunger and desperation. He thinks I’ll push him away, Nico thought and part of him wanted to do that, because having Will stay away would’ve been easier in the long run...but a bigger part of Nico knew he couldn’t live without the blond and that part had Nico slid his arms around Will’s shoulder and open his mouth to allow the insistent tongue to slide inside.

Will walked them backwards until Nico’s back hit the wall. The Italian’s moan was swallowed by the Lord and smugly the boy thought that for once he’d be the one keeping old Suzie up all night. Will’s tongue massaged his, his teeth nibbled at Nico’s bottom lip, his hands gripped his hips. It was a deliciously convincing kiss, but doubts still seeped into Nico as he felt himself getting helplessly aroused.

He broke the kiss and turned his head, breathing hard from the lack of oxygen, “I’m not her,” he repeated again, wanting to seem strong and determined but instead appearing shaky and breathless, “I’m not Nicola, I won’t put on a pretty dress and pretend that I’m a girl who you can-“

Will reached down without warning and pressed his palm firmly against Nico’s crotch, cupping his erection through his breeches. Nico’s hips stuttered forward and he let out an involuntary moan as a shock of pleasure went through him.

“Does it seem like I want you to be a girl?” Will asked, low in his throat, eyes dark with lust. Before Nico could reply he rubbed his palm over his crotch, and sparks of pleasure made Nico’s eyes flutter shut. He whimpered, then moaned, and Will teased him pleasurably through his clothes. His mouth found Nico’s neck and he attached himself to his pulse point, sucking. Nico knew he was losing all control over the situation but he didn’t care as he rolled his hips needily against Will’s palm. Suddenly the room didn’t seem cold anymore.

Will’s fingers, trembling slightly despite his assertiveness, undid the buttons of Nico’s nightshirt and slid it off his shoulders. The boy had no objections, allowing Will to do so before sinking his fingers into his blond locks and guiding his mouth back to his for another hungry kiss. The Lord shrugged out of his long travelling coat and kicked off his shoes before hooking his fingers in Nico’s pants and pulling them down his legs.

Nico was naked and exposed in front of Will, but for some reason he wasn’t scared. Just horribly aroused.

“Let me show you how much I don’t want you to be a girl,” Will whispered heatedly into the corner of his mouth before sinking slowly to his knees, dragging his lips down Nico’s chest as he went. The Italian shivered and when he realised what was happening, it was too late.

Will wrapped his velvety mouth around Nico’s member and immediately the boy cried out, feeling the heat enveloping him. Paying no attention to Nico’s obvious lack of control, Will begun to suck him, bobbing his head up and down with surprising expertise, his tongue rubbing over the head of Nico’s cock. The boy’s vision went fuzzy with pleasure and as heat and tension coiled in his stomach he thought he might lose consciousness. Will held his trembling thighs as he continued to pleasure him and Nico’s fingers were clenched almost painfully in his hair.
Within minutes Nico felt he was close to the edge and he knew he didn’t want it to end yet, “Will,” he whined, “Will, please s-stop, I-I’m going to...I-I can’t...”

Will listened to his desperate pleas and released Nico’s cock from his mouth. The dazed boy pulled the Lord to his feet and then walked to his bed, collapsing on to it, his body still thrumming with pleasure. Will climbed on top of him, nudging Nico’s legs apart, and kissed him passionately. The fire ignited within Nico threatened to consume his body if he wasn’t careful. He expected Will to just ravish him, there and then, but instead the blond paused and gazed down at him. His expression softened when he brushed Nico’s hair from his face.

“You have beautiful hair,” he murmured.


“I like it short,” his eyes trailed down Nico’s naked body, “I like your body. I like the muscles you have, and the angles. I like how you’re not soft like girls,” he smirked and his fingers teasingly danced over Nico’s cock, “I like how hard you are. I didn’t think I would, but I do.”

“Are you going to fuck me?” Nico asked breathlessly, overwhelmed.

Will’s only response was to throw Nico’s legs over his shoulders. Somehow the Italian managed to remind him, in a stutter voice, about preparation and so Will impatiently found the vial of oil Nico had in his bedside table and coated his fingers before proceeding to fuck Nico with them.

When he finally slid into the boy, Nico thought he was going to die. It hurt, but only for a moment, and the thought that he and Will were connected made it worth it. The burn eased away when Will started to thrust, as did the last strands of Nico’s self control.

“Fuck,” he swore when Will rammed into him, “G-God.”

His hands clumsily undid the buttons on Will’s shirt as the blond fucked him, never once taking his eyes off Nico. Once his shirt was open Nico’s hands greedily ran over Will’s tanned, freckled chest and stomach and he pulled him close for dozens of messy, open mouthed kisses. Nico had never been touched by a man the way Will touched him, rough and passionate but still full of love and caring. His cock, slamming into Nico, was making the boy fall apart.

“O-Oh my God, Will... Will... William, fuck...”

Will seemed to like when Nico called him by his full name so he continued to do that, whispering William over and over into the man’s shoulders until Will let out a gaspy moan and came with a shudder, deep inside of Nico. Somewhere along the lines Nico’s own orgasm washed over him and his ‘William’s’ turned into ‘I love you’s.’

Will finally silenced him with a kiss, “I love you too,” he said, “You don’t have to keep saying it.”

But Nico was sure he would say it forever.

***

“I’ll see you after dinner,” Will murmured, pulling Nico across the carriage and kissing him deeply. The boy melted into him and wished they didn’t have to part.

“I love you,” he whispered. Will grinned.

“I love you too.”
Nico climbed out of the carriage and pulled his suitcase free. His shoes crunched in the snow and Will had his driver pull the carriage towards the main entrance while Nico made for the servants one. He found himself in the familiar foyer and kicked the wall lightly to get the snow off his boots. Moments later the figure of Beckendorf appeared, smiling.

“Ah, Mr Nico as I presume?” he asked. Nico smiled.

“Yes, the new valet for Lord William.”

They shook hands and Beckendorf peered closely at Nico, “You look familiar, sir.”

“I fear I’ve never been to Yorkshire,” Nico said, “but my sister does work here. Miss Reyna.”

“Ah!” Beckendorf beamed, “Yes, she does. Perhaps that’s the resemblance, though you look more like your other sister, Miss Nicola. How is she doing?”

“Very well, thank you, she is married now,” Nico lied. Beckendorf seemed pleased and he gestured to the servant stairs.

“You will be living in the bedroom adjacent to the one of Master William as to be able to attend to his every need. Do you understand.”

Nico smirked but Beckendorf didn’t see, “Of course.”
Percy woke up with a throbbing hangover and grey, steely weather outside. He groaned and rolled onto his side, squeezing his eyes shut in hopes that the pain would disappear. No such luck. He groggily opened his eyes, thanking God that it was a Saturday and that he had no lectures today. The boy looked at his bedside table clock – it was coming up to 12PM. Irritated, Percy gritted his teeth. He had slept in too long and now wouldn’t be able to go down to train at the swimming pool since it’d be packed.

Breakfast, the nineteen year old though, swallowing his disappointment and climbing out of bed. The world tilted for a second but after a quick visit to the bathroom where Percy vomited last night’s McDonald’s he felt better. Breakfast got pushed back as he opted for a shower instead, with loads of scrubbing and even more mouthwash.

Afterwards he padded into the kitchen in just his boxers and a towel around his shoulders. As soon as he entered the room, he felt his blood boil. Strewn all over the counter were empty bottles and red solo cups. The floor was a mess, with someone’s puke in the corner. Percy felt his eye twitch in annoyance. He must’ve not noticed the mess the previous night because he was too drunk.

He thought that becoming roommates with Apollo Solace would be a great idea, after all he was junior and two years older than Percy so surely the younger boy could use some of his experience to his advantage. But no. Living with Apollo was like living with a teenage kid who didn’t know what washing up liquid was. Percy wished he had known Apollo better before they moved in together, so he wouldn’t have to be stuck with a messy, careless roommate.

Pissed off more than usual due to his hangover, Percy stormed down the corridor and barged into Apollo’s room, which was always unlocked. Unfortunately he found the blond in bed, naked, with some guy who now frantically scrambled for his clothes upon Percy’s entrance. The sight of the blond, stretched out lazily like a cat without a care in the world, made Percy furious.

“Morning, Perce,” Apollo gave him a charming smile as his one night stand shoved on his clothes, face bright red.

“What the fuck did you do with the kitchen?” Percy fumed. Apollo rolled his pretty golden eyes and
propped himself up on his arm. The sheets pooled around his waist, revealing his flawless torso. His blond shoulder-length blond hair tumbled into his eyes in soft waves. How he managed to wake up looking like a sexy underwear model, Percy had no idea.

“What do you mean?” Apollo asked innocently. His lips were swollen, probably from kissing.

“It looks like a damn tornado went through it!”

“I had a few friends over,” Apollo shrugged his shoulders.

“Uh,” the one-night stand was dressed now and awkwardly cleared his throat, “So like, will you give me a call or...?”

Apollo gave him a once-over, “No, don’t count on it,” he said, voice dripping in sweetness. The one-night stand swore at him under his breath and stormed out. They heard the front door slam shut and Apollo sighed as if it was all a mild inconvenience, before slipping gracefully out of bed. He was so comfortable in his nakedness that it was a little intimidating. Percy followed his nice, perky ass with his eyes as the man walked around his bed and pulled his wallet from the bedside table. He produced twenty dollars from said wallet and threw it on the bed between him and Percy, “For the kitchen. Clean it, please?” he asked.

Percy gritted his teeth, “There’s sick on the floor.”

Apollo sighed dramatically and pulled out another twenty, “That enough?”

Percy snatched up the money because he was a poor college student but growled, “I’m not your cleaner.”

Apollo walked around the bed, “I know, I’m sorry,” he tried to hug Percy. He was always trying to hug Percy. The younger boy moved away, still pissed.

“Put some clothes on,” he grumbled and walked out.

Sometimes Apollo treated Percy like he was his boyfriend which was ridiculous because Percy was straight and Apollo was happily sleeping his way through the campus. Still, sometimes the things he did made Percy feel all fluttery and weird and he didn’t know how to deal with these feelings so he ignored them. Being angry at Apollo was good, because it meant Percy had an alternative to focus on. Like right now he was thinking more about the state of the kitchen than a naked Apollo in bed with some guy, but he knew that the second he got into bed that would change.

He looked at the kitchen once more, and sighed in dejection. He needed painkillers.

***

Percy was tired, his muscles aching from swimming practice. He got into the flat and dropped his bag by the door. From the living room came the faint glow of the TV so he knew Apollo was in but when he called out a hello there was no response. Percy’s stomach rumbled and he remembered the chicken he had made for himself earlier, packed away safely in the fridge.

Salivating, the boy walked into the kitchen. As always there were dirty dishes in the sink belonging to Apollo but Percy didn’t care about them too much – he’d wash them, and at the end of the month Apollo would give him ten dollars for it. The more important thing right now was food. Percy eagerly jerked open the fridge door, his eyes scanning the shelves.

The top two were his since he was taller and were filled with a lot of blue food, milk in blue cartons,
packets of blueberries, a couple cans of beer, cheese, eggs, fruits and vegetables. Apollo’s shelves were mostly empty save for a can of diet coke and a half-eaten packet of cupcakes. The problem was, the chicken was nowhere to be seen.

*Stay calm, Percy,* the boy told himself as he shoved through his food, looking for the chicken. In seconds it became clear that it was gone, and Percy knew that there was only one person who could’ve taken it. Feeling his blood pressure rise, the boy stomped through the corridor and into the living room, ready to shout at Apollo for eating his food *again.* However something made him stop in his tracks.

Apollo was asleep, which was why he hadn’t replied when Percy came in. The plate of chicken was empty in front of him on the kitchen table but Percy wasn’t even made anymore, the anger seeping out of him when he looked at his housemate’s sleeping form. Apollo looked like an angel, all soft lines and curls, and it was hard to believe he was older than Percy. He must’ve fallen asleep while watching his TV show.

“You’re helpless,” Percy breathed but he felt a little fond and protective so he slipped an arm under Apollo’s legs and another around his back and carefully pulled him up into his arms. Apollo’s head rolled against his shoulder and Percy smiled, slowly walking towards the blond’s bedroom. Apollo was heavy, but the swimming had paid off and Percy managed to carry him. In the corridor Apollo made a happy noise and nuzzled his neck and Percy almost let go and told him to stop, but it kind of felt nice so he let him do it. He kicked open the door to the older boy’s room and picked his way through the mess on the floor before setting Apollo among his crumpled covers.

Immediately the blond curled into a foetal position, deeply asleep, and Percy draped his covers over him caringly. He stopped himself from touching the boy or kissing his forehead and quietly slipped out of the room.

Feeling a little more at peace Percy went back into the kitchen, ready to prepare himself something different to eat. That was when he noticed the note and the fifteen dollars on the counter. He picked up the note and immediately recognised Apollo’s handwriting.

*Hi Percy.*

*I was really hungry and I had no food so I ate your chicken. I hope you don’t mind. Order yourself something.*

*Your fave housemate xx*

Percy sighed and looked at the money before pocketing it. He didn’t feel like eating anymore.

***

The phone ringing jerked Percy violently out of sleep. He blinked in the darkness of the bedroom as it filled with a blue light and then clumsily reached for his phone, picking up without even looking at the caller ID.

“What?" he asked, voice hoarse from sleep, eyes falling shut on their own accord.

“Oh my God Percyyyy,” the drawly voice belonged to Apollo. Percy squeezed his eyes shut, “Thank God you’re not asleep!”


“I got kicked out of the club,” Apollo sounded whiny then.
“Why?” Percy asked, opening his eyes and caring way more than he should’ve.

“I let some guy fuck me in the bathroom,” Apollo’s words were slurred. Percy tried to push down the irritation he felt and play it down to being woken in the middle of the night, and not to the fact that someone had fucked Apollo. In the background Percy could hear traffic, “can you come get me? I’m so drunk.”

“Call an Uber,” Percy said bluntly.

“I don’t have an account,” Apollo lied and then, in a sickly sweet voice said, “Please Perce. I want you to come and get me.”

Percy gritted his teeth but he was already awake and didn’t have it in himself to leave Apollo, “Fine. But it’ll cost you.”

“You’re the best!” he could almost hear the smile in Apollo’s voice.

***

When Percy pulled up into the road by the club he was still in his pyjamas and it was coming up to two in the morning. He hadn’t even managed to get his phone out before the passenger-side door was opening and a very drunk Apollo was spilling into the seat.

“Percy!” he exclaimed, leaning over and giving Percy a huge kiss on the cheek before pulling the door shut clumsily.

“Do up your seatbelt,” Percy said, glancing at Apollo. The blond giggled and after three attempts clipped himself in. He looked hot. For a guy. He was wearing a blank top with a leather jacket over top and incredibly tight black jeans to match. His blond hair was tousled and escaping the bun on top of his head, eyes dazed and unfocused. He reeked of vodka. “You have come on your shirt,” Percy said, trying to focus on the road rather than the empty feeling in his stomach.

“Can we get McDonald’s?” Apollo asked when Percy pulled into the main road, ignoring the remark.

“No,” Percy said.

“Please,” Apollo whined. Percy could feel a headache coming on.

“I woke up in the middle of the night to come and get your drunk ass,” he growled, “Don’t push it.” Apollo fell quiet and hugged himself, staring out of the window. Percy felt a little bad, especially when the older boy whispered;

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Percy said.

“Don’t be mad,” Apollo looked at him with big eyes.

“I’m not,” Percy said, pulling into the McDonald’s drive-through.

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The second Percy stepped foot in his flat after his lecture, Apollo was barrelling into him and shoving him backwards so his back slammed the door shut. The blond was sobbing hysterically.
“Percy!” he wailed, clinging onto his housemate.

“Woah, woah,” Percy grabbed his shoulders but hesitated with pushing the older boy away, “What happened?”

Apollo looked up at Percy, so close they were almost touching noses, and his eyes were brimming with tears. He looked like a mess. A cute mess, “I’m gonna get evicted!” he sobbed, and his expression crumbled.

“No, you’re not,” Percy said firmly.

“Yes, I am!” Apollo let go of him and stepped back, calming down so he was wasn’t sobbing but hiccupping between words instead, wiping at his face, “I-I don’t have m-money to pay rent again, and the l-landlord said if that happened again h-he’s kicking me o-out.”

“Well you shouldn’t party so much,” honestly Percy thought Apollo was being dramatic, “You spend your money on stupid shit and now look at you.”

“Shut up, you’re not helping,” Apollo snapped, running his hands through his long hair in frustration, eyes rimmed with red. Percy exhaled, knowing he’d regret his next words.

“I’ll borrow you money for rent,” he said. Apollo’s eyes snapped to him and lit up.

“Really?” he asked in disbelief.

“Yeah, whatever,” Percy shoved off his shoes, a little annoyed because yeah, he wanted to help Apollo out, but he didn’t exactly have loads of money himself. He went to go to the bedroom but Apollo grabbed his hand. It was dark in their hallway since there were no windows and Percy found it hard to read the other boy’s expression.

“Let me make this up to you,” all traces of tears were gone from Apollo’s eyes. Percy frowned.

“How?” he asked.

He did not expect Apollo to slide to his knees. Percy’s breath caught in his throat and he forgot how to function as Apollo gracefully reached for his belt and undid it. He looked calm and collected and Percy just couldn’t.

“What the- w-what are you doing?” he stuttered.

“Giving you a blowjob,” Apollo said casually, as if this was normal. He glanced up at Percy as he made quick work of his jeans, “you deserve it. Besides, you’ve been pretty frustrated lately and this might help.”

“I-I don’t want a blowjob from you!” Percy lied but made no move to get away. If he wanted to he could’ve overpowered Apollo since he was bigger and stronger but something inside him wanted this. Heat coiled in his gut and his cock twitched with interest as Apollo slid his trousers down his legs.

“Just close your eyes and pretend I’m a girl,” Apollo said, slipping a hairband off his wrist and tying his hair back in a loose bun that made him look so good that Percy wanted to eat him, as weird as that sounded, “Actually I kind of look like one from bird’s eye view, so it’s fine.”

Percy wanted to say that he didn’t want to pretend, that he was semi-hard because of Apollo, a fucking guy. But his vocal cords wouldn’t cooperate as Apollo leaned forward and gently pressed his
mouth to Percy’s boxers, which covered his cock. Blood rushed south so fast Percy felt light headed
and had to slump against the door to stop himself from falling over. Apollo looked up at him, looking
way too innocent.

“Tell me if you want me to stop,” he said, and Percy felt that it was his line.

Apollo’s mouth danced over him, wetting the fabric of the boxers which were now pressed flush
against Percy’s erection. If the younger boy wasn’t so shocked he might’ve been embarrassed at how
hard he got over his housemate.

In his life Percy had only gotten two blowjobs, both were from girls, and both were pretty shitty.
With the first girl they were drunk, and she had been sloppy and used too much teeth. The second
girl was Annabeth, Percy’s high-school sweetheart, and her blowjob was half-hearted and she
looked vaguely disgusted doing it; three days later she came out as a lesbian. So Percy really didn’t
know how this was going to go down, watching Apollo with a mix of anxiety and arousal.

The blond seemed to know what he was doing and when his teasing mouth got Percy’s breathing
hard he tugged down his boxers. Percy’s cock popped out and slid against Apollo’s cheek, though
the older boy didn’t seem to mind, his tongue coming out to slide down the side teasingly. He didn’t
look grossed out, quite the opposite actually; his cheeks were flushed, eyes dark. He wasn’t looking
at Percy but the boy refused to believe the blond was embarrassed.

Apollo’s mouth found the head of his cock and he placed a tiny kiss on it. Under other circumstances
Percy would’ve laughed but now the action – almost loving – made his heart clench. Naturally that
was forgotten the second Apollo took his cock into his mouth. Percy gasped when he felt his
member slide into the hot, velvety cavern that was Apollo’s mouth. The man took it inch by inch and
he must’ve had a lot of practice – which pissed Percy off – because he didn’t even flinch when he
started to bob his head up and down, sucking.

Percy’s head thudded against the door and his eyes rolled into the back of his head with pleasure,
“Fuck,” he hissed, and his hands slid into Apollo’s hair just so he had something to hold on to. The
blond took this as an invitation to suck harder and without warning he took all of Percy’s cock into
his mouth, right down to the base, nose pressed into the dark hair there. Percy moaned when he
felt his cock press against the back of Apollo’s throat.

The blond let the dick out of his mouth so he could run his tongue down the side. One of his hands
wrapped around the shaft and he stroked as he licked, driving Percy crazy and making precum bead
at the head.

“Shit, you’re good,” Percy said breathlessly. Apollo looked up at him and winked.

“I know,” he said before taking the younger boy into his mouth again. He hollowed out his cheeks
and sucked, making Percy shiver with pleasure and bite his bottom lip to stop noises coming out. As
the minutes ticked on Percy got more light-headed and desperate. He couldn’t keep his eyes off
Apollo and his fingers slid through the blond’s hair as he let out shuddery breaths, thinking about
how much he wanted this to be more than a ‘make it up to you’ blowjob.

Apollo increased his pace and the corridor filled with slurping sounds that were weirdly arousing.
Percy felt himself creep close to the edge as his body tingled with pleasure. Apollo looked like he
was really enjoying himself which just made Percy more exited.

“Apollo,” he moaned and the blond looked up at him. His eyes were big and innocent and totally
contradicting the sexual act he was performing, which just made it so much hotter. With a groan
Percy’s hips stuttered and he came.
Apollo kept his cock in his mouth and swallowed the come, which shocked Percy. He slumped against the door, gasping for air, and Apollo released his cock out of his mouth with a wet sound. Some come got on his cheek, right by his mouth, and he suddenly looked so debauched that Percy wanted to fuck him.

“Good?” Apollo asked, still kneeling. Percy looked at him through half-lidded eyes, trying to get a grip on his body, which felt like a melted puddle. He nodded, and Apollo smiled, tucking a stray piece of hair behind his ear, “I’m glad you liked it.”

Percy’s heart ached and he reached down and wiped the come from next to Apollo’s mouth with his thumb. The blond blinked, surprised by the gesture, and then cleared his throat, getting to his feet. He pulled Percy’s boxers and jeans up and did the belt back up, standing impossibly close but not looking at Percy. The younger boy knew what he wanted, because he wanted it too.

He just didn’t know if he was ready to give it.

“I’ll pay your rent,” he said quietly. Apollo nodded, cheeks red.

“Okay. Thanks,” he turned around and walked to the bathroom, leaving Percy slumped on the door, wandering where to go from there.
Hey Mister

A student/teacher AU where Ethan is one of those students who befriends his teachers so he and Luke, his Greek teacher, are talking about normal stuff but Ethan randomly says "I think I’m gay, wanna help me know for sure?" And he’s normally not this bold so Luke is like "um" and Ethan seems to be in control but the Luke takes over? Bottom Ethan smut please? For C

A knock sounded on Luke’s door as he was grading the hopeless Greek papers of his students, “Come in,” he called absentmindedly, expecting the caretaker to walk in since it was quite late. Instead the door opened quietly and then shut again and when Luke looked up he saw Ethan Nakamura leaning against it, grinning. Luke couldn’t help but smile back, eyes slipping to his papers as his heart pounded.

“Ethan. You’re in late. How may I help you?” he asked, pretending he was reading the words on the page in front of him while in reality he was using it as a distraction to not look at Ethan. He was his best student, bright and funny and committed, and Luke had a hugely inappropriate soft spot for the boy. Too soft.

“Just wanted to hand you this,” the boy dropped yet another paper to mark on Luke’s desk but this time the teacher wasn’t annoyed or dejected, because he actually liked reading Ethan’s work. However that was clearly not all the boy wanted because he plopped down in the chair opposite Luke, “What are you working on?”

“Year nine Greek papers,” Luke sighed, “they’re hopeless.”

“So was I,” Ethan said, “and look at me now.”

Luke looked at him, and tried to remember what he used to look like. When he had first started in this school Luke was twenty four and fresh out of university. Ethan had been a quiet, angry kid in his year ten class, forever brooding and not doing his homework. They had spent hours in each other’s company because of the detentions Luke issues Ethan for mucking about or talking back. And during those detentions they spoke – about Greek mostly – and Luke didn’t see Ethan in any other light but a fond one, where Ethan was his favourite student. But something changed when he returned for his last year of sixth form, and he was seventeen, turning eighteen, and somehow he was
taller and more chiselled and he didn’t look like a child anymore and he was so friendly. Luke was ‘friends’ with a lot of his students, since they were all eighteen and he was only ten years older, but he and Ethan were friends on a different level.

“You should go home, Ethan,” Luke said, flipping a page of the essay, “it’s late.”

“I’m eighteen, I’m not a child,” Ethan rolled his one eye, blowing hair off of his eye patch. He picked up a pen and started sketching something in the corner of his own paper that he just handed in to Luke, and the teacher just let him. He could barely concentrate on marking when Ethan was so goddamn close but he couldn’t say anything, because it’d be weird and inappropriate.

“I know you’re not,” Luke said, “but just because I’m stuck here marking papers doesn’t mean you have to be.”

Ethan leaned his chin in his hand and cocked his head to the side, completely unaware of how appealing he was and how hard Luke was trying to keep his hands to himself, “You can give me a ride home?” Ethan suggested.

Luke snorted, “Well that’s a bit inappropriate.”

“Why?” Ethan asked, “I’m eighteen. We’re friends. Ish.”

“I’m your teacher,” Luke raised an eyebrow. Ethan shrugged. He looked delectable even with a tattered hoodie thrown over his uniform.

“So...no ride home then?” he asked. Luke rolled his eyes.

“Not unless you want to stick around for half an hour and help me mark these,” he pushed some of the papers towards Ethan, who seemed way too eager as he reached for them. They sat in silence as they marked. Ethan was so good at Greek that Luke didn’t worry he’d give people the wrong grades. Occasionally they exchanged comments or read each other funny lines from the essays and yeah, it was almost as if they were friends.

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Luke was in his classroom, later than usual. It was coming up to eight and even the caretaker had gone home but the blond had to catch up on some papers and he hated working at home, since it was so lonely there. Besides, he liked his classroom and the steady pit patter of rain on the dark window.

When his doors opened his jerked and looked up, heart pounding, expecting some ghost or something...instead in walked a happy Ethan. Luke relaxed and exhaled and then immediately tensed up when Ethan closed the door.

“Why are you here?” he asked, vaguely annoyed because he needed to do work and Ethan’s presence was more distracting than anything else to him.

“I could ask you the same question, Mr Castellan,” Ethan said casually, plopping down in his usual chair and dropping his bag at his feet. Luke ensured he wasn’t looking at him, clicking through random web-pages on his computer. He couldn’t look at the boy, not after last night when he had a moment of weakness and wanked to porn full of twinky, young Asian boys that looked way too much like Ethan. He still felt guilty.

“I work here,” Luke replied curtly.

“Someone’s in a bad mood,” Ethan commented.
“Ethan,” Luke warned, “I have work to do. And I’m not dropping you home today.”

“I was actually going to ask you about exams,” Ethan replied, surprising Luke because he actually had a genuine academic question. The blond made the mistake of looking at him and found Ethan staring at him with one half-lidded eye. Luke felt his pants get a little tighter.

“Shoot,” he dragged his eyes away from Ethan’s plump lips and back towards his screen.

“I was wandering what the word count was for the project.”

“Uh...,” Luke had a hard time remembering anything work-related around Ethan, “something like three thousand.”

“Oh okay.”

He sat there awkwardly and Luke glanced at him, “Uh...anything else you need?”

“Yeah, actually,” Ethan dropped his gaze and started playing with the strings of his hoodie, “so, I think I’m gay.”

Luke blinked, surprised, “That’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

Ethan looked up suddenly and there was a spark in his eye that kind of made Luke’s heart pound, “Wanna help me know for sure?” he asked and Jesus Christ, Luke thought he was going to lose it. Ethan was never this bold, especially with something like this. It’s a joke, he’s only joking, he tried to tell himself. Luke knew he had to say something that would establish some bloody boundaries between the two of them but he was tongue-tied and the only thing that came out was.

“Um...”

And then Ethan was getting up and walking around the desk and the he slid down into Luke’s lap as if it was the most normal thing ever. The teacher gaped at his student, now inches away from him. Ethan Nakamura, his student, was straddling him. Luke was frozen in space, completely shocked and Ethan slid his arms over his shoulders, holding onto the back of Luke’s chair. In this position they were the same height so it was easy for Ethan to lean in.

Luke jerked his head to the side and the teenager’s lips grazed his cheek. He felt a frustrated breath against his skin, “Come on,” Ethan murmured, “I need to know.”

“Ethan,” it was the only thing that managed to come out of Luke’s mouth, and it was like a warning. Ethan didn’t take it as that though, because he nuzzled Luke’s cheek like a cat, clearly not giving up. A thought popped up in Luke’s head as he tried desperately not to get a boner. If he rejected Ethan now the kid would feel inadequate for the rest of his life. One kiss won’t hurt..., he thought, because his body ached to touch Ethan. The boy’s hand touched Luke’s jaw, nudging his head to the side.

“Come on,” he whispered, breath brushing against Luke’s lips, “Just kiss me.”

Luke subconsciously leaned closer, unable to stay away, and his nose brushed against Ethan’s. He could taste the tension in the air. The boy let go of the chair so he could wrap both of his arms around Luke’s neck. They were impossibly close, looking at each other, and the air crackled between them. Luke didn’t know who closed that final inch gap between them, but in the next moment his lips met Ethan’s.

Their lips brushed over each other slowly and a shiver ran down Luke’s spine. He clenched his
hands into fists so he didn’t reach out and touch Ethan as the teenager angled his head, dragging his mouth over Luke’s. *I’m kissing my student*, Luke thought as his heart pounded and his dick got hard. He knew he couldn’t let this go on so he started to pull away, but Ethan wasn’t having it. His hands grasped Luke’s cheeks suddenly and he crushed their mouths together, kissing his teacher desperately and feverishly, his tongue pressing against Luke’s sealed lips. When the blond refused to respond, clinging onto his last stands of sanity, Ethan pulled away enough so he could speak, his lips brushing Luke’s with every word.

“Please, I need this. Mr Castellan, please-“

Then his mouth was back and it was almost like Ethan was begging Luke to take him. The teacher could feel his control slipping when Ethan pressed close and Luke felt his erection against his stomach. His hands dug into Luke’s shoulders and his kiss grew clumsy, and yet Luke refused to budge. Frustrated, Ethan broke the kiss and Luke saw tears in his eyes before he dropped his head onto Luke’s shoulder, arms limp around his neck.

“Why don’t you want me?” he asked brokenly voice cracking.

Luke couldn’t stand it. Before he knew what he was doing his arms were wrapped tightly around the boy in his lap and he was holding him close to his chest, stroking his hair, “Shhh, hey, calm down.” Ethan was sniffing as if he was going to start crying.

“I’m sorry,” he whimpered.

Running purely on instinct, Luke stood up, Ethan still in his arms. The boy weighed barely a thing and Luke held him up with one arm as he swept the papers he had collected from his last class off his desk. They went flying everywhere but he didn’t care as he laid Ethan on his desk. Somehow he knew exactly what the boy wanted. Luke could’ve ended it, humiliated the boy he loved and sent him home hating himself. But he knew that would break Ethan and in that moment he decided that the boy was worth every consequence.

Ethan looked up at him with big, tear-filled eyes and Luke leaned over him, cradling his head in a cage of his arms and stroking hair off of his flushed cheeks. Ethan still looked shocked and speechless, a tear slipping down his cheek. Luke smiled.

“Hey, c’mon,” he murmured softly and teasingly brushed his lips over Ethan’s, “I’m not going to do this if you’re crying.”

“Are you gonna fuck me?” Ethan asked quietly and pleasure raced through Luke. He playfully smacked Ethan’s thigh.

“Language,” he said, and his hand hesitated on the boy’s leg, slowly he slid it upwards, feeling the boy under himself. Ethan watched him, biting his lip, and when Luke’s fingers brushed over his erection he let out a shaky gasp.

Luke kissed him and simultaneously pressed his hand down on the boy’s cock, hard. Ethan cried out into his mouth, throwing his arms around Luke’s shoulders, legs slipping around his waist as he started to grind up into his teacher’s palm. It was way hotter than it should’ve been, but Luke was losing all common sense and all he wanted to do was fuck the boy he had been pining for for months, as wrong as it might’ve been.

But Ethan wanted it too. He was kissing Luke back sloppily, hips stuttering upwards against his teachers and the passion in his actions spoke for itself. Luke’s hand slipped into Ethan’s school trousers and he found the boy’s hard cock with his hand, wrapping his fingers around it. Realising
this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity Luke broke the kiss so he could attack Ethan’s neck instead while also listening to the sweet moans he was letting out while Luke stroked him.

“Nghhh, f-fuck,” he gasped, arms and legs tightening around Luke as if he was scared to let go. Luke kissed his neck openly and wetly, “L-Leave marks,” Ethan asked and Luke knew that was a bad idea but he was so turned on he had no control, sucking hard on the boy’s neck until there were hickey blooming on his ivory skin. By then Ethan was panting and holding Luke so close that his hand-movements were restricted. So Luke pulled out his hand and grinded down instead, pressing his straining erection against Ethan’s, “Oh my –fuck!” the boy cried out, throwing his head back against the desk. Luke was glad the school was empty because Ethan was loud.

Luke suddenly wanted to see him, all of him, every inch of the body he imagined in the dark confines of his room at night. He grabbed the hem of Ethan’s hoodie and pulled it over the boy’s head, leaving him in his school shirt and tie. He couldn’t believe he was doing this even as his fingers made quick work of the boy’s buttons. Ethan was still just gasping and moaning as Luke continued to slide their clothed cocks together, creating delicious friction. Luke tugged the boy’s shirt down his shoulders and it pooled around his elbows, but Luke decided he liked it there, with Ethan’s tie still on.

He grabbed said tie and pulled Ethan upwards, so their mouths could connect in another messy kiss, “Do I need to prepare you?” Luke asked, cock throbbing. Ethan scrambled for his hoodie, legs still wrapped around Luke’s waist, and pulled out a little bottle of lube. He pushed it into Luke’s hand and he looked so fucking good, all red-faced and panting with messy hair and messy clothes and a wet stain on his trousers from the precum.

“No,” he whispered, “I’ve already done it.”

Luke raised an eyebrow, “You knew this would happen?”

“I hoped,” Ethan mumbled. Luke dragged him off the desk and turned him around, so the boy’s ass was pressed snuggly against his crotch. He had to stifle a groan then, fingers digging into the boy’s hips.

“You sure you want this?” Luke asked.

Fuck yes,” Ethan moaned, looking at Luke desperately over his shoulder. The teacher shoved him forward, so his front half was flat on the table, and pulled his trousers off, allowing them to drop to the boy’s ankles. Having sex in a classroom was so dirty and fast but Luke liked it – the atmosphere was making his skin tingle.

Luke couldn’t wait. He had wanted Ethan so long without ever thinking this would be possible and now the boy was laid out in front of him like an all you can eat buffet. And Luke planned to eat all of him. He pulled his achingly hard cock from his trousers and rested it between Ethan’s ass cheeks, rubbing it a few times over the boy’s puckered hole and wetting it with precum before drizzling lube over it. If his mind was in one piece he would’ve put on a condom. Ethan moaned, burying his face in his folded arms.

“Please,” he whined, grinding his ass back against Luke and driving him crazy, “M-Mr Castellan, please-“

The teacher plastered himself over his back and roughly kissed his neck, his stubble scratching the younger boy’s soft skin. “It’s Luke,” he growled, and then thrust into Ethan. He didn’t mean to bottom out straight away but Ethan must’ve prepared himself very well because Luke’s dick slid inside him like butter. They both cried out together and Ethan’s back arched. He looked so perfect

Some of the teacher in Luke returned then, and he started pressing little kisses into Ethan’s back, basking in the pleasure that the boy was giving him and listening to him helplessly try to catch his breath.

“You alright, baby?” Luke asked lovingly. Maybe a little too lovingly. Ethan turned his head and Luke kissed him, holding him gently by the throat to ensure he stayed there. His cock pulsated inside the boy and Luke knew that this wouldn’t be the only time. It couldn’t be. He could feel himself already getting addicted to the feeling of the boy around him.

“Yes,” Ethan whispered, voice dripping with arousal, “Now *fuck* me, Mr Castellan.”
How to Save a Life

A mermaid AU, where A is a really depressed person, and B is the mermaid. So A, like tries to drown themselves, but B, stops them and they become friends and eventually fall in love, but B, gets casted out because they fell in love with a human. So A, takes them in and they just domestically cute? Bonus if the mermaid had like special ocean powers.

For NazzaStylan

The water lapped at Nico’s feet. It was dark, but it’d get light soon as dawn broke over the beach. Nico only hoped a child didn’t find his body, or that he didn’t wash up back here, on this beach. He wanted to disappear, allow his body to just sink beneath the waves, as if he never existed, as if Nico di Angelo never existed. His father was gone, his mother dead, his sister dead. He didn’t have a job, only this little summer house close to this beach that his grandparents had left him. Nobody would mourn him, and that was good.

The boy sniffled, overcome by nostalgia of a life he never had. Jumping from orphanage to orphanage after his mother passes away when he was five. He always had his sister, Bianca, through all the bullying and abuse. Until she was crushed to death under a car when he was twelve and he was alone. What came after? It was hard to remember...there was a highschool, then another one, then the streets, then a job, then the lawyer who told him about this house by the beach, then the house, pretty and dainty and hopelessly empty, and the sea. Grey, steely sea, and empty beeches in the non-summer months.

It was cold now, the icy air biting at Nico’s exposed skin. He was only twenty-two and yet today was the day he was going to kill himself. There wasn’t some big, important reason – nobody was bullying him, nobody had hurt him, at least not recently. He was just tired. Tired of living, tired of the grey skies and his grey life and being alone. There was nothing keeping him here.

The wave rolled back over the sand and brushed over Nico’s naked feet, wetting the hem of his jeans. He should’ve cared more, he should’ve felt the cold more, but he didn’t. He felt little these days. Nico’s eyes saw the sky on the horizon lightening, and he knew it was time. He had sat on this beach for hours, letting the cold seep into his blood, but now it was time. Soon the suburban moms would drive their children to school and old men would come to walk their dogs, and it would be too late. Nico inhaled the cold air, feeling at peace for the first time. This made more sense than anything else in his life ever had.

Nico almost slipped off his jacket, but then he decided to keep it on. He didn’t want to leave anything behind. Besides, the more clothes he wore the harder it’d be to stay above surface...not like Nico could swim anyway. Which was good, because it meant he couldn’t back out.

Nico stood up and hugged himself. Maybe he would’ve turned to look at the row of houses lining
the beach’s edge but he didn’t feel the need to. They were just buildings. Even his own house was just a building.

The man stepped forward, one foot in front of the other, sinking into the wet sand. By the time the sun rose the footsteps would be washed away. He walked into the sea, the water rising up to his ankles, climbing up his calves, washing over his knees, creeping to his waist. By then his body felt cold, stiff. Even if Nico couldn’t feel it, his body could. His teeth clattered, his hands trembled as the tips of his fingers skimmed the calm, freezing water.

He pushed on, slow because of his feet sinking into the sand. He felt a sharp stab of pain when the bottom of his foot scraped a sharp rock, but Nico didn’t even stop. The cut wouldn’t matter in a few minutes. The water continued to rise, but Nico felt no pain. He just wanted peace now, to cease existing.

Suddenly, the ground disappeared from under him and the water swallowed him up whole, closing over his head. It was a shock to Nico who opened his mouth in a gasp, sucking in a lungful of salty, freezing water that made his body feel like it was getting stabbed with a thousand icicles. It was dark under the water and Nico couldn’t see anything. He thought it would be peaceful, slowly sinking into the depths, the breath stolen from him. But he was panicking. His heart was pounding and he kicked at the water to try and get out, because it hurt, not being able to breathe hurt. Nico couldn’t find which way was up and which way was down. There were bubbles in front of his face and nothingness below him, and he was scared.

No, no, no, he thought desperately and when he opened his mouth and tried to breathe all that came was water, I don’t want to die, I don’t.

His brain was fuzzy, his body so cold he couldn’t feel a thing except agony and maybe he was crying, but he didn’t know because there was water everywhere and God he couldn’t breathe and he was drowning and dying he was actually dying-

There was a moment of clarity, when everything went still and the pain stopped. Nico knew that he was moments from death but for a second he felt like he could breathe again. The water lightened suddenly, a glow coming from somewhere, and Nico hung in the water as if he was suspended. From a distance Nico heard soft, gentle singing, and he thought that maybe he died already – maybe the light was from heaven, maybe the music was the angels...but he wouldn’t be going to heaven. Suiciders don’t go to heaven.

And then he saw him and it was as if Nico didn’t even need to breathe anymore. He was gorgeous and although Nico’s vision was blurry around the edges the man was clear, with soft eyes and a mouth curved in a gentle smile, his dark hair floating around his head. He reached out to Nico, but before he touched him, the boy passed out.

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Darkness. Is this it? Was Nico’s last, peaceful, mournful thought before he was violently jerked out of his death in order to turn onto his side and vomit sea water on the already wet sand. He gagged at the aftertaste and his fingers sank in the sand. His whole body ached, his head throbbed and he was freezing cold.

“Oh thank Poseidon,” a voice sounded behind him, “I thought you were dead for sure.”

Nico rolled over with a groan and forced his eyes to open. He gasped and in that moment he was sure he must’ve died or was still dying and hallucinating, because sitting in the sand next to him was a mermaid.
No, not like a Little Mermaid one, and he definitely wasn’t a ‘maid.’ Maybe a Merman then. From the waist-up he looked like a normal young man in his early twenties. His dark hair was dry enough that it was clear that he had been sitting there for a while. It was fluffy and gently waves, falling across the man’s tanned forehead. His eyes were a stunning green, like the depths of the ocean, and there was a dimple in the corner of his mouth when he smiled. His body was muscled nicely, and as tanned as his face. The peculiarity started below his waist, apart from the weird slashes on his neck that were undoubtedly gills. Just below his belly-button his skin gave way gently and gradually to scales that were a glimmering blue and green. He had a tail, only vaguely like the one of the fairytales, with a dozen fins sticking out of the side and from the bottom. They were flowy and thin, almost translucent, and weirdly beautiful. He was the same man Nico had seen in his last seconds underwater.


“Welcome back to the living.”

Nico struggled into a sitting position and groaned when his world tilted sideways. His buried his face in his hands, “What happened?”

“You tried to drown yourself, I saved you. I don’t usually save people, so you’re welcome.”

Nico peered at him, hoping that he was still hallucinating, but no, the Merman was still casually sitting on the grey, cold beach as if he was sunbathing in the Bahamas.

“You’re like Ariel,” Nico whispered stupidly.

“Who?” the Merman asked. Nico shook his head.

“Don’t worry,” his voice was hoarse from all the sea-water he swallowed.

“So,” the Merman said, “You planning on racing back into the sea anytime soon?”

The memory of almost dying made Nico’s stomach twist. A part of him was in such shock he could barely comprehend the situation. A merman had saved him from his suicide. Suicide, that word made Nico want to be sick. No, he wasn’t going to kill himself, at least not anytime soon. It was too scary and he didn’t feel ready anymore.

“What are you, the suicide hotline?” he grumbled.

“No, I’m Perseus,” the Merman said cheekily.

“Perseus,” Nico said.

“Or just Percy,” the Merman shrugged, “and you are...?”

“The body you fished out of the water,” Nico grumbled, his head throbbing.

“Oh come on now,” Percy grinned, “I deserve to at least know your name.”

“Nico,” the boy replied, “my name is Nico. So are you real or...?”

Percy laughed, “Of course I’m real. Merfolk are real.”

“You sound like a conspiracy theorist,” Nico said, “Nobody ever saw one.”

“Well, we tend to not come up on land, and if we do we do it on remote islands,” Percy shrugged,
“We live really deep in the ocean. Also, we can hypnotise people into thinking they never saw us.”

“Right,” Nico breathed, “is that what you’re going to do to me?”

Percy looked at him, “No. I want to know why you did it.”

“Why I did what?”

“Tried to drown yourself,” Percy said. Nico bit his cheek and brushed his damp hair from his forehead.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” he said. Percy nodded, “Understandable,” the tide was coming in and the water washed over his tail. Nico wanted to touch it, but he felt too sluggish to ask. Percy slid forward, so his tail was completely submerged. The part of the beach that they were in was surrounded by sharp, tall rocks and the little bay they were in very quickly became deep, Nico could see from the darkness of the water. It explained how Percy had managed to drag Nico up onto the shore with his tail. “Well, I hope that I won’t see you again in the depths,” the Merman told Nico with a twinkle in his eye, “but I kind of hope I will see you. Sometime.”

Before Nico could reply Percy had slipped into the water and with a splash of his gorgeous tail, he was gone. Nico was awestruck and he stood up, wincing when he felt a sharp pain in his foot. He leaned against a rock and folded his leg to look at the bottom of his left foot. He saw a slash there, from where he had been walking into the water. Nico bit his lip and for the first time was glad he was so close to the sea. From the grey sky he could tell it was the afternoon, and that it would start raining soon. He started hobbling up the beach, and then down the little seaside road. He passed a few people, who all gave him weird looks, but Nico was so out of it, hurting and confused he didn’t care. He was grateful that he had decided to keep his jacket on because getting into his home – a little one painted blue that faced the water - without the keys in his pocket would’ve been hard.

One inside Nico stumbled to the bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror. He looked like he had just died and resurrected, his clothes and hair were wet and ripped. In a daze he took a shower, allowing the hot water to wash away the salt one on his clothes. He scrubbed himself clean, then he bandaged his foot, then he turned on the TV – because being alone then was unbearable – and curled up in a ball under his covers. He was warm and safe but he couldn’t stop shaking. Percy felt like a dream, like he hadn’t been real. And maybe he hadn’t; maybe the water had simply pushed him out onto the shore when he was half-dead and Percy had imagined the Merman.

The tension of the day seeped out of his body and he closed his eyes. When he did, he saw the darkness that had wrapped around him under the water. He sat up, gasping, feeling like he couldn’t breathe. His head throbbed, his heart pounded, and then he completely broke down. He hugged a pillow to his chest and sobbed and if he had been anyone else there could’ve been someone he might’ve called – hi, I just tried to kill myself and I don’t want to be by myself – but Nico had nobody. So he just cried.

***

Percy was perched on the edge of a coral reef, watching a school of rainbow fish swim back and forth, lost in thought. It had been two days but Percy’s head was still completely full of that boy he had saved – Nico. He had looked so tiny and scared when he thrashed in the water, trying to save himself even though seconds before he had wanted to die. Percy knew the Merman code, the reason why they had survived for so long even when other species died out – never reveal yourself to a human, and if you do, wipe their memory. Never save drowning people. He had broke both the rules
and put his entire species in jeopardy even though he had a feeling Nico would never say anything.

Percy didn’t know why he couldn’t forget the boy. There was just something about him that pulled Percy in and he desperately wanted to see the boy again. But it was forbidden.

“Hey,” Annabeth, his best friend, swam into view, her silver tail glimmering even in the darkness of the water – in which Percy could see perfectly – and matching her eyes, “You’re out of it.”

“Hi,” Percy said, bubbles slipping from his mouth, “Just...lost in thought.”

“Perseus Jackson, lost in thought,” Annabeth snorted, sliding down on the reef next to Percy, “that’s a first.”

Percy wasn’t in the mood for teasing, “How’s Piper.”

“Good,” Annabeth studied him, and he studied the rainbow fish, “Spill.”


“Perce, I’ve known you since we were children,” she said, “what did you do.”

Percy exhaled but honestly he needed another opinion before he made his next move so before he knew what he was doing, he was telling Annabeth everything, “I saved a boy two days ago. A man. From drowning.”

“A sailor?” Annabeth demanded. Percy shook his head, remembering how helpless Nico’s body had looked when he laid him down on the sand.

“No. Just some kid. He tried to kill himself but started freaking out. So I saved him.”

“And then you wiped his memory, right?” Annabeth said, but the edge in her voice told Percy that she knew the truth.

“No,” he said apologetically. The girl groaned.

“By Poseidon, did you lose your mind?” she demanded. Percy shrugged.

“He was cute.”

“He was cute so you told him that Merfolk are real?!” Annabeth hissed. Percy rolled his eyes.

“Calm down. I’ll tell him not to tell anyone.”

“Tell him?” the girl glared at him, “You are not seeing him again.”

“I have to.”

“Oh for fuck’s sake Percy.”

“He’s depressed, Annie,” Percy said.

“Why do you care this time?” Annabeth asked, “Plenty of people have thrown themselves off cliffs, and drowned, and you’ve never cared.”

“He’s different,” Percy knew how stupid he sounded. His tail twitched in irritation. Annabeth shook her head.
“This isn’t some love story-“

“No, it’s not,” Percy interrupted, “But he’s too young to die.”

“This will end badly,” Annabeth said, but Percy already made up his mind.

“Not if you cover for me.”

***

It was maybe an hour before dawn when Percy’s head broke through the water. It had been four days and each day, at this exact time, he risked everything by coming back here. Annabeth could only cover his absences for so long...

Each day the little beach surrounded by rocky cliffs had been empty at this time and Percy knew he was stupid for thinking he’d be here, just because they had parted here. But this time, as Percy looked out carefully from behind a rock, he saw a lone figure sitting on the beach. Percy’s heart pounded and he forgot everything he had been taught when approaching humans, just pushing himself off a rock and swimming for the figure that he could only hope was Nico.

He ducked under the water and felt the water brush past him as he swam on. A rock, underwater, came into view and Percy swam around it, and his head broke the surface.

“Hi,” he said, and Nico screamed.

Because it was Nico, dressed in a thick jacket, and that made Percy happy. The human pressed his hand over his heart.

“Jesus Christ,” he said, “you scared me,” then he blinked and said, in a softer voice, “God. You are real.”

Percy grinned and pushed himself out of the water, folding his arms on a rock, “Did you think you dreamt me?”

Nico shrugged, “Dunno,” he said, eyes glued to Percy. He exhaled, “The past few days have been...messy. I thought coming here, that maybe I’d see you again, and make sure-“

“Well here I am,” Percy said and held his hand out, “in the flesh.”

Nico hesitated. He was so pretty that Percy couldn’t stop looking at him, even in his oversized jacket, messy, overgrown dark hair and circles under his big eyes. He bit his bottom lip and looked at the extended hand. Then slowly he got up and walked over to the rock, not really caring when his feet splashed through the shallow water by the sand. He pressed his front against the other side of the rock, and he was so close Percy could feel his wonderful, human warmth. I shouldn’t be doing this, he thought, but didn’t drop his hand.

Slowly, slowly Nico lifted his hand. It was small, pale and trembling, and when he pressed it against Percy’s bigger, colder one a shiver went though the Merman. Before he knew what he was doing, he closed his fingers over Nico’s. The human looked at him, shocked.

“You feel so...”

“Normal?” Percy offered, “I could say the same about you.”

Nico frowned, but didn’t remove his hand, “You’ve never touched a human?”
“No. Never even spoke to one,” Percy admitted. He smiled and stroked Nico’s hand. The Italian breathed out and relaxed against the rock, the cold autumn air tugging on his hair.

“I never thanked you,” Nico said quietly and their hands naturally rested on the rock between them, fingers intertwined. The human didn’t look at Percy, “for saving me that night.”

“Well, you’re welcome,” Percy said, then cocked his head to the side, “Tell me about yourself.”

Nico winced, “I’m not telling you why I tried to kill myself.”

“That’s not what I’m asking,” Percy said, “I want to know where you come from.”

“Italy,” Nico said quietly. Percy nodded.

“Yeah, nice waters. Warm.”

Nico smiled, “You’re funny.”

“I know,” Percy grinned, “so how did you end up here.”

Nico withdrew his hand and hugged his jacket around himself and Percy realised that he was probably cold but he didn’t say anything because he didn’t want Nico to leave. But at the same time, he didn’t want him to be cold.

“It’s a long story,” Nico said and Percy missed the warmth of his hand, “I don’t really...why don’t you tell me about yourself?”

“Where to start,” Percy laughed.

“Well, do you have a girlfriend?” Nico asked, and then blushed, “Shit, sorry, that’s personal-“

Percy laughed again, “No, no it’s fine. I don’t have a girlfriend,” he said, “I don’t have a boyfriend either.”

“Oh,” Nico said.

“What about you?”

“I don’t really have anyone,” he said, then looked away awkwardly, “Wow, that came out more depressing than I intended.”

Percy was intrigued by this boy. The pain in his voice and eyes was obvious and Percy wanted to know where the pain was coming from, but he also wanted to make it away. He wanted to see what Nico looked like when he smiled and laughed. But he also knew they didn’t have much time.

“I have to go,” Percy said, feeling the first rays of sunshine on the back of his neck. Nico looked disappointed, “And you need to rest, and get warm.

“Will you....” he said, and paused, looked away, shy.

Percy smiled and said it instead, “Will you come and see me again?”

“Yes,” Nico said and cleared his throat, “Yeah. Um. Sure. When?”

“Tomorrow?” Percy asked, because he couldn’t imagine waiting.
“Yeah,” Nico said, a little too eagerly. He was blushing and Percy was grinning, “See you, then.”

“See you,” Percy said and ducked back under the water, smiling like an idiot.

***

Nico saw Percy the next day, and the next, and for the next week, before he realised how ridiculous the whole thing was. He didn’t leave his house unless it was necessary, or to meet his Merman. His Merman. He was friends with a mythological creature, and he was the only thing that made Nico get out of bed each morning.

For their eighth meeting Nico decided to bring a gift. They changed their meeting times to the afternoon since it was warmer and better for Nico. The boy had to admit that he felt a little stupid sitting on a blanket on a beach in the middle of November with a plate of cookies in his lap. Cookies that were dyed blue, because Nico had thought that was a good idea.

When he saw the calm sea shift, his heart started pounding and seconds later Percy was popping out of the water and leaning on his usual rock.

“Hey there,” he said, with a grin. Nico had already took off his shoes and rolled up his trousers and now practically ran through the water with his plate.

“Hi,” he said breathlessly. Percy looked gorgeous and effortless and as if he had just come back from holiday on the Canary Islands, “I uh...made you cookies.”

Percy blinked, “Made me what?”

“Um,” Nico blushed, feeling a little stupid, “Um...so, they’re like, baked...,” he realised that Percy wouldn’t know what baking was, “They’re like sweet treats,” he put the plate on the rock in-between them and Percy looked at them curiously. They were a bit deformed, but Nico did his best, “I dyed them blue because you said blue was your favourite colour.”

Percy looked up at him with big, surprised eyes, “You made these...for me?”

“Yeah,” Nico hugged himself, shivering at the piercing cold coming off the water.

Percy didn’t ask any more questions just grabbed a cookie and shoved it into his mouth, scoffing it down in seconds. Nico watched his face change from thoughtful, to surprised, to delighted.

“Oh Gods!” Percy gasped, “These are delicious, thank you!”

Nico relaxed and smiled, “I’m glad you like them.”

Percy looked at him, “I like your smile.”

Immediately Nico stopped smiling, self-conscious, and watched Percy eat the rest of the cookies. He took one himself and nibbled on it. It was the weirdest situation Nico had ever been in, standing in the sea and eating cookies with a Merman.

***

A month passed and it was getting really cold but despite the snow that ringed the edge of the sand, Nico continued to show up to his and Percy’s meetings. Sometimes he showed the Merman videos on his phone or brought him little trinkets to play around with. Percy told him stories about being a Merman and on their fourteenth meeting showed Nico his power. To make things more interesting it
turned out that the Merman could control water. So Nico spent hours at the beach watching him make shapes out of the sea.

That afternoon was particularly cold with petals of snow fluttering from the sky. Nico sat on a blanket with another one thrown over his shoulders to keep the cold out. Percy was stretched out on the sand next to him, not affected by the weather at all. They were talking about pure nonsense again when Nico suddenly asked.

“Can I touch your tail?”

He would’ve never asked that, but he felt so comfortable with Percy, more comfortable than he had ever felt with anyone but Bianca. Percy looked up at him, leaning back on his elbows.

“Yeah, if you want,” he said with a shrug. Nico hesitated.

“But isn’t it like...sensitive or something?” he asked.

“Parts of it, yeah,” Percy smiled as if he found the lack of Nico’s knowledge adorable. Then he reached over and took Nico’s hand in his. The boy shifted closer to the Merman and Percy carefully placed his hand on his scales.

They both shivered. The scales were slick and wet but surprisingly pleasant. Nico had expected the tail to feel like a wriggling fish, but it didn’t. He slowly slid his hand down it and Percy tensed and shivered again and Nico bit his lip. He wanted to keep touching Percy, in other places, but he wasn’t confident enough so he removed his hand.

“Can I touch you too?” Percy asked, and Nico nodded, not looking at him, heart beating faster. He felt Percy’s cold hand against his neck and tensed subconsciously. Nico didn’t look at him when he touched his cheek and jaw and ran his finger down his nose. Subconsciously Nico leaned into the Merman’s touch feeling heat spread through him despite Percy’s cool skin.

The Merman hand travelled lower, brushing over Nico’s chest, slipping beneath his blanket and the boy tried his hardest to keep it together. Percy shifted, pulled him closer and Nico felt like every nerve was on fire. Percy touched him with both hands then, one cradling his cheek, the other one slipping under his shirt to touch his warm stomach. Nico gasped and Percy’s thumb found his mouth, brushing over his lower lip. Nico felt it was too intimate but he didn’t know what to say, until Percy’s hand slid down and brushed over his crotch.

“Percy!” Nico spluttered, grabbing the Merman’s hand with both of his. Percy blinked innocently.

“What?” he asked, and Nico felt all the blood rush to his face.

“Y-You can’t touch there,” he said, “that’s p-private.”

“Oh. Sorry,” Percy didn’t seem taken aback and dropped that hand, his other one still stroking Nico’s lip.

“P-Percy,” Nico said, but that’s when his train of thought stopped. The way Percy was looking at him was different now.


“I...we’re not kissing.”

“Why?” Percy asked and Nico couldn’t think of an answer. He had been so deep in his depression
that he never wanted to touch anyone, or kiss anyone, or have sex, but now he felt like he wanted all those things. With Percy.

He swallowed and when Percy cradled his face in his hands he didn’t pull away. Slowly, the Merman leaned in, and Nico held his breath. Percy came closer and closer and Nico couldn’t move but he wanted this kiss, he wanted more, he wanted Percy-

“Perseus Jackson!” a voice boomed, and the two men jerked apart. In the water was a man, naked from the waist up, disappearing in the water from the waist down. His hair was as dark as Percy’s and he had the same sea-green eyes. But he was older, and furious.

“Fuck,” Percy swore and let go of Nico.

“What?” the boy asked.

“That’s my father,” Percy whispered, and then, “Run.”

So Nico ran.

***

“This court is called into session to discuss the crimes of Perseus Jackson.”

“Come on crimes is a bit dramatic, don’t you think?” Percy asked.

“Silence!” his father boomed.

The man was floating in front of a semi-circle of the biggest and most powerful Merfolk in the Seas, who had gathered to punish Percy...for what? For falling in love with Nico? Naturally they didn’t know that...

“You broke the code,” Poseidon growled, “you revealed yourself to a human, and saved his life!”

“He was drowning,” Percy snapped, annoyed and frustrated. He wanted to make sure Nico was be fine.

“You could’ve wiped his memory,” one of the old Mermaids croaked. Percy swallowed, because he had nothing to say in his defence, “Why did you not wipe his memory?”

“I...,” Percy exhaled, “I’m in love with him.”

“Oh please!” Poseidon boomed, “That is ridiculous! A Merman in love with a Human!”

“Well, it’s true,” Percy crossed his arms over his chest.

“The only way to fix this,” another Merman butted in, “Is to erase the Human’s memory.”

A murmur of consent went through the judges, but Percy interrupted, “No,” he said firmly.

“He can’t know about us,” Poseidon fumed.

“Well, I don’t care. I’m not wiping his memory.”

“There is another option,” another Judge said, “Exile.”

“No,” Poseidon growled, “That is my son.”
“His crimes are severe,” the old Mermaid snapped, “if he weren’t your son Poseidon-“

“I’ll take it,” Percy said, and he didn’t know why. His whole life was underwater, but...but he couldn’t imagine never seeing Nico again. He had never been in love and now it felt like it was taking over his entire being. He had to see the boy again, no matter what it took. He knew that the judges would soften after a while and hopefully allow him back, but for the time being he made his decision, “I’ll leave, as long as Nico doesn’t lose his memories.”

***

Nico was curled up in bed. He hadn’t slept in days and when he did his dreams were either filled with the feeling of cold hands sliding his body, or there were nightmares, in which Nico couldn’t breathe and was drowning, over and over. He tried to sleep now, but it was useless – he just kept worrying about what happened to Percy and if he’d ever see him again.

After an hour of tossing and turning Nico got out of bed and went to the kitchen. His house seemed dull and dark and depressing and Nico went as far as putting water in the kettle, but never even put it on. He stood with his hand on the counter and spaced out, remembering Percy’s hands on him. He shivered at the memory.

There was a sudden knock on the door and Nico tensed, glancing at the clock. It was coming up to midnight and he had no friends in town. Something in his gut made him go to the door though, despite his anxiety, and he flinched when another impatient knock sounded on the door.

Shakily, Nico opened the door.

And stared.

Percy stood outside the door, smiling sheepishly. Stood. Nico stared at him, and not only because Percy was naked in the rain, but because he had legs.

“Oh my God,” Nico whispered and then Percy was gathering him up into his arms and holding him close.

“Thank the Gods you’re okay.”

“P-Percy what-,” Nico chocked out because Percy was warm, even with his wet skin. Nico dragged him into the house and pushed the door shut, “Jesus, you’ll get a cold! How did you find me!” he was panicking his brain overheating.

“You said you lived in the blue house,” Percy said, grinning, and Nico tried not to stare at his body as he pulled him into his bedroom and frantically found him some clothed that would fit.

“Uh, are you hungry, cold, um, what happened,” Nico was blabbering, turning in an aimless circle, trying to calm down. Percy grabbed him by the arms suddenly.

“Hey,” he said, and laughed, “Calm down.”

Nico exhaled, “Sorry. It’s just...a lot.”

He took Percy into the kitchen and the Merman freaked out over the fridge and the food and especially fire, which scared him. Nico had to set him down on a chair and finally managed to put the kettle on. He cooked some bacon on the stove, alongside eggs, and Percy watched with big eyes asking what’s a pig and how does it get hot and stupid, adorable little questions and Nico was so in love that for a second he forgot about his grim, depressed reality.
Percy told him in stops and starts about what happened in Merfolk court while loudly complimenting Nico’s food. Nico never had anyone compliment his food, because he had never cooked for anyone. And yes, it was just bacon and eggs but actually having a meal with someone made Nico so happy that he wanted to cry.

It all got too much. Exhaustion washed over Nico and he barely had enough energy to set Percy up on the couch before he was collapsing on his bed and falling asleep.

***

Percy stood in the doorway to Nico’s bedroom, and watched the boy’s sleeping form for a while, all soft edges and pale skin. Then he approached his bed, the pillow Nico gave him tucked under his arm. He liked pillows, he decided, as he reached down and carded his fingers through Nico’s hair. It was soft and fluffy and dry the way it never was down at the beach. *I made the right choice,* Percy thought when Nico’s eyes fluttered open.

“Percy?” Nico mumbled, then sat up, “What’s wrong?”

“I can’t sleep. The bed’s too...solid,” Percy admitted. Nico blinked at him blearily, half asleep and then shuffled over on the bed, as if that was going to solve the problem of a too solid bed. Percy didn’t care though, because his heart flipped at the thought of sleeping in the same place as Nico.

He climbed in next to the boy and the human threw covers over both of them before snuggling up against Percy. It was so cute, and the boy probably didn’t even know he was doing it. He stroked Nico’s hair and held him close *I love you* he thought, and dropped a kiss on top of Nico’s head. He thought the human was asleep, but Nico craned his head up to look at him instead. He was half asleep and he frowned before his hand came up to touch Percy’s cheek gently, as if he needed to make sure the boy was real.

“Loneliness,” he whispered bitterly.

“What?” Percy didn’t understand

“Why I wanted to die. Because I’m lonely. Because I have nobody,” Nico whispered and there were tears in his eyes. Percy’s heart ached. This beautiful man in front of him deserved to be happy.

“You have me now,” Percy whispered. Nico sniffled.

“I don’t know if I’ll get better,” he whispered, “I don’t know if I’ll have the strength to keep on living.”

“I’ll be your strength,” Percy murmured, “and I’ll go down to the sea with you. And I’ll save you again and again and-”

Nico grabbed his face nad kissed him, but let go almost immediately, “Sorry,” he whispered, blushing, “I-I just...I never gave you that kiss.”
Smell You In My Clothes

Frank and Leo swap clothes. Frank’s clothes are way too big on Leo and he thinks his boyfriend looks adorable. Meanwhile, Frank is having trouble getting the other’s pants passed his thicc, muscular thighs and the shirt starts to tear once they reach his very nice biceps.
Leo’s just there like, “I am so blessed for having this man in my life.” Cute and dorky, please..?
for TinyMiso

“This is such a stupid idea,” Frank shook his head fondly when his boyfriend shoved a bunch of his clothes into his arms, “It’s never going to work.”

“Shhh, this is genius,” Leo said, pulling Frank’s own clothes from their shared closet in Frank’s flat at Camp Jupiter, “I’m gonna go change in the bathroom, you change in here, and wait for the magic to happen,” he winked at his boyfriend and he looked fucking adorable with his curls tied back, in his oil-stained overalls that he wore earlier when he was working with the engineers of New Rome.

“You really are bored,” Frank said teasingly, already pulling off his shirt. Leo stuck his tongue out at Frank playfully and the Roman wanted to grab him and pull him close and kiss him but instead he watched his boyfriend skip into their ensuite bathroom.

Leo shoved off his clothes hurriedly. He didn’t really know why he had come up with this idea, but now that it was in his head it was brilliant. It’d be hilarious to see Frank in his clothes, and Leo wanted to see himself in Frank’s. They’ve only dated for two months and were just getting properly ‘domestic’ with each other, and Leo thought this would be a good step in their relationship, as little and insignificant as it might’ve seemed.

So now Leo dumped his clothes in a pile on the floor and shoved on Frank’s – the t-shirt was much too big, like a dress on him, falling down to his thighs, the sleeves reaching his elbows. The shorts weren’t even shorts on him, but rather reached his calves and Leo had to pull on the strings at the waist all the way and tie them so they didn’t slip down.

In the bedroom, Frank was struggling. He had managed to somehow get Leo’s orange Camp Half-Blood over his head, feeling like he was going to suffocate in the process. He was scared if he moved too much the shirt would tear apart. The trousers were an even bigger issue, because they refused to get further up than his muscular thighs.

“Ready?” Leo called from the bathroom and didn’t wait as he walked into the bedroom. Frank’s eyes slid over him and he forgot his discomfort because his heart melted a little bit.
Leo looked so adorable, younger and softer, grinning like an idiot, one hand holding the shorts at his waist so they didn’t fall, “You look ridiculous,” he told Frank, letting out a giggle. And Frank did, with his half-on pants and too-small t-shirt.

“You look cute,” he retaliated, snickering. Giggling, Leo grabbed his hand and pulled him to the mirror. The Latino only reached the Roman’s chest, and their height-difference looked funny because of their outfits.

“I think the t-shirt will rip,” Frank said. Leo met his eyes in the mirror and reached up, running his hands over Frank’s chest and abs, which were hard and perfectly visible through the too-tight t-shirt. The boy flicked Frank’s naked thighs playfully.

“I didn’t know my boyfriend was so thicc,” he said, winking. Frank rolled his eyes.

“Oh my Gods, you’re actually so stupid.”

Leo turned and stood on his tiptoes, sliding his arms around Frank’s shoulders, and despite the hilarity of the situation and that he couldn’t keep his smile off his face, all he could think about was how blessed he was to have this gorgeous, blushing, amazingly muscled man in his life.

Frank leaned down and kissed Leo’s lips, his arms wrapping around his boyfriend, “I love you and your stupid ideas,” he murmured.

“I love you too,” Leo replied sweetly and he did stop smiling then so he could kiss Frank again.

The sound of ripping broke the kiss, “Oh-oh,” Frank said.

“Damn, you’re literally ripping my clothes,” Leo wriggled his eyebrows, “that’s hot. You’re hot.”

“Fuck this,” Frank grumbled and tensed. The shirt split at the seams and Frank ripped it off his chest, kicking off his trousers. Leo watched him, grinning and biting his lip and when Frank was just in his boxers he grabbed Leo around the waist, picked him up as if he weighed nothing, and dropped him on the bed.

“I like this sudden turn of events,” Leo said cheekily, pulling Frank down for a kiss.
You Once Found Those Cicadas

PerLeo at which they're both roommates at a boarding high school? Percy has trouble keeping his horniness and aggressiveness at bay but doesn’t want to force or hurt his girlfriend. Leo is a provincial boy who is awkward, naive and a nerd. So, like, they started out with an agreement of completely platonic frick fracking and they’re like ‘yeah, cool man, lemme shove my tongue on your throat and let’s have hot, rough sex at least twice a day in different positions because we’re bros and bros help each other in this ripe age of wilderness and rampant hormonal urges’. It's a win-win, because Percy's always #thirsty and he could fuck Leo so roughly he can't moan properly and Leo wouldn't mind. That is until both of them gradually fell inlove with each other. Oops. Cute happy ending.

For SpaceGoo

The sound of heated, loud breathing filled the small bedroom and the boy in the bed on the left turned onto his side, facing the wall and biting his lip, which didn’t stop his too-loud breath from escaping his mouth as he jerked himself off under the covers. On the other bed, just a sliver of floor away, laid his roommate, also facing the wall, eye twitching in annoyance.

“Fuck,” Percy Jackson groaned quietly, caught in frustration because the wank wasn’t satisfying and he could feel himself getting annoyed. His hand just wouldn’t do it.

“Shut up,” Leo Valdez growled from the other bed. Percy rolled onto his back and kicked the covers aside. Summer was just around the corner and it was unbearable hot in their dorm room, even in the middle of the night. Percy laid there, naked and comfortable as the day he was born, his dick standing up from his body. He was completely dejected.

“I can’t come,” he whined. Leo thought he was going to kill him.

“I don’t care, shut the fuck up or go wank in the bathroom.”

They had been roommates since they were eleven and were both sent to this boarding school by their parents who didn’t care for them. Now they were seventeen, and were so comfortable around each other that Leo didn’t even feel weird listening to his roommate and best friend masturbate.

“You don’t get it,” Percy complained, “I can’t come. Like. My hand’s just shit.”

“I don’t care,” Leo wanted to cry as he banged his head against his pillow. He was so tired, and if it wasn’t the heat waking him up, it was Percy.

“I want to fuck Annabeth,” Percy complained, pouting like a kicked puppy. Leo rolled over to look at him, only raising his eyebrow slightly at his naked erection.
“You fucked her last week.”

“I know,” Percy looked unhappy, and crossed his arms over his chest, remembering that encounter, “But she never seems to enjoy it. She’s always so quiet and if I go too hard and rough she complains.”

“Maybe you’re just a bad fuck?” Leo suggested teasingly, leaning his face on his hand. Percy glared at him.

“Shut up, Valdez, I’m a great fuck.”

“Sure you are,” Leo rolled his eyes, but he couldn’t really speak. He had only fucked one girl before, and had one guy fuck him, and both times were horrible and traumatic. Still, the boy couldn’t help but think about how Percy fucked.

“I just...,” the bigger boy bit his lip with frustration. Their window was open but no breeze came in, the air stifling. Outside, the cicadas sang in the fields surrounding the school, “I just want to let lose sometimes, y’know.” Percy brushed his dark hair from his sweaty forehead, “I want to just fuck, but I’m so worried that I’ll hurt her...”

“Annabeth can handle herself,” Leo snorted. Still, listening to Percy talk about sex was making him hard. What could he do, he was a teenage boy, he got horny over anything, but not as much as Percy.

“Yeah, but still,” the dark haired boy exhaled, and then his voice got quieter, “I sometimes want to go proper rough, and leave bruises, and see what it’s like to just go for it.”

“Maybe you need a fuck buddy,” Leo joked. Percy’s head snapped to him and the Latino tensed, the smile melting off his face, “Percy,” he said carefully, “I was kidding. Do not cheat on your girlfriend.”

“She cheats on me,” Percy whispered, eyes trained on Leo, “With Piper.”

“Oh please, you told me last week it doesn’t count if it’s two girls and that you don’t mind because it’s hot.”

Percy’s eyes glimmered with something, “It’s not cheating if I do with a guy.”

Leo swallowed and his insides felt hot, “Percy...”

The boy sat up, eager now, his dick still hard, “You’ve done it before, haven’t you?” he asked, “how did it feel?”

“It was shit,” Leo said.

“Yeah, well, with me it wouldn’t be.”

Leo looked at him, “Percy you’re not seriously suggesting we sex.”

“Why not?” the boy shrugged, “It’d be fun. I could get my sexual frustration out, experiment a bit, rough you up a bit. I’m sure you’d enjoy it. Besides, an ass is an ass.”

Leo’s stomach was all in knots and his cock was throbbing. Of course he thought about sex with Percy before – they were teens, and listening to his roommate masturbate every other night made his mind wander. But this...this was next level...
“You’re just saying this because it’s late and you’re horny,” Leo said, mouth dry. But Percy’s face was serious.

“I’m not,” he said, “You’re not bad looking, kind of girly-“

“Now you’re just offending me,” Leo’s eyes narrowed and Percy grinned. It was weird that the conversation felt so comfortable, considering the topic.

“You could wear a dress...,” Percy mused. Leo flushed.

“Percy!” he hissed, “I’m not having sex with you, idiot.”

“Why?” Percy questioned, and Leo’s mind blanked, “We both have our urges, we trust each other. It’d just be a bit of fooling around. It’s what bros do. Obviously it’s not actually gay, like I’m not actually attracted to you or anything.”

“Same,” Leo lied.

“Come on,” Percy sat up, grinning, “We’re bros, and bros help each other in this ripe age of wilderness and rampant hormonal urges," he proclaimed. Leo snickered but also sat up, weirdly compelled.

“You sound like someone from the Dead Poet’s Society.”

“Who?” Percy blinked. Leo shook his head.

“Fucking idiot.”

“Fucking nerd,” Percy shot back.

“Okay, so hypothetically speaking,” Leo leaned against the wall, sleep long forgotten, “if we were to have sex what makes you think you could even get me hard?”

“Well, let me try,” Percy said with too much confidence. Leo swallowed but if he backed out now, it’d look weird...

“Do your best,” he said and Percy got off his bed and climbed onto Leo’s, shoving his covers aside. In seconds he was close and Leo shifted, uncomfortable, putting his legs up like a wall between him and his friend. Percy was unimpressed.

“Come on,” he tapped his knee, “It won’t work like this. Lie down,” Leo looked uncertain so Percy sighed, “I’ll stop if you don’t like it. I’m just trying it out.”

“Can you at least put some underwear on?”

“No,” Percy deadpanned. Leo rolled his eyes and awkwardly shifted himself so he could plop down on his pillows. He cradled his hands protectively to his chest and looked at Percy hesitantly when the boy swung one leg over him, straddling Leo.

“We’re a bit close,” Leo said.

“Shh,” Percy put his hands on either side of Leo’s head, “You’re ruining the moment.”

Leo looked away, because the situation was getting a bit intense, but Percy nudged his face back with a finger. There was no trace of the usual amusement in the bigger boy’s features. They looked at each other for a moment, tense and awkward, and then Percy said.
“You have a really nice mouth.”

Leo should’ve said something funny, or groaned, or hit Percy playfully, but instead he blushed like some maiden and whispered a shaky, “T-Thanks.”

“I’m gonna kiss you now,” Percy said, frowning, as if he didn’t quite comprehend the concept. Leo nodded mutely. Percy leaned down and the Latino tensed, suddenly remembering his first kiss for some reason. It was with a girl called Calypso in primary school, behind the bike shed. It had been sloppy and disgusting and Leo wanted to vomit after. He could count the kisses he’d had in his life on one hand, and he did as Percy leaned in.

There was Calypso. Then there was a girl called Reyna in year six, who was taller and bigger than him and very scary. Her friends had dared her to kiss Leo and she cornered the terrified boy at lunch and kissed him. It had so much teeth in it she might’ve as well bit him. Then there was that girl at that one party Percy dragged him to that Leo didn’t know the name of. It had been a drunk kiss, so again, sloppy and wet. Then there had been Luke, and he had been a good kisser, but he hadn’t wanted to kiss Leo, just fuck him. And now there was Percy, inches away from him, moving closer in this stifling heat of the room they’ve shared for five years.

When their lips met it was only hesitant for a second before Percy remembered he had to persuade Leo to go along with his crazy plan, so he gripped the boy’s face in his hands and kissed him, hard and passionate. It was unlike any kiss Leo had ever had, because it was good. Percy’s mouth moved expertly against his own, lips sliding together so Leo’s mouth opened naturally, on its own accord. His breath came out gaspy and Percy licked at his bottom lip, then pushed his wet tongue into Leo’s mouth until the boy was squirming and blood was rushing to his cock. It was already boiling in the room, and it got even hotter with Percy’s weight on top of him. It was a good kiss, a really good kiss, with just the right amount of roughness. Percy nipped at Leo’s bottom lip and the boy responded by wrestling the bigger boy’s tongue with his own until they were both panting and subconsciously rocking together.

Leo felt hot and restless as he allowed Percy to explore his mouth with his tongue. His hands slid into the boy’s silky hair and he grinded up so their cocks rubbed together clumsily, sending sparks of pleasure up both of their spines. The muggy air added to the atmosphere somehow – here, in Leo’s bed, in one of the first hot summer nights of the year, it felt like there would be no consequences to their actions, like they were in their own little bubble.

“Let me fuck you,” Percy whispered urgently, grinding down a little harder against Leo. The Latino moaned and his legs slid apart to allow Percy better access and all he could do was nod feverishly as they kissed, open mouthed and wet. Since Percy had no underwear he left wet trails of precum on Leo’s sleeping boxers, “Can I see your dick?” he asked, licking down Leo’s neck like he was a dessert.

“Mhmm,” the smaller boy hummed in consent. Percy’s hand delved into his boxers. Leo was sweaty and hard but Percy didn’t seem to mind as he pulled his erection out. He regarded it for a second and Leo watched him, “You’ve seen it before,” he said.

“Yeah, but not like this,” Percy glanced at Leo and gently turned the dick in his hand, as if unsure what to do with it.

“Just jerk me off,” Leo said, curls falling against his forehead and sticking to his flushed cheeks.

“No,” Percy huffed, and in the darkness of the room his expressions were hard to see, “I wanna fuck you.”
That thought kind of scared Leo, but not enough for him to back down, “You need to prepare me first. Condoms?”

“I’m clean,” Percy sounded offended.

“Don’t care,” Leo said.

“It’s not like you can get pregnant...,” Percy grumbled but climbed off anyway, rummaging around in his cluttered desk before victoriously pulling out a packet of condoms. He made for the bed but Leo held up his hand. He looked a bit of a mess, t-shirt pushed up to his ribs, cock peeking out of his boxers.

“Lube,” he said.

“I don’t have any,” Percy said. Leo sighed and dished a little bottle out of his side drawer. Percy raised a questioning eyebrow.

“It’s from that time with Luke,” Leo didn’t want to go into details. Percy nodded and clumsily climbed back on top of him. Then for some reason Leo realised he was allowed to touch him and his hands started travelling all over Percy’s soft, sweaty skin. Percy decided to return the favour and pulled Leo’s t-shirt over his head and helped him to wriggle out of his boxers. They slotted their naked bodies together and just as they were going to kiss, Leo asked;

“Did we lock the door?”

Percy groaned, “For fuck’s sake nobody’s going to come in at this time.”

Leo pondered this for a second, before saying, “True.”

Their mouths crashed together and they both moaned at the contact. Percy was so hard he thought he’d explode and Leo was dizzy with pleasure. When they broke apart Leo had spit down his chin.

“Gross,” Percy said, but it wasn’t really, and wiped the boy’s chin with the back of his hand. Leo looked at him.

“Not really. It’s yours.” Percy snickered at that, and Leo continued, “If I roll over this will be easier,” he said and, without waiting for a response, rolled over onto his stomach. Percy gave himself a second to appreciate the view because Leo’s body was quite nice; tanned, flawless back, narrow waist, girlish hips and an ass that made Percy’s mouth water. He’s a guy, some rational part of his mind tried to remind him, but Percy was too far gone to care. He knew this was wrong, but he wanted it anyway.

“We’re such a cliché,” he said thoughtfully, “The jock and the nerd...”

“Lube,” Leo said impatiently.

“Oh. Yeah. Right.”

Percy grabbed the little bottle and poured some lube over his fingers as Leo re-arranged the pillows, making himself comfortable. The bigger boy settled between his legs and nudged them apart before grabbing one of Leo’s ass-cheeks and pulling it apart. He could see the boy’s hole, and it was tiny.

“You sure you’re not a virgin?” Percy asked, wondering how the fuck his dick would fit in there.

“Shut up, Jackson,” Leo grumbled, “If you hurt me I’ll shave your head in your sleep.”
“Noted,” Percy said. He experimentally touched the tip of his finger to Leo’s ass, and the boy shiver. Despite his small size something about him made Percy want to wreck him. With Annabeth he always felt like he had to be careful, in case he hurt her, but Leo seemed like he could take it, even if his asshole was ridiculously small.

Percy tried to push his finger inside the boy and was pleased when it gave way enough for the tip to go in. Leo shuddered at the intrusion, because it had been ages since him and Luke, and shoved his face into the pillow. To his credit, Percy went slow, pushing his finger in inch by inch, and it wasn’t even that bad. Leo’s walls shifted to accommodate the new thing inside him and he bit his lip when Percy wriggled the digit inside him.

“Good?” he asked.

“Not really,” Leo replied, “but keep going.”

Percy wasn’t disheartened by his response and moved the finger in and out of him a few times, each time getting Leo to open up a little bit more. The Latino spread his legs and stuck his ass upwards and Percy really appreciated that because like this he could watch his finger sink in and out of the boy. He drizzled lube over Leo’s pink, puckered hole and then tried to wriggle a second finger inside.

Leo hissed when it slipped in, “Shit.”

“I thought you’ve done this before,” Percy said, trying to appear nonchalant even as his cock throbbed with desire. Leo glanced over his shoulder at him, vaguely annoyed and flushed.

“I have. It’s just been a while.”

His expression crumbled and he let out a sudden moan when Percy shoved the two fingers completely inside of him. The boy collapsed on the pillows, shivering, feeling pleasure coil inside him, and Percy bit back a groan.

“That was hot,” he muttered. Leo could only moan in reply as Percy started to move his fingers inside, scissoring them expertly. The Latino tried not to think about where Percy learned that, or rather on who, even though he knew the answer.

“Can I add a third?” Percy asked after a minute.

“Someone’s impatient,” Leo grumbled.

“I just want to be in you,” Percy said honestly, “I’ve never tried anal.”

Leo sighed, feeling like he was going to regret this, “It’s fine, I’m ready, your dick isn’t that big.”

“Ouch.”

“Don’t forget the condom.”

Normally Percy’s hands shook when he put on a condom because Annabeth intimidated him, but this time it went smoothly, maybe because he was so comfortable. It didn’t quite hit him yet that he had just fingered his best friend and was about to fuck him.

“Okay,” Percy raised himself up so he was kneeling, “Tell me what to do.”

Leo looked at him over his shoulder, “I thought you’ve done this before,” he parroted. Percy
grinned.

“Shut up,” he said, and playfully smacked Leo’s ass-cheek. The boy moaned, mouth falling open, and pleasure jolted through both of them – Leo from the sting of pleasant pain, Percy from hearing the boy’s voice like that.

“Don’t do that,” Leo said breathlessly, so naturally Percy did that again, bringing his hand down him harder. The Latino gasped and his cock twitched, the tip rubbing against the sheets, “F-Fuck,” he whimpered.

“You like that?” Percy asked, a little surprised, “Who would’ve though the seemingly innocent nerd was into spanking.”

“You fucking me or not?” Leo asked in annoyance, cheeks burning. Percy was never going to let this go.

“Do you want me to be gentle? Because I don’t think I can. I don’t want to be gentle,” Percy said, suddenly overcome by desire.

“I don’t want you to be gentle either,” Leo told him, “Just go, I’ll tell you if I can’t take it.”

Percy bit his lip and took his cock in his hand before opting to put more lube both on it and on Leo’s hole. The room was silent for a while, save for their erratic breathing. Percy slowly leaned forward and pressed the head of his cock against Leo. He pushed, but all he felt was resistance. Leo hissed.

“It’s not gonna go in,” Percy said, and then Leo’s hole opened and swallowed the tip of his erection. Both the boys moaned, probably too loud. Percy smacked a hand over his mouth, his world tilting at the sudden heat gripping his cock. Without thinking he started to push in, burying himself in Leo’s wetness with a wet squelch.

“No...shit, pull out,” Leo gasped, pain prickling into his stomach, and his hands gripped the blankets. It wasn’t as bad as with Luke at least, but it still hurt like a bitch. At least one of us can enjoy this, Leo thought, “Move,” he said. Percy stopped, gasping.

“Fuck,” he moaned, “Oh fuck, don’t make me pull out.”

“J-Just give me a second,” Leo panted, squeezing his eyes shut as lube ran down his thighs. It wasn’t as bad as with Luke at least, but it still hurt like a bitch. At least one of us can enjoy this, Leo thought, “Move,” he said. Percy didn’t have to be told twice and he continued to push, his cock inching its way inside Leo. The boy felt stuff full and it was painful but with a promise that it might actually get good.

Percy gripped his hips tightly, overcome by pleasure that was threatening to make his whole body shut down. Leo was biting his pillow, trying not to wake the boys in surrounding rooms, which was hard when he had the throbbing, spasming erection of Percy Jackson up his butt.

Percy pulled out suddenly, with no warning, and then roughly thrust back in. Leo gasped, eyes flying open, and Percy stammered out, “L-Leo I-“ before he was groaning and covering Leo’s body with his own, gripping him tightly to his chest as he orgasmed.

They stayed like that until Percy stopped shuddering and his dick went soft. Leo’s dick had gone soft ages ago. Percy pulled out slowly, feeling like a giant marshmallow. He climbed off Leo and stumbled to his bed like a drunk man, collapsing on his amazingly cold covers, the sweat on his body already cooling.

“Jesus,” he whispered, closing his eyes. Leo sat up, ass aching, and looked down at his bed in
distaste.

“That was fast. Like so fast,” he said.

“Oh my God, you felt incredible,” Percy groaned, remembering. Leo felt a flood of heat and happiness at that comment, no matter how lewd.

“Can’t say the same about you. Hurt like a bitch, but I guess it was to be expected.”

Percy looked up at him, two steps from passing out.

“Tomorrow I’ll fuck you properly,” he said.

“Stay away from my ass, Jackson.”

***

Leo felt a little ashamed the next day when he walked down to dinner with his best friend and neighbour, Nico. He wasn’t ashamed because he had sex with a guy, but because it was with Percy.

They might’ve been friends, especially behind the closed doors of their room, but in reality they barely spoke outside of it. Percy was one of the ‘popular’ boys, on the swim team, with a pretty girlfriend. He and his friends smuggled beer into the boarding school and snuck out to party with the public school kids on weekend. Leo...Leo was awkward, and nerdy, and way too invested in engineering and making stuff. Percy used to tease him about it, but Leo’s passion was robotics. Percy also teased him when Leo let Luke from year thirteen fuck him in the ass and cried about it because he couldn’t sit down after. But Leo, unlike Percy, was from a small town in Wales and this – experimenting with boys – had been something he was eager to do.

He didn’t know if he was gay. Maybe he was bisexual? He glanced at Nico who was telling him about something that Leo wasn’t listening to. Leo couldn’t imagine having sex with him. A group of giggling girls from the female floor passed them, giggling, and Leo looked at their asses. He couldn’t imagine fucking them either. He sighed.

“Right,” Nico grabbed his arm, stopping them, “What’s up?”

Leo blinked, “Nothing.”

The boy raised an eyebrow, “You’re quiet. You’re never quiet. And you’re walking weird.”


“Serious?”

“Yup,” Leo bit his lip, “Think he’s coming back for round two.”

“He?” Nico grinned. Leo rolled his eyes.

“I’m not telling you any more, let’s go.”

The dinner hall was packed with students; there were seven long tables in the great hall, with an eight one at the end that belonged to the teachers. Each table was for each year, and it was one of the few places boys and girls could mix. As Leo slid into the Year Twelve bench he thought it was a bit like Hogwarts.

Down the table laughter erupted and when Leo looked up he saw Percy and his friends cracking up
about something. His roommate looked up and his eyes met Leo’s. He raised his hand in a semi-wave and winked at Leo, and Leo rolled his eyes.

“You’re kidding me,” Nico whispered next to him, “Percy fucking Jackson.”

“Don’t say anything,” Leo mumbled and looked down at his plate, already vibrating with excitement for what he knew was going to come.

Percy kept looking at Leo all through dinner, fighting his erection and imagining the things he’d do to the boy when they got back to their room. Last night, as messy as it had been, was good, and Percy desperately wanted a repeat, and so did Leo. He was a madman. Percy had fucked him, and it had hurt, and he wanted to go again. The two of them wolfed down their dinner and then sat anxiously in their sits, impatient to leave. Finally they were dismissed and the two of them practically ran up the stairs to their room.

The moment the door slammed behind them Percy had Leo up against it, kissing him feverishly. Leo moaned, shivering, and Percy used that opportunity to slide his tongue into his mouth. Leo fought him for dominance for a second, before giving in.

“Shouldn’t we shower or something?” he huffed out against Percy’s mouth but his actions contradicted his words when he wrapped his arms around Percy’s shoulders and held onto him. The taller boy shook his head, mouth brushing over Leo’s. He broke the kiss so he could bury his face in Leo’s neck and kiss him there, wet and open mouthed, dragging his teeth over the boy’s skin. Leo leaned his head against the door, panting. Percy grabbed his t-shirt, pulled it over Leo’s head then kissed his collarbone, his shoulder. It was as if Percy was a starving man and Leo was his favourite meal.

“Bed?” he asked.

“I like the door,” Leo said. Percy glanced up at him, grinning.

“Kinky.”

He turned Leo around, pressing him up against the door face-first. Leo gasped against the wood and he should’ve minded being handled like that, but he didn’t. He was achingly hard, and he arched his back, pressing his ass against Percy’s crotch. The boy was equally as hard.

“Do you need me to prepare you again?” Percy asked.

“Yes,” Leo growled, offended. Percy pushed his head against the door, ran his fingers through his curls, tugged on them hard enough to hurt, pulling Leo backwards so he could kiss him. Percy’s free hand slid down Leo’s naked chest, then dipped down into his trousers. His hand wrapped around his cock.

“No homo,” Percy whispered heatedly against his neck.

“No homo,” Leo replied, eyes fluttering shut at the pleasure that rushed through him at the feeling of Percy’s hands on him. The taller boy pulled away to strip naked, throwing his clothes aside as if they were rags. Leo gave him a pointed look, Percy rolled his eyes and went to put on a condom, then shoved Leo’s trousers and boxers off so they pooled around his ankles, and pulled the boy flush against him.

His cock slipped between Leo’s thighs and they both gasped. Percy bit his lip and thrust between Leo’s legs, wetting them with his precum. He looked down and suddenly found himself dizzyingly fascinated with the gentle dip of the boy’s back. Before he knew what he was doing, he was sinking
to his knees.

“P-Percy?” Leo asked shakily, looking down at the other boy over his shoulder. Percy grabbed one of his ass-cheeks in his hand and squeezed, “You are not doing what I think you’re doing,” Leo said.

“What?” Percy asked innocently, “You have a really nice ass.”

“I haven’t washed,” Leo started rattling off reasons, “I’m all sweaty from today, you don’t know what you’re doing, this will-“

His words ended in an abrupt, high-pitched moan when Percy leaned forward and pushed his tongue inside of Leo. The Latino gasped, lips brushing the wood of the doors, hands clenching uselessly against it. He didn’t know what to do or say because the feeling of Percy’s wet, hot tongue wriggling inside of him was intense. His thighs trembled while Percy found that, weirdly, he enjoyed having his mouth on a guy’s ass, especially when it ended in sweet little breathless moans spilling from Leo’s mouth.

Percy licked until Leo could barely stand and his hole was wet. By then Percy had three fingers inside of him, causing Leo to slowly lose his mind, and his cock was throbbing. Percy surged upwards and plastered himself over Leo’s back. One of his arms wrapped around the smaller boy’s waist.

“Ready?” Percy whispered and Leo was so turned on all he could do was nod. Percy turned his face, shoved his tongue down Leo’s throat, and pushed his cock inside him.

It was as amazing as the night before, just as tight and hot, and the insides seemed to clench around Percy’s length. He forced his orgasm back and bit his lip as he slowly pulled out and thrust back into Leo. The Latino felt a burn as he was stretched by the other boy’s cock, but it wasn’t painful, and when Percy thrust in again, and then once more, it wasn’t unpleasant at all.

Percy couldn’t hold back. He gripped Leo to him and started thrusting, fucking Leo with a sudden roughness. Leo moaned and Percy pressed a hand over his mouth so everyone on their corridor didn’t hear. He pounded into Leo, feeling heat rushing through him, and when he hit Leo’s prostate the boy fought a sob. His legs gave out underneath him.

Percy took him down to the floor and pushed Leo down onto all-fours. The position would’ve been humiliating, but Leo didn’t fucking care because he was shaking with pleasure, and the fact that he was having sex on the floor of his bedroom with his roommate wasn’t even weird anymore.

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It was a sticky, hot summer afternoon and since it was a Saturday most of the boarding school kids were down at the lake, catching a tan, doing homework or swimming. Not Percy and Leo though. Their window was open, letting in the heat from outside, and they were both on Percy’s bed.

“Fuck,” Leo gasped, out of breath as he lifted himself up onto to push himself back down onto Percy’s cock. The taller boy watched him hungrily. They had been at it for two weeks, fucking every other day, sometimes even twice in one, and neither of them were getting tired of it. They were just two mates helping each other out, “O-Oh my God,” Leo impaled himself on Percy’s cock, over and over, and the member brushed his prostate, “Oh f-fuck...”

“Shhh,” Percy gripped his hips in his hands, “You’re too loud.”

In this position, Leo straddling Percy’s lap, the Latino was taller so it was easy for him to reach down and push Percy’s hair off his sweaty forehead. His skin was as hot as Leo felt and he leaned down
for a messy and uncoordinated kiss. His cock bobbed between the two of them every time he bounced in Percy’s lap.

The taller boy kissed down Leo’s chest, dizzy with pleasure and barely aware of his actions, running on pure instinct. He took Leo’s nipple into his mouth and sucked on it until Leo was moaning loudly again, his movements becoming jerky and uncoordinated as he cradled Percy’s head into his chest.

In that moment, Leo could barely breathe from the pleasure. In that moment, Percy wondered if this was what normal ‘mates’ did.

When they both came they climbed out of bed. Leo went for a shower because he was all sticky and Percy changed his covers for the fourth time that week. He felt warm, hazy and content. Soon they’d all go home for the summer and Percy couldn’t help but wonder how he’d cope without Leo. He lived in London and Leo was all the way in Newcastle, which was hours on the train away. Percy wouldn’t be able to go see him just to fuck...Annabeth didn’t even cross his mind. Lately they’ve been growing apart – Percy was spending time with Leo, and she with Piper, and it was almost like they weren’t even dating anymore.

*Maybe I should break up with her?* Percy thought, lying in his freshly made bed and listening to Leo shower. The whole point of this arrangement was so Percy could get his roughness and aggressiveness out so he didn’t accidentally hurt Annabeth, but now he wondered if there was a point. He didn’t get hard over her anymore, but weirdly that didn’t worry him. He was happy, and his arrangement with Leo was fine.

The Latino came out of the bathroom naked and proceeded to pull on some clothes, “I’m going library,” he told Percy casually as if they hadn’t just had a passionate fuck, “need to study for maths. I’ll see you later.”

“Can you bring me an ice cream on your way back?” Percy asked. Leo smacked him upside the head.

“You should go do some work,” he said, but Percy’s eyes were already closing. As he fell asleep he decided he’d go visit Leo at the library later. The Latino shook his head, grabbed his bag and headed for the library.

It was pleasantly cold inside it thanks to the shadows and not many people were in since most were making the most of the weather and studying outside. Leo wasn’t one of those people. He said hello to some friends and then picked a nice secluded table, wedged between a wall and a bookshelf, and set up his homework.

He worked for an hour, surprised that ever since he and Percy had come to their arrangement he had been able to focus better. It was like all of his stress had disappeared. So Leo finished his homework as the sunset was beginning, filling the library with a warm, amber light, and he decided to take some books out. He went into the robotics section, which was made like a dead end, with bookshelves on three sides, connected, with only one entrance. The Latino was pouring over the titles, deciding what he wanted, when he suddenly felt arms sneak around his waist. His heart jerked and he tensed, but when he felt the warm breath on his neck he knew who it was.

“*Percy,*” he hissed, trying to turn, but the boy held him tight.

“You look good,” he murmured. Leo rolled his eyes,

“Let go, idiot.”
Percy didn’t let go. He had woken up with a hard-on and came straight here and now he rubbed his erection against Leo’s ass. The smaller boy gaped in shock.

“You’re not serious,” he growled, quiet, “someone might see us-“

Percy bit his earlobe, cutting off Leo’s protests, “Don’t care, want you.”

That made Leo shudder with lust because he wanted Percy too, even though they fucked less than two hours ago. He slumped against the bookshelf, fingers digging into a tome, and Percy pushed down his trousers just so he had access to Leo’s hole. He pulled his dick out, condom already on.

“Lube,” Leo said quietly, bright red, not believing they were actually going to have sex in the library.

“I have some on my dick,” Percy murmured, voice hoarse and hungry. He didn’t wait for a response, not that Leo had one, and started pushing his cock inside his lover. Leo’s hole was still stretched from before so Percy sunk into him effortlessly.

They both exhaled shakily together and Leo grinded back against Percy while also rubbing himself against the bookshelf to get friction against his erection. Percy wasn’t going to go slow just because they were in a library. The second he was fully sheathed inside Leo, he started pounding into him. Leo choked on a moan, unable to hold back, and Percy shoved his fingers into his mouth to silence him.

“Good boy,” he whispered heatedly into his ear, “Such a good boy for me.”

Leo started crying, because the pleasure was just too much. He wanted to scream from it, but Percy’s fingers in his mouth, rubbing against his tongue, prevented him from letting any noises out as the boy rubbed against his prostate over and over.

Leo wrapped a hand around his erection, mind clouded, and in four tugs he was coming, biting on Percy’s fingers, his hole clenching around the other boy’s dick. Percy hissed in pleasure, pulled Leo impossibly close, and came with a shudder.

The boys hurriedly shoved their clothes back on.

“I hate you,” Leo growled when he wiped his own come off the backs of the books with his sleeve. Percy almost kissed him then, but stopped himself.

“No, you don’t,” he said, and winked.

***

Percy stumbled into the bedroom, drunk. Not like pass out drunk but drunk enough to not be perfectly coordinated. He closed the door as quietly as he could and giggled, before his eyes landed on Leo. They softened as Leo laid spread out on the bed, mouth open, eyes closed, one leg hanging over the edge. Because of the heat he wore only boxers.

“Leo,” Percy whispered, then giggled again. The boy was dead asleep and Percy crept up on him, swinging over the boy’s body and settling between him and the wall. Immediately Leo turned on his side and Percy fitted himself against him so they were spooning. He slipped an arm around the Latino’s waist and peppered his neck and shoulder with kisses, which wasn’t very bro-like, but Percy was too drunk to care. His dick was starting to get hard just from being close to his roommate.
Percy had gone drinking with his friends; the usual bunch, Jason, Annabeth, Piper, Frank. They had a special place behind the bike shed where the teacher on night patrol never check and between the four of them they finished a bottle of Hennessey that Piper had smuggled in. Then Annabeth had dragged him into the bushes and started kissing him.

They were going to have sex, except Percy couldn’t get hard. He didn’t know why but the more he kissed the girl and the more her hair got into his face and the more her long nails dug into his arms, the more he disliked it. He chalked it down to alcohol eventually but clearly that wasn’t the issue since he was rock-hard within seconds by just lying behind Leo.

Percy leaned his cheek on the sleeping boy’s shoulder and thought what that could mean but he couldn’t seem to come up with a reasonable excuse, “Leo,” he whispered eventually, and shook the boy lightly. Leo didn’t budge. Percy wanted to fuck him, badly, but he refused to do that while Leo was asleep in case he hurt him. He had a better idea.

Percy released the boy and sat up before climbing down the bed until his face was level with Leo’s crotch. The boy was soft but that didn’t stop Percy as he tugged his boxers down his legs gently. He had given Leo a few blowjobs before, and didn’t hate the feeling of dick in his mouth even though he was adamant about not being gay. He didn’t hate it now either. The smell was intoxicating, a mixture of shower gel and Leo’s natural scent, and Percy pressed his nose against the other boy’s skin drunkenly before sticking his tongue out and tracing it down the boy’s length. Leo shifted in his sleep, let out a little sigh, but didn’t wake up.

Percy grinned and wrapped his lips around the head of the boy’s cock, giving it a little suck. Leo frowned in his sleep and Percy slowly started taking his dick into his mouth. He enjoyed the feeling of it growing against his tongue, and enjoyed Leo’s sleepy, breathy moan even more. Percy rested his hands on Leo’s thighs and started bobbing his head up and down, licking as he went.

Leo woke up impossibly hot, and groggy. For a second he thought it was because of the weather, but then he felt it – the wet warmth around his cock that was making his toes curl in pleasure. When he looked down he was shocked to find Percy between his legs but he was still too drowsy and sleepy to comprehend what was happening.

“My jaw hurts,” he said, climbing up Leo’s body. He tried to catch the boy’s mouth but Leo turned his head.

“Ew. Dick breath.”

Percy rolled his eyes, “It’s your dick, now c’mere,” Leo refused to turn his head, wanting to tease Percy. The taller boy leaned in closer, looking predatory in the darkness of the room, “I said,” he whispered, “Come here.” He grabbed Leo’s chin and forcefully turned his head, kissing him. His tongue sank into Leo’s mouth and the boy moaned, delighted. Percy scooped him up in his arms, holding Leo against him as they kissed.

“Can I...?” Percy asked after a moment, eyes dark with lust and mouth swollen from kissing. Leo’s stomach clenched with desire and he nodded, wanting, more than anything, for Percy to fuck him again even though he had done it the previous night. How long had this gone on for? A month? Two?

Percy sat up and clumsily put on a condom, which was also hidden where the lube was, due to his
intoxicated state before he flipped himself over behind Leo, and grabbed the boy’s leg, slotting it over his hip. Leo liked that about him, how dominant and rough he was. He knew what he wanted, and he took it. Leo liked the bruises and the biting and the hair pulling.

The boxers tangled around Leo’s ankles made the position difficult so Percy ripped them off and tossed them aside.

“You have to be quiet,” he told Leo, because Leo was always loud. The Latino bit his lip and nodded, grabbing a pillow so he had something to bite onto. Percy reached in the slot between the wall and the mattress and pulled out a big bottle of lube that they had to buy two weeks ago on their trip to town since they had ran out. He coated his dick generously in the lube. Sometimes he still prepared Leo, even though the boy was so used to his cock that at this point it wasn’t needed, but tonight he was too horny, drunk and impatient.

He didn’t give Leo a warning as he started to push in and the boy choked on a moan when he felt the erection slide into him smoothly. He remembered the pillow and bit on it, muffling his moans as Percy bottomed out inside him. The taller boy gripped his hips, feeling waves of pleasure wash over him every second he was inside Leo.

And then something took over. Maybe it was the alcohol, maybe it was the Annabeth situation, but whatever it was, suddenly Percy couldn’t hold back. His fingers dug into Leo’s skin and then he was thrusting into him – no, not just thrusting, more like pounding him at a bruising, violent pace, finding his prostate immediately since he knew where it was off by heart.

“Percy-,” Leo managed to get out, all high-pitched and whiny, before he was just gasping for air, and then falling silent. Percy lifted his leg higher and bit his neck and Leo clawed at the covers, tears springing into his eyes because oh my God it was like he was being assaulted with pleasure, and it was too much. He wanted to cry, and moan, but no sound came out of his throat. Percy was literally fucking him speechless, and Leo was happy to let him as his cock spasmed against the bed and he came untouched.

***

It was four days before they were breaking up for the summer and coming back for their final year of boarding school. Their exams were done, classes were mostly done, and all the students took to the fields to spend their afternoons basking in the sunlight. Percy and Leo did the same. They were spending more time together, more time that didn’t involve sex, and had found a nice spot in a middle behind the field behind their school that most people didn’t know about. The grass grew a little longer here, a little wider, and here the boys laid one lazy, late afternoon, side by side, watching the sky turn from blue to amber and pink, and then grow darker, talking about nonsense.

It was when the first stars started to appear that Percy mustered up the courage to tell him.

“I broke up with Annabeth.”

Leo was silent, shocked, and then, “What’s that got to do with Breaking Bad?”

Percy shrugged, “Dunno. Just thought you’d want to know.”

“Why?”

“She just...she wasn’t it.”

“Ah. Okay,” Leo nodded like he understood, but he didn’t understand. Percy and Annabeth seemed perfect for each other, “Did you tell her? About us, I mean.”
“No,” Percy smiled, “But I told her there was someone I’ve been seeing.”

They both laughed, even though it wasn’t that funny, and then fell into a comfortable silence, grins on their faces. They watched the sky and listened to the cicadas begin their night song.

“We should head back,” Percy said when the sky was almost completely dark. Leo didn’t want to go. His heart hurt about the thought of splitting with Percy for the long, summer months.

“Just a little longer,” he mumbled. Percy didn’t say anything but he didn’t move either, accepting Leo’s request eagerly. Truth is, he didn’t want to go either.

Shyly, Leo’s hand crept through the grass and brushed against the back of Percy’s. It was a bold move considering how they never kissed outside of sex, never held hands, never cuddled, never showed each other any affection. But the feelings that Leo had been nurturing in his heart – the ones he didn’t know Percy reciprocated – wanted him to do something. So he hesitantly touched Percy’s hand.

Percy was surprised by the gesture, but happy, and he grabbed Leo’s hand, maybe a little too hard. He was scared that maybe the Latino would pull away and suddenly he really didn’t want him to. The atmosphere changed around them, and there was something obvious and unspoken between them. The grass brushed their faces and Percy slowly turned his. Leo felt his eyes on him so he turned his face slowly too.

It was dark, but the moon cast a silver shadow over them. They moved simultaneously, without having to say anything, and closed the space between them for a kiss. It was shy, tentative, what their first one should’ve been. Percy frowned into it, his hand found Leo’s cheek and he cradled him closer. Why did it feel so different this time? Leo’s hand shot out and grabbed a handful of Percy’s hoodie. He had put it on because it had gotten colder. The kiss turned passionate, desperate even, as if both the boys somehow tried to convey their feelings through the kiss and not through words. Leo’s heart ached and Percy’s felt too big for his chest.

Leo tugged on Percy’s hoodie and the boy took that as encouragement so he did what felt natural; he swung a leg over Leo and hovered over him, sheltering Leo’s head with his arms that he folded around the boy protectively, stroking his hair as they kissed and kissed. They were both hard in seconds, their bodies responding naturally to each other. Percy tugged Leo’s trousers down with his underwear and used it as a cushion under the boy’s butt. Leo giggled and pulled Percy close by the drawstrings of his hoodie.

“I can’t believe we’re doing it in a field.”

“Shhh,” Percy hushed him and Leo cradled his face in his hands, kissing him while still grinning. His legs wrapped around Percy’s waist, and Percy undid the zipper of his jeans, pulling his dick out. It all felt so right that it was scary.

Leo kissed Percy’s neck, carded his fingers through Percy’s hair, “Come on,” he whispered, “put it in.”

“I should prepare you,” Percy nuzzled the top of the Latino’s head.

“I don’t need it.”

“I don’t have a condom,” Percy whispered. They never did it without one.

Leo looked up at him, “It’s fine. I want to feel you properly.”
Percy swallowed, overwhelmed, and almost said it then. He almost said I love you. But somehow he managed to keep it back. He spat in his hand and Leo didn’t even pull a face, watching Percy intently as the taller boy lubed up his dick with his spit, mixed with his precum. Leo tugged him forward impatiently and Percy’s dick sank into him like butter.

Fuck...,” Leo whispered and made a satisfied sound, eyes fluttering shut. It was different without a condom, better. Percy kissed his nose, the corner of his mouth, more affectionate than ever as he tried to keep himself together.

“You can be as loud as you want,” Percy said, “Nobody will hear.”

As if to see that he pulled out and thrust back in, hard but slow, and Leo let out a long, helpless moan. His hands curled in the grass for purchase and he opened his eyes to look at Percy. His insides were all hot and twisted up. Percy couldn’t look away from his flushed, beautiful face.

“I want you,” he whispered, feeling actual pain in his chest.

“You have me,” Leo said breathlessly. Percy didn’t know how to explain to him that he wanted more than this, more than sex. He decided to show him instead.

He grabbed Leo’s wrists and pulled them up so they rested on either side of his head. The night was still hot around them as Percy’s hands slid up and he intertwined his fingers with Leo’s, pressing them into the grass. He pulled out of the boy, then pushed back in, and Leo whined.

They never did it in that position, Leo realised. The only time they faced each other was when Leo was riding Percy which fitted their ‘no homo’ rule, but now they didn’t care. Percy pulled back from the kiss, cock pulsating inside Leo, and openly watched as the Latino squirmed and gasped and moaned, arching his back beautifully.

It wasn’t the best sex they ever had. For Percy the best one had been when he had dragged Leo into a janitor’s closet after a stupid fight because it had been dirty and passionate. For Leo the best one was when Percy had snuck up on him in the shower and pressed him against the tiles as he fucked him under the water. But this time meant something, and that’s what made it so amazing. It wasn’t just sex.

Percy’s thrusts sped up. Wind rustled through the nearby trees but Leo’s moans drowned it out. He was, like always, falling apart under Percy.

“Fuck... nghhh, P-Percy...,” he whined, fingers clenching around Percy’s as his hole did the same around his dick.

“I’m close,” Percy whispered, breath harsh and head spinning. Leo nodded, squeezed his eyes shut and licked his lips. Percy let go of one of his hands so he could stroke the boy’s erection in time with his thrusts, which were turning sloppy. Leo let out a broken sob.

“O-Oh God...”

Percy started slamming into him, desperate and urgent as he felt his completion approaching. He came first, stuttering out a moan, his hips faltering. Leo was only seconds behind, spurting all over Percy’s hand and clawing at the ground as he cried out, his voice echoing over the empty field.

They stayed like that, panting, until their cocks went completely soft.

“Wow,” Leo muttered eventually, blowing a curl out of his face, “That was...something,” he grinned.
Percy carefully pulled out of him, “You have tissues.”

“Nah,” Leo sat up. None of them spoke about what just happened, how bloody intimate it had been, but it hung suspended in the air between them. An awkwardness descended upon them as Leo gathered his clothes and got dressed. The night had cooled and after the heat of sex Leo felt cold, teeth clattering. Percy offered him his hoodie.

They walked back towards the school in silence, both lost in their own thoughts. Leo wore Percy’s hoodie. They crept through the corridors and into their bedroom and managed not to get caught. They changed into their pj’s, still not speaking, and Leo closed the window.

“Keep it open, it’ll get stuffy,” Percy told him, climbing into his bed. Leo re-opened the window and slipped into his own bed.

They were both quiet, pretending to sleep even though both knew the other was awake. This lasted minutes that stretched on forever, until Leo broke. Percy had always been stronger.

“Perce,” he whispered into the empty room, facing the wall and cradling his hands to his face protectively.

“Yeah?”

“I...I think I’m in love with you,” the confession was a little whisper. Percy exhaled, suddenly feeling like a lump of jelly with relief. All the stress and anxiety seeped out of him. He feels the same, he thought happily.

“Did you mean it earlier?” he asked, “When you said I had you?”

“Yeah,” Leo said.

Percy tried to bite back a smile but it was useless, “Hey,” he said.

“What?” Leo grumbled.

“I love you too.”

The Latino sat up, surprised, “Really?”

Percy rolled over and looked at him, “Of course, you idiot,” he peeled his covers back, “Come here.”

This time he didn’t need to repeat himself because Leo scrambled out of his bed with his pillow. He shoved it next to Percy’s and climbed into the boy’s bed. Percy threw his covers over both of them and hesitated only a second before curling his arms around Leo. One went around his midsection, the other under his head and around his shoulders so Percy could stroke his cheek with his thumb.

They didn’t look at each other for a while. Percy stroked Leo’s face, and Leo fiddled with his t-shirt sleeve.

“Can you say it again?” Percy asked eventually.

Leo knew what he meant, “I love you,” he murmured sincerely. Every time he said those words his chests seemed to lighten. He leaned up, aiming to kiss Percy’s jaw but the taller boy moved his head so Leo kissed his mouth instead. He was smiling into the kiss and held Leo impossibly closer.

Outside dawn was approaching, and the cicadas stopped singing.
A Beautiful Cat

Solangelo one where Nico is a human/cat hybrid and is really insecure about his ears so he always wears a beanie/hat and one day Will finds out and Nico is really terrified of Will's reaction so he just runs off and eventually Will finds him and reassures him that he looks absolutely adorable and smutty ending please <3

for Food is life

It was boiling hot and Nico wished he could take off the damned beanie, but he knew that was impossible so he gritted his teeth and plucked another strawberry out of a bush aggressively and dropped it into his half-full basket. His hands were stained red, his black shirt sticking to his sweaty back, the sun beating down on his head which was covered in his black beanie that made his brain feel like it was an egg slowly being boiled.

There was a reason Nico had to keep a hat on, and it wasn’t a fashion choice. When he had been born, he was... different. Him and Bianca both. Nico never understood why it was a bad thing but Bianca insisted he wore a hat in public, saying that humans with cat ears weren’t normal. Nico always liked Bianca’s ears; they were a lighter brown than her dark hair, and one was a little floppy. Nico’s ears were pitch black, peeking out from between the locks of his hair. Then Bianca died and Nico wasn’t sure what to do – nobody knew about his ears, none of the other Demigods were like him, to his great disappointment. Even Hazel didn’t have the ears.

Nico grew to hate them, because they made him even more of an outsider than he already was, and he knew he had to keep them hidden. He got through Tartarus, the Titan War, the Quest of the Seven and the War with Gaia, all while wearing a hat. Nobody ever questioned him, because nobody cared enough.

Is this how it’ll be forever? Nico wondered, pulling a strawberry so hard he crushed it accidentally, juice running between his fingers. His ears were twitching underneath the hat, and he just wanted to rip it off. He had tried to grow his hair our enough to hide his ears, but it was useless.

“Hi,” a shadow fell across Nico and the boy looked up from his duties and saw Will leaning over him, a charming grin on his face. He had a red bandana holding back his blond curls and wore an open Hawaiian shirt over his camp one.

“Hi,” Nico smiled weakly at one of his few friends at camp.

“You done killing the strawberries?”

Nico looked at the crushed fruit in his hand, “Um. Yeah,” he stood up and wiped his hand on his dark jeans, “What’s up?” he asked, blushing. He liked Will, a lot, and it was hard to look at him sometimes especially when he seemed brighter than the sun.
“Nothing, just wanted to check up on you,” Will said, “You wanna get lunch?”

“Um...,” Nico subconsciously reached up and touched his beanie, “Yeah, sure.”

They walked together, side-by-side, towards the dining pavilion that was empty as nobody else was having early lunch. Will chatted happily about patients and the new books that came in and how Apollo’s quest was going, and Nico listened to him and allowed the blond’s voice to distract him from his discomfort.

“Why do you wear the hat?” Will asked suddenly as they approached one of the long tables that was full of light lunch food.

“Um...,” Nico automatically touched his again, “U-Uh...,,” he didn’t know what to say because nobody had ever asked, “It’s just...it’s...”

“It’s boiling,” Will grinned and reached forward. Nico’s words of protest died on his tongue and before he could even react the blond’s fingers curled into the material of his hat and he tugged. Nico held on.

“Wait-,” he said but Will jerked and the hat slipped free and then Nico was standing there, hands near his head, eyes wide. His dark ears twitched in the sunlight and Will stared at him, mouth open in shock.

Everything fell apart around Nico. His hands covered his ears and he felt like someone had punched him as a sob bubbled in his throat. He tried to simultaneously hide his ears and reach for the hat still in Will’s hand but that was impossible.

“Nico,” Will whispered and he reached out. For some reason Nico’s brain told him that Will would hit him, or that he’d call him disgusting, or that he’d laugh and tease and Nico couldn’t bear that. He was ashamed, and that’s why he ran.

He turned on his heel and made for the his cabin, running as tears pooled in his eyes and spilled down his cheeks. He exploded into the cabin, shoved the door shut and locked it and then collapsed on the floor, hysterical. His body wasn’t cooperating, his legs shaking. He buried his face in his hands and sobbed, his ears twitching as his heart ached. This was the worst thing that could’ve happened; Will was the person Nico cared about most, and now he knew about Nico, how abnormal he was.

The boy managed to calm down enough to drag himself to the bed. He stumbled out of his jeans and collapsed on his bed in just his t-shirt, crying face-first into his pillow and clutching it. He pulled the covers over himself, and thought about his options. He couldn’t stay. Even if Will didn’t tell anyone Nico couldn’t bear to be around him every day knowing that Will was disgusted. Nico had cat ears for Gods’ sake!

His crying exhausted him enough that at one point Nico must’ve fallen asleep, face still partly pressed into the pillow. He had a dream that he was standing in the middle of a white circle and around him existed nothing but fog, grey and curling upwards like smoke. And out of the fog came people; campers from Camp Half Blood and Camp Jupiter, magical creatures, Demigods Nico had never met. Even Bianca was there, earless. They all pointed at him and laughed and he couldn’t move or breathe and he just felt hot shame-

He woke up with a gasp, heart pounding, and his stomach flipped when he found himself face to face with Will, noses almost touching. Several hours must’ve passed because the Hades cabin was dark, the braziers outside burning and giving just enough light so Nico could see Will. The son of
Apollo was laying on his side, right next to Nico.

“Hey,” he whispered, “didn’t mean to scare you,” he frowned because Nico was just staring and gently touched the boy’s shoulder, “Breathe.”

Nico let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding, shaky. His ears twitched and automatically Nico grabbed the covers and pulled them over his head, embarrassed, so only his face was peeking out.

“Why are you here?” he choked out, wanting to cry again even though his eyes felt like they had been rubbed with sand paper and his throat was raw.

“I was worried,” Will murmured, and he looked a little upset. He reached out and touched Nico’s hand, the one that was holding onto the covers, “Don’t hide from me.”

“I’m sorry,” Nico whispered.

“About what?”

“I-I didn’t mean to freak you out...”

“Do I look freaked out?” Will asked calmly. No, he looked quite the opposite. His eyes were soft, a gentle, encouraging smile on his lips. He looked soft and sleepy and comfortable, and that made Nico relax just a tiny bit.

“No.”

“You’re an idiot,” Will smiled properly, “We have Satyrs, and Dryads, and huge Giants and Gods and shit and you’re worried because you have cat ears?”

“But...it’s weird,” Nico swallowed but his grip loosened ever so slightly on the covers. Will still held his hand.

“It’s not,” the blond assured Nico as he bit his lip, “Can I look?”

Nico trusted Will, and the only reason he released the covers from his hands was because Will didn’t look freaked out or disgusted like Nico thought he would. He looked curious, and awed, and like he cared. The covers slipped around Nico’s shoulders and Will looked at him. Nico felt himself blush with embarrassment and he averted his gaze as his ears twitched, sensitive.

“Look at you,” Will whispered, hand resting on Nico’s arm now and gently stroking it, “you’ve been crying and yet you look so goddamn cute, all blushey and teary eyed. Even your eyes are red,” the blond brushed his thumbs under Nico’s eyes, completely shocking the Italian and making his heart pound, “and yet you’re so goddamn cute. And then there’s these,” his eyes slid upwards, to Nico’s ears, and he smiled before his hands followed, “Gods, they’re adorable. You’re adorable.”

“Y-You think I’m cute?” Nico asked breathlessly, full of disbelief, “You think my ears are adorable?” it was too hard to believe.

“Yeah,” Will murmured, “so cute. Can I...can I touch them?”

Nobody had every touched them, not even Bianca. Nico even rarely touched them and his sister always told him that his ears were private and special. But Nico wanted Will to touch them, he trusted and cared for him more than anyone and if anyone was to touch him, he wanted it to be the blond. So slowly, a little hesitantly, Nico nodded.
Will’s hand travelled upward, brushing over Nico’s cheek and grazing his hair and in that moment the Italian realised how weird it was, the two of them lying so close in a bed, touching, and he blushed even harder. Will’s warm fingertips skimmed the side of his left cat ear, which twitched, and Nico shivered. Will couldn’t stop grinning, and then his fingers pressed harder, almost massaging the base of the Italian’s ear.

Nico moaned, and immediately slapped his hands over his mouth. It was a natural reaction to the shot of pleasure that went through him when Will touched his ear, which didn’t make it any less embarrassing, “I’m sorry,” Nico squeaked because Will was looking at him in shock again, before grabbing his hands and pulling them from his mouth.

“Don’t be,” his voice was a little feverish and his eyes were darker than before, “Did that feel good?” Hesitantly, Nico nodded. Will repeated the caress on his ear and Nico felt blood rush south to his dick as he let out a whine, eyes fluttering shut on their own accord. He wanted to apologise, or something, but Will didn’t give him a chance as he suddenly started stroking Will’s ear.

The boy lost control over his body. His hips stuttered forward, his sudden erection brushing against Will’s thigh, and a litany of helpless, breathless moans poured from his mouth as sparks of pleasure travelled from his ears and down his spine. It was unlike a blowjob, because it was better.

“Fuck,” Will breathed and Nico managed to open his eyes. The blond was looking at him hungrily, “Gods, this is really hot.” He wrapped an arm around Nico’s waist and drew him close and the Italian started panting, his hands curling into Will’s t-shirt as he held onto him, “W-Will I-fuck... nghhh, oh Gods... Will...,” he couldn’t breathe properly because of the pleasure. Will switched ears, massaging Nico’s right one now, but hard and with more vigour. It felt like he was exploring every inch of Nico’s body and the Italian moaned and gasped and grinded against Will until the blond slipped a leg between his, letting Nico rub against him like...well, a cat in heat.

When Will’s hot mouth found Nico’s neck everything got even better. Nico’s eyes went cloudy and he was sobbing again as Will’s stroking got faster. He grinded against the blond harder, his whole body tensing and relaxing, shivers making him shudder constantly. He curled his arms around Will’s shoulders and held him close as the blond decorated his neck in sloppy, wet kisses and plenty of hickeys. The delicious friction of Nico’s underwear rubbing on Will’s shorts was making the boy creep closer and closer to the edge.

“Will, I-I can’t,” he gasped, holding onto Will for dear life, his head spinning, “It’s too much... oh... oh Gods.”

“I’ve got you,” Will whispered heatedly against his ear, the arm around his waist tightening, “Just come baby.”

Nico never thought he’d come from someone asking him too but the second Will said those words, he was done for, a high-pitched sound between a sob and a moan spilling from his mouth as shivers wracked his frame and come wet his underwear.

He slumped against Will, seeing just white and feeling only warmth, and wanted to cry from exhaustion. Will let go of his ears but not of the rest of Nico. As the world slowly filtered in through Nico’s blissed-out state he felt Will littering his face with kisses, just little, butterfly ones, on his forehead and nose and mouth and chin. Will Solace was kissing his face after he had just given Nico the best orgasm of his life.
“Oh my Gods,” Nico whispered. Will kissed him properly, deep and passionate but still somehow caring and loving. Nico was still holding onto him and he didn’t plan to let go as he tiredly returned the kiss.

“You’re beautiful,” Will murmured against his mouth, wrapping his other arm around Nico and holding him close, “So beautiful. Date me.”

Nico nodded sleepily, barely registering the words. He was sated, content, warm and safe and he had Will, which was the only thing he needed. His ears twitched happily once then settled and Nico nuzzled Will’s neck, curling up into his chest.

“I’m gonna protect you,” Will whispered, stroking Nico’s hair and ears gently, putting the boy to sleep, “You’re mine now and I’m yours and I love you, everything about you, even your ears, especially your ears. Hey, Neeks, you listening?”

“Mhmmm,” Nico slurred, already half-asleep, “love you too.”
Can you do a Frank / Leo where Leo can sing REALLY well but nobody knows about it because well... it’s a Hephaestus kid and who would’ve guessed? Any who, Frank hears him singing while working in the forges and realizes how little he knows about the Latino. He makes a promise to himself to get to know Leo better. Take it where ever you want from there for hell-o

Frank grumbled to himself as he nestled the tool box underneath his arm, picking his way through the strawberry fields and heading for the forest. Leo had forgotten it at the dining table again and somehow Hazel forced him to bring it to the boy. She might’ve not been Frank’s girlfriend anymore, but she sure knew how to make him do things.

Frank weaved through the woods. It was a breezy spring day and the trees looked pretty in the sunlight filtering in through the leaves. The tool box was surprisingly heavy and Frank was surprised someone as skinny and scrawny as Leo could carry it around.

Bunker 9 came into view and Frank quickened his step, wanting to have a nice go at Leo for leaving his shit lying around. The metal door was open, held by a massive rock as if to let the fresh air in. Frank took a step inside and opened his mouth to call Leo’s name, but then he heard it, and froze.

Someone was singing.

The sound was sweet, airy, and almost like a dryad but somehow more sultry and grounded and fiery. The voice was like honey and it sang in a different language. The bunker was empty, the stations cold – the Hephaestus kids hadn’t gotten there yet. Hesitantly Frank stepped inside, the singing echoing off the walls. He needed to know who had a heavenly voice like that.

He rounded a corner and saw him...Leo. The Latino was leaning over a forge of blazing fire, hammering at a sword. He had earphones in his ears, curls tied back at the top in a funny little sticking-up ponytail. His camp t-shirt was soaked with sweat and more beaded on his face as he worked, singing like an angel.

Frank was shocked, and he just stood there, listening to what he now understood was Spanish as Leo sang. He swallowed; who would’ve thought that the clumsiest son of Hephaestus with the biggest mouth would sound so amazing? I don’t know anything about him... Frank thought distractedly.

Suddenly Leo turned and shoved the sword into a pot of cold water, steam filled the air and Leo stopped singing, and when it cleared he looked up and saw Frank. He blinked and plucked an earphone out of his ear, letting it dangle around his neck.

“Oh,” he said, “Hi. D’you need something?”
His cheeks were flushed prettily. Leo and pretty in one sentence...that was new. Frank finally snapped out of his shock and shoved the tool box forward, “You forgot this,” he said.

“Oh, Godsdammit! Every time! Thanks,” Leo beamed and grabbed the toolbox, placing it next to the forge with some difficulty.

“I didn’t know you could sing,” Frank said. Leo blushed bright red.

“O-Oh. You heard that.”

“Yeah,” Frank rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, “It was...you...you’ve got a nice voice.”

Leo looked at his shoes, embarrassed, “Gee, thanks. That’s like...the first compliment you ever gave me.”

“Yeah, well,” Frank turned away before Leo could see he was blushing too, “Don’t get used to it.”

He walked outside into the sunshine and leaned against the bunker. He took a deep breath and tried to clear his head but after a moment Leo re-started his beautiful singing and Frank had to walk off because it was too much. How had he not known about Leo’s talent?! He spent so long with him on the Argo II...

He knew a lot about the rest of the Seven; Percy had an obsession with blue food, an abusive ex-step-father Gabe, his birthday was August the 18th and he was mildly claustrophobic. He knew how touchy Annabeth got if anyone touched her stuff, carried the only secret phone at Camp, her secret wish to dye her hair brown so people would stop with the blonde jokes. Hazel’s favourite food was shrimp gumbo, she could speak Louisiana French, she was technically ninety years old and that she actually wanted to become a famous artist. Jason’s weakness were cheeseburgers, he tried to eat a stapler when he was two hence the scar on his upper lip and he was obsessed with the brownies from the bakery in New Rome. Piper was vegetarian, she used to have a pimple named Bob under her nose that disappeared after the blessing of Aphrodite and her favourite movie was Fast and Furious. Leo...Leo was a Latino, and he was good at building stuff, and he could control fire, and that was everything Frank knew about him.

I have to find out more, he thought determinedly.

***

Leo was chilling on the steps of the Hephaestus cabin, absentmindedly playing with a flame that he allowed to dance over his fingertips as he impatiently waited for his siblings to come back from dinner. Frank saw him as he approached the Ares cabin and decided it was the perfect time to put his plan of ‘get to know Leo better’ into motion.

He plopped down next to the Latino, who looked up at him, extinguishing the flame on his hand, “Yes, Frank, you can sit here, thanks for asking.”

“Thanks for letting me,” Frank turned to him and crossed his legs.

“What’s up?” Leo asked.

“I just wanted to ask you some questions.”

The Latino glanced around but there was no-one in sight, “Uh...what did I do?”

“Nothing,” Frank shrugged, “I just...I realised we don’t really know much about each other
but...we’re friends. Right?”

Leo blinked at him and then the cutest smile appeared on his lips, his eyes twinkling a little, “Yeah,” he said happily, “We’re friends. Ask away.”

“What’s your full name?”

Leo pulled a face, “Next question.”

“No, come on,” Frank grinned, “It can’t just be Leo, right.”

Leo bit his lip, “If I tell you promise not to laugh.”

“I promise.”

Leo exhaled and puffed out his cheeks, “It’s Leonidas.” Frank burst out laughing, howling until there were tears in his eyes. Leo glared at him, “For fuck’s sake, you promised!”

“S-Sorry!” Frank smacked his thigh and wheezed, and snickered and giggled as he tried to calm down. Leo crossed his arms over his chest.

“You done?”

“Sorry...Leonidas,” Frank chuckled. Leo went to stand up but Frank pulled him back down, “Sorry, sorry, it’s a nice name!”

“Don’t lie.”

Frank was still grinning and obliviously it was infectious because seconds later Leo was grinning too, shaking his head, “Leonidas,” Frank repeated, and Leo giggled.

“So stupid, right?”

“Not really,” the two smiled at each other and Frank wondered why he had always wanted to make Leo upset when he could’ve been making him smile instead, “Favourite food?” he asked.

“Tacos,” Leo said, “is that a cliché.”

“Not really, my favourite food is dumplings.”

Leo smiled, “We should go to a Chinese place when we’re up in the city. I always wanted to try dumplings.”

“You should make me tacos,” Frank replied. Leo looked at him.

“Yeah, maybe I should.”

“Favourite colour?” Frank wasn’t done with his interrogation; he wanted to know everything about Leo, who was suddenly the most intriguing person in the world.

“Red, yours?”

“Purple. Why red?”

“It’s like fire.”

“Oh. Explains everything,” Frank nodded, “tell me how you grew up.”
Leo tensed and looked away and the atmosphere turned from light-hearted to heavier, “I...,” Leo hesitated, “It wasn’t...good.”

Frank shifted and frowned, “Sorry, I stepped out of line. You don’t have to-“

“No, it’s okay,” Leo tucked a curl behind his ear self-consciously, “I...I grew up in foster homes, after the whole Hera thing. My Aunt Rose thought I was the devil,” he let out a little bitter laugh. Frank was surprised Leo was opening up to him but he leaned closer, wanting to learn as much as he could about the Latino, though he didn’t know where this desire came from, “so I was fostered a bunch of times, all of them pretty bad. I ran away six times. I had this one step-mother, Teresa, she was the worst...,” pain shone in his eyes and he suddenly looked so tiny that Frank wanted to pull him into his arms and tell him it was okay, “but let’s not dwell on that,” Leo looked up, smiling, “I’m here now, and that’s all in the past-,” his voice faltered because Frank couldn’t stop himself and he reached across the step he was sitting on, taking Leo’s hand. It was small and warm in his, as if the flames were just beneath the boy’s skin.

“I don’t need pity,” Leo whispered.

“I don’t pity you,” Frank said, stroking his hand, “I’m just sorry you had to go through that.”

Leo studied him carefully, “When did you get so nice, Frank Zhang?”

***

Leo should’ve been annoyed with Frank’s pestering questions, but he wasn’t. He actually enjoyed spending time with the son of Mars, even if they used to hate each other. They were currently sat next to a campfire Leo started in the middle of the woods somewhere in France, on a Quest to retrieve some ancient spell scrolls. It was just the two of them, and so far the mission was going smoothly.

Playfully Leo reached into the flames and let his fingers wriggle among them, enjoying the warmth, while Frank let off a tirade of questions. It was weird, because Franks seemed genuinely interested in Leo, but nobody before ever had.

“What job would you be terrible at?” Frank asked, and because it was late the questions were becoming more random.

“Like an office job,” Leo said, wincing just at the thought, “anything where I have to sit down all day. Ugh, nightmare. What about you.”

Frank contemplated this for a moment, stretched out against the tree, muscular arms folded behind his head. He looked good like that but Leo didn’t even allow himself to go there, since Frank was way out of his league.

“I don’t know,” Frank admitted, “I don’t think I’d be much good at anything.”

“You’d be a great barista,” Leo told him. Frank shook his head fondly.

“Idiot. You know I hate coffee. Do you watch TV?”

“Yeah, have one in my underground room,” Leo said, then hesitated, “Um, you could come over and watch something sometime.”

“Like what?” Frank was clearly getting sleepy and enjoying the warmth of the fire. Around them the forest was cold and dark but it was as if the two Demigods were in their own little bubble.
“Dunno,” Leo drew his legs up to his chest and hugged them, “My favourite movie is Lord of the Rings.”

“Seriously?” Frank snickered.

“Yeah,” Leo said dreamily, remembering the one good moment at the foster home where he had been allowed to watch it, “When I was younger I pretended I was like one of those sick elves, but I guess I’m more of a hobbit, y’know.”

Frank’s eyes slid shut as if that was too much for him, “I have no idea what you’re blabbering about.”

“Don’t worry,” Leo grinned, “I’ll show you when we get back to camp.”

“One more question,” Frank said, “What’s your biggest fear.”

Leo swallowed. He didn’t want to make it depressing but he had gotten so comfortable with Frank that the words just came out naturally – Frank didn’t judge him about anything but his name – “That I’ll be forgotten.”

Frank cracked one eye open, “You’re stupid. You have a constellation in the sky, you won’t be forgotten.”

Leo glanced at the stars overhead but he was no astrologer. All he saw were millions of balls of gas that had died thousands of years ago. He sighed and shivered, hugging himself.

“You cold?” Frank asked, sitting up straight against the tree and pulling out a huge blanket. He wrapped it around his shoulders and, not waiting for a response from Leo, held it open invitingly. The Latino hesitated. A couple of weeks ago he would’ve never thought of hugging Frank, but now he found he wanted to. So he crawled across the grass and nestled into Frank’s side, the perfect size against him. Frank caringly wrapped the blanket all the way around them, “I’ll stand watch, you sleep,” he murmured. But Leo couldn’t imagine sleeping with the way his heart was pounding from Frank’s closeness.

“You sleep,” he mumbled, “You’re exhausted. I’ll stand watch first.”

Frank wasn’t arguing, he just nodded and rested his head on top of Leo’s, slipping his hand around the boy’s waist. He was all platonic, it’s all platonic, Leo tried to tell himself as blood flooded into his face.

“Hey,” Frank whispered, surprising Leo who thought he was already asleep, “Can you sing to me in Spanish.”

“No,” Leo spluttered, embarrassed. Frank’s arm tightened around him.

“C’mon,” his speech was slurred with tiredness, “You have such a beautiful voice.”

Leo squeezed his eyes shut, the sweet words too much for him. He bit his thumb, snuggled more into Frank, and the bigger boy whispered a soft come on into his hair. Leo couldn’t tell him no, and so he started to sing, his voice drifting through the woods and lulling Frank into sleep.

***

A couple of weeks later their quest was done and the two Demigods had finally found a moment to make good on their agreement to watch Lord of the Rings. Frank brought pillows from his cabin and
he and Leo nestled in the Latino’s bed in the small, cramped room underneath his bed in his cabin. They were close to each other, arms touching, slouched down against the pillows as they watched, and Frank felt ridiculously comfortable, especially with Leo’s warmth next to him, the sound of him crunching away on popcorn and making hilarious commentary as the movie played.

“You know what?” Frank asked when the movie finished. By then he and Leo had slid so low on the bed they were practically lying down and now the Latino turned to look at Frank, so they found themselves face to face. Neither of them moved. Leo was under the covers.

“What?” he asked, face faintly illuminated by the light from the TV.

“You do look like a hobbit.”

“Shut up,” Leo hit Frank on the arm but he was laughing. Frank grinned.

“Can I ask you questions?”

Leo rolled his eyes, “You always wanna ask questions. Besides, it’s late.”

“I want to know more about you,” Frank said truthfully. Leo settled more against the pillows and seemed a little pleased.

“Okay. Ask.”

Frank thought of a question he could ask. He had a million in his head, all wholly inappropriate, but he had to ease into those, “If you were invisible for a day what would you do?”

Leo snickered, “What kind of dumbass question is that?”

“Just answer,” Frank grumbled.

“You first.”

“I’d eat all the food in the storage room,” Frank said.

“Booooring,” Leo sang, “I’d sneak into Olympus.”

Frank rolled his eyes, “Typical,” he bit his lip, “Okay; If you were a girl for a day what would be the first thing you would do?”

Leo snickered, “What kind of dumbass question is that?”

“Just answer,” Frank grumbled.

“You first.”

“I’d eat all the food in the storage room,” Frank said.

“Booooring,” Leo sang, “I’d sneak into Olympus.”

Frank rolled his eyes, “Typical,” he bit his lip, “Okay; If you were a girl for a day what would be the first thing you would do?”

“Sleep with you,” Leo winked at Frank playfully and the son of Mars’ heart jerked in his chest. He almost said, there and then, you don’t have to be a girl for that, but he stopped himself, because that sounded worse than he intended.

“Be serious.”

“I am,” Leo laughed, “Imagine your shock when you’d wake up in the morning to find me in your bed, and not some girl.”

“What makes you think I’d let you stay the night?” Frank asked.

“I’m too good of a fuck,” Leo stuck his tongue out playfully. Frank found himself wanting to kiss Leo, there was just something hopelessly alluring about him, something Frank never noticed on the Argo II because he was too busy chasing after Hazel. And now Leo was telling him that he had fucked someone...
“I thought you were a virgin,” Frank said. Leo looked offended.

“Rude!”

“Nothing wrong with that,” Frank pointed out, “Who’d you fuck?” he asked, not really wanting to know.

“More like who fucked me,” Leo smirked. Frank tensed, but he didn’t want Leo to catch onto the feelings that had been growing inside him for a while, so he cleared his throat and thought of the first question that came into mind.

“Lights on or off?”

“Off,” Leo replied.

“Why?”

The boy shrugged and pulled the covers more to his chin, “Mr Zhang,” he faked outrage, “This is getting a bit personal.”

Frank rolled his eyes, “Fine, if you could change something about your appearance what would you change?”

Frank was aware it was late and it felt like he had sand under his eyelids but he didn’t want to leave, not when he was so close to Leo. He liked being close to him. Now he watched the Latino roll his eyes once again.

“Where to start?” he asked.

“Be serious,” Frank scoffed.

“I can’t think of just one thing,” Leo admitted, “Like, probably my height; I’d like to be taller. Then I’d like to be more muscular and for my ears to not be so elfish and for me not to look like a garden gnome.”

“Leo.”

“Sorry,” the boy smiled, “I’m going off on one. What would you change?”

Frank couldn’t think because he was stuck on the though that wow, Leo’s really insecure, “Dunno,” he managed finally.

“All of these have been personal.”

“Well this one is really personal,” Frank asked, “But it’s not like a deep one.”

“Okay,” Leo didn’t seem to care, his eyelids heavy. He was tired too.

“What are your turn ons?” Frank asked. He desperately, desperately wanted to know. Leo blushed prettily but he didn’t seem embarrassed.

“Promise you won’t laugh.”
“I won’t laugh, Leonidas,” Frank teased. Leo scowled but answered the question anyway.

“Muscles.”

Frank lifted a surprised eyebrow, “You’re turned on by muscles?”

“Yeah,” Leo breathed dreamily, “like big ones. I like when guys have big arms so they can wrap all the way around me...”

Frank swallowed and flexed subconsciously, “I thought you hated feeling small.”

“Not during sex,” something gleamed in Leo’s eyes and he looked away and bit his lip and shit, was he doing that on purpose?! “What are your turn ons?”

Frank almost said you right now, but stopped himself in time. He ignored the Latino’s question and asked one of his own, “Do you have someone you like?”

Leo seemed caught off guard but he stuttered a “Y-Yes.”

“Who?”

“You should go,” Leo looked scared suddenly and before Frank could stop him he rolled over onto his side, facing the wall. And Frank knew. He just knew. He reached out and touched the Latino’s back.

“Leo,” he mumbled, but Leo remained facing away and tense. Frank scooted closer, pulling the cover from where it was tucked around the Latino and plastering himself against the boy’s back. Leo didn’t move away, “Leo,” Frank murmured against his neck and Leo shivered but didn’t reply, “For fuck’s sake, Leonidas.”

“Don’t call me that,” Leo snapped, finally looking over his shoulder.

“I will, if you tell me who you like,” Frank whispered. Leo looked at him helplessly. The TV switched off, flooding the room in darkness. Frank could feel Leo’s warm breath on his lips and it was driving him mad.

“You know who I like,” Leo mumbled.

“Tell me.”

“You.”

“Say it properly,” Frank’s heart was pounding and he felt dizzy.

“I like you, Frank.”

Frank kissed him and Leo gasped. The kiss was more passionate than intended, more desperate, and despite his confession Frank still expected Leo to pull away. He didn’t, instead he reached backwards and cradled Frank’s head and kissed back fiercely.

Percy had an obsession with blue food, an abusive ex-step-father Gabe, his birthday was August the 18th and he was mildly claustrophobic. He knew how touchy Annabeth got if anyone touched her stuff, carried the only secret phone at Camp, her secret wish to dye her hair brown so people would stop with the blonde jokes. Hazel’s favourite food was shrimp gumbo, she could speak Louisiana French, she was technically ninety years old and that she actually wanted to become a famous artist.
Jason’s weakness were cheeseburgers, he tried to eat a stapler when he was two hence the scar on his upper lip and he was obsessed with the brownies from the bakery in New Rome. Piper was vegetarian, she used to have a pimple named Bob under her nose that disappeared after the blessing of Aphrodite and her favourite movie was Fast and Furious.

Leo...Leo was a Latino, and he was good at building stuff, and he could control fire. His favourite food was Mexican and he liked the colour red, he was scared of being forgotten and his pet peeve was people calling him short. He wanted to change a lot of things about himself, but Frank wanted him to change nothing. He was a moaner, and he liked shower sex. He liked cuddles and movie nights. He was in love with Frank Zhang.
Music to Watch Boys To

Chapter Notes

Shoutout to Imgeniush for translating my last prompts into Polish! Dziekuje x

Soulmate AU where, every time your soulmate is listening to a song/music (It also counts if they’re the one making the music). Person A is scared that he doesn’t have soulmate cause he doesn’t hear any song but then he finds his soulmate is deaf for Imgeniush

Octavian woke up on Monday morning to silence – the sound he hated the most.

He laid in his dorm room, the floor stacked with boxes even though he had come to University over a week ago. He had his first lecture today, but didn’t want to get out of bed, because it was silent; no tune, no humming, no singing. The day outside was grey and dark, typical for autumn, depressing Octavian further.

The blond had long ago stopped telling himself that maybe he’s not woken up yet because unless his Soulmate was asleep for all eternity, he simply didn’t exist.

At the age of fifteen, everyone’s Soulmate was revealed, but of course not in a simple way. At fifteen you started to hear the music that your Soulmate was listening to, no matter if they were halfway across the world. Octavian grew up with his friends smiling at random, or falling silent mid-word because somewhere in their universe their Soulmate was playing music; sometimes it’d be pop or rock, sometimes instrumentals or soundtracks, sometimes live music or music they made themselves. Octavian wouldn’t know; he never heard a thing.

He made a million excuses – maybe his Soulmate didn’t like music, maybe they weren’t fifteen yet. But they never made any sense and eventually Octavian realised that his Soulmate just didn’t exist. Not everyone had one, so why should he? Still, it was depressing to wake up to silence, when most University students were out and about with their earphones in, and knowing that there was nobody out there for him.

Get out of bed, the productive part of Octavian’s mind told him and so the boy struggled up and into his bathroom. He went through his routine like a zombie; took a shower, brushed his hair, brushed his teeth, dressed in a nice green cardigan and dark jeans, packed his books for the lecture, wrapped a scarf around his neck, and set off.
Outside his building it was chilly so Octavian wrapped the scarf around himself tighter. He went to a little coffee shop on campus and got himself a coffee and a croissant and forgot about his Soulmate dilemma as he walked and ate. It was all very mechanical.

The lecture hall was already packed since history was a popular subject. Octavian’s eyes anxiously scanned the rows full of young bubbling adults, who were excitedly getting to know each other. He felt out of place and awkward because he didn’t know anyone yet, so he held onto the strap of his bag for support and slowly started climbing the stairs, looking desperately for a seat.

A boy waved at him from somewhere above, smiling. Octavian blinked and tried to remember if he had met him already; the tanned skin, long, wavy brown hair and chocolatey brown eyes didn’t seem familiar. Octavian would’ve remembered someone that hot. Still, the guy was clearly waving to him as he scooted to make space for Octavian at the edge of the row, patting the bench.

Octavian hesitantly slid in next to him, “Thanks,” he said grudgingly at the brunette smiled in reply. He had a lovely smile. Next to him a girl was humming to Justin Bieber’s ‘Love Yourself,’ her fingers subconsciously pressed to her ears as if pushing in invisible earbuds – clearly her Soulmate was listening to music, and this dampened Octavian’s mood. The professor came in, successfully distracting him, and Octavian pulled out his books, laying them out neatly on the table in front of him.

A piece of paper nudged him in the hand and Octavian blinked down at it, surprised. On it, in scrawly, messy handwriting, was written; Hi. My name’s Michael with a wonky smiley face at the end. Octavian frowned and looked at the boy next to him – Michael – who was grinning. Octavian thought passing notes was childish but he decided to indulge Michael since he was clearly just trying to be friendly.

I’m Octavian, he wrote back in his neat, fancy handwriting. Michael smiled, sparkling eyes sliding over the letters and then, to Octavian’s horror, he started writing again.

That’s an interesting name.

It’s Roman, Octavian wrote back and the pointedly opened his book, indicating to Michael that he didn’t want to talk anymore. Michael didn’t take the hint and Octavian fought an eye roll when he saw him scribble something again. He glanced down at it when Michael nudged him, and a hoard of butterflies exploded in his gut.

Sorry, I know I’m annoying you but I just wanted to tell you you’re insanely pretty.

No guy had ever hit on Octavian like that, and he had definitely not been called insanely pretty before. Insane? Yes. Insanely pretty? No. It made his heart flutter in his chest and he looked up at Michael. There was a light blush on the boy’s tanned cheeks.

“Thanks,” Octavian said, tone guarded, not knowing if Michael had a hidden agenda, “You’re not so bad yourself.”

Michael gave him a smile that could melt the coldest heart and then, to Octavian’s surprised disappointment, he turned to look at the Professor. He opened his laptop and –weirdly- plugged in his earphones before starting to take notes. Maybe he’s listening to his Soulmate’s music, Octavian thought bitterly, turning back to his own notes.

For some reason the blond kept glancing at Michael throughout the lecture – he didn’t know why, he just couldn’t stop himself. There was something about the boy that drew him in and if Octavian wasn’t stupid he would’ve thought that maybe Michael was his Soulmate, but that was impossible
since Octavian didn’t have one.

The lecture ended quicker than anticipated since it was mostly filled with Octavian staring at Michael, and students flooded out of the door, eager to get to their business. Octavian hurriedly packed his books away, walked down the stairs quickly and made for the door before he felt a hand around his wrist, jerking him back suddenly. When he turned around he was Michael, holding onto him. Octavian angrily freed his hand.

“Don’t touch me,” he said, annoyed. Michael looked sheepish, and opened his mouth, before closing it again. He looked a bit lost, “What?” Octavian demanded, irritated. Michael fished out his phone from his pocket and Octavian’s heart started to beat faster, oh my God is he going to ask for my number? he thought, but instead, much to the blond’s confusion, Michael started typing on his phone. He then turned the screen to Octavian.

*I didn’t think this through, i just wanted to talk to u. Im actually deaf so I cant hear u, or speak to u. I was just wondering id youd like to go and grab coffee with me.*

Octavian blinked, not knowing if he was more shocked by the fact that Michael was deaf, or that he was asking him out. The taller boy blushed and typed something furiously, before showing it to Octavian again and looking away.

*U don’t have to. Sorry. I didn’t mean to like push u or anything. I just think youre really cute and something about u just draws me in. Sorry that sounds really creepy. Anyway u can say no.*

Octavian opened his mouth to reply but then he realised that Michael couldn’t hear anyway. His heart pounded as he reached for the boy’s phone, plucking it out of his hands and typing his reply.

*I wouldn’t mind a coffee with u.*

After a moment of hesitation he keyed in his number at the bottom, handed the phone back to a lost looking Michael, turned on his heel and strode off, hoping the brunette wouldn’t see his blush.

It wasn’t until he reached his Dorm that it all suddenly clicked into place. Hope bloomed in Octavian’s chest, something he hadn’t felt in years. What if Michael was his Soulmate, and Octavian couldn’t hear any music because he was deaf? That sounded like a possibility. The blond bit his lip and slipped into his room, wondering if he was simply going to get disappointed again.

His phone vibrated and told Octavian an unknown number had texted him, and when Octavian opened the text he couldn’t keep the smile of his face.

*Hi. This is Michael. Is coffee at six good?*
Percy Jackson is a renowned thief known as ‘riptide’ that has stolen and conned the famous and robbed the extremely wealthy and has never been caught. One night he decides to rob a very rich millionaire’s huge mansion while said millionaire is out for the night. But while robbing the mansion Percy stumbles upon a secret basement not in the layout of the mansion he had memorized. Deciding to explore he finds Leo Valdez a small badly beaten skinny boy in a dress chained up in a cage who has been kidnapped and used by the millionaire for months on end. The millionaire comes back early and Percy has to leave but keeps coming back every night trying to free and save the boy in the dress. Happy ending with fluff please!

For SaraIsLaughing

Percy pulled his cap low as he casually strolled past the huge mansion on Olympus Street, one again remembering the positioning of all the cameras. The house was gorgeous, with four storeys, Gothic windows and a dark, pointed roof. The garden, undoubtedly beautiful in the spring, in the height of autumn was bare and cold, the wind whooshing through the leaf-less trees. The whole property was surrounded by an iron gate decorated with spikes at the top but Percy knew that round the back there was a chain link fence. There was a long driveway that led up to the house, where three Mercedes’ were parked.

Rich fucker, Percy thought, hands shoved into his hoodie as he turned the corner, the house disappearing from sight. Percy Jackson hated rich people, but he didn’t pretend that that was what pushed him to steal. No, he stole to fulfil his dream. He was one heist away from having enough money to start his dream life; move to Hawaii and teach people surfing and snorkelling while living in a beautiful home with an ocean-view. None of this grey, wet New York. For a kid who came in and out of foster homes and never had anything, ‘the dream’ as Percy called it, seemed impossible to achieve. And yet now, aged twenty three, he had almost achieved it.

Percy had to admit that even though when he first started stealing he was ashamed, not we was proud. The police and news outlets called him ‘Riptide’ and were never able to catch him even as his heists got more and more out there. Nowadays he robbed millionaires mostly and took their valuables – jewellery, paintings worth thousands of dollars, collector items, antiques – though this would be his
last job, after which Riptide would disappear forever to Hawaii. Percy couldn’t wait.

Percy walked to the end of the street where a black car with a number plate that was completely made up. He opened the passengers door and slid inside, slamming it shut. Immediately the car was on the move.

“In and Out?” Grover, Percy’s best friend and co-conspirator, asked cheerfully as he drove. Percy looked at him.

“Aren’t you going to ask me for details?”

Grover shrugged and beeped at a Honda that cut in front of him, “What are the details, boss?”

“We need to disable the cameras.”

“Luke will be on it,” Grover said dismissively, “but what about In and Out?”

“I prefer McDonalds,” Percy said, drumming his fingers on the window, then he grinned, “Fuck, Grover, this is our last job.”

His best friend grinned and reached out to bump his fist against Percy, “Yeah man!” he exclaimed, “I’m fucking pumped. After this we can all finally live like Royalty.”

A Hawaiian beach maybe wasn’t for royalty, but for Percy and his friends it seemed like heaven. Heaven that they couldn’t reach for a long, long time. The two of them picked up their McDonalds and then Grover drove to the outskirts of the city where their warehouse stood. From the outside it looked abandoned, with boarded up windows, but inside it was a cosy little nest. Fairy lights were wrapped around the balustrade of the stairs, leading up to the half-floor above the main, open space downstairs that was a blend of a kitchen and a living room. When Grover and Percy walked in they found Luke Castellan in the corner, slamming away on a keyboard, probably hacking into one thing or another. Thalia Grace was sprawled on the couch, flipping through channels, but she sat up when the boys came in.

“Where’s my McDonalds?” she demanded.

“Oops,” Grover said. The girl glared at him and threateningly took out her knife.

“You’re all assholes.”

“I need a group meeting,” Percy popped a chip into his mouth, “Now.”

Moments later all six of them were gathered around the dining table, with Percy excitedly running through the plan of the heist, “Luke,” he slid the blond, smirking man an envelope full of photos, “these are all the outside cameras. Can you disable them by tomorrow?”

“Already hacked into them, kid,” Luke was relaxed in his chair, as always, “one click of my button and they will all glitch. Not that anyone will realise until after we’re on our plane to paradise.”

Percy grinned, “Perfect. So then Thalia,” he looked at the girl who was picking the remains of chicken from her teeth with a toothpick, “you’re my backup in case anything goes wrong, but then it won’t,” his eyes slid to the other girl at the table, Zoe Nightshade, who was re-doing her braid, “because Zoe will make sure our target stays at his fundraising party, isn’t that right, Zoe?”

“Why do I always get the shittiest jobs?” the girl complained.
Percy ignored her and looked at Grover, “You park where we did today and wait for me. Stealing that necklace will be the last boost we need to start a new life,” everyone grinned and Zoe shook her head.

“How the hell values a necklace at fifty two million?”

“I don’t know,” Percy winked, “but it’s ours.”

Thalia slid a paper across the table, “The layout of the mansion,” she said, “everything’s on there, including motion sensors and all that other bullshit.”

Percy nodded, looking at the paper – even here the house looked massive, “Should be easy,” he said, committing the layout to memory.

***

How long had he been here? He lost track of time.

His stomach twisted in hunger and he let out a dry sob that hurt his parched throat. He was so weak he could barely sit up and when he did he had to lean on the bars of the cage for support. The bars dug into his thin back painfully. He held his trembling hands out in front of him, and he didn’t recognise them anymore. Those barely more than bone fingers weren’t his, the dirt encrusted under his fingernails wasn’t his, the bruises around his wrists from where he held him, weren’t his.

Another sob bubbled up in his throat; you’d think that after so long he’d have no tears left but that wasn’t true – they welled up in his eyes now and tumbled down his cheeks, hitting his dirty and scratched palms. The concrete floor was cold, the bars were cold, he was cold. How much longer until he died? Surely his body couldn’t take much more of this agony.

The sound of the door to the basement opening made a whimper spill from his mouth. He curled in on himself, wrapped his arms around his legs and tried to go to the safe place he built in his head during the past few months but the panic gripping his stomach made it hard. He squeezed his eyes shut and pressed his head against his legs.

“No, no, please...”

Rough hands grabbed his ankles and jerked him forward, dragging him across the floor. He covered his face with his hands and cried, trying to get away from that moment but his hands were pried away. Mimas was above him, grinning, madness in his eyes, still in the expensive suit he went to work with, except it had been dry washed since last time as blood and semen had gotten on it. The boy tried to kick him, tears wetting his face, but he was so weak.

“Come here you stupid boy,” Mimas growled, leaning low so the boy could smell his sour breath on his face, “How much longer are you going to fight me? You’re never getting out of here, you know that.”

He hiked up the boy’s dress and he squeezed his eyes shut, wanting it to all be over.

***

Getting into the house of Mimas Giant, one of the country’s most important and richest men, was
surprisingly easy. The plan had changed last minute and Grover had parked the car in the back, behind some trees, so Percy could get out quicker. Together they cut the chain-link fence enough so Percy could squeeze through, and then the man ran through the back garden where there were no alarms. He was dressed all in black, his head covered with a balaclava, and in the darkness of the night he was just a shadow.

He circled the huge mansion, slipped past the pool. Grover had observed Mimas for days and knew that his cleaner always left the kitchen window open, so she could smoke sneakily while she worked. She had gone home now but rarely remembered to completely close the door. Today, she didn’t remember. Percy reached the window and wedged his fingers between the glass and the wall, easily pulling the window open. He climbed up gracefully and slipped inside the kitchen, landing on the wooden table. The room was modern, spotlessly clean and dark. Percy slid the window closed but didn’t lock it, sliding off the table.

He walked out of the kitchen and into a dark hallway where a heavy grandfather clock hung, ticking away the minutes. The hallway branched off just like it had on all the plans Thalia gave him and Percy smirked underneath his balaclava. He walked along the wall, sticking to the shadows as he passed numerous rooms until he reached one of Mimas’ many bedrooms. From his previous lover that Zoe had interviewed he knew exactly where to look. He slipped inside the room, noted the cameras on the ceiling, and gave them a little wave even though they were disabled by Luke. Thankfully his friend had also hacked all the security codes so there was no sea of lasers waiting for Percy as he crept across the spacious bedroom, making straight for the closet. Inside, after pushing aside hundred-dollar suits, he found what he was looking for; the safe. A smirk grew on Percy’s face and in that moment he felt invincible – he could finally get away.

He had opened safes a hundred times and this one was no different; in five minutes it had sprung open and Percy’s eyes landed on the necklace – it was beautiful, made of silver crystals and diamonds that looked like tears. All Percy saw though was money. With his gloved hands he carefully slipped the necklace off and put it in the box he prepared, before sliding it into his bag. He was about to turn and go, pleased with a quick and efficient job, when something caught his eye. There was a door at the back of the closet. Percy frowned. It was a normal-sized one, and before he knew what he was doing, the man was pushing the suits aside and opening it. All he saw was darkness and a sense of unease crept up in him.

He pulled out his flashlight and shone into the darkness. The light revealed to him steep stairs leading to what looked like the start of a basement. There was no basement on any of the maps or designs of the house. Percy swallowed and hesitated; he could just go – he had the necklace...but what if Mimas was hiding something much more valuable in the secret basement? Percy’s greed – though he hated to call it that – took over, and before the young man knew what he was doing, he descended into the darkness, his flashlight casting a shaky golden ring of light as he went.

The basement was split into rooms. The first one was a wine cellar, full of crates. The next had jars inside it. Every step Percy took made him more and more anxious. It stank in the basement, and coldness seeped from the walls and settled into his skin. What am I doing here? he thought, heart pounding. Sure, he had a few hours until Mimas came back, but he still shouldn’t be snooping around. That made the chance of getting caught higher. What if this is a drug den? Percy thought suddenly. He really didn’t feel like getting killed by the Mafia today.

He saw light spilling from one of the rooms and hesitated, but he heard no voices – maybe it wasn’t a drug den then. Slowly he crept towards the room, heart pounding so fast he was scared he’d have a pre-mature heart attack. Gathering up his courage, Percy peered around the corner of the room, wanting just one, quick peek before he got the fuck out of there.
What he saw made his stomach drop in horror and disgust.

In the middle of the room was a cage big enough to hold an elephant, but curled up inside, instead of an elephant, was a boy. Percy’s mouth went dry and before he could stop himself he was walking into the room – fuck the cameras, fuck any motion sensors, he needed to see if this was real. He approached the cage and he must’ve made a noise because suddenly the boy uncurled and struggled to his feet, eyes wide when he saw Percy approaching.

He looked terrified. Percy had never seen the emotion so raw and intense on someone before and it made him want to vomit because what the fuck was going on. The boy looked like he was a few years younger than Percy, maybe nineteen or twenty, and he was impossibly skinny. His cheeks were sunken in, his skin pale, making his eyes look huge and child-like in his face. He had curly brown hair that looked like it hadn’t been washed in weeks, hanging limply around his face. What was worse was that he wore a dress on his thin frame, a lacy, white, tattered thing that was stained with blood and other substances Percy didn’t want to think about. The boy was covered in dirt and the dress was so ripped it was clear what was going on.

“Oh my God,” Percy whispered in horror.

“W-Who are you?” the boy demanded, backing up against the opposite wall of the cage and hugging himself, eyes brimming with tears, “W-What do you want?”

“Calm down,” Percy tried to keep his voice steady as his head spun, “I’m not here to hurt you, I’m here to help...,” he said ‘help’ even though he had no idea what to do in that situation.

“You’re a trick!” the boy yelled, voice raw as if he spent a lot of time screaming, “He sent you here to give me hope-“

“Whose he? Mimas?” Percy demanded. The boy started crying, making Percy’s heart break. He had never seen someone so miserable and it was making it hard to breathe. Only then did he remember he was still wearing his balaclava.

“Hey, hey,” he pulled it off his head, “It’s alright. Mimas didn’t send me.”

The boy looked up at him and froze, eyes wide as if he hadn’t expected for Percy to look the way he did. Then his expression crumpled and he hugged himself, “Who are you?” he asked helplessly.

“My name is Percy,” the robber said even though the first rule of robbing was to never say your name, “Percy Jackson. I...I came here to rob Mimas,” now he felt like he was really losing it, confessing to some kid. The boy watched him with distrust and so Percy knelt on the floor and opened his backpack. He pulled out the box with the necklace with shaking hands and showed it to the boy like a pace offering, “See? I came here to take this. It’s worth a lot of money.”

Hesitantly, the boy came forward, wiping his face and leaving his face red and streaky. He peered at the necklace, then glance at Percy’s face, “You...,” he sniffled “You’re real then? Y-You’re not just my imagination?”

Percy didn’t know what to say. The situation was like out of a horror movie. He put the necklace back and stood, “I’m real,” he told the boy, then slipped his hand between the bars of the cage, “You can touch me if you want.”

The boy looked lost as if he didn’t know what to do. His delicate hands were cradled to his chest but then he slowly, slowly reached out and skimmed his fingers over Percy’s before jerking his hand back as if he burned himself. He stood there, tiny and terrified, and Percy knew he had to help him.
Fuck the necklace, fuck Hawaii, he needed to save this boy.

“What’s your name?” he asked. The boy looked at him and frowned.

“L-Leo, I think,” he mumbled.

“How long have you been here?”

The boy shook his head as if he was in pain, “I-I don’t...I don’t know, I don’t remember.”

“That’s okay,” Percy could sense he was getting anxious and frustrated, “It’s alright, you don’t need to know. I’m gonna-,” his voice flattered because he noticed blood sliding down one of Leo’s legs. For a second Percy couldn’t speak, “You’re...,” he cleared his throat, “Y-You’re bleeding.”

Leo glanced down at himself and tugged on his dress as if he wanted to hide, “He u-um,” his voice was shaky, “he l-likes to be rough with me.”

“Oh Jesus,” Percy whispered. Leo turned his face away and wiped his eyes with one hand while the other still protectively clutched his dress, “Hey,” Percy said softly, “I’m going to get you out of here.”

Leo shook his head, “N-No you won’t.”

“Yes, I will,” Percy said firmly. He pulled out his phone but there was no signal on it. He swore under his breath, “I’m going to call the police.”

“T-They won’t help,” Leo whispered, “They’re on his side. They know about me. S-Some of them come down here and...,” he shuddered and squeezed his eyes shut as if he wanted to forget. Percy wanted to hold him suddenly, hug him close and tell him everything was going to be alright, but how could he tell him that when he didn’t know? The boy just fucking told him that Mimas had the police on his side, which wasn’t surprising.

“Okay, it’s fine, no police,” Percy tried to remain reassuring, “Um. Okay,” he took a deep breath, “I’m gonna get keys for the cage, and I’ll get you out of here. Where are the keys, Leo?”

“I-I...,” Leo seemed overwhelmed as if the prospect of freedom was alien to him, “H-He always has it on him.”

“Fuck,” Percy swore.

And then he heard a sound that made his blood chill – the sound of the basement door opening. Oh my God, he thought.

“He’s back,” Leo whispered and his whole body slumped, “O-Oh God, no, p-please-“

Percy was ready to fight Mimas, to kill him with his bare hands, but he knew there was little chance he’d win – he’d seen Mimas, the man was huge. And Leo was so tiny. It broke Percy’s heart.

“I have to go,” he whispered urgently, picking up his backpack, “But I’ll be back, I promise-“

“No,” Leo’s hands curled around the bars of the cage and he looked as if someone had stabbed him, “P-Please don’t leave me with him-“

“I’m so sorry,” Percy heard approaching footsteps, “Just hang in there. I’ll be back when he’s gone, I promise, Leo, I promise.”
The boy hung his head low and Percy backed up until he was hidden behind the door to the room. Mimas walked in, whistling, wearing the suit he had gone to the fundraiser in.

“Leooooo,” he sang and the boy in the cage cowered away like a scared animal. Percy had never wanted to kill someone but in that moment he wanted to beat Mimas to a bloody pulp. Leaving that basement was the hardest thing he ever did.

***

“What do you mean you’re not coming?!” Thalia demanded. They were gathered around the dining room table and the necklace laid between them, “The flight is booked, everything’s ready!”

“I know, but I can’t,” Percy whispered, “I need one more week and I’ll join you guys.”


“What changed?” Zoe demanded, “Why are you staying all of a sudden?”

“I can’t tell you,” Percy said, voice tight, “But I need to take care of something. As soon as I’ve sorted it I’ll fly over to you guys.”

“This could jeopardise the whole mission, man,” Grover said, “are you sure about this?”

“Of course he’s not sure!” Zoe spat.

“Guys,” Percy was getting angry, “I’ve made my decision. I’m staying for a week, two tops, and then I’ll come to Hawaii,” his voice softened, “You guys can set up and get everything ready for us, get the house all decked out. Luke, you’ll sell the necklace.”

Luke sighed, “Yeah, man, fine. But just don’t do anything stupid.”

Percy didn’t know if saving a kidnapped boy was something stupid but he just nodded. He researched missing Leo’s on the internet but he didn’t find anything – he had no idea where the boy was from, if anyone was searching for him. But Percy could not leave without the boy, he knew that.

The next morning his friends loaded up their van with their suitcases, murmured goodbyes to Percy, half pissed and half concerned, and took off. Percy was left alone in the warehouse, and he got to work. He wasn’t as good a hacker as Luke but he knew how to shut off cameras, which he did in Mimas’ house after watching them for hours. He checked all the big parties in New York and saw that Mimas’ name featured on one, and sure enough, at eight o’clock the man left in one of his cars. Percy had no idea how much time he had. He shoved his bag into his car – it had a hammer in there, a chainsaw and other things that could possibly help get Leo out, and then he drove down to Mimas’ house, heart pounding the entire way.

Clearly the man hadn’t noticed the missing necklace because the hole in the fence was where Percy had made it the night before, and the window had once again been left open by the cleaner. When Percy slipped through Mimas’ house he felt disgust – a man who hurt a boy, abused him day after day from what Percy gathered, was allowed to live in such a luxurious mansion. It was disgustingly unfair.

The basement seemed even more ominous than before since Percy now knew was secrets it hid and the weight of his knowledge made him feel like he was carrying the world on his shoulders.

Leo was the same way Percy had found him the previous day, curled up in the corner. Percy’s stomach turned at the fresh blood on the boy’s dress and the bruises blooming on his skin. It was
freezing in the basement and yet Mimas hadn’t even given him a blanket.

“Leo,” Percy whispered quietly, trying not to scare the boy. Leo’s head shot up, eyes wide as if he saw a ghost, and when he noticed Percy his shoulders slumped.

“I thought I imagined you,” he whispered, and Percy couldn’t imagine being in such a mental state where he didn’t know what was real and what wasn’t. Mimas had broken this boy, and it made Percy furious.

“I’m real,” the thief murmured, sliding down so he was sitting as he reached out between the metal bars. Leo came closer and sat on the other side before hesitantly reaching out. This time when he touched Percy’s hand he didn’t flinch away, instead touching it gently. He grew more comfortable after a second and pressed his palm against Percy’s. His skin was soft and cold.

“You’re warm,” Leo said, a ghost of a faint smile on his lips. Percy smiled back.

“You’re cold.”

Leo giggled, which seemed bizarre since Percy didn’t think the boy would be able to do so after what he’d been through. It gave him hope that maybe, just maybe, the boy would be okay.

“Did you figure out the key situation?” Percy asked when Leo’s second hand joined his first in caressing Percy’s. The boy shook his head, focusing instead on the hands, as if it helped to distract him from his bleak reality. Percy decided not to push it, “I don’t know how much time we have but I brought you some things.”

“Things?” Leo asked.

“Food mostly. Body wipes so you can clean up a bit.”

Leo shook his head and dropped his hands into his lap, “I can’t. He’ll notice,” he whispered. Percy bit his lip.

“Okay. Just the food then.”

He knew that over-feeding was dangerous and it was clear Leo was malnutritioned, so Percy pulled out light food from his backpack; rice crackers and a banana and a yogurt. He passed them over the bars to Leo, who still didn’t trust him completely. He watched as the boy hesitated before opening up the yogurt with shaky hands. Percy passed him a spoon and the boy scooped some yogurt into his mouth. He closed his eyes.

“This is amazing.”

Percy smiled, “What does he feed you?”

“Porridge,” the boy mumbled, “or at least he calls it that.”

After the first spoonful the food went down easier. Leo finished the yogurt and had half the banana before he couldn’t eat any more. Percy put the food back in his backpack and gave Leo water, which the boy gulped down like he was in the Sahara desert, before slowly easing into his plan.

“In order for me to get you out,” he said carefully, “I need you to get the keys off Mimas.”

Leo tensed and colour drained from his face, “I can’t,” he whispered, horrified. Percy reached out and touched his hand.
“You have to,” he said, “There’s no other way. I...I brought hammers and stuff but now I realise that I can’t literally break the cage. If it didn’t work there would be marks left and Mimas would notice and move you or worse,” he looked at Leo softly, “I’m not going to leave you. I just need you to try and get them. If you can’t, it’s fine, and we’ll think of something else.”

Leo’s fingers shyly curled around Percy’s, “I’ll try,” he whispered. Percy looked at Leo, and his heart fell into pieces.

“I’m so sorry,” he whispered, “I’m so sorry he’s doing this to you. You deserve so much better.”

Leo dropped his gaze but not before Percy saw the tears shining in his eyes, “I forgot what kindness feels like,” he whispered.

“I’m going to get you out,” Percy said, fierce and passionate all of a sudden, “and I’m going to take care of you, okay? So just stay strong.” He let go of Leo’s hand, “I have to go. I don’t know how long till he gets back.”

Leo looked up at him as he stood up, full of disappointment. He nodded, “I understand.”

Percy wanted to hold him and reassure him that he was coming back, “Remember, I’m getting you out.”

***

Mimas was on top of him and Leo was trying not to be sick. He fought the need to escape into his happy place, a meadow of flowers he had created within his own head that helped him escape his moments with Mimas. He had to stay this time, because he needed to get the keys.

Mimas was panting and grunting above him and Leo was taking deep breaths, ignoring the pain and how vile he felt, as his hand inched into Mimas’ pocket. Just get the keys, just get the keys... His hand slipped inside.

“Be still, boy!” Mimas roared and flipped Leo over roughly, shoving Leo’s face against the cold concrete. The boy started crying as the man twisted his arm behind his back painfully. The humiliation never ended, no matter how often this happened.

Leo tried to find the meadow but he couldn’t. So instead his mind focused on what brought him comfort – Percy. Leo imagined he was here right now, holding his hand. He willed Mimas to go away, for his weight to disappear off of Leo’s back, and imagined instead that he was with Percy somewhere in the world. Maybe drinking coffee, maybe having a walk in the park. Those mundane things seemed so abstract they were hard to imagine, but Percy’s face was as clear as day in Leo’s head, his sparkling green eyes and kind smile and tousled hair. He’s getting me out, Leo told himself, even though he didn’t really believe it.

***

It was cold, it was so, so cold. Leo wanted to die. Percy hadn’t come yesterday and now the boy felt hollow. I dreamt him he told himself even though he still remembered the warmth of the man’s hand. He hadn’t felt warmth in so long.

His lower body ached and he felt sticky and gross. He got used to the pain though. His stomach rumbled with hunger but he ignored it. Maybe he’d die of starvation soon...

“Leo.”
The voice was soft, warm, like honey, like a bandage for all of Leo’s wounds. The boy looked up and saw Percy walking into the room. He was all in black, his sea-green eyes sparkling with life. Just the sight of him made Leo want to burst out crying. He was crazy but just the fact that Percy was here made him feel safe, which was crazy because he was in a cage.

“Percy,” Leo croaked out. The man knelt by the cage and pulled out a bottle of water, giving it to Leo through the bars. Leo eagerly drank the liquid, feeling it soothe the pain in his throat.

“How are you feeling?” Percy asked softly when Leo finished drinking. He remembered his failure and it made his stomach feel heavy.

“I...,” he couldn’t bear to look at Percy. Surely after this he wouldn’t come back, he’d just give up on him and Leo would stay here forever, “I c-couldn’t get the keys.” He sniffled, tears welling up in his eyes. Why was he being punished like this?

“It’s okay,” Percy said softly, but it wasn’t.

“Kill me,” Leo whispered, “P-Please just kill me-”

“Hey, none of that now,” Percy’s tone hardened and Leo looked up just as the man slipped a hand through the bars. Leo scooted closer and eagerly took his hand, cradling it to his chest, wanting to absorb the warmth and remember every little callous on the man’s hand for when he was gone.

Percy’s hand slipped upward and he caressed Leo’s cheek, wiping a tear from his cheek. Leo looked at him and Percy smiled gently, “It’s going to be okay,” he whispered. Leo pressed his hand over Percy’s, keeping it there, “I’m going to think of something.”

“P-Please don’t go,” the words bubbled up from Leo’s mouth, “Please, I-I can’t take it anymore...”

Percy looked like he was in pain, “God, don’t say that. I’m going to get you out, I told you. I just need one or two days more,” he brushed his fingers through Leo’s hair. The boy didn’t know why he did that, he knew how gross he was, he hadn’t showered in months and he was covered in another man’s semen, but Percy didn’t seem to mind, touching him as if he was something precious, “Do you remember how you got here?” he asked gently.

His tone was so calming that Leo didn’t freak out. He tried to remember. “I was in Mexico,” he remembered the warmth of the sun on his skin, but freedom seemed so far away that it was like watching a film, “I-I...I don’t think I have a family. There was a van, and a man. And...,” he shook his head, his brain throbbing, “I don’t know. It’s all blurry.”

“You were probably drugged,” Percy murmured, “But it’s okay. It’s almost over.”

“What happens after?” Leo whispered.

“I’ll take you hospital,” Percy said, and he made it sound so real, like it was going to happen. But Leo shook his head.

“T-They’ll ask questions,” his voice shook, “a-and then Mimas will c-come after me and d-drag me back...”

“I don’t know how injured you are,” Percy whispered.

“I’m fine,” Leo whispered, “He just f-fucks me hard, t-that’s all-”

He saw the anger in Percy’s eyes and flinched, scared that he might’ve disgusted the man. Percy
reached out with his other hand and cradled Leo’s other cheek in his palm.

“I’ll get you out and then he won’t ever touch you again,” Percy whispered. “I’ll take you somewhere nice, Hawaii maybe, where he won’t find you. I’m going to take care of you.”

In that moment Leo realised that Percy was offering him more than just freedom – he was offering him care. Leo could barely wrap his mind around it but he nodded and Percy’s stroked his face until he had to go.

***

Percy out the gun in his pocket and took a deep breath when he saw Mimas’ car pull up to the driveway. He knew what he was about to do was crazy, but there was no other way. He knew this was the only way. He gave it a few minutes, taking deep, calming breaths. Then he opened the car door and slipped outside.

In the past week Mimas must’ve not looked at his necklace because he didn’t seem alarmed. He hadn’t checked his cameras either because ever since Luke had left for Hawaii they had been off. All the better.

Percy slipped through the now-familiar hole in the fence. He had gloves on but didn’t bother with the balaclava. He wanted that monster to see his face. Percy darted across the garden under the comforting cover of night and slipped in through the open window. He was more cautious when creeping through the house, afraid that Mimas might be in one of the rooms. But the building was dark and silent, and Leo had told Percy that Mimas always went to the basement first thing when getting back home. Well, this would be his last time going down.

Percy went into the bedroom and opened the closet. Mimas had left his suits pushed aside and so Percy easily opened the door to the basement. As he descended, he heard voices.

“Come here, you stupid boy! Let me have what’s mine!” that booming voice belonged to Mimas, furious and angry.

“No!” that was Leo, more defiant than Percy had ever heard him, “I’m not yours you old cunt!”

Percy hurried his step and burst into the room that Leo was held in. The scene in front of him made his blood boil. Leo was on the floor in the cage whose doors were open, a hand on Mimas’ face, shoving him away, his eyes fierce, while the rapist held handfuls of his dress. He roared in rage and lifted his hand to hit Leo, but Percy was faster.

“Don’t you dare!” he yelled, pulling out his gun and pointing it at Mimas. He clicked the safety off and both Leo’s and Mimas’ heads snapped up. Relief made Leo sag against the floor. Mimas looked shocked, “Get off him,” Percy gritted out, gun pointed right on Mimas.

Slowly Mimas got off Leo, hands in the air. It was clear he didn’t know what to do, “Look, there has been a misunderstanding—” he started.

“Shut up!” Percy growled, “you’re fucking disgusting.”

Mimas’ eyes grew cold and Leo scrambled up, pressing his back against the bar of the cage, “Who are you?”

“Riptide.”

“Riptide,” Mimas seemed mildly impressed, and way too calm, “So I see you have an eye for pretty
things. If you’d like I’d let you have a go at my toy, I’m sure he wouldn’t mind.”

Percy thought he was going to explode, “He’s not a thing,” he said, surprisingly calm, “He’s not your toy. He’s not your anything. I’m taking him with me and out of here.”

“No, you’re not,” Mimas growled.

“Yes, I am,” Percy said, “But don’t be mistaken, you’re not ever leaving this basement again. How many people know about this basement? Your body will rot away before anyone finds you.”

Genuine fear flickered in Mimas’ eyes, “Come on, boy, let’s talk this out-“

“There’s nothing to talk about,” Percy said coldly. The adrenaline rushing through him prevented him from feeling fear. Mimas gritted his teeth.

“If I can’t have him,” he said, low in his throat and animalistic, “then no-one can.”

He whirled around and launched himself at a terrified Leo, but Percy pulled the trigger before he could get to the boy. Mimas crashed to the ground at Leo’s feet, dead, blood spreading around him from where Percy got him at the back of the head.

Percy took a deep breath and shoved the gun into his pocket. He did the right thing. Leo was staring fearfully at Mimas’ corpse, gripping the bars of the cage as if afraid the man would resurrect.

“No, No. Don’t let go,” he as feverish, and clearly didn’t believe that Percy was real. The man squeezed him close and stroked his back, his hair, trying to make Leo understand that he wasn’t going anywhere.

“We need to go,” Percy told him, but Leo shook his head furiously.

“We need to get to my car,” he murmured, “We have to be at the airport tomorrow.”

Leo finally pulled away. Percy reached for his hand, intertwining their fingers, and led Leo through the basement and up the stairs. Once in the main part of the house Leo looked around fearfully, as if expecting Mimas to jump out of the shadows at him. They made it to the kitchen and Percy first helped Leo through – the boy was weak and unstable – since he didn’t want him to stay in the house by himself. Then Percy climbed in himself, slamming the window shut behind him.

When he landed on the ground he saw Leo just standing there, eyes closed, greedily gulping in fresh air. It hit Percy that he hadn’t been outside in months. He looked unsteady on his legs so Percy wrapped an arm around his waist.

“Come on, baby,” he said, the ‘baby’ just coming out by itself. Leo didn’t seem to mind, slumping against Percy who pulled him across the garden and pushed him through the hole in the fence. They made it to the car in one piece.

“I’ll get blood on your seats,” Leo mumbled, in a state of shock, holding onto his dress.
“It doesn’t matter,” Percy told him. He pulled out a backpack and held out a blanket to Leo, “You can take the dress of if you want.”

Leo scrambled to do so, pulling the tattered dress over his head and shoving it to the side. Underneath he was completely naked, his body a motley of bruises, and Percy looked away respectfully as Leo wrapped himself in a blanket.

The drive to the warehouse was silent. Leo was shaking, eyes focused on the hands in his lap as if he couldn’t bear to look out of the window. Percy didn’t ask questions, also in shock as his adrenaline wore off. He had killed a man, and he didn’t regret it.

When Percy parked outside the warehouse he realised that Leo had fallen asleep. He smiled at the boy, because although dirty and tired, he looked at peace. Percy walked around the car and gently eased Leo into his arms. The boy weighed barely nothing. Percy held him close protectively as he carried him into the warehouse. It was quiet since the team had left but in a day Leo and Percy would be gone too.

***

When Leo woke up, he was surrounded by warmth. He groggily opened his eyes and saw steam curling in front of him. He frowned. Was Mimas’ basement on fire? Would he finally die?

Percy.

He gasped, remembering their getaway and his vision cleared. He was sat in a bath filled with warm water and on the floor by the tub was Percy, talking on the phone.

“...yeah, we should land in the evening. Just make the bed for us, yeah?”

Leo’s heart started hammering, “Percy,” he croaked out, overwhelmed. Percy glanced at him and noticed he was awake.

“Got to go, Zoe, I’ll see you tomorrow.”

He hung up the phone and stood up, “Hey,” he said, gently smiling at Leo, “Sorry, I didn’t want to wake you up.”

Leo reached for Percy with his wet hand and Percy took it, perching on the side of the tub, “How are you feeling?”

“Warm,” Leo replied hoarsely, though he knew Percy wouldn’t understand how important that was.

“I’m glad,” the man whispered. Leo looked around the bathroom, it was small and weirdly empty. Percy noticed his look, “I had five housemates, but they’re all in Hawaii now, waiting for us.”

“Us?” Leo blinked.

“Us?” Percy relaxed and smiled. He reached out and carefully brushed a curl from Leo’s forehead. The boy let out a shuddery breath – nobody had touched him like that in ages. He leaned into Percy’s hand.

“Tired?” the man asked. Leo nodded, “The bed’s ready whenever you are.”
Leo couldn’t stand by himself since he was so weak so Percy helped him dry off. Leo appreciated that the man kept his eyes firmly fixed above Leo’s head because the boy was ashamed of what his body looked like, all bruised up. For the first time in months he didn’t have come and blood between his legs, and he felt a little like a newborn – clean, confused and sleepy.

Percy handed him some clothes, “I don’t know if they’ll fit,” he said apologetically. But they did fit, and were amazingly soft when Leo slipped them on – a pair of woollen pants and a t-shirt. He hadn’t worn anything but that wretched dress since he could remember and he forgot how nice actual clothes felt.

Percy didn’t say much, and Leo understood; they both went through a lot. He led Leo to the bedroom and sat him down on a big, soft bed, handing him a mug of warm tea. The boy drank it eagerly, and the warmth that spread through him helped him accept the fact that he was safe now.

Percy hovered in the doorway, “I’ll be next door if you need me.”

“No!” Leo said, desperate, and felt himself shivering, “N-No, please don’t leave me.”

Percy relaxed as if he had hoped that Leo would want him to stay and closed the door, “Okay. Anything you need, baby.”

There it was again, the ‘baby.’ It was such a short, sweet word and it made Leo feel like he was a person, a person that someone cared for. He climbed under the covers, marvelling at how wonderful the bed was. After sleeping on the ground for so long it was like lying on a cloud. Percy climbed in next to Leo. The boy knew he should’ve probably been all flinchy and scared, but Percy filled him with nothing but happiness and warmth and he felt safe with the man. His touch was nothing like Mimas’.

Percy face Leo and the boy scooted close to him, reaching out to gently touch Percy’s arm. The man was encouraged by that and slipped an arm around Leo’s waist, and pressed a kiss to his forehead. That little gesture made Leo’s stomach flip, but not in a bad way. He smiled and snuggled closer to Percy. He was too tired to think about anything but how happy he was in Percy’s arms.

“I’m gonna take care of you,” Percy whispered. Leo buried his face in the man’s shoulder.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

Then he broke down crying.
Person A is like, really suicidal and about to do it but then they receive a call from Person B and they decide to answer because it's the last time they're going to hear Person B's voice so a few minutes more won't matter. Person B is unaware and they just keep on talking and talking that Person A gets so distracted and falls asleep on the phone with Person B instead of killing themselves. Person B decides to visit A the next day and whatever state they find A in (dead or alive) is totally up to you.

For Just_Another_PJO_Fangirl

Nico sat in the bathtub, shivering even though the water was hot. The heat would make his blood circulate faster and maybe he’d bleed out faster. He slid further down into the bath and the water climbed to his neck. He closed his eyes and exhaled. He hated this bathroom. He hated his life. He just wanted it all to be over.

He turned the razor in his fingers. He had to admit, he was scared, but that emotion, like every other, was dulled by his crippling depression. He wanted to cry now, because it would all be over so soon. It filled him with such relief. The hot water made his muscles relax, and he felt weirdly safe even though he knew pain was coming. He didn’t care, it was a price worth paying.

Nico slipped his left arm out of the water and looked at the pale skin of his wrists, the blue veins just below the surface. He glanced at the door, even though he knew nobody was coming. Nobody loved him. He had no-one. Hazel was with Frank and their baby, and she didn’t need her half-brother in her life. Percy didn’t love him. Bianca was dead. Sure, he had other friends but sooner or later they’d get married and have their own families and he’d be left behind. Better to go now.

Nico shakily pressed the cold blade to his wrist, a gasp coming out of his mouth close to a sob.

His phone rang. Nico flinched and nicked his skin so a rivulet of crimson welled up against the white. A drop fell into the water. Not knowing why, Nico raised himself out of the bath and scrambled for the phone. He should’ve just let it ring, but something pushed him to answer. His wet fingers left smudges on the screen, from which the grinning picture of Jason stared at him as his caller ID flashed.

Nico took a deep breath and picked up, sliding back into the water, “Hello?”

“Neeks! Hi!” Jason sounded so excited it shocked Nico.
“Hi,” he forced his voice not to shake, “I...um, d-did you need anything?” he watched his wrist bleed gently and his fingers tightened. He let out a little hiss of pain when the blade cut his skin.

“No, I just wanted to-,” Jason paused, and his voice grew concerned, “Um. Is everything alright?”

Nico closed his eyes. No, he wanted to scream into the phone, No, nothing’s alright, I’m scared, and I’m alone, and I want you here. Jason’s voice, so warm and soothing and alive, felt like a blanket of comfort around Nico’s shoulders. He wished his best friend was there to hold his hand even though realistically if Jason was in the bathroom with him – which he wasn’t – he’d never let Nico kill himself.


“What are you doing?”

Nico swallowed, “Taking a bath.”

“Oh!” Jason laughed awkwardly at the other end, “Shit, sorry, didn’t mean to interrupt your ‘me’ time.”

You interrupted my suicide, Nico thought bitterly. He just hoped that when they found his body Jason wouldn’t blame himself, “No. It’s okay. It’s...it’s good to hear your voice,” Nico said sincerely, because it was. If he were to die soon then he wanted Jason’s voice to be the last thing he heard – the blond had always been kind to him, too kind, until Nico couldn’t help but feel things for him that just overcomplicated his life. It was like Percy all over again.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Jason asked gently, “You’ve been really quiet and sad lately. I was actually going to ask if I can come over tomorrow-“

“Don’t,” Nico said, too quickly. Blood dripped from the shallow cut on his wrist and from his fingers and he felt tired, though he knew it wasn’t due to blood loss since he was barely loosing any, “Don’t...I’m...busy.”

“You’re always busy,” Jason sounded sad, “I miss you. We used to hang out all the time...”

“You had a girlfriend,” Nico closed his eyes and slipped into the water. He wanted to sleep, “I didn’t want to third wheel.”

“I know, I’m sorry. But you know how it is – young love,” Jason chuckled, and Nico didn’t know how it was. All his loves had been one-sided and excruciatingly painful, “I was like a puppy, and I know I was a terrible friend. But me and Piper are history and I just want things between us to be good again.”

“They never stopped being good,” Nico said. He didn’t want Jason to have regrets, “You’ve been my best friend – you are my best friend. I love you.” It was a sincere confession, covered up as a friendly statement.

“Love you too,” Nico could hear the smile in Jason’s voice, and that sentence alone almost made him give up on the whole suicide thing. But he was too tired to even move. His eyes felt like they were made of metal and couldn’t open again. Maybe I’m already dying...

“Listen,” Nico mumbled into the phone as steam curled from the hot bath, mournfully realising this would be the last time he’d ever hear Jason’s voice, “I have to go.”

“Okay,” Jason sounded disappointed, “I’ll see you soon.”
“Bye,” Nico said, throat tight. Jason hung up and the dark-haired boy’s hand flopped uselessly against the bath. His fingers relaxed and his phone slammed into the tiles of the floor. Nico didn’t care if the screen shattered or the whole device broke. He didn’t care about anything. His wrist stung, as did his fingers. The razor slipped from his grip and hit the floor.

***

Worry gnawed at Jason’s stomach all night like a hungry toddler. He couldn’t sleep – he tossed and turned and replayed the conversation he had with Nico over and over in his head. He had called to set up a meeting, so he could finally confess his feelings to the best friend he had been in love with for ages, but he had chickened out. And Nico had sounded so exhausted...

Jason couldn’t get rid of the bad feeling all morning. It made him sick to the stomach. He woke up early to heavy rain outside and texted Nico once, twice, three times. He couldn’t swallow his breakfast because Nico wasn’t replying. Jason called. Then he called again. Voicemail answered each time and Jason started to get really worried. Finally he called in sick to work and drove down to Nico’s apartment.

He spent fifteen minutes outside the dingy flat, banging on the door and desperately calling Nico’s name as crippling fear crawled up his throat. He knew by then that Nico had done something stupid. It was only eight in the morning and after banging and shouting for ages, Nico’s neighbour finally came out. Her ginger hair was a mess and she looked tired.

“Can you shut up?” he grumbled.

“Sorry,” Jason said, “Do you know if Nico’s home?” his voice was laced with desperation, and the girl saw that. She shrugged.

“Dunno, but I have a spare key if you want?”

“Oh thank God, you’re a life saver.”

The girl disappeared into her apartment and promptly returned, dropping a key into Jason’s palm, “Just be quiet,” she told him and went back to her place as Jason clumsily and frantically unlocked the door.

He had been in Nico’s apartment plenty of time, and now the place seemed eerily quiet.

“Nico?” Jason called, panic not making him think rationally. In the living room the TV was switched off and cold, grey, morning light fell in through the window. The bedroom was empty, the covers crumpled and shoved to the foot of the bed. Nico was nowhere to be found.

Jason felt like he was losing his mind and he was moments from calling the police, when something made him go to the bathroom. The doors were closed but when Jason pushed they easily swung open. He walked inside, heart twisting, fear leaving a bitter aftertaste in his mouth.

He found Nico in the bath, submerged to his collarbones, head leaning on his shoulder in a position that couldn’t be comfortable. In the watery light he looked like a corpse, his skin white, lips blue from the undoubtedly cold water. He’s dead, was Jason’s first, horrified thought and he suddenly felt such intense pain that he almost passed out. He saw the cut on Nico’s wrist, just one, angry red. His fingers were matted with blood. His hair was wet.

He was shivering.

He was alive and he was shivering.
“Nico!” the moment Jason knew the boy lived he threw himself forward and then he was shoving his hands under Nico’s slippery arms and hauling the boy out of the water. Nico jerked awake, gasping and Jason frantically pulled him to the floor. He ripped a towel off the rack and threw it around the boy’s shoulders.

“Jason?” Nico seemed shocked, blinking, teeth clattering, eyes wide, “What... where-“

Jason enveloped him in a fierce hug, tears springing into his eyes. He kept the towel tight around Nico and clutched the boy to his chest as a sob or pain and relief bubbled from his throat, “You idiot,” he buried his face in Nico’s towel-covered shoulder, the boy’s wet hair tickling his forehead, “Oh my God, you fucking i-idiot. How could you do this to me??”

“J-Jason...,” Nico stuttered out.

Jason pulled away from the hug so he could touch Nico’s head, his face, to make sure that he was really alive, “Jesus. Jesus Christ,” Jason whispered feverishly as Nico stared at him, “You died. You almost died.” He grabbed the boy by the elbows and made him stick his arms out. Shakily the blond got to his feet and threw the cabinet open. He threw about pots of pills and toothbrushes, and pulled out bandages and plasters. Nico stood up on shaky feet, his skin white and wrinkled from too much time in the water. He protectively held the towel around him, shaking from the coldness in the room.

Jason sat him down on the edge of the bath, the shock making his hands tremble as he clumsily wrapped the bandages around Nico’s wrists and then plastered his fingers. When he was done Jason’s arms uselessly dropped and he tried to gather his thoughts and get his heart to stop pounding. He didn’t know what to do, or say. Nico was staring at the ground.


“I don’t want to do this anymore.”

“Do what?”

“Live.”

“Why?” Jason demanded desperately, “Why would you-“

“I have no-one,” Nico whispered, “Nobody who loves me. Nobody who cares. It’d be better-“

“I love you,” Jason interrupted him. Nico shook his head.

“It’s not enough-“

The blond sunk to his knees, feeling like he had been punched, “How can you say my love for you isn’t enough?” he whispered, looking up at Nico. The boy had tears in his eyes.

“Because it’s not,” his voice cracked. Jason dropped his head so it rested against Nico’s knee. He started to cry again, unable to hold back tears. His heart couldn’t take this, “Jason,” Nico’s voice was pained, “Come on. You don’t care about me that much-“

“I love you so much,” Jason sobbed, cutting him off. He grabbed Nico’s injured hands and pressed them to his face, looking at the younger boy helplessly, “I am so in love with you and I almost came too late.”

“Jason,” Nico sniffled and tears dripped from his eyes and hit Jason’s cheeks. The blond turned his head so he could press his mouth into Nico’s palm, kissing it.
“I love you,” he whispered, calming down a little, “Seeing you like this is killing me.”

Suddenly Nico wrapped his arms around Jason, pulling him against him and pressing his head into his chest, “I won’t do it,” he whimpered, then let out a sob, “I-I won’t try again. I-I don’t...I don’t want to die. I don’t. I’m scared a-and everything h-hurts so just h-hold me and please d-don’t leave, not yet.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” Jason told him passionately, “I’m going to be here for you, for anything,” his voice was muffled against Nico’s chest but the boy didn’t care, squeezing tighter. Somehow they both slid to the floor together, crying. Jason cradled Nico against him, brushed his hair from his face, rubbed his shoulders to warm him up. Neither of them could stand up and move; it was like nothing existed for them but the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

I almost gave this a sad ending but I couldn't bring myself to XD
Let's Sit Down and Spin the Bottle

AU where the seven are at a house party playing spin the bottle- and Will and Nico have both never kissed anyone before- from Will POV and Nico spins it and it lands on Will and he doesn’t wanna to come out to the group but he doesn’t want to reject Nico either. And maybe like an anxiety situation happens because Will is insecure and then Nico talks to him and they kiss. Bonus for lots of fluff!!!

For elle

Will watched with vague disgust as Beckendorf and Silena shoved their tongues down each other’s throats while Percy cheered wildly, Reyna chugged a beer, and Nico sighed.

“Are you done?” he asked, the only answer being Hazel’s face growing bright red and Jason scooping Piper closer, “Are you done?” Nico repeated louder, annoyed. The couple broke apart finally, lips swollen, hair tousled.

“Sorry,” the girl replied with a giggle, leaning into his boyfriend who fist-bumped Conor sitting next to him. There was about a dozen teens sitting in the circle in Annabeth’s house, all that was left from the massive crowd of fifteen year olds that had been here half an hour ago, trashing the place and getting disgustingly drunk. Most had gone home now, and the tipsy stragglers decided to pay a game of spin the bottle, hence why Silena and Beckendorf had their little makeout session.

“Okay Silena,” Annabeth nudged the bottle across the floor to her friend, “Since it landed on you it’s your turn to spin.”

The girl giggled, flushed from the alcohol she had drunk, and crept across the floor to grab the bottle. She spun it clumsily and the group of teenagers leaned forward in anticipation watching as the bottle slowed down. It was an empty vodka bottle that Will had a shot out of earlier. He didn’t drink a lot so that, paired with two beers, was enough to get him tipsy. He watched now as the bottle landed on Annabeth. Silena giggled and crawled across the floor as the boys all cheered like wild animals when the two girls kissed. Nico was the only one who didn’t look excited, leaning against the wall, sitting cross-legged. His eyes met Will’s, and he smiled. The blond smiled back at him, his heart fluttering. Nico looked nicer than all the girls in the circle.

Silena and Annabeth stopped drinking and they were giggling as Annabeth spun the bottle. To everyone’s surprise, it landed on Nico. The boy raised an eyebrow, eyes flitting to Percy, Annabeth’s girlfriend. He didn’t look bothered.

“Go on then,” he smirked. Annabeth walked across the floor and hesitantly leaned forward, pecking Nico on the lips quickly. A couple people booed.
“Oh come on!” Luke complained, “That’s not a proper kiss!”

“She has a boyfriend!” Hazel gasped, fanning her red face with her hand.

“So?” Conor grumbled, “Proper kisses only! That’s the point of the game!”

Nico rolled his eyes, Annabeth groaned and then leaned forward and kissed Nico properly. It was really awkward to watch and Will had to avert his eyes, twisting his hands in his lap. Laughter, cheers and clapping echoed through the circle and then Annabeth returned to Percy’s side – he looked a little bothered now.

“Nico! Go on!” Piper grinned. Nico looked like he was bored of the game but he grabbed the bottle and spun it. Will watched it spin and for some reason his heart pounded as the bottle slowed. It went past Reyna, then passed Conor and Luke, and finally the bottle stopped. The neck faced Will. The blond blinked, shocked.

“Ooooooh!” Drew giggled and some girls clapped.

Will went bright red and even Nico was blushing. The blond’s first thought was I can’t kiss a boy but he didn’t say anything because he didn’t want to make Nico feel like shit. The boy was already a bit of an outsider at school – even though the past year he and Will had gotten close Nico was still quiet and awkward and didn’t really talk that much. Will was also starting to think that he was gay and that thought terrified him – he didn’t want to come out yet, and not in front of all these teenagers. So he kept his mouth shut, heart pounding, and waited for Nico to make the first move.

The teenagers all started arguing whether boys could ask not to kiss other boys – the girls insisted that was unfair since they kissed each other. Will shyly looked up at Nico, and the Italian was already staring at him. Will swallowed, feeling a sudden heat in his stomach from the way Nico was looking at him. His hands started trembling.

“I’ll do it,” Nico said, silencing the arguments, “But not in front of all of you; in the bathroom.”

There was a moment of pause and then the girl’s cheered. Beckendorf clapped Nico on the shoulder.

“That’s the spirit!”

Nico didn’t look happy or anything but when he stood Will clambered to his feet also, cheeks red. For some reason he followed the shorter boy as cheers rang after them. He was a little unsteady on his feet and the realisation that he had never kissed anyone and he was about to kiss a boy was making him shaky and scared.

Nico walked into the guest bathroom of the huge house, and Will slipped in after him. The harsh lights of the bathroom made him anxious, “S-So...,” he started, he didn’t believe they were actually doing this. Everything seemed to be happening fast, but that could’ve just been the alcohol. Nico hugged himself and looked away.

“We don’t have to...y’know. We could just pretend.”

“Pretend we kissed?” Will asked nervously. Nico nodded. Will bit his lip. For some reason the thought of not kissing Nico after all made him feel all weird and...disappointed, “I...,” he cleared his throat, “I’ve never kissed anyone.”

Nico’s eyes snapped up to him, “Really?” he asked, and then mumbled quietly, cheeks red, "Me neither.”

That made Will feel a little better, “So...so like if you wanna...I-I mean I don’t mind...kissing you,
Nico closed the space between them so suddenly that Will backed up against the door but the Italian wasn’t going for the kiss. His hand found the light switch and in a blink of an eye the bathroom was flooded with nice, intimate darkness. Will’s heart threatened to fly out of his chest.

“Close your eyes,” Nico murmured and he must’ve gotten closer because Will felt his breath against his mouth. His body was tense, and it felt like it was overheating. Despite the fact he couldn’t see anything anyway, Will closed his eyes.

“Hurry up in there!” someone shouted from the living room, but Nico didn’t hurry. It felt like forever until their lips finally touched.

Nico’s mouth was surprisingly soft as it pressed against Will’s, feather-light. The blond didn’t know what to do; his hands clenched and unclenched at his sides and when Nico started to move his lips against Will’s tentatively, the blond copied him. They kissed, open mouthed and a little clumsy. The blond could feel Nico’s breath brush past his lips, he tasted faintly of candy and vodka. His hands hesitantly rested on Will’s shoulders. The blond pulled him closer on instinct, tugging on Nico’s shirt. The Italian had to stand on his tiptoes, and he angled his head so his mouth slotted better against Will’s. His tongue brushed against the blond’s bottom lip.

“Open your mouth,” Nico whispered, “and just go with it.”

Will did as he was told and the moment his lips parted, Nico’s tongue slithered inside. Will gasped, thinking it’d be gross, but despite the sudden wet and warm feeling to the kiss, it didn’t feel disgusting. Shakily Will wrapped his arms around Nico’s waist and dipped his head, his tongue coming out to tangle with Nico’s.

That’s when everything changed. Suddenly Nico was pressing up against Will, hard. His arms looped around the blond’s shoulders and he kissed him passionately and feverishly. Will felt light-headed and unsteady on his feet and a moan spilled from his mouth as he kissed Nico back just as intensely. They explored each other’s mouths, panted against one another.

An insistent knock forced them to jump apart. Will slapped the light on. Nico looked like a mess, flushed and panting, and Will thought he probably didn’t look much better.


“I think I’m gay,” he whispered to Nico. The Italian smiled.

“Me too,” he said and strolled out as if it was no big deal.
“You’re bisexual?” Percy Jackson demanded, staring at his roommate. Jason Grace shrugged, relaxed, sitting down on his bed.

“Yup. Guess so,” he didn’t seem bothered and glanced at Percy, “If that bother you I’ll ask the RA to switch me out for a different roommate.”

“N-No!” Percy spluttered, “I just...I...I’m gay. You know I’m gay.”

Jason seemed confused, “Uh...yeah? Perce, you know I have no problem with it-“

“What I mean,” Percy sighed in frustration, “Is since we’re both in the same boat then maybe we could...”

“Are you telling me you like me?” Jason asked, shocked. Percy blushed.

“No! Of course not, idiot!” he yelled, a little too loud, “I was just suggesting that...that since...y’know, since we both like dick then maybe we could just help each other out. I know you just broke up with Piper, you must be sexually frustrated.”

Jason bit his lip, “I don’t know. This seems like a bad idea.”

Percy felt like an idiot, but he decided to push. He wanted this. He wanted Jason. He tried to sound like he didn’t care, “Why would friends with benefits be a bad idea?”

***

Jason was an amazing lover, and that’s why Percy allowed this to go on for as long as it did. They had left university, where they had fucked for the first time, two years ago and despite living n different parts of London, the two still met up every other day for a fuck. Percy never got bored of it.

He sat in his bed now, the covers crumpled around his waist, smoking a cigarette. The window was open, the sound of night traffic wafting in as Percy’s cigarette smoke wafted out. He watched Jason as the blond dressed, trying to keep his expression neutral even though his heart yearned for him to stand up and wrap his arms around the blond’s naked, muscular back and never let go of him.

Stupid, Percy thought, exhaling a mouthful of smoke.

He couldn’t remember when they had stopped being ‘friends.’ At first the benefits thing worked for both of them, helped them to de-stress. Having a fuck buddy in the bed next to yours was
convenient. But then they started questioning where to draw the line and Percy was scared, because he started to catch feelings; it was hard not to when Jason fucked him so well that Percy almost blacked out at least once a week. Eventually the tension and frustration between them, paired with the lack of alternative love interests, pushed the friendship of the two boys aside. Now they were just two men that used to be friends, and that still fucked three times a week.

“You going home?” Percy asked, voice hoarse from the hours of moaning he just did. Jason was always gentle with him, never leaving marks, but that didn’t mean he didn’t make Percy fall apart.

“Where else would I be going?” Jason asked, his back to Percy as he slid his t-shirt on. Percy dropped his eyes and swallowed the disappointment in his throat. *Nowhere*, he wanted to say, *stay.* But Jason never would – as far as Percy was concerned he was the only one with feelings in this ‘arrangement.’

“Oh, Mr Sarcastic,” he tried to remain light-hearted, “You gonna pop in on Wednesday.”

“Dunno, maybe,” Jason picked up his bag and glanced at Percy briefly in the bed, “I actually have a date that night so...”

Percy felt as if someone had punched him in the gut, “O-Oh,” he stammered, putting his cigarette out with shaky hands. Jason turned to look at him, already half-way to the door. His expression was unreadable.

“Is that a problem?”

“No,” Percy forced a shrug, “Do what you want. Just let me know if it’s anything serious so we can...,” Percy waved a hand between them, unable to finish the sentence. Jason nodded awkwardly.

“Yeah. Right. Okay,” he cleared his throat, “Thanks for tonight. I’ll see you.”

“See you,” Percy mumbled but Jason was already gone from his room. Percy heard the front door slam and he collapsed on his bed, sighing. It suddenly felt cold without Jason so he sat up and closed the window before curling up in the bed they had just fucked in. He knew he should’ve changed the sheets but he didn’t want to, not yet, as gross as it was. He took the pillow and pressed it to his face but it didn’t smell like Jason – he didn’t sleep on it, didn’t stay at Percy’s long enough to leave his scent behind. The only things he ever left behind were used condoms, marks on the wall and cracks on Percy’s heart.

Dejected, the dark-haired man rose from his bed and padded to the closet. He pulled out a hoodie that he had stolen from Jason back at Uni, when they were best friends. It had his name at the back and although it had long ago stopped smelling like him, Percy still liked it. He pulled it on now. Back then the hoodie was too big on him but now it fit perfectly though Percy assumed if he tried on Jason’s more up-to-date clothes they’d still be too big.

He curled up in the hoodie under his covers, tugging the hood over his head. He closed his eyes and warmth spread through him. He dreamt that Jason was asleep behind him, holding him tightly against his chest.

***

It was Wednesday and Percy couldn’t stay home – he had no work the next day and the reminder that Jason was somewhere out in the city on a date with some boy or girl made him ache with sadness. He couldn’t take being alone and miserable, so Percy gathered some of his friends and they all went down to the gay club that was known for its Wednesday-nights. Despite it being the middle
of the week, the place was packed, mostly with university kids. Percy and his friend went to the bar and did a round but then everyone dispersed in the dark, writhing crowd. Percy didn’t feel like dancing. He order a cocktail and sipped in sourly for an hour, twirling his phone in his hand even though he knew Jason wouldn’t text – he never texted, not unless it was about them arranging another hook-up. That’s when the guy approached Percy.

“Hi,” the man was a little older than Percy and a few inches taller. His hair was blond and Percy thought that maybe he would look like Jason if he squinted. A new plan formed in his head – maybe it he fucked someone else he’d forgot that Jason was on a date.

“Hi,” Percy gave the kid his most charming smile.

“I’m Luke,” the man replied, “Wanna get out of here?”

“Yeah, sure,” Percy didn’t hesitate, pretending like Jason hadn’t taken his virginity and like he wasn’t the only person Percy had fucked for the last four years. His confidence might’ve been fake, but his resolution wasn’t; tonight he was getting over Jason with Luke. Or so he thought.

He slipped his hand into Luke’s and the man led him through the dance floor of sweaty people and towards the exit. That’s when they casually passed Jason. Percy gaped, and Jason noticed him too because he froze in his track. Percy stopped walking, halting Luke, who glanced behind him to see what was happening. Percy and Jason stared at each other, Percy’s mouth dry. Hanging off Jason’s arm was a pretty brunette that made Percy’s blood boil.

“Whose this?” Jason’s voice was steely when his eyes slid to Luke and Percy could barely hear him over the music.

“My date,” Percy blurted, lying.

“Oh no he’s not,” Jason fumed, untangling himself from his own date. He seized Percy’s wrist in his and shoved past a confused Luke. When Percy looked over his shoulder, panicked, his saw the blond sidling up to Jason’s date.

The two ex-friends exploded outside into the cooling night and Jason immediately started walking towards Percy’s flat, which was only two minutes away, dragging the boy behind him.

“What’s your problem?!?” Percy demanded, only half-heartedly trying to free himself, “You just left your girl there?!?” his words seemed to wash over Jason like water and the blond didn’t even react. By the time they reached Percy’s flat, the dark-haired boy’s throat felt dry from constant talking.

“Key,” Jason growled. Percy slid in front of him and covered his door with his body, eyes narrowing.

“You’re not coming in,” he had made himself a promise to get over Jason and he was going to – no matter how hot he looked in his black t-shirt and leather jacket. The blond leaned in very close so Percy could smell his cologne. His heart fluttered a little in his chest and he couldn’t help but lean in subconsciously.

“If you don’t let me inside,” Jason said, low in his throat, almost like a threat, “I’ll just fuck you out here.”

Percy fumbled in his pocket for his key and then shakily turned to open the door. The second he did, Jason was shoving it open and pushing Percy inside. The hallways was dark and Percy didn’t even have time to take off his shoes before Jason was slamming the door shut once more, cutting off the
light from the hallway, and shoving Percy against it.

Before Percy could protest this brutish treatment, Jason was crowding in against him and crashing their lips together. They kisses rarely, but it was one of Percy’s favourite things and he moaned, giving up any fight when Jason’s tongue slid into his mouth. It was rougher than normal, more possessive somehow, and Percy shivered and pretended that it was because Jason’s was jealous, even though he knew that that wasn’t the case. He reached up to wrap his arms around Jason but the blond grabbed his wrists and pinned them on either side of Percy’s head as he continued their hungry kiss, exploring Percy’s mouth with his tongue as if he didn’t know if off-by-heart by now. Percy moaned, feeling blood rush south, and his hips stuttered forward.

“How are you so angry?” he panted out, managing to free his mouth.

“I’m not angry,” Jason said, but it was an obvious lie since seconds later he had his face buried in Percy’s neck and was biting and sucking. Percy whined because Jason never left marks, and yet now, for some reason, he was.

“F-Fuck...,” the dark-haired boy bit his lip, “D-Did your date flop or something.”

Jason let out an incoherent growl and pulled Percy from the door, roughly shoving him across the hallway and into the living room. Percy wouldn’t have even known where to start protesting. Jason slammed the door shut behind them and practically ripped off his shirt before his smouldering eyes found Percy’s.

“Strip,” he commanded, and there was something incredibly arousing by the fact that he was completely in control. Jason was usually soft and gentle, and although he fucked like a god, it was never like this; never this passionate. It was as if all those other times Jason had been holding back.

Like an obedient puppy, Percy scrambled to do as he was told. He pulled off his jacket and shirt, kicked off his shoes, pushed down his jeans and underwear, all while Jason watched him, still tense and angry. The moment Percy was naked the blond was in front of him, pushing him down onto the bed. Percy’s cock throbbed from where it curved against his stomach and Jason just grabbed his legs and threw them over his shoulders.

“M-Maybe prepare me a little, big guy,” Percy said with a nervous laugh as Jason unzipped his trousers.

“Shut up,” the blond snapped, “that guy from the club would’ve fucked you like this.”

Percy jolted, eyes widening, because yup, that definitely sounded like jealousy. His heart pounded so he barely noticed that Jason spat on his palm and used that as make-shift lube, spreading it over his cock even though there was a bottle in the bedside table. Percy only came back to reality when he felt the blunt head of Jason’s cock against his entrance.

“Jason, wait-,” he gasped, but Jason wasn’t listening. There was something animalistic in him when he started to push into Percy, like a wolf reclaiming its territory or something. Percy gasped at the shots of pain that went up his spine, but they were brief since Jason had fucked him well and good only two days prior.

Percy reached out, he didn’t know why, and Jason just pinned his wrists down and continued to push his way into the boy. Percy’s moan lost its pained age because the burn of being filled mixed with the sudden pleasure of being dominated. He shivered and gasped when Jason bottomed out in him and for a moment he was so stuffed that he thought he might die.
Jason didn’t even give him a chance to adjust as he pulled out and slammed in – rough and hard, unlike the way he normally did it. Percy’s eyes widened and he choked on a yell. Above him, Jason gritted his teeth, his eyes focused only on Percy.

“O-Oh my God,” the dark-haired man whined as Jason established a brutal pace that made him shudder over and over. He thrust his hard cock into Percy over and over, so hard and fast that the bed was slamming against the wall. In seconds Percy felt dizzy and shaky, writhing against the bed and in Jason’s grip uselessly, unable to get free, “J-Jason,” he gasped, cock leaking over his stomach, heat pouring into his body, “J-Jesus, Jason.”

“Shut up,” Jason hissed, thrusting roughly right against Percy’s prostate. A sob of pleasure bubbled up inside the boy and spilled from his mouth, causing Jason’s grip to tighten around Percy’s wrists and for his thrusts to speed up.

“F-Fuck... fuck...,” Percy sobbed, “Jason, fuck...I can’t breathe, OhmyGod.”

Jason grinned at that, as if he was pleased, and continued to pound into Percy. The dark-haired boy felt his control slipping; Jason abused his prostate over and over, merciless, as if trying to prove something. For some reason seeing him so wild and losing his usually collected demeanour just added to the hotness of the situation.

Percy’s orgasms hit him out of nowhere, and he shuddered and screamed, before waves of pleasure washed over him and the world went black. He was aware of little after that, except for the intense bliss he felt. And the strong arms that were holding him.

Groggily, Percy came to, and found himself in Jason’s arms. His heart started pounding in shock. Jason was on his side, under Percy’s covers with their own pressed into his chest. He stroked the dark-haired boy’s naked back and – to Percy’s great surprise – peppered his face and head with kisses.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” he whispered feverishly, “I’m sorry, Perce-“

“Why you sorry?” Percy croaked, and Jason just held him tighter.

“I didn’t mean to hurt you,” he whispered, sounding horribly broken as if his heart had shattered. Percy couldn’t stand the man he loved hurting so he wrapped his arms around Jason, even though he knew the blond didn’t want that.

“You didn’t,” he whispered, still trying to comprehend why Jason was holding him. He never held him after sex, “That was amazing. You’re amazing. I-,” Percy’s voice faltered. He pulled away to try and collect his thoughts and instead was met with Jason’s crestfallen expression – he was back to normal, blond hair fluffy, blue eyes soft.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“Stop saying that,” the world had stopped spinning and Percy playfully whacked Jason’s arms, “It’s fine.”

Jason shook his head, “I didn’t mean to lose control like that, I didn’t mean to be so rough, I...,” he reached out and took Percy’s hands, cradling them gently in his own. Around the man’s wrists were purple bruises in the shape of fingers, “I’m sorry,” Jason whispered and kissed Percy’s hands. The dark-haired boy shivered.

“It’s fine,” he whispered, “I’m fine. I just...I just don’t understand what made you flip.”
Jason dropped his gaze as if he couldn’t face Percy, “You did,” he murmured, “with that guy. Seeing you together...it was too much. I thought going on dates and falling in love with someone else would make me forget you, but it just made me crave you more.”

“What?” Percy whispered.

“Come on,” Jason dropped his hands and sat up, “Four years of having sex and you thought I wouldn’t fall in love with you? You’re more of an idiot than I thought,” he climbed out of bed and reached for his shirt, but Percy was faster.

He clambered out, feeling like he couldn’t remember how to use his lungs properly, and collided with Jason’s back, wrapping his arms around him and pressing his face between his shoulder-blades. The blond tensed.

“No,” Percy said.

“What?”

“No, don’t even fucking think about going anywhere. You’re staying here. You’re cuddling me.”

Jason turned around, startled, “Percy-“

Percy stood on his tiptoes and kissed him – he was going for a quick kiss but somehow his hands found Jason’s face and it became desperate and passionate. Jason kissed back, holding Percy around the waist.

“I love you,” Percy whispered.

“Really?” Jason’s eyes widened, and then he grinned, “Oh thank God.”

He kissed Percy again, fierce.

From then on they always cuddled after sex.
Your Heartbeat is the Rhythm

Chapter Notes

I don't know ASL guys, I did my best.

Deaf Omega Nico who goes to school with an Alpha Jason, his childhood best friend and mate, who has to sign (translate) for him and everything. Alpha Luke tries to get Nico (not realizing that he’s marked and Jason’s Omega) cornering him in the locker room while he was waiting for Jason and with him being deaf he can’t call out for anyone to stop him. Jason walks in just in time and ends up nearly killing Luke and takes Nico right there in the gym locker room marking, scenting, and knotting him. Afterwards the whole school knows not to mess with him and some of them even learn ASL and try to become friends with him.

For CAZ

Nico was sobbing. He had begged his mom not to leave him alone, and then Bianca had begged his teacher to let him stay with her little brother but the teacher had shooed her off to her own lesson, so now Nico was alone in the playground. The eight year old had been pushed into a corner in the playground, where the teachers couldn’t see, by a bunch of other eight years olds – his vision was so blurry from tears he didn’t know how many of them there were, but they were all bigger than him; he could smell them, the overpowering scent of Alphas that made him want to cower in fear.

They were asking him questions, poking at him, but Nico was deaf and he couldn’t hear a thing – he was panicking so he couldn’t even read their lips. He held his backpack to his chest protectively, sobbing silently and hoping that the bag would somehow keep the boys away. But it didn’t; they jeered at him, poking his stomach and face and making him flinch. Nico was so scared – it was his first day of his new school and he couldn’t speak, couldn’t defend himself, couldn’t call for help. When he tried to move the biggest Alpha shoved him into the wall – Nico could see they were laughing.

Let me go! He screamed in his head but he doubted any sound came out, not that he could hear anyway. The world was terrified, and spinning, and he wanted to vomit. He wanted to go home and curl up under his blankets. He wished he wasn’t deaf; he wished he wasn’t an Omega so he could stand up to the bullies-
The crowd parted suddenly and Nico flinched when one of the Alphas was slammed into the wall next to him. His eyes widened when he saw a new guy – also an Alpha, but not smelling as violent as the other ones – next to him. He was blond, and he looked pissed even though for some reason he filled Nico with a sense of safety and security. The blond Alpha shouted at the other one and he must've said something scary because seconds later the gang of bullies was scrambling off.

Despite not being afraid anymore, Nico still kept his backpack between him and the Alpha as the blond turned to look at him. He blinked, the anger seeping out of his slightly pudgy face, and smiled. Hey, he said – Nico read the word from his lips easily. Nervously, he lifted his hand to his forehead and saluted the blond, the ASL sign for ‘hello.’ The blond blinked, a little taken aback, and said his name but Nico couldn’t be sure what it was. He felt himself getting anxious.

Shakily he lifted one finger and touched his ear and then his chin, so the tip of his finger grazed his lip, the sign for ‘deaf.’ Jason’s eyes widened and it became clear to him that Nico couldn’t hear him. Instead of offering him an awkward, pitying smile and running off, the Alpha slipped his backpack off and took out a notepad and a pen. Nico watched, surprised and nervous, as the blond scribbled something down. He turned the notepad around.

Hi. I’m Jason J he had written in wonky handwriting. Warmth filled Nico’s chest. He had no friends at his other school – everyone thought it was too much work to speak to him. And now this boy was taking the time to write out his name. Nico’s eyes filled with tears and his expression crumples. Jason looked panicked and he reached out and gently touched Nico’s shoulder, he opened his mouth to say something and then paused, remembering Nico couldn’t hear him. Then, without warning, he pulled Nico into a hug.

The Omega was so shocked he dropped his backpack, Jason’s arms curling around him protectively. Nico swallowed, and felt his body relax against the Alpha – his brain recycled the same thought; safe, safe, safe. Nico closed his eyes and hugged Jason back.

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College can be unnerving if you can’t hear anything. Hell, college can be unnerving even when you can hear everything. Still, Nico di Angelo believed he had it a tad bit worse than everyone else; not only was he an Omega, which automatically put a target on his back and put him on the market, letting random Alphas at his school eye him up like a piece of meat, but he was also deaf, which meant he couldn’t hear wolf-whistling or comments made by the Alphas that lined the hallways of his school – a blessing on one hand, a curse on the other.

He walked down the hallway lined with Alphas on Monday morning and felt their eyes follow him – there was a congregation around some new guy – tall, blond, handsome, with a scar on his cheek – another Alpha in the bunch, but Nico wasn’t paying attention to him. He had his baggiest hoodie on, the hood pulled over his head, trying to avoid eye-contact. He reached his locker un-harassed though, and good. People in college knew him as Nico – the deaf kid, or the awkward, emo Omega. Not many people talked to him, save for Jason – his best friend and his secret mate. ‘Secret’ because they weren’t very open about their relationship; they were still seventeen and figuring out their feelings for each other.

But Jason had been gone for a week on a school trip to Croatia. Nico felt impossibly lonely without him – lessons were hard, even though everything was written on the board, and his heat was approaching, making him agitated and moody. He sat alone at lunch, since he had no friends; the past nine years few people had bothered to get to know him and only Jason had gone as far as actually learning ASL so he could speak to Nico. Not that the Omega minded; he was more of a loner anyway. Still, he missed his boyfriend horribly, though he knew Jason and the rest of his
history class were coming back in that afternoon – that made him happy.

As Nico pulled his books for the day out, his hand subconsciously slipped into his hood and he touched the healed bite mark on his neck. Two months ago Jason had gone into rut and bit and mated with Nico – he panicked after, before Nico shakily signed to him that he was in love with him. The bite took and the two realised they were mates. Even though it seemed like ages ago, feeling the bite beneath his fingers still filled Nico with warmth and happiness – he was Jason’s, and Jason was his, no matter what.

Nico got through his day anxiously, constantly glancing at the clock and his phone, waiting for a message from Jason telling him that they got back to school. During last period his phone got confiscated, which frustrated Nico; he tried to explain to his teacher how important it was for him to have his phone, how it helped him communicate, but the teacher didn’t listen. Frustrated, Nico was left with no way of getting a hold of Jason; he could only hope the blond was at school – if he didn’t, Nico wouldn’t see him until tomorrow, which was when he’d get his phone back.

On Mondays Jason had basketball practice so that was Nico’s only option. He didn’t want to ask any of Jason’s friends if he was back, since he didn’t know them well and since they didn’t know ASL anyway. So as the school started to empty out, the over-eager teenagers going home, Nico went in the direction of the sports hall. The locker room was empty. Nico was creeped out; the halls in this part of the school were old and without being able to hear anything Nico kept feeling like someone was following him.

Nico felt disappointment when he saw the empty locker-room – his Omega was agitated since his heat was only a few days away. He just wanted to be warm and safe in Jason’s arms, surrounded by the Alpha’s smell. He didn’t want to be in this cold locker room. Nico slipped across it and poked his head into the sports hall; empty.

That’s when the smell crept up on him. Nico tensed. He smelled an Alpha, but not Jason. This Alpha smelled more bitter, like coffee, and sex, and sweat. Jason always smelled like sunshine, and rain, and chocolate. Nico turned around and saw that he wasn’t alone in the locker-room anymore; that new Alpha was here. He was in maths with Nico, and the Omega was pretty sure his name was Luke. Luke’s eyes were dark and there was a cold smirk on his face.

Nico felt ice in his stomach. He looked around anxiously, then his eyes slid to Luke’s face again. The Alpha was blocking the exit, and Nico couldn’t help but feel threatened. There was something in the Alpha’s stance and smell that made the Omega inside Nico cower in fear.

Hello, Luke said, and Nico read his mouth. He swallowed, and anxiously took a step towards the door, heart pounded. Luke took a step forward too, and Nico froze. Luke cocked his head to the side - he was about Jason’s size, much taller and bigger than Nico – and watched the Omega like he was some prey in the forest. You’re a pretty little thing, aren’t you? He spoke slowly, deliberately, so Nico could read his lips easily. Obviously, Luke knew he was deaf, and that freaked Nico out even more.

Nico tried to remember if the sports hall had a door. He saw it in his mind; one that led out into the playground. His gut told him to run, so Nico turned on his heel and sprinted. He didn’t even make it out of the locker room before there were arms closing over him – strong, oppressive arms. Panic erupted in Nico’s body and he struggled but Luke manhandled him as if he was a rag doll, slamming him into a locker. Pain erupted over Nico’s back and he was pretty sure he gasped, but naturally he couldn’t hear himself. Luke crowded in around him, smirking, and when Nico lifted his hands to hit the Alpha, the blond pinned them to the locker. It was easy for him; he grasped both of Nico’s wrists in one of his hands and the other one reached for Nico’s hoodie. He rucked it up and Nico struggled.
Wave after wave of terror washed over him. He tried to kick Jason but the Alpha was much stronger than he was. He plastered himself against the smaller boy, pinning him against the lockers, and Nico couldn’t breathe. It was as if someone had pressed a hand over his mouth – with his hands unable to move he was unable to communicate. Luke pressed his face into Nico’s neck, pushed his hood down, and Nico felt deep vibrations go through him – Luke was laughing. Nico’s eyes filled with tears and he was shaking – he didn’t want this; this Alpha scenting him was not his Alpha.

Nico wanted to scream, but he couldn’t. Jason, Jason, Jason! He shouted in his head and tried to free himself, but it was impossible. Tears made everything blurry and he thought he was going to pass out – he wanted to pass out, so he didn’t have to be conscious for this. He only wanted Jason, being touched by another Alpha disgusted him so much he could vomit.

And then the weight was gone off of Nico and the Omega was sliding down the lockers, his legs giving out. It was like that first time when they met, with the bullies all around Nico. Jason saved him then, and he saved him now. His smell filled Nico’s senses and he saw his Alpha – slamming Luke into a locker the way that Luke had slammed Nico moments ago. Vibrations of Jason’s growl reverberated through the floor and Nico saw his Alpha’s eyes flashing gold. Luke’s eyes were wide and he cowered against the lockers, submitting to Jason, who was clearly the stronger Alpha.

The air was filled with the scent of anger and dominance and jealousy and pure fury. Nico watched in horror as Jason lifted his hand and punched Luke, right in the face. Blood spluttered from the blond’s mouth and nose, and Nico squeezed his eyes shut. He curled up against the lockers and put his face in his hands and started crying. He tried to stop his pounding heart and the panic attack coming over him. He closed his eyes. The world became a silent darkness and Nico collected himself. Jason’s here, he told himself, I’m safe.

He didn’t know how much time passed – maybe a second, maybe an hour – but then there were gentle hands on Nico’s knees. The boy looked up and he saw Jason right in front of him. His shirt was a little ripped, his jersey lying on the bench. Luke was gone, a few splatters of blood on the floor all that was left of him. Nico’s Alpha was looking at him with soft eyes, his big hands resting on Nico’s knees. He stroked them gently and offered Nico a tense, warm smile. He lifted one hand and signed with it gracefully – he was fluent in ASL – I’m sorry. Are you okay.

Nico tumbled into his arms and Jason wrapped him up immediately, pulling him into his chest. He gave Nico exactly what he wanted, held him close, stroked his back. Nico exhaled, calming down completely and melting against his mate. Jason made him feel so insanely safe. Then the blond was pulling away enough so he could cradle Nico’s face in his hands and kiss him. It was warm, but passionate and desperate and made Nico tremble. In seconds he turned from being absolutely terrified, to being weirdly aroused. That was what Jason could make him do, feel so safe in a locker room he almost got raped in that he wanted to stay there forever.

I need to have you, Jason signed, pulling out of the kiss, his face full of desperation, I need to have you right now. He peeled Nico’s hoodie back, revealing the bite mark he left on Nico’s skin months ago. Can I? He asked helplessly, his hands moving so fast that it was like a fluent conversation, except the locker room was silent.

Nico lifted a shaky hand and made a sign like a gentle door knock – the sign for ‘Yes.’

Jason crashed their mouths together. Nico closed his eyes, looped his arms around Jason’s neck and opened his mouth, submitting completely to his Alpha. His body throbbed with sudden need and Jason stood up, pulling Nico up with him. He lifted the Omega easily and Nico’s stomach twisted with pleasure, his legs wrapping around Jason’s waist automatically. They kissed, tongues twisting together, and Jason kept Nico up with his hips as his hands grabbed Nico’s hoodie, pulling it over his
head and throwing it aside, leaving the boy just in his t-shirt.

Jason shoved his face into Nico’s neck and the boy cradled his face against him, shivering when he felt Jason’s tongue lapping at his mark. He rubbed himself against Nico’s body, kissed and licked his neck, sniffed him deeply. He was scenting him, and Nico could feel the tension in his back muscles, knew that Jason could smell Luke on him.

He nudged Luke away and lifted his hands shakily. *I’ve missed you so much*, he signed, needing to convey how fucking happy he was when Jason was there. The blond smiled, took Nico’s hand and pressed it into his mouth. He kissed it gently and Nico shivered, before he cradled his Alpha’s face in his hand. *I love you*, Nico mouthed, and Jason kissed him. He tugged on Nico’s shirt and the Omega let him pull it over his head. The second his torso was naked Jason’s mouth was all over it.

Nico threw his head back against the locker, and his fingers slid into Jason’s hair as the Alpha bit and kissed every inch of skin he could reach, leaving behind a trail of hiccups and bites – he was being possessive, marking Nico as his, and it made Nico hum with pleasure. His cock was hard in his trousers and he grinded up against Jason, indicating that he wanted them to get on with it. He was hot and shaking and desperate for his Alpha.

Jason was too busy ensuring that Nico smelled like him, and just like him, but Nico’s inner Omega ached for his Alpha’s cock. He reached down and unzipped Jason’s pants, clumsy because he had to shove his hands between his own legs which were still wrapped around Jason’s waist. Somehow Nico managed to free Jason’s hard cock and the moment he did, the blond was kissing him furiously, shoving his tongue into Nico’s mouth. His Alpha instincts had taken over; it was obvious he could smell the heat on Nico, only days away. The Omega must’ve made some noise he didn’t hear because then Jason’s hands were desperately grabbing his trousers. He didn’t break the kiss as he pulled them off, keeping Nico up with one arm and letting him down for only a second so he could toss the trousers aside, before picking Nico up again.

The Omega panted against his Alpha’s mouth. Any fears that they might get caught flew out of his mind when Jason’s hand reached under his legs and found his hole. The moment the Alpha’s first finger pushed in, slick gushed from Nico’s hole. The Omega wrapped his arms around Jason’s neck and buried his face in his shoulder, shaking against the lockers as Jason fingered him with just the right amount of roughness. Nico couldn’t breathe and his arms squeezed around Jason.

In moments like this he wanted to say a million things like *I love you* and *you’re amazing* and *put your cock inside me*, but he couldn’t. All he could do was cling onto Jason but that was okay because the Alpha seemed to know exactly what Nico needed. His mouth found Nico’s neck again and he sank his teeth in at the same time as he pushed into the Omega.

Nico’s body adjusted to Jason’s size immediately, despite their week apart. But that was normal – their bodies were made for each other after all. Nico’s fingers dug into Jason’s shoulders as he felt the blond bottom out inside of him. His lungs felt too tight, his heart too big for his chest. His cock bounced against his stomach when Jason pulled out and thrust in. His eyes glowed golden, which meant his Alpha had taken control, and Nico felt the vibrations of his possessive growl as he gripped Nico’s thighs bruisingly and fucked into him. His eyes found Nico’s and he didn’t look away.

Nico must’ve whined, because Jason licked his lips and started to thrust into him, establishing a quick, rough pace that made Nico’s head spin. Slick poured down his thighs and dripped onto the floor of the locker room every time Jason’s plunged his cock into Nico. It was intense and felt so good Nico forgot all about Luke’s hands on him. The bite that Jason had given him burned pleasurably and the boy’s Omega felt happy to be marked by his Alpha – he didn’t want his and Jason’s relationship to be a secret anymore, he wanted everyone to know how much he loved his
Alpha. Fresh tears sprung to his eyes and he clung onto Jason as the Alpha fucked him, over and over. One of Nico’s hands wrapped around his dick and he stroked himself in time with Jason’s thrusts, at least until the blond got close and started losing control over his body, his fucking becoming more uncoordinated and desperate.

Nico melted in pleasure when he felt the familiar pressure of Jason’s knot against his hole. He whispered a mental yes, yes, yes, and his back arched. He came all over his own stomach and Jason squeezed his eyes shut, hands digging into Nico’s legs as he held the boy up. His knot slipped inside his mate and they stayed like that, connected.

Jason slid down to the floor, back against the lockers with Nico straddling his lap. It’d be at least half an hour before the blond’s knot went down, but Nico didn’t mind. He felt warm, blissed out and content. Jason reached for his jersey and draped it over Nico’s naked shoulders protectively.

Nico didn’t use his voice much – he felt self-conscious since he couldn’t hear himself. He had been deaf since a very young age, but now, in this moment, he found himself blurtling out “I love you.”

Jason’s eyes lost some of the glow as he came back to himself a little. His expression softened and he pulled Nico close and kissed him with so much love the Omega’s heart ached. He didn’t even need to say it back, because Nico knew that Jason loved him anyway. He nudged his nose against Nico’s gently, and Nico smiled against his mouth. Then Jason sniffed the air and lifted his hands to sign.

Did I trigger your heat early? He signed. Nico had to admit he was feeling weirdly hot, and his cock was already stirring even though he had just come. He nodded, biting his lip.

Jason didn’t say anything but he drew Nico into his arms and stroked his hair, kissing his temple; it was obvious what he was trying to convey; I’ve got you, you’re safe with me. Nico closed his eyes and leaned into his mate. He wanted to get out of the school, to go to one of their places, lock themselves in a bedroom, and fuck for a week. Thankfully, Jason’s plans were very simiar.

***

Jason and Nico walked down the hallways lined with Alpha’s, hand in hand. Nico felt eyes on him, but they all turned away quickly. Jason was a respected and powerful Alpha; nobody would try and take his Omega. Nico belonged to Jason, and that made him full of pride.

Jason walked him to his locker since Nico was still a bit shaky from his heat and from the whole Luke situation. He saw the blond at the end of the corridor, dashing away, his face a motley of yellow and green bruises.

You’ll be okay? Jason signed. Nico nodded, smiling. Jason leaned in and kissed him, not caring that people were looking. He laid his hand flat on his own chest, the sign for mine. Nico nodded and pressed his own hand over Jason’s.

I love you, he mouthed.

I love you too, Jason mouthed. He kissed Nico again, as if he couldn’t help himself, and then grudgingly pulled away, mournfully walking towards his class. Nico couldn’t stop grinning as he opened his locker. He never thought he’d be this happy.

A girl appeared next to Nico suddenly, and he tensed. Blonde, pretty – her name was Annabeth, she was one of the popular girls. Nico had no idea what she wanted from him but her grey eyes sparkled with humour when she looked at him. She smiled and lifted her hand, and gave Nico a little salute. Hello. Nico looked at her, surprised, and watched as she clumsily signed My name is Annabeth.
A small, shy smile bloomed on Nico’s face.
Keep Me Safe

Freo a/b/o one shot where they are already mates and they have a child together, and one day a bunch of alphas corner Leo when he is out shopping with their kid and rub their scent off on him and his kid. Once frank sees his mate and kid being harassed he goes ultra protective alpha male and almost pummels all of them for making his mate and kid uncomfortable, ending with a lot of family fluff

for anon

“This one!” little Beck Valdez-Zhang pointed at a t-shirt with flames on it. Leo grinned and ruffled the three year olds hair – he had curls identical to his own.

“At least I know you’re not adopted,” the Omega said, more to himself than to Beck. The boy craned his neck up to look at his father – his eyes were almond shaped like Leo’s mate’s, Frank’s, and the same dark brown, almost black.

“What’s adopted?” Beck asked, pushing a thumb into his mouth. Leo scooped him up into his arms.

“Don’t worry, muffin,” he said, and blew a raspberry on his son’s cheek, causing Beck to giggle with glee, his chubby hands squeezing Leo’s cheeks in return. The Omega’s heart filled with satisfaction and warmth; this was all he ever wanted.

“I’m gonna go look at shoes,” his mate, Frank, said, popping his head around the rack full of toddler t-shirts. Leo smiled at him and set Beck down.

“Do you remember the shoe size?” he asked. Frank blinked, then smiled sheepishly.

“Kinda?”

He was the normal Alpha size – which meant he was huge – but Leo loved that he was a big goof ball and a softie. He had never felt as safe and content around an Alpha as he felt around Frank. Leo shook his head.

“Just get nice ones,” he said. Frank winked at him and disappeared into the crowded shop. Leo took one of the fiery-t-shirts off the rack and popped it into his basket. He watched as Beck waddled between rows of hanging pyjamas, disappearing and reappearing, giggling like it was the best game ever. Leo grinned at him and played along, pretending to look for his son when the little one hid. He turned his back to the rack, “Hmmm,” he said loudly, turning in a circle slowly, “I wonder...where could Beck be?”

“D-Daddy,” the fearful voice of his child made the Omega whirl around. His heart dropped when he saw a terrified Beck, eyes full of tears, in the arms of some man. An Alpha. Leo’s inner Omega
whimpered in fear because he could smell the aggression off the man, but he was also being pushed to snatch his child up from the man’s arms.

“Looking for this?” the Alpha grinned at him sleazily. Leo looked around, hoping to spot a shop attendant or another customer, but the shop seemed weirdly empty – even Frank was nowhere in sight.

“Oh...,” Leo let out a nervous laugh, “Found you,” he smiled at Beck and hoped the boy wouldn’t freak out. The child’s bottom lip wobbled. Leo stretched his arms out, “Thanks for getting him,” he said with fake cheerfulness, “We were just playing a game, I’d like him back now, please.”

“Aw, c’mon,” the Alpha drawled, holding Beck like a hostage. More Alphas appeared between the racks – two, three, four, all leering, all much bigger than Leo. The Omega’s heart pounded in fear and part of him wanted to run while the other part wanted desperately to protect his child, “It’s all just a bit of fun.”

“It’s not funny,” Leo said coldly, “Give me back my son.”

“Oh I will,” the Alpha said, “But first tell me what a pretty little unmated Omega like you is doing shopping all by himself?”

“I’m not unmated,” Leo was angry now. He pulled down the collar of his shirt, revealing the bite mark that Frank had left there years ago, “I have a mate. I’m taken.”

“Really?” the Alpha squinted, and Beck sniffled, looking at Leo pleadingly as if asking him to take him out of the scary Alpha’s hands, “I don’t see a mark. Do you see a mark, boys?” he asked his friends, who all laughed and shook their heads. Leo felt helpless and scared and angry – in that moment he hated being an Omega.

“You smell sweet, pretty boy,” the head Alpha cooed and Leo watched in horror as he passed Beck off to one of his friends, coming closer to Leo, who backed up against a rack. He couldn’t believe he was being harassed in plain sight, in a shop, “why don’t you let me scent you a little, and then you can get your brat back?”

“Y-You’re not serious,” Leo gasped, because scenting was intimate, and it was something he only ever wanted to do with Frank. And yet this stranger, this Alpha, advanced on him and Leo heard his little boy break down sobbing. His heart felt like it was getting cut into pieces when the Alpha crowded in around him, blocking Leo’s view of his child. In moments, the bigger man had Leo’s wrists in his hands, “L-Let go,” Leo jolted in disgust at the touch and struggled, wanting to vomit, “L-Let go of me, asshole.”

“Shhh, be a good little Omega now,” the Alpha cooed, as if Leo was a baby, and pressed his nose to Leo’s neck, inhaling deeply. Leo tried to kick him but it seemed to have no impact on the Alpha; his friends laughed, Beck cried, and Leo had no way of escaping. He felt the Alpha’s mouth against his neck and he wanted to scream, but his voice died in his throat.

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“Oi boss-,” he heard one of the Alphas, suddenly sounding scared. There was a crashing sound and a familiar growl.

“What the-,” the Alpha pulled away from Leo just in time for both of them to see Frank throwing one of the goons across the shop floor. The man crashed into a wall. An attendant screamed somewhere and the Alpha’s grip loosened on Leo enough for the boy to wriggle free, “Oi, relax-“ the Alpha started, but Frank wasn’t having it.
The sight of him, even with his eyes glowing red, looking like he wanted to murder someone, filled Leo with relief and happiness. Frank threw another goon across the floor and the third one tried to run, but Frank knocked him out with one punch that left teeth scattering across the floor. The fourth Alpha dropped Beck and the crying boy curled up in a ball. Leo ducked under the arm of the Alpha who harassed him, terrified, and pulled Beck up and into his arms.

“Daddy!” the little boy wailed, clinging onto Leo.

“Shhh,” the Latino whispered, cradling the child to his chest so Leo wouldn’t see Frank violently beating the Alpha who had touched Leo, “It’s okay, dad’s making everything okay.”

Leo shoved past a terrified looking shop attendant and out of the store, leaving his basket behind. Outside the fresh air helped clear his head and he headed straight for his and Frank’s car – he had only seen Frank freak out like this a few times during their relationship, but he knew what to do.

Beck had stopped crying, “Is dad owkay?” he asked, eyes still full of tears. Leo forced a smile as he strapped the child in the back of the car.

“Of course, muffin, we’re going home now,” he said, voice soft, “But dad’s a bit angry.”

“At mwe?” Beck’s lip wobbled. Leo ruffled his hair and kissed his forehead.

“Of course not, muffin,” he said, “He’s angry at those men who bothered us. So he’s going be very Alpha-like for a bit, is that okay?”

Beck didn’t hesitate in nodding his head. Leo smiled, “Good boy,” he murmured and shut the door.

“Seatbelt,” he said, voice hoarse. Frank didn’t say anything – he was breathing hard, and it was like he wasn’t there at all. Still, somehow he heard Leo and did up his seatbelt.

Thankfully before he could the door to the passenger’s side was shoved open and Frank threw himself in the seat. He was part wolfed out, fangs sticking out of his mouth, eyes blazing with murderous rage. He was shaking, a low growl clawing up his throat as he slammed the door shut. He didn’t even look at Leo, who turned the engine on with trembling hands.

“Is dad coming?” Beck asked in a small voice when Leo opened the door.

“Yes,” he said, “He just needs a moment. Why don’t we have a little cuddle?”

That seemed to cheer Beck up because when Leo set him down he bounded straight for Frank’s and Leo’s bedroom. He wasn’t often allowed on their king sized bed but this situation was special. Leo felt exhausted as adrenaline drained out of him. He climbed up the stairs after his son and found him already curled up under the covers, waiting patiently for Leo. Outside the sun was beginning to set.
Leo shrugged off his coat and shoes and also slipped under the covers. Beck wormed his way towards his dad and snuggled up to his chest. Leo stroked his hair, lost in thought about what just happened, and kissed his son’s forehead. He then picked Beck up and turned them around, so Leo could watch the door as he cuddled his child.

Ten minutes passed before the door opened and Frank walked in, fully human now, looking embarrassed. He saw Leo and Beck in the bed, and Leo offered him a warm, welcoming smile – he knew how much Frank hated losing control.

“Dad!” Beck gaggled, “come for a cuwddle!”

Frank took off his shoes and then slid into the bed. Beck broke away from Leo in order to press himself into his other father’s chest, and Frank wrapped his huge arms around the toddler protectively, “I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“Don’t be,” Leo murmured. Frank looked up at him, eyes full of pain.

“I should’ve been there to protect you,” he whispered. Leo reached across Beck and touched his mate’s cheek.

“You did protect us, didn’t he, Beck?”

“Yes he dwid!” Beck exclaimed proudly, “You’we the best dad in the wowld!”

Leo didn’t get offended, mostly because seeing Frank melt from the compliment and kiss their son’s head filled him with so much joy he could barely breathe. And then Frank frowned.

“You guys smell weird,” he mumbled, “Like those Alphas.”

He reached out and placed a hand over Leo’s arm, rubbing him up and down. Leo smiled and closed his eyes, allowing Frank to touch him innocently – his hair, his face, his neck. He knew that later Frank would ensure that Leo smelled like him again, but right now, with their child between them, it wasn’t appropriate.

“I love you guys,” Frank whispered. Beck turned so his back was to him and his face was in Leo’s chest, he was sucking his thumb, seconds away from sleeping. Leo grinned and looked up at Frank, who scooted closer, throwing an arm over both Beck and Leo and kissing his mate over their son’s head. It was short and sweet, full of reassurance.

“I love you,” Leo whispered.

“I love you too,” Frank murmured.

“I lowe yew two,” Beck grumbled in his sleep.
Ethan/Alabaster where Ethan's a spy that specializes in seduction and Alabaster is either his boyfriend who knows what Ethan does or his target.

For SolNiveAngelo

A Thousand Grudging Young Millionaires

Ethan saw his target across the hotel lobby. Alabaster C. Torrington, his next target, was checking in. Ethan’s mission was simple; seduce the man, steal his pendrive, kill him if necessary. Ethan didn’t know what was on his pendrive or why his new boss wanted it, but he didn’t ask; he was a spy for a reason – he didn’t ask or answer questions. He simply did as he was told.

He watched Torrington from behind the newspaper he was ‘reading.’ It might’ve been a cliché but Ethan found, after years in the industry, that weirdly it worked since nobody believed a spy would actually be doing something so overplayed in movies. Ethan always believed the best hiding places were in plain sight.

Alabaster C. Torrington was tall, handsome, young, and filthy rich. Aged only nineteen he inherited a business firm from his father and never had to work a day in his life. Now, aged twenty five, he was a prominent figure in the media as the ‘playboy’ of the world of millionaires. He was also openly bisexual which made him an even more scandalous figure. Ethan watched now as Torrington flirted with the woman behind the desk, while he had an arm loosely wrapped around the waist of his companion – a man around his age, slender, with light hair. Ethan wasn’t interested in him, he was interested in Torrington. Ethan was the best at his trade and had beat out a lot of more experienced spies even though he was only twenty three; his strengths were his impeccable memory as well as his ability to seduce virtually anyone, which was bizarre since he wasn’t what you would call ‘conventionally’ good-looking. His co-workers always said that he had a mysteriousness and alluring charm to him, but Ethan personally didn’t see it – he was slender, of medium height with black hair that was much too long, and an eye-patch over an eye he had lost during one of the jobs when he had been sixteen. Dressed in a black turtleneck, dark pants and a scarf wrapped around his shoulders, he looked like any other New-Yorker out on the snow-filled streets.

Torrington was a different story. Ethan found himself fascinated by the man and the way he moved and spoke, with such fluidity and grace that Ethan would’ve been jealous if he wasn’t working. Torrington had porcelain, unblemished skin, tall cheekbones, mischievous green eyes (a colour Ethan had never seen before on someone in real life) and brown hair that swept over his brow fashionably. He was tall, lightly muscled, and carefree even in his thousand dollar suit, sleeves rolled up to his elbows. It would be a shame if Ethan had to kill him.

He saw the giggling receptionist turn the screen with Torrington’s information towards him for confirmation. Ethan rose, calmly folded his paper, and sauntered across the foyer, passing under the expensive chandelier and sidling up behind Torrington. He was too engrossed in his flirtation with
the receptionist to notice his angry companion, or Ethan peering over his shoulder.

Room 20, he blinked and looked away, stifling a smile. Moments later the receptionist handed Torrington his keys with a wink, and he sashayed off with his companion, who was hissing something to him angrily. Ethan walked to the counter and the receptionist gave him an uninterested once-over.

“Welcome to Hotel Andromeda,” she said in a monotone, clicking something into her computer, “How may I help?”

“I’d like a room,” Ethan said calmly, “Preferably on the third floor, and on the end of the corridor if possible,” Ethan had snuck in earlier dressed as a janitor and sussed out all the rooms – he knew which one would be next to room 20. The receptionist gave her monitor a bored look.

“Perhaps room 21?” she asked. Eureka, Ethan thought, and smirked.

“That would be perfect.”

The receptionist reminded him of the price of the room for the night – something Ethan would never pay for if his boss wasn’t – as if she didn’t think Ethan could afford it. The boy paid with a fresh, new card, for the whole two week, which surprised the receptionist. She handed him his key and with a throwaway ‘thanks’ Ethan walked to the golden elevator. The butler opened it for him, as if Ethan was a child. He hated rich people.

***

The microphone Ethan had taped outside Torrington’s room sounded as the man opened his door. Ethan heard giggles, from him and his companion, and the door shut. Their footsteps faded away.

The spy stood up from his bed – there were no cameras out in the corridor, to give the guests ‘privacy,’ which was good as it meant one less thing for Ethan to do. He stepped out now, dressed all in black, his hands covered by gloves, and walked down the hall to room number 20. His mission was easy; scan the room, look for the pendrive, hopefully end the mission without casualties. He knew Torrington’s schedule off by heart – now he was going to dinner with his companion, tomorrow he was off to the theatre, the next two days were business meetings. There was a dinner party that Ethan’s boss managed to get his name on, and then a few days of ‘relaxing’ for Torrington – which meant unpredictability, but by then Ethan hoped to have got the pendrive and fucked off back home.

He stopped in front of Torrington’s door now and slid a spare key into the lock – it was ridiculously easy to steal one from the receptionist desk; this hotel marketed itself as safe and guarded but really it wasn’t – an amateur would’ve been able to break into Torrington’s room.

It was standard, big and all in creams and golds, with an ensuite bathroom. Torrington had left the lights on – clearly he didn’t care about money, or the environment. Floor to ceiling windows gave a beautiful view at the strip stretching out outside; despite the snow and the cold weather, Las Vegas was booming with life, laughter and debauchery. It seemed a perfect place for Torrington, who had already somehow managed to mess up the room. Ethan inspected it; the covers on the bed were rumpled and when Ethan flipped the lights off and turned on his ultra-violet light on – the splottes of bodily fluids on the covers indicated that Torrington had fucked his companion in this bed before going to dinner. Ethan wrinkled his nose and walked around the room in search of fingerprints – there were loads, around the usual places; doors, windows, the bed, the bedside table, the closet. The pendrive could be anywhere.
Ethan clicked his tongue against his teeth in annoyance before turning the lights back on. He’d have to manually go through Torrington’s things and observe him more, so he knew if the man was carrying the pendrive on his person. Naturally the job would be easier if Ethan knew what was on the drive, and how important it was, but alas his boss gave him only the smallest details – still, Ethan could easily do it before the two week deadline. The dinner would take minimum twenty minutes, and maximum...well, depends what Torrington chose to do afterwards. Still, Ethan had a limited amount of time.

He set up cameras – one by the bed, one on the door, one focused on the windows. It took him fifteen minutes because he was very good at it. He installed some microphones.

He turned to the bathroom; he needed DNA samples, just in case, and bathrooms were always a good place to start. They told you a lot about people. The bathroom in the room was as nice as the one in Ethan’s room, all glass and marble with a huge bathtub and a shower. What Ethan found peculiar was that there was only one toothbrush, but two towels. There was also a pile of clothes on the floor. Ethan lifted them up – it was the black, button up shirt that Torrington was wearing earlier. Ethan lifted it to his face and sniffed – expensive cologne and mint. He’d remember that smell; it was important. He installed another camera on the shower, but saved himself the microphone.

Suddenly, Ethan tensed. He heard voices, footsteps, but he must’ve been imagining things.

The door to the room opened and for a millisecond panic bloomed in Ethan’s stomach – like it was his first job all over again – before he choked it down. He calmly slipped off his gloves and into his pocket, his fingers skimming the gun nestled there. He heard the target, and his companion – for some reason they were back way, way too early. Ethan stepped out of the bathroom.

Torrington and his companion stopped mid-giggle and stared at Ethan in shock. The man blinked at them.

“Well this is awkward.”

“Who is this?!” Torrington’s companion demanded, “Why is he in our room, Alabaster?”

Ethan lifted up the key he stole and showed it to the two, “This is my room,” he said, making his voice full of puzzlement. He was a good actor.

“No, this is our room,” a smile tugged on Torrington’s mouth, like he found this all amusing even though his companion, his eyes weirdly intense on Ethan, focused on him in a way that made Ethan uncomfortable, “Room twenty.”

Ethan’s eyes widened as if he was truly surprised, “Really?” he asked, “Ah, shit. My room’s twenty one. They must’ve given me the wrong key at reception,” he glanced at the bed, “I was wondering if the housekeeping was just crap or-“

“You can go now,” Torrington’s companion’s eyes narrowed, but Torrington didn’t seem annoyed.

“Since we’re going to be neighbours maybe we should introduce ourselves,” Torrington stuck his hand out, “I’m Alabaster.”

Ethan didn’t want Torrington to remember him, or to know his name – he didn’t want to touch him and leave his fingerprints on his hand but there was no other option that wouldn’t make Ethan look suspicious. He tried to think of a fake name – one of the dozens he had, but Torrington looked at him with his intense green eyes and for a moment Ethan just forgot himself, losing himself in the eyes. It was a job, Torrington was his target, but something about the way he looked at Ethan made the
man’s mouth go dry.

“Ethan,” the spy blurted, and cursed in his head – the first rule of spying was to never reveal his identity. And then he went and shook Torrington’s hand, like an idiot. The companion possessively looped his arm through Torrington’s – he was jealous, and Ethan was perceptive. He saw the stiff way the blond held onto the target, and the way Torrington hadn’t even looked at him since coming into the room. They weren’t together – this guy didn’t have his own toothbrush in the room, he was only a guest here. The two towels meant he was a fuck-buddy – and they all knew that; the companion was way more interested in Torrington than Torrington was in him, “I should go,” Ethan said, “Find my own room.”

He slipped past Torrington and felt the man’s eyes follow him, “I hope to see you soon, Ethan,” there was something playful in his voice that made Ethan want to start running. He couldn’t botch this mission.

He got to his room and took a deep breath before going to all the monitors he had set up. His room was dark, the blinds pulled over the windows, the only light coming from the blue glow of the screens. He fiddled around and after a minute pictures from the cameras appeared on the screens; Torrington and the companion stood by the bed, arguing. More fiddling and the mikes turned on.

“You always look at other people!” the companion yelled, angry and immature. Ethan could tell that Torrington was exasperated with him, like a toy that no longer interested him, “You were checking that guy out!”

“No, I wasn’t,” Torrington was calm, collected, hands in the pockets of his expensive suit, “He’s not my type,” the spy winced, even though he shouldn’t have cared, “For God’s sake I don’t want to screw everything with a pulse.”

“Yes, you do!” the companion snapped, “I hate that, why did you bring me here if you’re gonna look at other people?!”

“Go then,” Alabaster said, “Don’t act all heartbroken, I made it clear to you that this is all a bit of fun. If you’re going to be jealous and possessive I’ll just get someone else-“

“No, no,” the companion waved Alabaster off, annoyed, “It’s fine.”

But it wasn’t fine. The companion stormed off and went into the bathroom. Ethan switched off the shower camera because he didn’t want to watch the companion wash, and that wasn’t important to his mission. Instead he watched Torrington. The man collapsed on the bed, kicking the dirty covers aside with disgust. He folded his arms under his head and stared at the ceiling. On the grainy screen Ethan couldn’t see his deep green eyes, but watching him still made him feel warm.

“He’s just a target, Ethan repeated. He went to the mini-fridge and pulled out a can of coke. He would need to call room service later if he was going to be up all night. He knew it was wishful-thinking hoping that Torrington would just get up and walk to one of his bags and pulled out the pendrive, but Ethan still hoped it would happen. Naturally, it didn’t. Alabaster went on his phone and his companion came out of the bathroom and climbed on top of the target, straddling him. When they started kissing, Ethan got up and left the screens, collapsing on his own bed. He didn’t need to watch his target have sex.

***

Ethan looked at his French toast and bowl of fruit on the table but he wasn’t interested in food, but in his target across the room. The restaurant was full of sunny, wintry sunlight and Torrington was
eating with a different companion. This one was a brunette girl – pretty, classy, predictable. Torrington was amusing her as they ate their eggs and bacon, her laughter ringing out across the hall.

Ethan nibbled on his toast and focused his eyes on Torrington’s hands. If the man had something precious on his person his hands could subconsciously be drawn to it, making sure it was still there. But Torrington’s hands were unpredictable, moving animatedly as he spoke. They were big, Ethan judged bigger than his own, and littered with little scars and calluses as if Torrington wasn’t some rich, posh boy but had worked hard in his life. Ethan judged it was from all his adventures – sky diving, mountain climbing, the things rich boys did to get a ‘thrill.’

The left hand lifted and reached for a mimosa – who drank so goddamn early in the morning? – and lifted the glass to Torrington’s smiling lips. Then the hand put the glass back down. Then the hand lifted and gave Ethan a little wave.

The spy jolted, not realising he had spaced out, and saw that Torrington had caught him staring. He was grinning at him now, and waving. Ethan felt blood rushing to his face; he was making rookie mistake after rookie mistake and for what? Some rich boy?

Ethan averted his gaze and grasped his glass of juice, pressing it to his lips and drinking, feeling too warm all of a sudden. To his horror Torrington slid into the chair opposite him. Today he was wearing a pale blue shirt, the collar peaking over his navy jumper. On his wrist was an expensive watch, his hair was artfully tousled. Ethan was in black as always, and he couldn’t look at his target. The gun in his pocket felt heavy suddenly.

“Hi,” Torrington said, voice still hoarse. He had only woken up twenty minutes ago, “Ethan, right?”

“Right,” Ethan said, “Uh...can I help you with something?”

“No, I just noticed you staring,” Torrington rested his chin in his hand and surveyed Ethan like he was some kind of snack. Ethan was the master of seduction, he could wrap people around his finger, but he felt lost around Torrington.

Snap out of it, Ethan reminded himself he was on the job and so he offered Torrington a small, private smile, “Sorry,” he also rested his chin in his hand, mirroring Torrington’s position, “Got lost in my thoughts.”

“Seems like your thoughts are interesting,” Torrington purred, and Ethan could tell he was interested. The brunette companion he left behind was looking at them with suspicion, jaw tense with anger, “Care to share?”

Ethan leaned away from Torrington, resting back against the chair, “With a stranger?” he asked, allowing himself a smile, “No, thanks.”

Torrington chuckled and leaned back, “How long are you staying at the hotel.”

“Why do you want to know?” Ethan cocked an eyebrow, keeping the smile on his face to maintain the playful atmosphere. Torrington’s green eyes sparkled.

“Maybe I don’t,” he stood up and winked at Ethan, “But hopefully I’ll see you around, Ethan,” the way he said Ethan’s name made him want to shiver and as Torrington walked back to his brunette. Ethan felt like he was the target in this situation – he felt lost. He cleared his throat and pinched his thigh. He had no idea what it was about Torrington that was throwing him off so much, but he had to get himself together. Get the pendrive – that was the aim.

***
Ethan didn’t like theatre, but a mission was a mission, so here he was, sitting in the balcony above where Alabaster and his brunette companion were sat, about to watch the show. Ethan didn’t even know what it was, the ticket had simply been in his suitcase waiting for him at his front door after he got details about the mission. Now he sat and watched the top of Torrington’s head, the way his arm slid around his companion’s shoulders, stroking the top of her naked shoulder. Ethan wanted to put a microphone on him, but he needed to get close for that. As the lights dimmed and the performance started Ethan watched Torrington. In the darkness it was hard to see if he was holding his pendrive, or not.

Frustrated and antsy, Ethan stayed tense for the first half of the play and during the intermission he decided he needed to drink. It was clear that he wouldn’t get the pendrive. Ethan found himself surrounded by ladies in cocktail dresses and men in expensive suits and he wanted to puke. He had swept his hair over his eye-patch but he still felt like a sore thumb in this crowd. He slid onto a barstool at the bar and ordered a whiskey on the rocks. He was more of a vodka guy, but he didn’t want any more weird looks.

The gentle smell of familiar cologne and mint alerted Ethan to the fact that Torrington was sitting next to him.

“Fancy seeing you here.”

Ethan didn’t look at him as he took his glass from the barman, “It’s a popular play,” he said casually, even though his heart started beating a little faster.

“I’ll have what he’s having,” Torrington told the barman, “Put it on my tab.”

The way he casually spoke to the barman suggested that Torrington often got away to Vegas to stay at a hotel with a different person every night. Ethan filed that information away for later and finally allowed himself to turn to the left and look at Torrington. The man’s green eyes were already on him, and he was smiling. A crowd of butterflies erupted in the spy’s stomach.

“So,” Torrington grinned, “you enjoying the play?”

“I’m enjoying this more,” Ethan lifted his whiskey. Torrington clinked his own glass against it, “Where’s your pretty little date?” Ethan asked, hoping he was as enticing as always...he couldn’t really tell.

Torrington smirked, taking the bait, “She’s just a friend,” he said, eyes darkening ever so. Then, without warning, he reached out and brushed Ethan’s fringe off his eye-patch. Ethan jerked away, surprised, and Torrington’s mouth softened, “Relax,” he said, dropping his hand, “You’re as jumpy as a rabbit.”

Ethan turned his face away, cheeks burning, “Maybe I am one,” he drank his whiskey and it burned down his throat, clearing his head. Torrington seemed intrigued by him though, which was good.

“If you need a lift back to the hotel-,” he started. Ethan knew how to play this cat and mouse game, how to leave the men wanting more. He slipped off his bar-stool, whiskey in hand.

“I’m good, thanks,” he said and walked off. He could feel Torrington’s eyes on him as he went.

***

The next two days Ethan discretely followed Torrington around. On Wednesday he went to a casino with a dashing, full-chested blonde, on Thursday he went clubbing with a dashing, dark haired man. His line of companions seemed never-ending and Ethan was getting impatient.
On Friday night, Torrington went out again with a completely new companion and Ethan sneaked into his room once again. He was sure he had searched every corner of the room but he had to keep trying. He started by the bed – picked his pillows up and checked beneath them before laying them back down where they had laid, as if he was never here. He moved the covers, checked between the ridges under the bed that held up the mattress. And there was nothing. Ethan had patience of steel but his time was running out. He had never failed a mission before.

Ethan moved onto the closet and opened it and then he heard the key in the lock.

“Fuck,” he swore and ripped his gloves off and pushed them into his pocket, right next to his gun. He took his deep breath and turned, just as Torrington walked into his hotel room. He froze, eyes widening when he saw Ethan. For once he was alone.

“Hi,” he said, surprised.

“H-Hi,” Ethan bit his lip, playing his blushing, virgin card, “I...well, this is embarrassing.”

“What are you doing here?” Torrington asked, and the fact he closed the door made Ethan’s heart beat a little bit faster. His hand subconsciously slid into his pocket, fingers closing over his gun.

“I still have your key,” Ethan said, holding it up.

“You could’ve given that to reception,” Torrington cocked his head to the side, a smirk. He didn’t suspect a thing, he thought Ethan was seducing him, which is what he should’ve been doing, but instead he was the one being seduced.

“I...I wanted to give it to you,” Ethan said.

“Did you now?” Torrington looked pleased, “I already have a key. You can keep it.”

Ethan shoved it into his pocket, “I’m going to go now,” he mumbled, going for the embarrassed, shy version of himself. When he walked past Torrington, he ensured their shoulders brushed. He hoped that that would be enough to get him to snap and got for the bait...but Torrington surprised him by not grabbing him, instead calmly saying.

“Go to dinner with me.”

Ethan stopped, even though he didn’t mean to, “I...,” he was genuinely taken aback. He turned on his heel and faced Torrington.

“Tomorrow night,” the man grinned, dashingly handsome in his suit, “That’s all I’m asking. Dinner.”

“Why?” Ethan asked, knowing it was because his seduction tactics had worked. For the first time in days the pendrive was gone from the spy’s head and all he could think about was how much he wanted to go to dinner with Torrington.

“Why not?” Torrington asked, “We’re neighbours, aren’t we? You have my room key, the least I can offer is dinner.”

Ethan exhaled, “Okay. I suppose dinner wouldn’t hurt.”

***

Ethan supposed he should start calling him ‘Alabaster’ since they were sitting opposite each other at a fancy Italian restaurant, sharing a disgustingly expensive bottle of wine.
“So,” Alabaster said, “tell me about yourself.”

Ethan swirled his wine in his glass, looked up at Alabaster and took a deliberate sip. As expected, the man’s eyes flickered to his lips.

“You first,” Ethan said. Alabaster shrugged.

“Not much to say. Inherited my dad’s company, have three siblings, blah, blah, blah. I’m a millionaire but I doubt that you’re interested in that aspect of me.”

“Who said I’m interested at all?” Ethan asked. Alabaster grinned, and shook his head.

“Playing hard to get? Well, I do like a challenge.”

“You’re confident, aren’t you?” Ethan asked, taking another sip. Sitting here, in a restaurant, with a boy, made him feel normal. Excluding the fact that he was on the lookout for a pendrive, and that the ‘boy’ was his target that Ethan would have to potentially kill. The thought of that made him anxious the way he had never been anxious about killing before.

“I have to be,” Alabaster winked, “But come on, I’m interested. Where are you from?”

“Long Island,” Ethan said, “I came to Vegas to get away from my job. I work an office job, just boring stuff.”

“I doubt anything you do is boring,” Alabaster said sincerely.

“Stop flirting with me.”

“You know you like it,” Alabaster teased, nudging Ethan’s leg under the table.

“Do you always do this?” Ethan asked, and he actually wanted to know the answer, “Bring all your dates here?”

“Oh,” Alabaster raised an eyebrow, “This is a date now, huh?”

Ethan rolled his eyes, “I saw you with like three different people. Are you in some kind of open relationship or...”

Alabaster laughed, “No, no, not at all. I suppose I’m a bit of a whore like that – I like new people. They get so tedious after a few hours though.”

“Well how much time do I have left?” Ethan joked, but Alabaster’s expression softened.

“You’re different,” he said, and Ethan shivered.

“I bet that’s what you say to all your dates,” he said, trying desperately to calm his body down. *This guy just wants to fuck me, he told himself, and a fuck is a fuck. Get the pendrive.*

“Aw, c’mon, give me the benefit of the doubt!”

The waited came and put down their food and it smelled delicious. Ethan smiled and swirled some pasta around his fork and popped it into his mouth. It tasted amazing. Ethan closed his one good eye and smiled. Alabaster chuckled.

“Good, right?”
Ethan looked at him, and smiled, “Yeah. Good,” Alabaster held his gaze and warmth spread through Ethan’s chest. He swallowed, “So,” he looked at his plate and passively-aggressively wrapped his pasta around his fork again, “what does a rich guy like you do in Vegas?”

“What all rich guys do in Vegas: gamble,” Alabaster said, grinning brightly, “no, but really I’m just here to get away. The company... it gets a bit much sometimes.”

“Oh boo hoo, cry me a river rich boy,” Ethan said, a bit too harsh. But Alabaster just laughed.

“I suppose I deserved that. You’re a feisty one, I’m guessing this,” he gestured to the high-ceiling, fancy restaurant, “Isn’t what you’re used to.”

“I’m not some plebeian,” Ethan rolled his eyes again and took a bite of his pasta.

“No,” Alabaster said, voice soft and full of thought, “You’re not.” Ethan didn’t know what to say – which was rare – so he focused on his plate. Alabaster laughed, “Come on, don’t get shy now.”

“I’m not shy,” Ethan snapped, glaring up at Alabaster, but then remembering the goal here was to seduce him, so he softened his expression, “I’m not shy,” he repeated, then reached across the table and stabbed a piece of chicken on Alabaster’s plate with his own fork before popping it into his mouth. Alabaster grinned.

***

Two weeks crept by and before Ethan knew it, he had three days left to complete his mission – three days before he went back to New York, to his boss, three days before Alabaster returned to Washington and to his job. Three days to get that bloody pendrive.

For a week he and Alabaster had been out for dinners and clubbing and parties, and Ethan told himself that he went only to find out the whereabouts of the pendrive but at night, when he sat curled up in the chair in the hotel room and watched Alabaster on his monitors. After their first dinner date, the man didn’t bring anyone back to sleep with them, but Ethan wasn’t stupid enough to pretend to himself that it was because of him. Maybe Alabaster just got bored.

Ethan found his days filled with Alabaster, and even though the job was urgent Alabaster made him feel calm, the way nobody ever made him feel. And it was terrifying; Ethan was scared of jeopardising the whole mission, that somehow because of a turn of events he won’t be able to shoot Alabaster if necessary. That he won’t find the pendrive at all.

It was late, past midnight. Ethan was in his usual attire – black turtleneck and black jeans, his gun in his back pocket, watching Alabaster on the screen. Despite the late hour he wasn’t sleeping or out partying, instead restlessly pacing his room. Ethan smiled as he watched him, because it looked like Alabaster was talking to himself. And then, suddenly and at random, the man took something out of his pocket and started tossing it and catching it as he talked to himself. Ethan’s throat tightened and he leaned forward, almost pressing his face against the screen.

His heart started pounding because there, in Alabaster’s hand, was the fucking pendrive.

Ethan scrambled up and out of his room, and then he was dashing down the hall and knocking on Alabaster’s door, a plan already half forming in his head. Alabaster opened the door in seconds and he looked shocked to see Ethan.

“Hi,” he said.

“Hi,” Ethan whispered, and pushed Alabaster into the room, slamming the door shut.
The spy didn’t let his target finish before he grabbed his face and kissed him. Alabaster stumbled back, shocked, but Ethan just continued to kiss him. His mind blanked and whatever plan he had flew out of his head as his hands slid into Alabaster’s hair and he tugged him down, angling his head so their mouths slotted together perfectly. Alabaster shook off his shock and his hands found Ethan’s hips and when they did the spy shivered. He wanted to abandon his mission suddenly, to worm his hands underneath Alabaster’s clothes and stay wrapped up in his warmth because this – this one, stupid kiss – was making him feel more things that he had in years.

Alabaster took control of the kiss, his tongue sliding inside Ethan’s mouth. The spy let him, a shuddery gasp coming from his lips. Alabaster slowed the kiss down, licked at Ethan’s bottom lip playfully, enclosing him in a protective cage of his arms.

Finally they broke apart and as air flowed into Ethan’s lungs again, he remembered he had a mission. His gun seemed to drag him down.

“I’ve wanted to do that ever since I saw you,” Alabaster murmured, brushing his lips gently over Ethan’s. The man closed his one good eye briefly, desperate not to allow Alabaster’s kisses and sweet words to melt him. He had a job to do.

“Get on the bed,” he whispered. Alabaster grinned at him, amusement sparkling in his amazing green eyes. He grabbed Ethan’s hand and dragged him towards the bed. When he sat down, Ethan climbed into his lap and for a minute more allowed himself to lose himself in Alabaster’s kissing. But only for a minute, and then it was back to business.

Ethans’s hand slipped into Alabaster’s pocket and his fingers curled around a small object. His heart started beating even faster when he pulled it out and opened his eyes mid-kiss, seeing in his clasped hand a little red and black pendrive. Had it been here all this time? Ethan wondered. After so many days with Alabaster the pendrive seemed insignificant and not worth betraying the man Ethan was kissing over.

But a job was a job and Ethan clenched his fist around the pendrive and pulled away from the kiss.

“I-...,” he didn’t know what to say.

Alabaster reached up with a hesitant hand and his fingers caressed Ethan’s cheek, “Ethan?” he asked softly. Ethan crashed their mouths together. His mission was over, he was done. Get up and go he told himself, but he couldn’t move, not with Alabaster’s arms wrapped around his waist and holding him close and...

With a frustrated groan, Ethan drew back, “I can’t,” he said and went to climb off Alabaster. The man stopped him by grabbing his hands.

“Why?” he asked, “Don’t push me away.”

“I don’t know you,” Ethan growled, and tried to wrestle free. The pendrive dug into Ethan’s palm, “I can’t do this.”

He managed to wrench himself free and he climbed off Alabaster and made for the door, before he could change his mind and drop everything for this stupid, rich man he had known for a fortnight. He was almost by the door, when Alabaster said.

“Stop.”
Ethan stopped, even though he didn’t have to. He turned around and saw Alabaster standing by the bed, a pained expression on his face as his eyes slid to Ethan’s clenched fist, “I hoped you wouldn’t,” he whispered, and Ethan’s heart dropped. He knows.

Ethan pulled out his gun faster than Alabaster could react; he pointed it at his target’s head, taking the safety off. He did it because of the adrenaline rush he suddenly got, because it was his automatic reaction. Alabaster’s eyes widened.

“Ethan,” he whispered.

“I’m sorry,” Ethan said, and he really, really was. For a second he thought that maybe he and Alabaster could be something, but that was stupid, they barely knew each other and this wasn’t some fairytale, “I didn’t...I never...I just need the pendrive.”

“I can’t let you walk away with it,” Alabaster said. Ethan’s hand was steady with the gun even though the rest of him was shaking. Suddenly Alabaster’s expression fell, “So,” he let out a humourless laugh and he shoved his hands in his pockets, “Before you shoot me, tell me if all of it was just for the job.”

“What?” Ethan frowned.

“The dinners, the dates, that kiss,” Alabaster looked at him with his stunning eyes, “was it all just a job for you?”

Ethan’s heart broke, “No. N-No I...,” he squeezed his eyes shut, trying to collect his thoughts. When he opened them, he flinched, because Alabaster was right in front of him. His hand wrapped around Ethan’s wrist, the one that was holding the gun.

“Give me the pendrive,” Alabaster said, calm, and sweet. Ethan shook his head.

“I can’t. If I don’t finish the mission I-“

Alabaster’s eyes widened, “They...you...they wouldn’t kill you, would they?”

“Yes,” Ethan dropped his one eye, “Yes, they would.”

Alabaster pushed Ethan’s arm down and the man let him, his gun-arm flopping to his side. Why, why, why? He wanted to scream. He thought he was happy being anonymous, being a spy. But this – this tiny little feeling that started blooming in his chest because of Alabaster – this made him want to be normal more than anything.

“Just disappear with me,” Alabaster whispered. Ethan laughed.

“We don’t know each other, not properly.”

Alabaster kissed him, and Ethan’s breath escaped his lungs. He felt himself melting away...but he couldn’t melt. He couldn’t do this. He couldn’t be normal, it was too late for that. And Alabaster was just a boy with pretty, pretty eyes. Ethan pulled away just enough so their noses almost touched.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, lifted his gun and shot Alabaster in the side of the head. The silencer made the gun barely make a noise and Ethan watched as light faded from Alabaster’s eyes. Then the man crumpled to the ground.

Ethan didn’t cry; the feelings he had started to develop for Alabaster faded with his life. The spy put his gun in his pocket, looked at the black and red pendrive in his hand, and then walked out of the
room of his dead target. They’d never catch him, they never did.
You're the Best Thing That's Ever Been Mine

Leo/Percy where the seven go on a quest together but they crash land and end up on some mysterious island. When they find people, they find out they can only speak Spanish. Leo, being the only one who can easily translate, hangs around with the Spanish people until their ship is fixed. There is one certain guy who takes obvious interest in Leo, tall, muscular, and according to Leo, very funny. Percy gets super jealous because he knows the guy is trying to get with Leo. One night Percy takes Leo to a private place and fucks him, jealous and kinda rough, fluffy reassurance afterwards Bonus if there’s jealous dirty talk ^^ for Anonymous

Percy fought the urge to stop Leo running around the deck. The Argo II was fucking crashing and everyone was clinging on for dear life, but not Leo of course – no, the boy was frantically running and shouting to Festus and pulling on lines, desperately trying to save his precious ship from plummeting to the ground and Percy just wanted to grab the Latino and pull him against his chest and make sure that the boy didn’t fly overboard.

The ground was abruptly coming closer.

“Guys!” Hazel shouted, panicked. Percy didn’t know what to do because the ship was very close to colliding with the ground and not the sea, and that wasn’t Percy’s domain. Still, he felt weirdly calm – they survived so much that he doubted a ship crash would be what would take them out. They’d think of something...or more like Leo would.

As the ground zoomed in closer, so close Percy could make out the sand on the beach and the trees growing on the majority of the island, Leo suddenly hauled on a rope and the Argo II levelled out. It still crashed, slamming against the sandy beach with a shuddering groan that made Hazel scream and Jason squeeze his eyes shut. Leo flew backwards and Percy let go of the rope he had been clinging onto to grab him. He pulled him close against him and held on as the Argo shuddered and drove into the sand.

Everything went still and Percy’s stomach stopped flipping. Leo was gasping in Percy’s grasp and squirming so Percy let go of him.

“My ship!” Leo wailed and then ran for Festus. Everyone seemed dazed and disoriented. Piper stumbled across the deck, Frank stuck his head over the side and vomited. Percy blinked until his world stabilised and then went to the prow to look at where they had landed. The wind spirits had come out of nowhere, knocking their ship out of the air, but there seemed to be no sign of them now.

They had landed on some kind of tropical island; most of it was rainforest, melting into tall mountains that seemed both close and far. The sky was clear and blue above and the sea lapped
gently at the sandy beach surrounding the perimeter of the island. Leo had already somehow got down from the ship and was now leaving his footprints all over the wet sand as he frantically ran around, checking the extent of damages of the ship. From where Percy was standing it was pretty bad – he could see several ragged holes ripped at the bottom of the ship.

“Where the fuck are we?” Frank asked, groaning and pale. Hazel rubbed his back.

“Uh...,” Jason put a hand up to shield his eyes from the sun, “No idea.”

Percy hoisted himself over the side of the *Argo* and a wave came up to gently settle him down on the beach, next to the furiously running around Leo.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” the Latino swore, running his hands over the wood as if he could somehow feel the injuries of the ship through his hand.

“Leo,” Percy said, but the boy didn’t stop running. The son of Poseidon had to come up behind him and grab his shoulder and turn him around to get him to stop, “Leo,” he said and the boy looked up at him, “Calm down.”

Leo exhaled and the pain in his eyes was obvious, “My ship,” he whimpered. Percy wanted to hug him but things were tense between him and Leo, and they weren’t friends like that.

“We’ll fix it,” Percy said, but the *Argo II* didn’t look too well. The rest of the seven climbed off the ship and joined Leo and Percy on the beach, looking at the extent of damages. Nobody looked optimistic.

“What do we do now?” Annabeth asked, “The Quest’s finished, but we can’t get back to Camp...”

“Maybe someone will come for us?” Hazel offered optimistically.

“I’m not leaving my ship,” Leo said stubbornly. Jason turned to Frank.

“Well don’t you turn into a hawk or something and do a reconnaissance?” he asked, “Figure out if there’s any settlements on this island.”

Before Frank could reply Annabeth tapped Percy on the shoulder, “Uh...guys.”

The seven turned around and saw, in horror, a line of people come out of the trees. They were tanned, their dark hair wild, dressed skimpily but not primitively – they wore bikinis and shorts. They also looked pissed.

“Oh no,” Piper whispered, taking a step back. Percy slipped Riptide out of his pocket and held the pen in his hand, just in case these people decided to attack. Jason took a more optimistic stance, stepping forward.

“Hi there,” he said awkwardly, and raised his hands up in a ‘I have no weapons’ gesture, “We come in peace.”

Leo lifted his hand and did the Star Trek gesture. Someone in the crowd snickered, which gave Percy hope that maybe they weren’t some forgotten tribe of Demigods, but normal people on a normal island somewhere off the coast of Europe or something. One of them stepped forward – a short, curvy woman in her forties. Her skin was light brown, her hair in ringlets and her eyes were full of warmth.

“*Hola,*” she said, and then proceeded into an assault of words that Percy could not understand. The
son of Poseidon exchanged a confused look with Jason, who shrugged. And then Leo stepped forward, surprising everyone, and launched into a similar tirade in the same language that Percy now realised was Spanish. Leo had no accent when he spoke English, and so Percy often forgot he was bilingual. But now, watching Leo speak confidently in that graceful language...it was kinda hot.

The seven stood around awkwardly while Leo spoke with the Spanish woman – her people relaxed and most drifted off back into the trees. Finally, when the heat of the sun overhead was cooling and the sky was darkening, Leo turned to them with a bright smile. His cheeks were flushed from the heat.

“Manuela said they’d help fix the ship!” he exclaimed excitedly, “She says it’ll only be one or two days.”

“We’re supposed to stay on this island for three days?” Frank grumbled, kicking the sand.

“We can sleep on the ship and we’ll be going again in no time,” Leo said, happy now that he knew his baby – the Argo – wasn’t going to be chucked into some junkyard, “Manuela and her people will bring us some food and we’ll just sleep in our cabins. They say this kind of thing happens all the time – this Island is like blessed by the Gods or something. It’ll be fine!”

***

“Leo, you need to sleep,” Percy said, leaning against the doorway to the engine room where Leo was cranking levers and pulling at things. It was impossibly warm and steamy. The Latino said nothing, “Leo it’s like three in the morning, leave the ship alone.”

“Leave me alone,” Leo looked up at Percy, dark circles under his eyes, “I need to fix my baby.”

“You’re exhausted,” Percy sighed. He cared way too much about Leo nowadays, but it was too late to do anything about that now, “You need to sleep. The ship will be fine.”

“Percy,” Leo sighed, “You have Annabeth. Jason and Piper have each other. Hazel and Frank have each other. I have the Argo, so just let it go.”

“Me and Annabeth broke up,” Percy reminded the Latino. Leo rolled his eyes.

“Well you have a million other people,” he unscrewed a screw passively aggressively, “so just go to sleep.”

“I forgot you speak Spanish,” Percy said.

“Vete a la mierda,” Leo grumbled, but he was smiling. Percy grinned.

“Did you just swear at me?”

“Maybe.”

“Okay, I’m going to go to sleep,” Percy sighed, “Don’t stay up too late.”

***

Percy gritted his teeth. Who was that tall, handsome Spanish guy, and why the fuck was he drooling over Leo?!

They had been on the island a day, a fucking day and already some smug-looking Islander was hitting on Leo. No, not just hitting. He was touching him as they leaned over one of the many
engines of the *Argo II*, their shoulders brushing. Leo looked tiny and cute, flushed in the sunshine. He looked good with the Spanish dude, especially when they conversed casually in Spanish. Percy felt out of the loop because he couldn’t understand but also because ever since he broke up with Annabeth he had subconsciously thought that Leo was his. Now he remembered that everything was fair game.

A bubble of laughter floated over from Leo and the guy that made Percy’s eye twitch. Leo never laughed like that around Percy. The son of Poseidon watched with fury as the Spanish guy brushed a curl from Leo’s sweaty face and the son of Hephaestus let him, a cute smile on his face like he actually enjoyed the other guy flirting with him. Percy’s fingers dug into the tree he was leaning on as he tried to keep himself from throwing himself at the guy and knocking him out.

“You okay?” Jason appeared out of nowhere, eating a lolly, just in his swimming-trunks. Most of the seven were treating the crash as vacation, Leo was treating it as a way to learn from the engineers of the Island and Percy was using it as a way to come to terms with his feelings for the Latino, “You look really pissed off.”


“Oh. You’re jealous.”

Percy’s head snapped to the side, “I’m not jealous!” he snapped, a little too loud. He lowered his voice, “I’m just looking out for him—”

Jason gave him a look, “Let’s not lie to ourselves, I think everyone knows you have feelings for Leo...well, except Leo himself. Just tell him how you feel and stop trying to kill that other guy with your murderous looks.”

Percy exhaled and slumped against the tree, “You’re right,” he said miserably, “I need to talk to him.”

“Well here’s your chance,” Jason said cheerfully and walked off and when Percy looked up he saw Leo jogging towards him, a grin on his face. Percy’s heart fluttered and he straightened up when the Latino stopped in front of him.

“Hi,” he said.

“Hi,” Leo said breathlessly, “Mateo was wondering if we’re all going to the party this evening.”

“Party?” Percy frowned.

“You know,” Leo shrugged, “Bonfire, food, music. The normal.”

Percy wanted to point out that that wasn’t ‘normal’ to them; quests and monsters and blood and pain was normal to them...and yet Leo seemed so happy here, so at home. Percy was scared he’d want to stay when the *Argo* was fixed – he had to ensure he wouldn’t.

“Who’s Mateo?” he asked, crossing his arms over his chest defensively. Leo didn’t read into his body language and casually turned to the flirty Islander, giving him a little wave. Mateo smirked and waved back and Percy’s eye twitched.

“That’s Mateo,” when Leo turned back to Percy his smile was a little bit bigger, which was infuriating, “He’s really nice and really funny.”

“Not as funny as me,” Percy grumbled. Leo snorted.
“Definitely more funny,” he said, and Percy wanted to eliminate Mateo right there and then.

“Whatever,” Percy said, “I’m not going to their stupid party.”

He walked off, leaving a confused Leo on the beach with his ‘precious’ Mateo.

***

“If you’re sure you’re not coming?” Hazel pouted from the doorway of Percy’s cabin, “It’ll be fun.”

“No,” Percy said, laying on his bed and sulking, “I don’t feel like it. I just want to get off this Island already.”

Hazel sighed, “I don’t understand why you hate it so much,” she said and slipped out of the cabin.

Percy heard the laughter of the seven down the corridor as they climbed off the ship and went to join the festivities. He imagined Leo and Mateo dancing together, kissing, doing other things...and he saw red.

He sat up, agitated, and tried to calm himself down but all he could think about was some other guy touching his Leo. Percy’s hands itched to punch someone or something, to knock Mateo out. A plan formed in his head – get off the ship, find Leo and drag him back here. If he let him party with Mateo all night there was a chance Leo might choose to stay on the Island and Percy couldn’t stand that thought. In hindsight, he was just being paranoid and dramatic but he managed to pump himself up and actually believed that Leo might abandon him.

He climbed off his bed practically growling like some kind of possessive animal and ran for his door. He wretched it open and almost barrelled into Leo, who was standing on the other side, hand raised as if to knock. He looked surprised, curls brushing his cheeks. He was dressed in shorts and a floral, Hawaiian shirt.

“Oh,” he said as Percy stared at him, “So you’re okay. I just came to check up on you-“

He didn’t get to finish because Percy wrapped a hand around his wrist and pulled him into his cabin, slamming the door shut behind them. This – Leo coming here – was a sign from the Gods, from Aphrodite or something, he was sure of it. Leo seemed unaware of this and he yelped when Percy walked him backwards and shoved him down onto the bed before climbing on top of him and pinning his hands down to the mattress. Leo’s eyes widened.

“Percy what the fuck?” he asked breathlessly.

“Were you planning to screw him?” Percy demanded, angry. He wasn’t thinking straight. Leo blinked.

“Huh? What? Who?”

“That Mateo guy,” Percy spat his name, “Were you planning to let him fuck you tonight?”

“What the hell is wrong with you?!” Leo’s cheeks flushed a deep red, “We’re friends, there’s nothing-“

“Oh please,” Percy squeezed the boy’s wrists a little harder and Leo squirmed and started to try and wriggle free, “I see the way he looks at you, the way he touches you, he fucking wants you.”

“You’re being ridiculous,” Leo gritted out and tried to squirm free but Percy was a lot stronger than him. The son of Poseidon switched his hands around so only one of them was holding both of Leo’s
wrist and his other hand pushed the boy’s legs apart, allowing Percy to settle in-between them, “Percy!” Leo gaped, “What are you doing?!”

“I don’t want him anywhere near you,” Percy growled, leaning down so his forehead almost touched Leo’s. His free hand travelled down and gripped the boy’s hip, “You’re not...” he almost said his but stopped himself in time, fingers digging into Leo’s skin. The boy was flushed, eyes brimming with confusion.

“Percy,” Leo’s voice hardened, “Let go of me.”

Percy’s hands tightened on Leo, and he leaned in close, his nose pressing against Leo’s, breath brushing against his mouth. Leo surprised him; he relaxed with a shaky gasp and his eyes slid partway closed as he looked at Percy’s lips.

“Percy,” he whispered, almost like a warning but not really. The son of Poseidon’s heart pounded and he leaned in closer. Leo arched up, almost like he wanted it. Percy couldn’t wait – he crashed their mouths together in a searing kiss. Leo moaned, partly in surprise and partly at how intense it was. Percy pushed him against the pillows, his tongue sliding into Leo’s mouth. He couldn’t take control himself, not when he finally felt the softness and sweetness of the Latino’s mouth. Not when Leo wasn’t pushing him away.

“You’re mine,” Percy growled possessively, unable to hold the words back anymore. He didn’t let Leo reply because he grabbed his shirt with his free hand and let go of his wrists to pull his t-shirt over his head. The second it was gone Percy attacked his naked chest, kissing and biting as Leo gasped underneath him. His skin was so warm and soft and Percy tried to leave as many marks as he could until Leo pushed him away.

But Leo didn’t push him away. His fingers slid into Percy’s hair and he moaned as Percy travelled lower and lower. The bigger boy was barely aware of what he was doing himself, he just knew that he wanted Leo to fall apart underneath him and that he wanted to leave so many marks that that Mateo guy would know that Leo was taken.

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Leo had no idea what was going on; yesterday he thought Percy hated him, and now he was between his legs, his tongue shoved into Leo’s most private place, driving him insane. Percy was angry, agitated and Leo didn’t know why but he kind of liked it, how rough and possessive the son of Poseidon was being.

“Percy,” he gasped, back arching, fingers pulling on Percy’s hair so hard it was almost painful, “P-Percy fuck-“

Percy pulled away from his ass and licked his thigh, “Yeah,” he growled, so low it was barely even a word, “That’s right. You only get to say my name.”

Leo shivered, “Perce-“

Percy’s eyes snapped to him, so dark with lust they weren’t even green anymore, “Speak Spanish to me.”

“W-What?” Leo asked, frowning. His thighs were trembling.

“Speak to me in Spanish the way you spoke to that guy,” he said, voice laced with anger again, eyes flashing. Now Leo definitely thought Percy was jealous but why? It wasn’t like Leo was even in his league...
“I hope this isn’t just sex to you,” he said in shaky Spanish and Percy’s eyes darkened impossibly, “I hope that after you fuck me you’ll tell me that you have feelings for me too.”

Percy surged upwards and kissed him with such passion that the breath was knocked out of Leo, “Gods you’re so hot,” he whispered feverishly. It was a simple statement but it was a compliment from Percy Jackson, who Leo had been crushing on for Gods know how long, and it made him harder than he had been two seconds ago.

Percy was kissing his neck, rough, his teeth dragging over Leo’s neck in an almost painful way, and Leo was naked underneath him, just letting Percy do whatever the hell he wanted.

“I’m gonna fuck you,” Percy’s voice vibrated through Leo’s neck, “so hard that you’ll forgot about Mateo-”

“Oh for Gods’ sake, there’s nothing between me and Mateo-“

Percy roughly hauled Leo up onto his knees and in seconds he had his cock out of his underwear, hard and dripping, and he pressed it against Leo’s lips. The Latino was so shocked he gasped, allowing Percy to push his erection into his mouth.

“My name only,” the son of Poseidon growled. Leo inhaled sharply and looked up at him, trying not to choke on the other boy’s dick even though it filled his mouth. He tried not to gag when Percy pulled back just enough so he could thrust into his mouth. Leo had never sucked a dick but the flush across Percy’s cheeks made Leo want to pleasure him. He swirled his tongue around Percy’s cock and that made the son of Poseidon lose control.

He grabbed Leo’s head and started fucking his mouth and it was so hard and fast that tears sprung to Leo’s eyes and he couldn’t breathe, his fingers digging into Percy’s hips.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” the son of Poseidon hissed in pleasure, “That’s right, you’re mine. So good for me,” he let go of Leo’s head. The boy crumpled to the bed, choking and gasping, but Percy wasn’t letting him off the hook. He wrapped an arm around Leo’s waist and flipped him over onto all fours, dragging him back so he could slide his wet cock between Leo’s ass-cheeks. The Latino gasped and he wanted to tell Percy to wait, to slow down. This roughness, as arousing as it was, made Leo afraid that to Percy it was just sex.

Percy shoved the Latino’s head down against the pillow and Leo moaned, arching his back subconsciously. And then he felt the head of Percy’s cock start to push against him and his hands curled into the pillows and Percy entered him, inch by inch. Leo forgot what he was supposed to say and his mind went blank – the feeling of Percy’s cock stretching him open was enough to make him forget everything, even how to breathe. Percy’s hands tightened on Leo’s hips and he bottomed out inside him and Leo bit the pillow and almost screamed. It burned, but he liked the pain.

“Fuck,” he whispered and Percy stayed still for all of two seconds before he was pulling out and sliding back into Leo. The Latino squeezed his eyes shut, pleasure racing up his spine, and tried to control his breathing but it was helpless.

“Mierda,” Leo swore, and he didn’t really mean to.

Percy wasn’t lying when he said it was hot because suddenly he was fucking into Leo, all rough and violent and bruising and Leo cried out.

“You’re mine,” Percy repeated – he kept saying it, like he wanted Leo to remember it. His voice was harsh and raw, “Just mine, I’m not letting anyone else touch you.”
“Percy, stop,” Leo gasped. It was too much – he needed to look at Percy, to know that this was more than some fuck..., “You’re scaring me.”

In a split second Percy had pulled out and was flipping Leo onto his back. His eyes were full of panic, like he had snapped out of a trance, and he cradled Leo’s face in his hands and started showering him in feverish kisses, “I’m sorry,” he whispered, “I’m sorry, I’m just jealous, I want you to be mine, only mine,” he was blabbering and he lifted Leo’s leg, sliding it over his shoulder, and pushing his cock back into the boy. Leo threw his head back against the pillow with a moan, but Percy kept talking, “You’re so perfect, so beautiful, I don’t want him touching you, I don’t want anyone to touch you, just me, fuck you feel so good-“

“Percy,” Leo whined, his head swimming from all the praise and the way Percy was now fucking into him, slow but deliberate. Leo couldn’t take it. Percy rested his hand on the side of Leo’s head and the Latino clawed at it and whimpered.

“Mine,” Percy whispered breathlessly.


Percy kissed him deeply, “Say it in English.”

“I’m yours,” Leo whispered, toes curling when Percy’s cock slammed into his prostate. Percy grinned and kissed Leo, and started to get rough again, but Leo didn’t mind. He whimpered and moaned and shook as the festivities continued on outside Argo II. He came, sobbing Percy’s name.

They laid on the bed, eyes closed, gasping for air. Leo felt shaky and uncertain and sticky. He climbed off the bed, Percy’s come sliding down his thighs. He wobbled to where his clothes were thrown on the floor by Percy earlier.

“Leo,” the son of Poseidon whispered, voice hoarse and laced with panic, “Leo, I’m sorry-,” he stood up. Leo turned to him and blinked.

“Sorry about what?” he asked, confused. Percy exhaled, looking gorgeous when naked, and walked across the room. He wrapped his arms around Leo’s waist and nuzzled his neck.

“Did I hurt you?”

“No,” Leo whispered, “No, you didn’t, I-“

“I love you,” Percy whispered. Leo tensed.

“Perce-“

“I love you,” Percy’s arms tightened around Leo, “And I got jealous, and I meant everything. Go out with me, be mine, just mine.”

Leo exhaled shakily, “Oh my God am I dreaming?”

“No,” Percy pulled away, and stroked the Latino’s cheek, “But no more Mateo-“

Leo cocked his head to the side and grinned, feeling as light as a feather, “Who?”
Why Aren't You Dead Yet?

Solangelo where Nico sacrifices himself to save Will by killing a monster (or like yknow ten) and Will can't defend himself bc he's unconscious or smth. Nico defeats it but exhausts his powers to the point where he's pretty much dead, but Will refuses to let that happen and when Nico comes to in the medical ward Will is upset/angry bc there was a good chance Nico wouldn't wake up but he finally tells him how he feels smut optional for yeet.

Will floated above the clearing in the woods, a vague, detached sort of panic in his gut. He could see himself, slumped against a tree, the blood from the cut on his arm colouring the snow crimson. The last thing he remembered was getting slammed backwards by one of the four manticore that were still alive. Ten had cornered him and Nico in the forest during their quest. The impact of hitting a tree must’ve knocked Will out and now here he was, some kind of spirit, hovering above his own body. Was he dead? He didn’t know.

But he didn’t care about himself – he cared about Nico. His precious, beautiful Nico who Will didn’t get to confess to when he had the chance. The Italian was holding his ground, fighting the four manticore like nobody’s business. Will wanted to shout at him to run, to get the hell out of there, but he was still passed out, or dead for all he knew. He watched helplessly as Nico slashed his stygian iron sword through a manticore that launched at him. When it disintegrated, another one pounced, knocking Nico to the ground. The panic in Will intensified but when he tried to move he found that he couldn’t. Nico fought the monster but the manticore managed to slash its claws across Nico’s chest. The boy gasped as blood spilled over his chest, but he continued to fight. He kicked the manticore off of himself and stabbed it in the gut, rolling across the snow to avoid the deadly tail of another monster. He seemed not to feel the pain of his wounds – shock, probably. He threw his sword like a spear, piercing one more monster. The last one howled in rage and paced across the perimeter of the clearing and Nico moved back, stumbling a little, standing protectively in front of Will’s passed out body. He was hurt badly and yet he was still protecting him, sword-less.

_I love you_, Will wanted to shout, _I love you, run!_ But Nico didn’t run and he didn’t hear Will. Instead he dripped blood all over the snow and held his ground and when the final monster attacked, Nico was ready. He pulled a dagger from his belt and slashed it, and the manticore disappeared out of existence.

Nico stood there, gasping for air, and then threw himself on the ground at Will’s side.

“Will!” he yelled, feverish, his voice swimming in Will’s consciousness. He reached out and touched the blond’s cheek and Will felt it, a ghost of fingers on his face. He felt himself getting dragged back into his body as Nico touched him desperately, trying to get him to gain consciousness, “Will please, don’t die, don’t die,” a howl sounded from the forest and Nico looked up. He was pale and shaky.

Just as Will slid back into his body, Nico shadowtravelled them out of the forest.
Will regained consciousness the second he and Nico landed on the borders of camp. The blond struggled to his feet, woozy and dizzy, and vomited in the snow. Nico was slumped on the ground, unconscious.

“Fuck,” Will shakily knelt next to the boy and dragged him into his arms, “Come on, Neeks.”

A group of Demigods ran up the slope of the hill, and Will saw Percy and Annabeth and Austin among them, but they were all blurry.

“What happened?” someone demanded, and all Will could see was Nico’s chest, black with blood. The boy he loved was dying. Will cradled him to his chest but someone pried his arms away and Nico was taken away from him. Will was weak and had lost blood, but he allowed Austin to pull him to his feet.

“Come on brother,” the boy said, “let’s get you to the infirmary.”

Will must’ve passed out again because when he woke up it was dark outside and he was in the medical wing. He was lying in one of the beds he usually put patients in and when he sat up, he groaned. Someone must’ve given him ambrosia because the cut on his arm healed. He pushed aside the curtains that surrounded the bed and climbed out. He felt dizzy only for a second. He saw that the wing was empty, save for Kayla, who was filling out paper-work.

“Hey,” Will said.

“Hey,” Kayla smiled, “Good to see you’re alive.”

“Where is he?” Will asked hoarsely. Kayla pointed to a bed in the corner, the mint-green curtains around it pulled shut. Will exhaled and took a step towards the bed, scared of what he might see.

“I’ll give you some privacy,” Kayla stood up and walked out of the medical wing, sliding the door closed behind her. Will hesitated before slowly walking across the room. It was dark, the only light coming from bedside lamps littered around the room. Will hesitated again right by the bed, before gently pushing the curtain aside.

Nico was awake, which shocked Will. He was shirtless, his chest bandaged up. He looked small and soft, surrounded by pillows, pale. His dark eyes looked up at Will, and he smiled weakly.

“Hey,” he croaked.

Will shoved the curtain shut and covered Nico’s body with his own, wrapping his arms around the Italian and holding him as tightly as he dared. The boy’s firmness, his warmth, the shaky breath he exhaled against Will’s shoulder, all reminded Will that Nico was alive.

“Don’t ever do that to me again,” Will whispered. Nico hugged back weakly.

“Ouch,” he mumbled. Will let go of him but couldn’t bear to stay away. His heart hurt and in that moment he realised that he almost lost Nico. His eyes welled with tears and he wrapped both of his hands around one of Nico’s.

“Gods,” he whispered, choked up, “You almost d-died trying to save me.”
“I’m fine,” Nico said softly, but he saw how heartbroken Will was so he scooted across the bed, wincing, and pulled the covers aside. He smiled at Will and the blond climbed into the bed. Surrounded by the minty curtains, letting through a faint golden glow, it felt like they were in their own little world.

“You could’ve not woken up,” Will whispered, sliding an arm around Nico’s waist. The boy didn’t look uncomfortable, and he didn’t push him away. Instead he shuffled closer to Will, like a cat seeking warmth. Will couldn’t keep his eyes off the Italian, “you could’ve died trying to save me,” Will cradled Nico’s face and the boy looked up at him, eyes dark, “You’re so brave.”

“I’m not,” the Italian’s eyes fluttered shut and he leaned into Will’s hand. The blond was so drawn to him, he felt like his insides were jelly from relief knowing that Nico was okay. He leaned in closer.

“You are,” the blond whispered, “You are so insanely brave and I love you.”

He should’ve panicked because he didn’t actually mean to say that, not in that moment when Nico was half-awake and he himself was shaken up, but he didn’t panic. He felt like another weight was taken off him and that any second he might have started floating away, especially when Nico gave him a warm, happy smile. He rarely smiled, and never like that.

“Okay that just made me stupidly happy,” he mumbled, and giggled, and Will laughed too. His hand slid from Nico’s face to his waist and he wrapped an arm all the way around the Italian and drew him close.

“Are you gonna say it back?” Will asked, his face inches from Nico’s. Their legs tangled together under the blankets.

“If you kiss me,” Nico whispered. Will closed the gap between them without hesitation and kissed Nico. It was warm and soft and perfect – it was a reassuring kiss that made both the boys really realise that they were both safe and together. They both needed a shower, and they were exhausted, but that didn’t stop the blond from carefully rolling on top of the Italian.

He was careful not to crush Nico or touch his wounds but he cradled Nico’s face in his hands again and kissed him deeply. Nico kissed him back with passion, his tongue sliding against Will’s. The blond broke away to kiss Nico’s face, then leave a pathway of kisses down his neck, then his shoulders.

“I’m so happy you’re alive,” the blond murmured.

“Me too,” Nico wrapped his arms around Will’s neck and bit his lip, “Are we...are we going to do it now? Here?”

Will pressed their foreheads together, surrounded by Nico’s comforting smell, “No,” he murmured, “I want to make it special.”

“It’s always going to be special if it’s with you,” Nico whispered. Will smiled at him and captured his lips again.

“You’re sweet,” he said, brushing his fingers through the Italian’s hair, “But not here. When you’re better...”


They heard Kayla come back in with a rowdy patient and Will grinned at Nico before rolling off the boy. Nico snuggled into his side and the Italian put a finger over his lips. Will pulled his hand back
and kissed him again, both of them smiling into the kiss. Will’s arm ached but he didn’t care.

“You didn’t say it,” Will said, barely audible. Nico’s eyes were sleepy and sparkling.

“I love you,” he whispered.

“Don’t ever almost die on me again.”
ValGrace wherein Jason teases and laughs at Leo and then Leo got really pissed off and sulked and curled into a blanket burrito in a corner over there. So Jason rolled his eyes and decided to console his drama queen of a bestfriend, but how could he when Leo is so stubborn the blonde couldn't even get Leo out of his ultra, mega, super duper invincible pillow fort so they wrestle until oops, Jason slipped from the blanket and Leo's face is coincidentally in front of his face aaaaand... Well... ;D

for Shimshim

“You’re five foot six!” Jason exploded with laughter across the room and Leo’s eye twitched in annoyance, “five foot six!”

“Okay, it’s not that funny, Mr Six Foot Two.”

Jason looked at him, in his purple Camp hoodie, blond hair messy. His blue eyes sparkled and for a second his face was serious when he looked at Leo. Then he snorted and collapsed into giggles. Leo rolled his eyes.

“Oh my Gods, fuck you,” he jumped onto Jason’s bed and wrapped himself up in the son of Jupiter’s covers. He rolled over and over until he was firmly wrapped up like a burrito, facing the wall like a stubborn, pissed off child. Jason looked at him, amused.

“Come on, don’t get pissy,” the blond said. Leo didn’t reply, pretending he was offended. Or maybe he really was offended – he got touchy when people mentioned how short he was. Jason rolled his eyes after a second and approached the bed, “Leooooo,” he sang, “Don’t get annoyed. You’re short, accept it.”

“Fuck off, Superman,” Leo grumbled.

“You’re such a drama queen,” Jason teased, climbing onto his bed. He stopped himself from saying my drama queen as he poked Leo playfully in the back, “Come on, turn around.”

His best friend stayed firmly facing the wall. Jason laughed and grabbed his shoulder, trying to turn Leo around, but it seemed impossible to get him out of his ultra, mega, super duper invincible pillow fort. He was a son of Hephaestus, even his blanket burrito was perfectly constructed so the only thing sticking out was a patch of chocolate curls.

“Leo,” Jason said, poking the lump that was his best friend over and over. Underneath the covers, Leo was grinning, “Leo, come on...”

Jason saw a little dip in the covers that gave him hope. He wriggled his hand underneath it, and his
fingers skimmed Leo’s back. The Latino giggled and tried to shimmy away, accidentally unrolling his blanket burrito enough so Jason could get both of his arms underneath it. He forcefully tugged on Leo, pulling the boy from the fort. The Latino was laughing and he struggled against Jason, wrestling him.

The blond entertained him for a moment, allowed Leo to push at him. Jason rolled over onto his back, knocking the covers aside. Leo straddled Jason’s hips and pinned the blond down they were both grinning...but Jason felt blood rush south suddenly and that was dangerous, so he wrapped an arm around Leo’s waist and flipped them back over. They were both breathless and laughing when Leo was laying on his back, Jason over him.

The blond’s cock was hard and he tried to pull away, but Leo had other ideas. He wrapped his legs around Jason’s waist, “Na-ah, you’re not going anywhere,” he laughed, “I win!” Jason’s smile died on his lips and he stared. Leo blinked at him, confused by the sudden obvious change in atmosphere, and then his smile melted from his lips too.

Both the boys became aware of their surroundings. It was late, outside it was dark. They were alone together in the Zeus cabin, all the lights out save for a couple of braziers by the bed, which was washed in a warm light. Leo was pinned under Jason, flushed and breathless, his curls like a messy halo around his head. His legs were wrapped suggestively around Jason’s waist and the blond himself was hard, eyes dark, blond hair falling into his eyes. How did they end up in this position? Because this position was not one best friends should’ve been in. Their faces were so goddamn close, blue eyes looking right into brown ones.

“...,” Leo started, but Jason was scared to let him finish. He leaned down, so their faces were inches away, and Leo gasped because as he leaned down, Jason’s crotch happened to brush against Leo’s. They were both surprised that Leo was hard too, “J-Jason-,” the Latino looked down in shock and Jason just kind of moved by himself, grinded down on Leo again.

They both moaned and Leo’s legs tightened around Jason’s waist before loosening again, “Wait, Jas-“

The blond crashed their mouths together to silence Leo’s protests because suddenly he really didn’t want to hear any of them. Honestly the moment that he felt Jason’s mouth on his, Leo lost interest in protesting at all. He never thought another guy’s mouth on his would feel so fucking good. Jason kissed him roughly, passionately and Leo just opened his mouth and allowed the blond to slide his tongue inside, no questions asked.

Jason rubbed his cock against Leo’s experimentally and the friction caused by the clothes they were wearing made them moan into each other’s mouths in pleasure. The kiss turned sloppy; neither boy cared much that they were best friends and that they were grinding against each other like two horny teenagers they were. Leo gripped Jason’s face, his tongue fighting the blond’s, and his hips slid upwards. His movements made Jason speed up, their hard cocks slid against each other harder and faster.

“F-Fuck...,” Leo threw his head back and Jason panted against his chin, “Fuck Jason...”

Jason started thrusting his cock harder against Leo’s, and the boy forgot how to breathe. He felt dizzy and hot, Jason’s breath mingling with his. He whimpered and bit his lip and tried to keep control of his body, but it was impossible. Heat coiled in his stomach and his cock twitched in his pants.

“Leo,” Jason whispered against his ear, “L-Leo, shit-“
The Latino turned his head so they could kiss passionately, his feet digging into the back of the blond’s thighs. He clung onto Jason and even though all they were doing wasrutting against each other like two rabbits in heat, it was so intense and passionate that neither of them could hold on. They came seconds apart, gasping into each other’s mouths.

They stopped kissing, pressing their foreheads together. Jason opened his eyes but Leo’s remained closed as he caught his breath. His pants felt uncomfortably sticky.

“Fuck,” he exhaled.

“I didn’t mean to do that,” Jason whispered. He knew he should pull away, but he felt heavy and kind of happy and satisfied and warm and Leo was kissing him again.

The Latino didn’t care anymore. He wrapped his arms around Jason’s shoulders and pulled him down and kissed him until the blond kissed him back. They kissed and kissed until their lips were numb and then they pulled away. They both had a dozen questions – what next? What do you feel for me? Why did we just do that? But for some reason neither asked anything. They both rolled over so they laid next to each other. Jason reached for the remote and turned the TV on. He picked a random movie on Netflix, slipped an arm under Leo’s arm, cradled him close to his chest.

And then they just fell asleep.
I Was a King Under Your Control

Nico/Will royalty AU where Nico's a little slave-boy that Will (the king, tzar, whatever you want) purchased or kidnapped from a market. Nico is always either wearing some sort of lingerie or is completely naked, and Nico believes that he only exists as sex for Will, meanwhile Will is in love with him. Happy ending with lots of bottom! Nico smut!

For czechthemail

“No!” sixteen-year-old Nico screamed as two guards dragged him down a cold, stone corridor, “No! Please!” there were tears streaming down his face and sobs choking up his throat. The hands of the guards were digging into his arms and even though he kicked uselessly at the ground he was unable to stop them from pulling them towards his doom.

The torches on the walls flickered, filling the gloomy hallway with dim golden light. They blurred in Nico’s eyes as his heart pounded and his body ached with fear. He felt nauseous when doors came into view, at the end of the hallway. Double doors, oak, with golden knobs. There was nowhere else to go, the hallway ended on these doors and nothing else. Behind those doors, was the end of Nico’s life.

The guards had no faces and they shoved him forward. The doors opened before him and all he saw was darkness. With a scream he plummeted into it.

Nico jerked awake, gasping for air. The furs were tangled around his legs and chest, suffocating him. His eyes flitted across the room and his heartbeat slowly calmed down. The fire in the fireplace was reduced to embers and the room had grown cold and dark. The curtains were pulled across the windows but a shaft of moonlight still slipped into the room, cool and silvery. Nico exhaled and collapsed back against the pillows, looking at the canopy above the bed, drowned in darkness. Nico guessed it was the middle of the night.

Normally Nico didn’t sleep in his master’s bed – the King’s bed – and normally he didn’t have as many clothes on, but the winter night was freezing and he wasn’t there. Once that would’ve made Nico happy but now it made him sad and lonely. He would have preferred to be in his lingerie, or nothing at all, and have him by his side, than to be here all by himself. But he had no choice.

Nico curled on his side, hugging a feather-filled pillow to his chest and pressing his face to it. If he
inhaled hard enough he could still smell the last remains of him, even though he had been gone for two weeks. Nico opened his eyes and looked up from the pillow, his eyes focusing on the double doors leading out of the chamber. He knew that they were oak, finished with gold. He also knew that on this side – the room side – there was a sword mark on the left door. He knew that there was a little chip at the bottom of the right door. The doors from his dream.

Nico fell into sleep again, this time thankfully without any dreams.

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Prince William looked disgusted with his father, whose fingers were wrapped around Nico’s arm. The boy wouldn’t have ran anyway – after a night on this cold floor he was paralyzed with fear. Of course he had expected his new ‘master’ to be an old, burly man, some Lord or Duke, that would grab him and pin him down and defile him...

Prince William was none of those things; he was young, probably Nico’s age or a little bit older, and tall and handsome, a crown of gold curls on top of his head, his blue eyes full of anger as he looked at his father. His skin was tanned as if he spent all his days out in the sunshine, and there was a sprinkle of freckles across his nose. He wore fine silks in blue and green and although he was young and handsome, Nico was still terrified. He shook in the grip of the King.

“You brought me a slave!?” the Prince demanded, cheeks flushed with fury.

“You need one, son,” the King drawled, “You need to realise your tension and anger, and there is no better way to do it than sex.”

“I don’t want to rape some innocent-“

Nico flinched violently at the word ‘rape’ and bile rose in his throat. The King shoved him forward and Nico stumbled, caught between the two men. William was fuming, his father seemed relaxed and unbothered about the fact he had pulled Nico from a whorehouse – the one, innocent virgin among the hoard – and was presenting him to another human being like he was a present.

“He’s not innocent,” was all the King said and then strolled out of the room, slamming the double door shut behind him and making Nico flinch again. He balled his hands into fists and tried to remember how to breathe as William groaned in anger and frustration. Suddenly he grabbed a sword from a rack by the buzzing fireplace and he swung.

Nico stumbled back, slamming into a cold stone wall, but William wasn’t going for him – his blade caught on the left door, leaving an indentation. Nico shook, but his tears seemed to have dried up and all he felt now was...anger.

That came as a surprise; Nico hadn’t expected to be angry. But he also hadn’t expected some rich, privileged Prince who he had just been gifted to to be angry – William had no right to be angry.

Nico glared as the blond shoved his sword back into the rack. He wondered if punching the Prince would meant a public, painful execution. How public? How painful?

William looked up at him, and he blinked, “What?” he only now seemed to notice that Nico was glaring.

“You’re pissed off, aren’t you?” Nico growled. William seemed taken aback.

“Yes. Are you not?”
Nico laughed humourlessly. It helped, the anger. It made Nico less afraid and humiliated, “Yes, I am. But unlike you I have reason to be angry.”

William’s jaw clenched, “You know nothing about me, boy-“

“We are the same age do not patronise me,” Nico spat. William gaped at him, shocked.

“How dare you speak to me like this?!“ he demanded, clearly taken aback, “I am your Prince!”

“You’re my nothing,” Nico growled, knowing that this would get him into trouble, but not that he cared. William came closer, and Nico realised he couldn’t even back up any further. The stones of the wall pressed painfully into his back.

“I am your master,” William hissed, “You are mine, my possession.”

“I am your nothing,” Nico hissed back. William crowded in around him and Nico’s bravery died away. The blond’s eyes were furious and suddenly he reached out and grabbed Nico’s shirt and pulled.

The shirt ripped and Nico gasped, cold air hitting his bare chest. He was frozen again, tense and William stripped him naked until Nico was bare against the wall, like the day he was born.

“There,” William hissed, “You are mine and I decide what you have. Right now, you have nothing,” he walked to the bed and then hesitated, “Actually,” his voice was cold and he made for the wooden, grand wardrobe in the corner of the chamber. He pulled out a piece of cloth and threw it at Nico, “You have that.” Then he collapsed on the furs and pillows. Nico stayed against the wall, shaking. He didn’t know how long he stood there, but eventually the Prince’s breath evened out. Only then Nico looked at the cloth in his hand – it was silky, white, lacy. It was a girl’s night-shift, lingerie. Nico’s stomach turned and he scrambled across the room. He curled up beside the fireplace, in the shadows, ashamed. The warmth of the fire did nothing to chase his chill away and eventually his clattering teeth forced him to pull the shift on, if only to have some protection from the cold.

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Nico strapped the dagger to his leg and without meaning to he floated to the wardrobe in the corner. This room was Will’s, but Will wasn’t here, and Gods knew when he was coming back. So it was Nico’s now – the servants liked him, the Nobles liked him, they didn’t throw him out and make him some whore.

Nico opened the wardrobe and pushed aside the dusty furs that were waiting for Will to come back. This boy remembered his life before all of this, before he came here almost two years ago. He remembered the brothel, the heavy smell of opium in the air, clouds of smoke, the overpowering perfume of the half-naked, giggling, drunk women. He remembered the leering men, asking for his price. But the owner had wanted to save him for someone good, his last little virgin. That’s when the royal guards came, and took him away, so he could become Will’s.

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Nico’s fingers brushed against silk among furs and he smiled, pushing the coats aside. There, folded in the corner, freshly washed and unworn since Will left, was the silk shift the blond had given Nico during their first meeting. The blond had hated it the first few months, because it made him feel disgusting and objectified. Will liked to wear it when he fucked Nico. But then the boy realised that the reason Will made him wear it – when he had him wear anything at all – was because he liked Nico in it, not because he was trying to embarrass him.
Nico had more than just the shift now; he had his dagger and several breeches, and shirts and a lovely fur coat. He had eighteen books and even a little horse in the stables called Obsidian. He had his little cot in the corner of the room, but he didn’t sleep in it ever since Will left.

He lifted the shift to his body and sighed. There was no point in wearing it if Will couldn’t see him in it. He felt his heart shattering for the countless time in the past three weeks and the loneliness gripped him. It was painful. Nico crumpled to the ground and buried his face in his hands and started crying. He had cried on this soft carpet a hundred times when Will couldn’t see – every time he was angry, frustrated. Now he cried because his heart ached for his King. Except Will wasn’t his, and he never had been. He had, always would be, just Will’s sex slave. A willing sex slave who loved him, but nothing more than that.

Nico wiped his face, bit his lip, pushed the doors of the wardrobe shut and stood up. He took deep, calming breaths and then walked through the double door and out into the castle, remembering a time when he could do that.

***

Nico was curled in the corner, sleeping. Or he had been sleeping, before he felt rough, invading hands on his body. His eyes fluttered open and he frowned because there was a gorgeous blond angel floating in his view...an angel, who was shoving his hands underneath the see-through nightgown that Nico was wearing.

The boy gasped and sat up, shoving William away.

“Hey, hey,” the blond pushed the panicking slave back down and pinned him to the floor. “None of that now,” his breath reeked of wine. He was drunk. Nico had been here, locked up in this room, for a week and the Prince hadn’t touched him. And now he was drunk and he was taking what was ‘his.’

“L-Let go of me!” Nico gasped, hysterical. He didn’t want this. He struggled but William was stronger. His eyes were half-lidded and dark and full of desire, and Nico was scared, “F-Fuck, let go-“

“Shhhh,” William leaned in and Nico tensed and froze up, “Shhh, don’t get crazy.”

“I’m not letting you rape me,” Nico hissed. William’s hands loosened on him and his expression softened.

“I would never force you,” the Prince said, surprising Nico, “And I thought I wouldn’t want you. But you in this shift...,” his eyes hungrily slid over Nico’s partially naked body, “I’m drunk. I’m not thinking straight. I’m aroused, and I want to fuck you.”

“I-I don’t want you to,” his voice was soft and high-pitched and scared. William pressed his forehead against Nico’s, in a surprisingly gentle gesture.

“I’ll make you feel good,” William whispered, “I’ll make you feel so good, so let me.”

Nico hesitated. He could say no, he could push William away. But he had been trained, he had been raised to be this, and only this; a whore. William was promising more than he could hope for – sex that he might actually enjoy. He was still scared though. This wasn’t the life he wanted; he wanted love, he wanted someone who would want him back...all he could hope for was sex.

Slowly, Nico nodded.
William crashed their mouths together, driving Nico against the floor. The slave shuddered and gasped, arching u off the floor. Outside of this chamber, past those double doors, were bad men who would treat his like a piece of meat. At least here Nico could consent. His consent made him more at ease even though he would’ve preferred to not do this at all...maybe he was naive but he believed William when the Prince told him he wouldn’t force him.

The Prince’s mouth travelled from Nico’s and down his neck. The boy’s eyes fluttered shut and he exhaled shakily, hands clenching and unclenching against the cold stone floor. The fire was dancing in the fireplace behind William, and the blond was just a shadow. Nico closed his eyes when he felt the Prince’s fingers slip under his shift, brushing over his skin. The room was cold, but William was warm.

I can imagine he’s anyone I want, Nico thought and his mind drifted. He was aware of William’s mouth on him – he had pushed Nico’s shift up to his chin and was kissing down his chest, a peculiar, but bizarrely sweet gesture. Nico thought about Percy, one of the whores at the brothel, and his sea-green eyes and mischievous smile. He tried to imagine it was Percy doing this to him, but for some reason that filled him with anxiety so he forced his eyes open. His heart pounded with nerves and fear, but the sight of William, his freckled cheeks flushed from drinking, his eyelashes brown and long and downcast as he kissed down Nico’s body, worked to calm the boy down.

The drunk boy pulled away as if he felt Nico’s eyes on him, “You’re awfully quiet,” he said, and Nico didn’t know what to reply so he just laid there. The stone was warming underneath him and he watched as William stood and took a purple vial off the fireplace. He knelt in-between Nico’s legs and the boy fought the urge to close them.

“W-What is that?” he asked shakily.

“Oil,” William opened the bottle and poured oil onto his fingers, and Nico swallowed heavily. He wanted William to be kind, and reassuring, but it looked like the Prince was done talking. He seemed...angry.

“I thought you didn’t want a slave,” Nico whispered. Will’s eyes snapped to him.

“I changed my mind. I want you to stay quiet,” he roughly grabbed Nico’s leg and pulled it up and the boy scrambled for his shift, uselessly attempting to pull it down to cover his nakedness. He was soft and scared and for a moment he was terrified that William would hurt him.

But the Prince leaned over him again and captured his mouth. Even though the kiss was rough and demanding, William’s tongue forcefully sliding into Nico’s mouth, the blond’s hand down between Nico’s legs wasn’t. His slick fingers circled Nico’s most private parts and when William pushed a digit inside, Nico tensed up. The Prince bit at his bottom lip until Nico forced himself to loosen up. The finger inside him didn’t hurt but it felt alien and uncomfortable, and suddenly Nico wanted to cry. He didn’t want his first time to be like this, on a floor in a castle that he was a prisoner in, with a drunk boy who didn’t feel anything but hate for him. But Nico had little choice. Just get it over and done with...

William tried to take his time with Nico – he sloppily kissed his neck and mouth, a little uncoordinated because of the liquor he drank. He added two more fingers to his first, moving them inside Nico and the boy could imagine that under different circumstances it might’ve felt nice but he was too tense and anxious to enjoy it. He just wanted it to end.

Nico slipped his leg off of William’s shoulder. The blond gave him a confused, unfocused look, “What are you doing?”
Nico rolled over onto his stomach, pressing his forehead against the cold floor and taking shallow breaths to try and keep himself together, “D-Do it like that,” he said, voice hoarse, “It’ll be easier.”

A part of him wanted for William to hesitate, to turn him around and hold him and kiss him and tell him that he was going to take care of him. But William didn’t – he grabbed Nico’s hips and pulled him backwards roughly so Nico’s knees scraped the ground, and then his erection was pressing against Nico, into him, and the boy bit his bottom lip so hard that blood trickled down his chin.

He squeezed his eyes shut and held his breath. William grunted, then groaned, his fingers digging into his hips. Nico’s fingers dug into the stones of the floor and focused on the cold seeping through them, instead of the pain of having William thrust into him like he didn’t care. Because he didn’t care.

When William finished he mercifully pulled out of Nico, his semen splattering against the floor. Nico curled in on himself and the blond stumbled to his bed and collapsed naked on his furs. Nico got to his feet shakily after what seemed like forever – his backside ached, and he felt humiliated. He stumbled across the room and then out of those double doors. A guard shouted at him as he ran through the hallways, bare feet scraping across the ground. He ran blindly, down a staircase, then out into the courtyard. It was dark, and the first snow of the year was fluttering from the sky.

Nico stopped, and exhaled, his breath making a cloud in front of his face. And then he crumpled to the ground, snow seeping through the lacy shift he wore. He pressed his forehead to the ground, and broke down sobbing.

Seconds later the guards were seizing his arms and dragging him back through those double doors.

***

“Any letters?” Nico asked a month after Will had gone. Hermes, the messenger, looked up from where he was stroking the feathers of his message pigeons. His eyes sparkled with mischief.

“Don’t know,” he said, “Depends what I can get.”

Nico rolled his eyes but produced a gold coin from his satchel – it was part of his allowance. He offered it to Hermes in his gloves hand and the messenger snatched it up and bit it, before nodding.

“No letters, sir.”

Nico gritted his teeth in frustration and disappointment but he knew better than to demand the money back, “Well any news then? Anything?”

Hermes gave him a look, “Nothing good. Bloody.”

“Wait,” Nico held up his hand, his stomach turning, “I actually don’t want to know.”

Hermes shrugged and went back to his pigeons and Nico turned and walked across the courtyard. Servants rushed about, maids with baskets full of linen, guards strolling by. It was a pretty, summery day, warm and sunny. Nico smiled and sat down on a bench that sat beneath a cherry tree. There was a time when Nico would’ve been too afraid to do that, when Will’s father was the King, but now he felt at home in this castle and he was free to go anywhere. Except the only place he wanted to go was where Will was.

He looked at the patterns painted by the sun, filtering through the leaves of the trees that ringed the courtyard. It was beautiful in the height of summer, but Nico remember this place during his first days, on the second week of his captivity. It had been cold then, and it had snowed.
Nico wasn’t allowed outside the castle walls but William wasn’t interested in keeping him chained up in the bedroom. In fact, William wasn’t interested at all – since the night he took Nico for the first time he could barely look at the boy, as if he was ashamed. And maybe he was, but not as much as Nico.

The boy wasn’t allowed outside the castle walls but he was allowed to go anywhere else he wanted – and he liked the courtyard. It was the most open, the air was clean here, and there were always people around. Here he didn’t feel like he was constantly being watched, just another person in the crowd, sitting on a bench by a tree with naked, gnarled branches.

Dark had fallen and the courtyard was empty now, and that was good. Nico liked being alone. The air was freezing but William had allowed him to wear a fur over the shift – or rather, he didn’t stop him from taking one from the wardrobe. They didn’t speak.

Nico sat alone now, the snow landing on the ground in a flurry. To his left rose the wall cutting him off from the city he did not want to return to – on his right was the imposing, dark structure of the castle that he had no wish to enter again. He wanted to remain on this bench, and hopefully freeze to death.

A shaft of light spilled across the courtyard and when Nico looked up he saw the front door was open. In the doorway stood a figure. Nico shuddered and wrapped the fur around himself more tightly, suddenly wanting to run.

But the figure slipped into the courtyard and Nico recognised his outline, the curls illuminated gold by the light behind him.

“Hello,” William sat at the other end of the bench, barely sparing Nico a glance.

“We speaking now?” the slave snorted, bemused. William sighed, exasperated.

“Don’t be difficult,” he said, “I came to apologise.”

That caught Nico off guard, “Huh?”

“About the other night. I shouldn’t have...,” William took a deep breath, “I shouldn’t have slept with you. I was intoxicated.”

“That’s no excuse,” Nico shuddered, remembering his humiliation.

“No. No, it’s not,” William shook his head and Nico could feel his eyes on him, “You’re shivering. Are you cold?”

“It’s the middle of bloody winter.”

Suddenly, with no warning, William launched himself across the bench and grabbed Nico’s face in his hands, crashing their mouths together. Nico gasped and almost toppled off the bench before regaining his bearings. He shoved William away violently and, before realising what he was doing, he slapped the blond across the face. William recoiled in shock and Nico tensed.

Now I’ve done it.
Funeral pyre here I come.

But William didn’t seem angry, “I’m sorry,” he blurted, “I just...”

“You just what?” Nico asked quietly, “You remembered that I’m your sex slave?”

He couldn’t see William’s face but the boy sounded conflicted when he said, “Don’t call yourself
“It’s what I am,” Nico said, and then took a deep breath. He scooted across the bench. “I belong to you, whether we like it or not. I shouldn’t have hit you. Do what you want to me, I don’t care.”

William hesitated, “I just wanted to warm you up.”

Nico’s heart twisted, “Warm me up then,” he whispered.

William wrapped him up in his arms and kissed him, softer, gentler. Nico opened his mouth like a good submissive slut that he was and the Prince slid his tongue inside.

And for a moment, a sweet, brief moment, Nico forgot that William was the Prince and that he was the slave; in that moment they were two lovers intertwined on a bench and William’s arms were warm and his breath brushed against Nico’s mouth, and it seemed that the Prince really cared.

Nico let himself pretend. William nudged him back so he was lying on the bench, the snow beneath him like a cold blanket. The Prince leaned over him, caging him in with his arms, and kissed Nico. The cold disappeared. Nico wasn’t scared, even though he had been terrified the first time. There was something different about doing it out here, beneath the snowy sky – a freedom to it. Nico felt if he wanted he could grow wings and fly away, but he didn’t want to, not when William’s hand was underneath his fur, then underneath the lingerie he wore, his warm fingers chasing away the last chill on the boy’s skin.

They kissed messily, panting into each other’s mouths. Nico’s hands were curled in William’s own fur coat that the Prince draped over them like a shield. Anybody could come out into the courtyard and see them, but if anyone did Nico didn’t see them, and they didn’t say anything.

William pushed Nico’s fur open, “I’m not going to undress you,” he whispered, breath creating a cloud in front of his face, “I don’t want you to catch pneumonia.”

“I appreciate it,” Nico rolled his eyes, surprised at himself. William kissed him again, as if to silence him, and his hand wormed itself between Nico’s legs. The boy gasped when the Prince wrapped his long fingers around his member – he hadn’t realised he was even hard.

William seemed pleased; his hand was cold but his kisses were hot as he trailed his mouth over Nico’s cheek, biting his jaw and ear. Nico shivered, more from the sudden pleasure of having William stroke him than from the cold. He looked up at the sky, panting, and snow petals fell into his eyes. Nico closed them letting out a whimper. William seemed to enjoy that, his thumb brushing over the head of Nico’s cock. Until that moment Nico didn’t understand how you could be hot and cold at the same time.

William’s fingers found his passage again and Nico hissed at the feeling of the first one sliding into him – it was like an icicle inside him. He bit his lip and stifled his noises, closing his eyes and focusing on staying relaxed. He knew how this went and it was obvious William wasn’t trying to hurt him – he watched Nico intently, balancing his legs on either side of the boy and somehow managing not to tumble off the bench. This time Nico willingly spread his legs for the Prince.

“Tell me if it hurts,” William whispered, and pushed his cock into Nico. The boy tensed.

“It hurts,” he mumbled. William exhaled and in the darkness Nico couldn’t make out his expression. The Prince made as if to pull out, but Nico grabbed his arms. He felt the blond’s muscles twitch beneath his hand, “But it’s fine,” his throat hurt from the cold air but he didn’t mind, “Just kill me and it’ll be fine,” he sounded small and pathetic but William kissed him anyway. Nico assumed it
was just because he didn’t want to pull out.

The blond rearranged himself so he was in a kneeling position. Unfortunately this left Nico exposed to the cold air. He gripped the fur closed against his chest and gasped when William slowly pulled out and then pushed back into Nico again. The blond’s cock was wet with spit and precum but Nico wished they had oil like the first time. It was better though, William was more in control over his body and it didn’t hurt as much. Nico even enjoyed the burn a little.

Hearing no protests from Nico, William started to slowly fuck him. He started off hesitant and gentle but quickly picked up the pace until the courtyard filled with the sound of skin slapping skin and their erratic breathing. Nico found that he was actually enjoying it and within minutes he had had his hand wrapped around his cock and was desperately jerking himself off in time with William’s thrusts. The snow around them melted and this time William didn’t pull out.

They climbed off the bench after they were done – William laced up his breeches and Nico stood on the ground, feeling weak and shaky. He had shocked himself by climaxing from having sex with the Prince, something he didn’t think possible the first time they had fucked. Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad after all...

“You can keep the fur coat,” William told him, breaking the tense silence between them and turning to the castle, “But when you’re in the bedroom I want you naked.”

It was hard to remember the feeling of them doing it in the snow when there was so much sun and humidity in the air, but Nico still smiled at the memory. He had hated Will then, but now he would give a lot to go back in time and feel the blond’s arms around him. His fingers caressed the wood of the bench.

Come back to me, he thought miserably, watching the people bustle around the courtyard. But his heart knew the truth – even if Will came back, it wouldn’t be to Nico. He didn’t love him, not the way the slave did. And Nico thought he was alright with that...until Will left him. Now the loneliness and ache in his heart felt like they were slowly killing him.

***

Pulling Nico into the bath was easy since the slave was already naked. Winter was slowly passing but William didn’t care about the cold as he had Nico parade around naked, though he always ensured that the fireplace was roaring and even had the servants make a cot of pillows and furs in the corner of the chamber for Nico.

At first the slave had been embarrassed by William’s request – there wasn’t much to him, he was just another skinny, pale kid, but William seemed to like looking at him. Nico tried to hide at first, behind his hands, behind furniture, but after enough times of William randomly bending him over things and fucking him, Nico stopped caring. Sometimes he wore his shift, sometimes he didn’t bother. Tonight he hadn’t bothered. He prepared William’s bath in the adjacent bathroom – filling it with hot water that the blushing maids brought up in buckets. The room was full of steam, curling up from the tub, and Nico was pleasantly warm. This was a job for servants but for some reason William liked Nico doing it, and it was one of his few duties except for being William’s fuck-toy. He spent most of his days wandering the castle or sleeping, but a fortnight ago he had asked William for some books which the Prince diligently delivered.

Nico heard the door open and he looked up to see William come in from his bedroom in a silky bathrobe. Sometimes he really looked like an angel. Nico looked away from him and dipped his hand in the water.
“Bath’s ready,” he said. William casually undid his robe and allowed it to drop to the ground before coming forward. Nico kept the tub between them – sometimes he liked to tease William. Even though he was a lot more comfortable having sex with him now, Nico was still unwilling to admit that he actually enjoyed getting fucked by the Prince.

“Thank you,” William said and slid into the bathtub. Nico allowed himself a sneaky look at his naked form, his muscled, tanned torso, sprinkled with freckles, his impressive cock. Nico licked his lips and looked away.

“I will be in the next room if-“

He didn’t get to finish before William’s hand shot out and grabbed his. With a tug Nico went flailing backwards – he cried out and fell into the tub, hot water washing over the bathroom.

“William!” he spluttered, and the Prince laughed before wrapping his arms around Nico and holding the squirming boy close, “L-Let go!”

“Shhh,” William showered his neck and shoulder in kisses and Nico gasped and melted back against him, “Good boy, just stay still and let me touch you.”

Nico bit his lip to stifle a moan when William sucked a love-bite into his neck. The slave threw his head back against the Prince’s wet shoulder, feeling a hardness pressing against his ass. His own cock twitched with interest under the water.

“Will...,” he whispered, the hot steam curling around him and making him light-headed. The Prince captured his lips in a wet, passionate kiss that left Nico grinding back uselessly against him like some cheap whore. How had he in the space of two short months gone from hating having sex with William, to physically aching for him?! Nico had no idea, but the thought of how much he wanted the Prince scared him.

Will bit his earlobe playfully, “I have an idea.”

“No,” Nico said immediately, “I’m still sore from earlier—“

“Shhh,” William soothed him with his soft voice, hand creeping up Nico’s chest to twist his nipple. Nico whimpered, “It’s a good idea that doesn’t involve me ramming my cock into you. You’ll love it.”

“Fine,” Nico scared himself with how easily he gave in but he didn’t have the strength to fight with William then. He followed the blond’s instruction as the amused Prince got him to turn around in the tub, so Nico was kneeling between his legs. “What now?” he asked, eyes subconsciously focusing on the head of Will’s erection that was just below the surface of the water.


“You’re not serious!” he gasped, “Do I look like a goddamn fish to you?!“

Will clearly wasn’t interested in his protest because without warning he grabbed Nico by the back of his head and shoved him underwater. The slave gasped in shock as his ears filled with water but before he could swallow any, Will guided him to his cock and Nico found his mouth full of the blond’s member. He tried to protest because he literally couldn’t fucking breathe but William just gripped his head and forcefully moved it up and down, forcing Nico to swallow his erection. The slave angrily pinched the blond’s thigh and Will let him go.

Nico came up, gasping for air, and William was grinning. Nico fought the urge to hit him, “What the
fuck is wrong with you?!” he demanded, wiping water from his mouth and glaring daggers at the Prince.

“What?” Will asked innocently, “it’s fun. You do it yourself then, you can come up for air anytime you want.”

Nico glared at him but for some reason he found himself sinking back underwater. His opened his eyes but everything was blurry – his lips bumped against Will’s erection and he opened his mouth, allowing his tongue to brush against the hot flesh. Somewhere far away he heard Will moan. Nico liked that and so he swallowed the head of the Prince’s cock and sucked. He bobbed his head up and down, until he ran out of air, at which point he came back up.

He took a few gulps of air and went back under. This time he took half of Will’s length into his mouth, sucking vigorously as his hand moved on the lower part of the cock, stroking it in time. When Nico’s eyes started to water and his jaw ached, he resurfaced.

Will was leaning back against the bath-tub, eyes closed and cheeks flushed. And suddenly Nico wanted him so badly that he couldn’t breathe, like he was underwater again. He clambered back into Will’s lap and the Prince looked at him.

“Fuck me,” Nico gasped heatedly, “Jesus, Will just fuck me.”

The Prince’s eyes widened but he only hesitated for a second before grabbed Nico and lifting him up, carrying him to the bedroom and dripping water everywhere.

Nico sat in that same bath that he had been in with Will a hundred times before. The water was hot, the air steamy, and yet the boy felt cold, because the arms of the man he loved weren’t around him. He drew his knees up to his face and rested his chin on them. He skimmed his fingers over the cloudy water – his face, reflected on the surface, looked back at him. He looked a lot healthier than he had two years ago; he had filled out some and his skin took on a nice olive hue, mostly thanks to Will who forced him to eat and go out into the sunshine.

But there was a desperate longing in Nico’s eyes. Maybe this was good, this separation. How much longer could their ‘relationship’ last? Will was a King, sooner or later he’d have to marry...and he didn’t have any feelings for Nico anyway. Maybe fondness, and attraction, but that was it.

He hadn’t even realised how satisfied he had become with just being Will’s whore – he walked around naked and was ready for the blond whenever he wanted to fuck him. He thought that it’d be alright as long as Will just kept fucking him because sometimes, after they were done, the King would hold him in his arms, and sometimes he’d give him lingering kisses that made Nico hope that they were more...But now that he was gone the painful truth made itself known; sooner or later Nico would be permanently alone and heartbroken. Eventually Will wouldn’t need him even for sex.

Nico closed his eyes and sank into the tub, remembering when Will had become King.

Nico had been out in the garden, walking with his furs wrapped around him. The sun was setting and the gardener was struggling with the dead auburn leaves the littered the otherwise immaculate grass. Nico watched him for a moment, lost in thought, when a servant hurried over. She was a pale, scared little thing.

“Master Nico,” she blurted. They had all started calling him ‘master’ somewhere in the past year and a half, but Nico couldn’t quite remember when. He recalled some referring to him as ‘whore’ when he had first arrives.
“Yes,” Nico asked.

“I-It’s his Majesty...I-I...” the girl looked terrified, “The King, h-he passed, master, and the P-
Prince, I mean, the new King, King William...,” she took a deep breath, “He asked for you.”

Nico found Will in his bedroom. The boy tried to keep his calm – he hadn’t liked the old King and
his death was nothing but a relief but he knew he had to be cautious; Will had just lost a father, no
matter how much he hated him.

The blond was pacing in front of the fireplace, agitated. Nico wanted to say he looked like a proper
King, but to him Will was still Will – he wore a light sleeping shirt and breeches, his gold curls
messy as if he had ran his hands through them in agitation. His blue eyes were dark with concern
and anxiety. When Nico walked in, he stopped walking and fixated his gaze on the slave.

Slowly, Nico bowed, almost mockingly, “Your majesty.”

Will slammed him into a wall, kissing Nico furiously. Most sons wouldn’t want to fuck the night their
father passed away, but Will wasn’t like more sons. Sex was a stress relief for him, Nico had learnt
that a long time ago, so he didn’t ask questions as Will practically ripped off his fur. Underneath it,
Nico was naked. The Prince – no, the King – hoisted him up, using the wall as leverage. Nico
wrapped his legs around Will’s waist, thrumming with pleasure and anticipation simply from
kissing.

Will was rough, rougher than usual, but Nico didn’t mind. The King didn’t prepare him, simply re-
arranging Nico around his waist and pushing his cock inside the boy. The slave’s fingers dug into
Will’s back as the blond thrust up into him. He scratched deep ridges in the King’s back as the blond
fucked him violently, Nico’s back scraping against the stone. He cried out when Will found his
prostate, pleasure washing over him in waves.

“Will...,” Nico moaned. Will bit his neck roughly – he was taking out the intense emotions he was
feeling on Nico. And then the boy realised what this all meant; Will had all the power now. Nico was
being fucked by a King. For some reason that intensified the pleasure.

“You’re King,” Nico whispered, shivering over and over.

“Shut up,” William growled. Nico wrapped his arms around his neck and pulled him in close
because he wanted him close, so, so impossibly close. He kissed Will’s neck and clung onto him as
the blond fucked him sloppily.

“My King,” Nico murmured into his ear feverishly, and the pleasure was making him dizzy. He
wasn’t thinking straight. “I’m yours, my King.”

Nico pretended that he only said things like that because they were fucking, when in reality he meant
it – Will might’ve messed him up, but he was kind and sometimes gentle and loving and Nico was
sure he’d never be able to be in love with anyone but the blond. There was simply nobody else for
him.

“Say it again,” Will wasn’t angry anymore, his voice hoarse and ragged and tinged with
desperation as he buried his face in Nico’s shoulder.

“My King-“

“No,” the blond hissed, “Say you’re mine.”

Nico felt as if he had missed a step on a staircase and he let out a weak moan, heat curling through
his body. He doesn’t mean anything by it...he told himself, “I’m yours,” he moaned, legs tightening around Will’s waist, fingers digging into his back, “all yours, only yours, God Will! O-Oh fuck...”

Will crashed their mouths together and Nico’s violent orgasm washed over him. The boy choked on a sob and Will held him as he shudder, tumbling over the edge after Nico. He stayed, keeping Nico against the wall, as he came down from his bliss. Nico was happy to slump against the King and try to catch his breath, soaking up the blond’s warmth and his intoxicating smell.

Finally the King pulled away, calmer now, eyes softer as they slid over Nico.

“Did you mean it?” he asked.

“What?” Nico’s brain felt sluggish.

“When you said you were mine?”

Nico looked away, heart throbbing. Yes! He wanted to scream, I’m yours! I’ll only ever be yours. Instead he crossed his arms over his chest, “You bought me, remember?”

Will grabbed his chin and turned his head, his eyes steely, “That’s not what I meant and you know it,” he kept his gaze fixed on Nico but the boy didn’t waver and didn’t say anything. Finally William let go of him and turned away, “Don’t ever say things you don’t mean to me again.”

Nico had slid down into the water so deep that water slid up his nose. He came up, spluttering, and brushed his wet hair from his face. He had gotten lost in his memories, he tended to do that a lot. After months of no letters and no idea what was happening with Will, he couldn’t stop his mind from wandering. Nico slid his leg out of the bath and watched the water bead on his skin. He dropped it again with a quiet splash and felt tears well up in his eyes. He didn’t want to think about that, about their last time together, but his mind pulled him to that time anyway.

Nico slipped under, so he could pretend his tears were just part of the water.

He woke up in the middle of the night and it was cold – his second third winter here was coming to an end but the last of the chill was clinging onto the castle. The cold had seeped through the floor and through the piles of furs Nico slept on – by all means he should’ve been warm, and yet he woke up shivering. The room was dark, the fire in the fireplace dying away, its last remnants glowing orange.

In the dim light, Nico saw Will, sitting on the edge of his huge bed, face in his hands. Two years ago, Nico would’ve ignored him and went back to sleep, but now the sight of the boy in distress – the boy Nico had grown to love – filled him with pain. The slave sat up.

“Will?” he asked tentatively. It was always Will, or William, never King or Lord or Sir, not unless they were fucking. The blond looked up, and he looked awfully young and vulnerable.

“Sorry,” his voice was hoarse, “Did I wake you?”

“No. It’s cold,” Nico stood up and padded across the room, his toes curling at the freezing stones of the floor. He stopped in front of Will, “You can’t sleep?”

“No,” Will said. Nico took his face in his hands and leaned down, pressing their mouths together. He allowed himself a soft, gentle kiss, pretending they were equals, that they were married. And then he slid to his knees between Will’s legs, remembering his place.

“Let me help,” he whispered, and reached for Will’s crotch. The blond caught his hand.
“Don’t,” his voice was pained. Nico looked up at him and frowned.

“Why? What’s wrong?”

“We’re at war, Nico,” Will said softly. Nico blinked.

“Oh,” his brain was partially asleep and so he couldn’t completely comprehend the idea, “And...?"

“And I have to go and fight. In a fortnight, the troops are already rallying.”

Nico’s heart clenched and the realisation of what Will was saying fell on him like a bucket of cold water. The King was leaving. The country was at war. Nico looked at the floor and his heart twisted in his chest, over and over.

“Oh,” he said again.

“That must make you happy,” Will said, “At least I won’t use you anymore.”

“You’ve stopped using me a long time ago,” Nico sounded angrier than he intended. He stood up, “Well if you’re leaving soon you might as well make the most of me though I suppose.”

Will looked up at him and opened his mouth as if he wanted to protest, but then he relaxed and reached out, taking Nico’s hand, “Yes. I suppose.”

He tugged Nico onto his bed, pushing the boy onto his back and then climbing on top of him, caging him in with his arms and legs. He leaned down and kissed Nico and for some reason it was different than every other time – gentler, softer somehow. Nico leaned up into Will, touched his cheeks, brushed his tongue against the King’s.

Nico was already naked – he was always naked – so Will was free to run his hands over every inch of Nico’s body, which he promptly did. His touches were like caresses, making Nico shiver.

The boy decided it was definitely different – despite the fact they had fucked the day before, Will took his time preparing Nico. He opened the boy up with his fingers for hours, slicked with oil from the bedside table, until Nico was shaking, thighs trembling.

“Will...” he whined, “W-Will, please, just...”

The King kissed his cheek, his jaw, then pressed his forehead against Nico’s. His eyes were intense and focused only on Nico. When he thrust into the boy, Nico forgot how to breathe even though they had done this a thousand times before. It was different, he was sure it was different.

“Will...,” he whispered, seemingly forgetting how to say anything else. The King fucked him, but slowly, deliberately. His cock hit Nico’s prostate with every thrust, rattling Nico to the core. In minutes the boy was clinging onto the blond, sobbing with pleasure, “Fuck, fuck, fuck...Gods...”

He sobbed, and Will wrapped his arms all the way around the boy and held him impossibly tight against his chest, “Shhhh, shhh, it’s alright...” Will whispered, voice hoarse, but Nico knew it wouldn’t be alright – because Will was going.

He was gasping for air suddenly, eyes filling with tears. He squeezed them shut, refusing to cry, not for the man who was technically his captor. But it didn’t feel like Will was his captor, it felt good, and perfect, and heartbreaking because Nico somehow subconsciously knew it was the last time.

Will came inside him and Nico kept his legs around the King, refusing to let him pull away. He
didn’t realise there were tears running down his cheek until Will pulled away and started kissing them.

“Hey,” he hovered over Nico and cradled his face, “Hey, don’t cry. I’m not going to let anybody hurt you. You will be provided for here, in the castle. You can have this room and-“

Nico slapped his hand away. How could Will be saying this? How could he think that Nico was crying for himself, and not for him? But maybe that was for the better. “I don’t want this bloody room,” Nico hissed through his tears, “I don’t want you, I don’t care if you come back.”

He had to say it, had to somehow force himself to believe it even though he knew it wasn’t true. He climbed off the bed and went back to the corner, curling up on his cot and facing the wall. Will didn’t say anything, didn’t come after him, and Nico had to bite the pillow and stifle his sobs, so he didn’t scream out I love you don’t go.

Nico resurfaced and stood up from the bath, dripping wet. He had to busy himself with something because thinking about Will – somewhere far away, fighting a war – was too painful. Maybe he was already dead.

Nico dried himself off and slipped on one of Will’s cotton shirts that covered his thighs, and then slipped out of the bath room. He would curl up in Will’s bed and sleep another night and pretend that when he woke up in the morning-

Nico’s breath caught in his throat as he stepped into the chamber and his whole body felt like it had been hit by lightning because standing there, casually as if he had never even left, was King William.

“Will,” Nico gasped, frozen. Is he a ghost? He thought. But no, Will looked up at him and smiled. His hair was shorter, but still curly, his blue eyes clear and sparkling. Somehow he was even tanner than two months ago, and there was a little scar on his jaw, still pink as if it wasn’t that old.

“Hello, Nico,” Will said, “I’m back. Sorry for not replying to your letter.”

Nico stared at him. The shock of seeing him home, in one piece and safe, was too much for Nico to comprehend. Moments ago he had been aching for this man, and now he was here and Nico couldn’t breathe.

Tears welled up in Nico’s eyes, and Will’s expression fell. For a moment, he looked heartbroken, “Foolish of me,” he said, voice weak, “To think that maybe...t—that maybe you’d be happy to see me-“

Nico launched himself across the room and tumbled into Will’s arms – the surprised King barely had time to catch him before Nico was attacking his face with kisses, holding onto him and crying. Will was warm and solid against him – real.

“Hey, hey-,” Will started. Nico curled his arms around Will’s shoulders and stood on his tiptoes, pressing his forehead firmly against Will’s and closing his eyes, forcing himself to calm down.

“Hold me,” he whispered helplessly, “God, just hold me, Will. Please, I need it, I need you. I need you to hold me.”

Will looked like he wanted to say something, but then he thought better of it, instead wrapping his arms around Nico. He held him against his chest and stroked his back comfortingly as if he knew exactly what Nico needed. And then they kissed, and Nico stopped crying. They kissed and kissed.

“I missed you,” Nico whispered, “I’ve missed you so much, I-“
“Me too,” Will gripped his face in his hands, “All I could think about when I was there, fighting, was you. You, so perfect, my baby-“


“Do not call yourself that,” he said, “You’re so much more. You’re mine. I love you.”

Nico just started crying again, suddenly sobbing hysterically.

“Shhh,” Will hoisted him up into his arms and carried him towards the bed, gently laying Nico down among the furs before cradling him into his arms, “I’ve missed this bed,” he talked, calming Nico down, “I’ve missed you, in my bed. It can be our bed now. Mine and yours. I love you so much.”

“D-Don’t ever say things you don’t mean,” Nico said shakily, hiccupping. His head ached, but he felt like he had finally melted, like the tension that had been in his body for the past months had flooded out.

“I told you that,” Will smiled, “And I do mean it.”

“I thought I was just a sex toy to you,” Nico whispered, and Will’s expression fell again.

“No. No, Nico-“

“I love you,” Nico sniffled, “I’ve been in love with you for so long and you left me-“

“You told me you didn’t care if I came back-“

Nico kissed him, and Will relaxed. Nico sniffled. They broke apart and laid there, noses brushing together.

“I love you,” Nico whispered.

“I love you,” Will whispered back.

They kept repeating it for the rest of the night.
Petals Scattering

Person A has the Hanahaki disease because they're so in love with B. It has been going on for a while and A has kept it a secret but B has their suspicions because they can't imagine who A would possibly like that much. It gets so serious that A has no choice but to get surgery done to remove the disease, and with it A's ability to love. It isn't until A is about to go into surgery that B realizes A is in love with them, and coughs up a petal themselves at the realization that they love A too. Whether or not it turns out happily is up to you.

For Just Another PJO Fangirl

The Hanahaki Disease is a fictional disease in which the victim coughs up flower petals when they suffer from one-sided love. It ends when the beloved returns their feelings (romantic love only; strong friendship is not enough), or when the victim dies. It can be cured through surgical removal, but when the infection is removed, the victim's romantic feelings for their love also disappear.

Octavian woke up curled in a foetal position on his bed, his stomach cramping and his throat feeling like he had swallowed acid. But that was normal for him. With a soft groan he sat up, his head spinning. He felt like he had a fever but he knew that wasn’t it – it was just his Hanahaki disease acting up, which was weird since Michael wasn’t around.

The blond swung his legs over the edge of the bed and put his face in his hands, willing the throbbing pain in his brain to go away. On his bedside table, his phone pinged with the sound of a text-message. Weakly, Octavian reached for it, hoping that it wasn’t Rachel frantically texting him that he was late to the coffee shop. But no – on the screen flashed NEW TEXT MESSAGE FROM MICHAEL.

Octavian shakily opened the text, even though he knew it would just make everything worse. But Michael was his best friend – and the man that Octavian was secretly in love with – so like a man hypnotised, Octavian read the text.

MICHAEL: hi Tav! was thinking we could go clubbing on Friday and try and pick up some hot ppl ;)

Octavian read the text shakily and a wave of nausea washed over him. He jerked to his feet and dropped his phone and stumbled to the bathroom. He fell to his knees painfully by the toilet and coughed. Petals spiralled from his mouth and into the toilet bowl – pink and red. With them came that acidic taste in Octavian’s throat.

He stayed there, shivering and dizzy, for long, stretched out minutes before finally standing up. He brushed his teeth until he couldn’t taste flowers in his mouth again, then he shuffled into his bedroom, like a zombie, to get dressed. A black jumper and black jeans, to keep the chilly morning
air out, even though it was Spring. Then he picked up his phone and typed out quickly, without looking at the screen.

YOU: sure.

His stomach churned and Octavian hurriedly shoved his phone into his pocket and hurried out of his flat. The coldness and freshness of the morning helped to chase away his queasiness. As the blond walked the short ten minute distance to the coffee shop he worked at he had to look away from the flowers blooming in people’s gardens.

Octavian used to love flowers, until he started vomiting them six months ago.

At first it had just been petals, one or two stuck to his tongue, which really confused Octavian. But then he’d have mouthfuls of them, and then full flowers that appeared in his throat and that he had to cough up into a toilet. Then he realised that it was happening only when Michael Kahale was around. It was Rachel who gave him a viable explanation when after Michael visited him at work he had ran to the staff bathroom and got petals everywhere.

“It’s the Hanahaki disease,” Rachel told him one day when she was cleaning coffee cups, “It’s a rare thing: basically when someone is in love with someone and the other person isn’t in love with them back they end up coughing flowers. The only way to stop it is for the love to be reciprocated. Or for you to get surgery.” She cocked her head to the side, “You’re in love with Michael, aren’t you?”

Octavian didn’t want surgery but he knew Michael would never fall in love with him – he decided he could live with this disease...and he had, for six months. But it just kept getting worse and worse, impossible to ignore. And it hurt.

When Octavian got into work Rachel was already bustling behind the counter in her brown barista apron, ginger hair pulled up into a ponytail. The shop was empty since it was still closed.

“Morning, Tav,” Rachel said, then frowned, “You look awfully pale. Is it the...?”

Octavian nodded, slipping behind the counter, “Yeah,” he mumbled, “I...I’ve been thinking about...about the surgery.”

Rachel stared at him in shock, “Octavian.”

“I know,” Octavian reached for a cup shakily, “I don’t...I can’t live like this anymore.”

“You need to tell him,” Rachel hissed, grabbing Octavian’s pale, thin wrist, “You can’t get the surgery! It’ll mean you’ll never be able to fall in love again!”

“It’s better than this,” Octavian said softly.

He had looked in on the surgery – weirdly, it was covered by the NHS which meant Octavian didn’t have to pay for it. He wasn’t a doctor so he didn’t know about the logistics – but he knew that the surgery involved removing something from his heart chamber that would simultaneously stop the disease, and make Octavian unable to love ever again. In that moment Octavian thought that would be way less painful that loving Michael so helplessly and desperately, with the man completely unaware of it.

Rachel sighed, “I’m going to go open up,” she said dejectedly but as she turned to the front door, it opened and none other than Michael strolled in. Octavian’s stomach flipped at the sight of him, so tall and gorgeous and smiling as if he didn’t have a care in the world.
“Hi Rach,” he said. Rachel glanced at Octavian,

“Hi,” she said uncertainly. Michael strolled to the counter and Octavian’s hands curled into fists under the counter.

“Hey Tav,” he said, “You okay? You look pale.”

“I’m fine,” Octavian stuttered, “I...uh...what are you doing here?”

“I came to see you,” Michael said casually, “I’m worried about you, it’s like you’re avoiding me lately.”

“I’m not,” Octavian lied. Michael looked at him for a second but then decided not to push, “So about Friday – I know a really nice gay club, we could find someone for you and-”

Octavian felt the flower forming in his throat, choking him. Without warning he turned on his heel and ran to the staff bathroom and for the second time that morning he coughed a flower up into the bowl – a red rose. He stayed on the floor, gripping the toilet and gasping for air as his stomach churned. Tears sprung to his eyes and the pain was unbearable. He choked on a sob.

“Tav?” Michael’s concerned voice sounded by the door. Octavian squeezed his eyes shut.

“I’m fine,” he lied, and when he opened his eyes the rose was floating on the water below him and Michael was by his side. He pressed his warm, big hand against Octavian’s back and the blond jerked.

“Tav,” Michael whispered, “This is killing you.”

And it stopped. Like a miracle, the pain and the aching and the nausea stopped. Octavian exhaled shakily as Michael’s hand started travelling up and down his back comfortingly – Octavian knew that it was the closeness of Michael that was making the disease quiet down. His eyes welled with tears at the realisation that the pain could go away if they were always like this...but he couldn’t tell that to Michael. His friend was so loyal to him he’d fake loving him if only to make the pain stop and Octavian wouldn’t be able to take it.

“I’m fine,” he lied through gritted teeth.

“I don’t understand who this person is,” Michael’s hand pressed harder against Octavian’s back, “Who you love so much that you’re literally sick.” His hand suddenly felt too warm. Octavian turned his face away and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, feeling like there were bugs crawling in his gut,

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Well, how can you fix it?” Michael asked, “There has to be something we can do-“

“There isn’t,” Octavian stood up shakily, “It’s fine, I’ll be fine.”

Michael’s warm brown eyes were full of worry and he looked up at Octavian from the floor, “Who is it?” he asked helplessly, “Tell me who is it so I can go beat some sense into them.”

Octavian turned to the door abruptly, the thought of confessing to Michael actually making him want to vomit, “Don’t worry,” he said, “Sorry, I have to go work.”

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Michael angrily slammed his laptop shut. He had spent hours researching the Hanahaki disease but this time – like every other time – the only thing he learned was that the only way to cure it is through love, or through surgery. The man flopped back against his bed, thinking.

He couldn’t decide who Octavian could be so in love with. Michael knew him since they were kids and he knew Tav was gay, so it had to be a boy. But the only ‘friends’ Octavian had in his life were Rachel, and Reyna, and Michael. The blond wasn’t really a social person so unless he was keeping a secret love hidden somewhere Michael couldn’t think of who it could be...

He thought about Octavian, alone in his flat, surrounded by petals and crying. The thought made his heart hurt and without realising what he was doing he got his phone out.

YOU: *I'm coming over. Gonna order pizza.*

It only took Octavian a second to respond:

TAVVIE: *fine.*

He had always been blunt and emotionless with his responses but recently it’s gotten more extreme. Michael got ready in the speed of light, shrugging on some sweatpants and a jumper and then he was in his car and driving the short fifteen minute distance to Octavian’s flat.

Octavian opened on the second knock with, “I’ve already ordered pizza.”

He looked incredibly pale and weak, his clothes hanging loosely off his narrow frame. His skin looked like paper, weirdly translucent, and his lips were dry and cracked. There were dark circles under his eyes, which were puffy and red like he had been crying, which he probably was. His hair was a pale blond nest.

Michael pulled him into a hug, “You look like shit,” he breathed. Octavian wriggled free.

“Wow, thanks.”

They entered the flat and Octavian closed the door. Weirdly, he refused to meet Michael’s eyes, “I clogged the toilet with the petals again,” he mumbled and curled up on his couch, facing the TV. Michael stepped out of his shoes and climbed onto the couch next to the blond, who was now scrolling through Netflix.

“I know a plumber.”

“It’s fine, I’ll do it myself.”

“I’ll help.”

“What do you want to watch?”

“I don’t mind,” Michael said, eyes focused on Octavian’s profile. *How do I fix you?* He wondered, taking in the gentle curve of Octavian’s nose, the way his eyelashes cast shadows on his cheeks.

Octavian turned on a random movie, then hugged himself and wriggled to the opposite end of the couch. Michael tried not to show how hurt he was by that; even though Octavian was never touchy-feely he always let Michael hold him and hug him – them cuddling during a movie night was normal. But now, ever since Octavian got sick, it was like there was a wall between them.

“So,” Michael started when they were ten minutes into the movie – one of the Marvel ones, but
Michael wasn’t sure which one exactly, “Are you going to tell me who he is?”

“Michael,” Octavian sighed exasperatedly, “Can’t you just fucking drop it?”

“No. No, I can’t,” Michael said, “And what if we just find you someone else to love? I’m telling you, we’ll go out on Friday and you can look at the other guys at the club, and while we’re at it maybe I can find someone for myself too-“

Octavian lurched to his feet and sprinted for the bathroom, and Michael knew what was happening – he had witnessed it a dozen times already. He paused the movie and followed Octavian, who was slumped against the toilet, pink petals strewn on the floor around him. He coughed violently and flowers spilled from his mouth.

With an aching heart Michael sat down next to him and put a hand on his back, the way he always did, “Hey,” he said softly, and Octavian’s eyes slid partially shut. He let out a sob, and suddenly there were tears spilling down his face. He was crying over some guy and Michael was angry because his Tav didn’t deserve this. He pulled the crying boy into his arms and held him tightly, stroking his back and hair and hugging him so tightly it was probably painful. Not that Octavian seemed to mind – he held onto Michael for dear life, the way he only did a few times in their lives. He choked on a sob.

“Shhh,” Michael murmured, leaning against the wall of the bathroom and dragging Octavian into his lap. The blond buried his face in Michael’s shoulder and took harsh, shallow breaths, “It’s okay, I’ve got you. You’re okay,” Michael murmured, but it wasn’t true; Octavian wasn’t okay.

The blond held onto Michael tighter and the brunet fought the urge to kiss his forehead. Then a weird thought entered his head – what if it’s me? he wondered as Octavian calmed down in his arms, what if Octavian’s in love with me and he won’t tell me? It was a stupid, hopeful thought but it still made Michael’s hard pound. Could his best friend be in love with him?

***

Michael had gone clubbing alone – Octavian felt too sick to go with him. And then he had sent the blond a picture with some girl; she was kissing his cheek and he looked so happy. So now it was five in the morning and Octavian was curled up on the floor of his bathroom, his heated, feverish cheek pressed against the wonderfully cold floor. The toilet was overflowing with flowers, spilling onto the floor, like someone had dumped a whole field in there. Octavian felt empty and hollow and like he couldn’t move.

The decision had been made – the whole night he had coughed and vomited up the flowers and the pain got too much, he was sobbing, his stomach cramping, his body burning with a fever. Now finally things were slowing down, leaving Octavian aching and exhausted. He knew he couldn’t do this anymore, which was why he had called the ambulance. Today he’d have the emergency surgery to remove his ability to love and with it this unbearable pain of loving a man who’d never want him back. All that was left to do was wait for the ambulance to show up.

***

Michael was worried. Really worried. Worried sick, even. He woke up in the morning after a night out and saw that he had sent Octavian a picture with some girl he couldn’t remember – the blond had read the message but didn’t reply and when Michael woke up at nine in the morning there were still no messages from him. Michael texted, then texted him again, and his anxiety was through the roof even though he didn’t know why. It was just a normal Saturday, except something was very fucking wrong.
So Michael called Octavian. He was surprised when the blond picked up on the fifth ring.

“Hello?” his voice was hoarse and raw as if he had spent the night screaming.

“Tavvie,” Michael exhaled with relief, “Are you okay?”

There was a pause on the other side, then Michael heard Octavian take a shaky breath before the boy brokenly whispered, “No.”

“Tav-,” Michael’s heart clenched and he climbed out of bed, panic beginning to crawl up his body.

“I’m doing it, Michael,” Octavian whispered, “I’m having the surgery.”

Michael froze, “WHAT?! he demanded.

“I can’t do this anymore,” Octavian sniffled – he was crying, Michael realised, “Everything’s ready now, I’m going under in ten minutes. After that it won’t hurt anymore...”

“No, Tav, No!” Michael yelled, running to the front door and shoving on his shoes, “Are you at the hospital? I’m coming to get you-“

“N-No,” Octavian’s voice trembled, “No please d-don’t come. I-I can’t have you here. I-I can’t r-ruin everything...”

“Ruin everything?” Michael didn’t understand. He pushed his door opened and exploded onto the staircase, sprinting down. It was a fifteen minute drive to the hospital; he’d have to stall Octavian, “Tav, you’re fine the way you are, don’t hurt yourself like this-“

“I-It’s fine. It’s fine,” Octavian sounded hysterical, scared, and Michael just wanted to rock him in his arms and tell him that everything would be okay, “I’ll get this done and then I w-won’t love you anymore and everything can go back t-to normal and we can be friends again-“

“Love me?!” Michael asked, running for his car, “Octavian, what-“

“Fuck,” the boy whimpered, “Fuck I didn’t m-mean to say that. I-I’m sorry, I-“

He hung up abruptly just as Michael got to his car, “Dammit,” he swore. His heart was pounding, stomach turning. Adrenaline rushed through him and all he knew was that he was right – that Tav loved him and that he was about to destroy that love and-

Michael felt something in his throat. His hand froze halfway to the car door and he coughed, then coughed again, more violently. He doubled over and gasped and coughed, and a single red rose petal floated from his mouth and onto the ground. Michael’s eyes widened in shock and horror.

I’m in love with him, he realised with a blood-chilling feeling.

“No, no, no,” he gasped and ripped his door open, throwing himself into the car. In seconds he was speeding towards the hospital, ignoring the drivers who beeped at him for going too fast. It was like he was in a trance, he couldn’t think about anything but Tav, his Octavian, the boy he loved, who was about to get surgery because he thought Michael didn’t want him.

Michael made it to the hospital in eleven minutes. He burst inside, sprinted past the reception, ignoring the angry receptionist. He followed the signs to the surgery ward and forgot how to breathe. The chemical smell of the place filled his nose and Michael just prayed him wasn’t too late.

He practically crashed into a doctor.
“Young man!” he exclaimed.

“Doctor!” Michael was out of breathe and desperate when he grabbed the man’s shoulders, “Please, my friend came in with the Hanahaki disease to go to surgery a few minutes ago, I have to stop him, I-“

“Mike?”

Michael whirled around, letting go of the shocked doctor who scurried away. Standing behind him was Octavian, pale and wide-eyed, in a green, ugly hospital gown and bare feet. Michael’s heart clenched as he looked over the boy.

“Please tell me you didn’t do it,” he whispered.

Octavian’s expression crumpled and his eyes filled with tears. He looked young and vulnerable when he hugged himself, “I-I couldn’t do it,” he whispered, heartbroken, “I-I love y-you too much, I-“

Michael closed the space between them, gathered Octavian up in his arms and kissed him passionately. The blond gasped, eyes wide, but Michael didn’t let him pull away. He held him close, his perfect little Tav, all safe and whole in his arms. Michael kissed him over and over, desperate and feverish, not caring that they were in the middle of a hospital.

When he pulled away Octavian was flushed and shocked, “Mike...”

“I love you,” Michael blurted, “I should’ve told you before but I wasn’t sure you felt the same and-“

Octavian slapped a hand over his mouth, trembling, “Don’t lie to me,” he whispered, “I know you want to save me, and that’s why I didn’t tell you. B-But don’t lie to me, don’t sacrifice your heart to save mine-“

Michael pried his hand away, reached into his pocket and pulled out the rose petal, “I coughed this up before I got into the car,” he said in a small voice, “when I thought you were going to stop loving me.”

Octavian’s mouth fell open in shock, “M-Michael-“

“I love you,” the man’s arm tightened around the blond, “So say it back and let’s get out of here.”

Octavian took a shaky breath, then another as if he was going to have a panic attack, “I-I love you,” he managed to get out before he did have a panic attack. The doctor took him in for a check up and announced, cheerfully, that although Octavian was anaemic, he did not have the Hanahaki disease anymore.
The seven go out to the city for the night to get drunk and celebrate somebody’s birthday or something. Leo gets up on stage at some bar or club and begins dancing as a joke, but turns out he’s really good at it and a bunch of guys there begin hitting on him. Frank (or whoever you want) gets jealous and takes him back to camp for a “private show”. Leo’s embarrassed but goes along with it. Smut ensues, with bottom Leo please.

For Guest

Frank was drunk, though he could still definitely get drunker. But he was happy; even though the Seven were twenty-one and two now, and weren’t technically ‘The Seven’ anymore, they all lived in Camp Jupiter and somehow they were still best friends, always together. Like right now: it was Percy’s twenty second birthday and they were here, in a strip club, celebrating. If Percy hadn’t asked, Frank would’ve never agreed to come here – and yet now he was drunk, and happy, and enjoying himself.

Percy had rented a booth in the corner with its own little stage that had had four different strippers on it already; one was a grinning red-head girl in leather, the next a pouting blond with angel wings who was very flexible – then came the mixed-race man in a police-man outfit that should’ve looked tacky but didn’t, and finally a pretty Asian girl. The Seven enjoyed their dancing, cheering and throwing money, and the dancers seemed to enjoy the Seven since they weren’t sleazy, overly touchy old men.

Hazel had protested at first, blushing and covering her fact, but when the blond girl came and gave her a personal lap dance she loosened up. That might’ve also been thanks to Annabeth, who was feeding her tequila like it was water. Jason was laughing but awkward at first, until he got drunk. Percy, Leo and Piper were the most relaxed and at-home in the club – they cheered the loudest, drinking to the dancers. Frank was enjoying himself, tossing down whiskey after whiskey, though he had to admit his eyes were more drawn to Leo than to the dancers.

The boy hadn’t changed since they were sixteen – he was still short and skinny but not in an awkward way anymore, more like in a petite, graceful way. He had grown his curls out, so they skinned his jaw now, but his eyes remained youthful and twinkling as he watched the dancing, foot
tapping along with the thunderous music of the club. He was dressed in a black t-shirt, a little loose on him, and bright blue skinny-jeans. He wore sneakers and a leather jacket, like some kind of rock star from the 80s and he looked good. It was something Frank never thought he’d think about the Latino until after the war with Gaia, when he had broken up with Hazel and Leo came to console and live with him at Camp Jupiter. They had gotten close then, but not close enough for Frank’s liking.

Now there were five people between them and Frank’s eyes kept sliding from the Asian dancer to Leo. Finally the stripper left the stage with a wink and moved on to the next ‘private’ stage across the club. Before someone new could take her place, Piper excitedly jumped onto the stage, slipping an arm around the stripper pole. The Seven cheered wildly.

“Go on girl!” Annabeth shouted when Piper playfully wrapped a leg around the pole and spun around. Jason gaped at her like he saw a ghost and the girl reached out and grabbed Leo of all people, dragging him onto the stage.

Hazel squealed and clapped her hands – Annabeth jumped up on to the sofa they were sitting around, wrapped around their table, and lifted her glass. Some loud song was playing, but Frank could barely hear it, only feel the violent vibrations thrumming through the floor.

His eyes were focused only on Leo. Piper was ‘joke’ dancing, laughing, but Leo...Leo was different. He and Piper both had their hands on the pole and Leo was grinning but there was something impossibly sexy about him. He wasn’t wearing skimpy clothes, he wasn’t trying to be hot, and yet he was. When they dropped to the floor together Piper went fast, playful, but Leo went slower, more deliberate. His leg was gently wrapped around the pole and he slid down slowly, sensually, graceful in a way that he wasn’t usually. Frank felt like he had swallowed a mouthful of sand and his eyes were firmly fixated on the boy as he writhed against the pole, thrust his hips forward gently, turned around so his ass was against the pole. The Seven were screaming and cheering and Frank was hard. He was hard over Leo.

Their eyes met suddenly, when Leo looked up at him through his eyelashes. Strands of his hair had escaped the low bun it was in and framed his face, his cheeks were flushed, eyes full of fire.

Frank had to look away. He lifted his whiskey to his mouth and drained the glass, heart pounding and cock throbbing in his trousers. He crossed his legs at the knee to try and hide it, but it was hard when all he could think about was Leo’s delicious ass not on the pole, but in his lap instead, grinding against him. Fuck, fuck, fuck...Frank thought.

“Oh...looks like there’s some on-lookers,” Hazel said, nudging Frank. He looked up and saw, in the next booth over, two guys staring at Piper and Leo despite a stripper dancing suggestively in front of them. Frank’s eyes narrowed and he gritted his teeth when he saw those men stand up – they wore suits and sleazy facial expressions – and walk over to their booth...

They walked right past Piper and stood in front of Leo, who stepped away from the pole. The men blocked the boy out of Frank’s view.

“Hey there, pretty thing,” one of them said.

“What brings you here?” the other added.

The Seven exchanged confused looks and Frank’s hands clenched into fists but Hazel put a hand on his arm to stop him from doing something stupid. He felt like he needed to save Leo – his drunken mind told him that – but in reality he knew that Leo wasn’t in danger. That didn’t stop him from being furiously jealous.
“Sorry, I’m not interested,” Leo said, and Frank barely heard him over the music.

“Oh, come on,” one of the men drawled, “Don’t be like that. Why don’t you put a show for us the way you just did?”

That was it. Frank stood up, jerking his arm out of Hazel’s grip. He sobered up instantly and made his way over to the guys, “Problem?” he growled. The guys turned around. Although they were big and tall, they weren’t as big and tall as Frank, and they were clearly intimidated by the son of Mars who was oozing anger.

“Nah, nah,” one said, “No problem.”

He and his friend scurried away back to their booth, and Leo looked up at Frank. The relief in his eyes was obvious, “Thanks,” he said, “that was awkward,” he smiled sweetly at Frank. He was flushed and gorgeous, the flashing lights of the club painting his face a hundred different colours. Something snapped inside Frank – he grabbed Leo’s hand and pulled him off the stage and then dragged across the club. The Seven shouted after them, but Frank didn’t stop.

“Frank!” Leo protested, but he wasn’t fighting the other man. He let the Asian pull him out of the club and into the cold night and then, without even thinking about it twice, Frank turned into a giant eagle. Leo screamed when Frank grabbed him by the back of his jacket with his talons and lifted him up into the air.

They flew over the brightly-lit New York, the night air nice and cold against Frank’s feathers. In this form the son of Mars didn’t have time to think or cool off because his mind had shrunk and focused only on his primal urges; the first of which was to fuck Leo. By the time they landed in New Rome, outside Frank’s private Praetor cabin, Frank was about ready to lose control.

He changed back into human form and pushed open his front door.

“Frank!” Leo yelled when the son of Mars dragged him inside. He shoved the door closed and then whirled on Leo and oh Gods he was so hot that Frank got hard again within seconds, remembering the way Leo had danced.

“I didn’t know you could do that.”

Leo blinked, flushed from flying and maybe from something else, “Do what?”

“Dance like that.”

Leo went bright red, “I-I was just messing a-about.”

“Well why don’t you mess about and give me a private show?” Frank asked. He didn’t use to be so bold but being praetor for the last six years made him a lot more confident and a lot more sure about what he wanted; and he wanted Leo.

The Latino let out a nervous laugh, “Frank, stop joking -“

“I’m not,” Frank said firmly, and Leo looked at the floor, embarrassed, “I want you to give me a private show.”

“Frank...,” Leo protested weakly. The son of Mars walked backwards and grabbed a chair from his desk. He put it in the middle of the room and sat down.

“Go on,” Frank said.
“I-I...,” Leo swallowed and nervously tucked a curl behind his ear, “I don’t have a pole.”

“It’s fine,” Frank said, throbbing with want, “Just dance. And take your clothes off while you’re at it.”

He thought that maybe he might’ve pushed too far, but for some reason Leo listened to him. He stood in front of Frank, looking to his left, too embarrassed to look at Frank, and pulled his phone out. He played some song that Frank didn’t know but it was similar to the music that had played in the strip club. Frank watched as Leo shyly swayed his hips and unzipped his leather jacket, which was now ripped at the back. It was ridiculously enticing. Frank watched hungrily as Leo slid the jacket off, revealing inch after inch of his tanned skin slowly, as if teasing Frank. He let the jacket to fall to the floor, and then looked at Frank. His eyes were dark, and Frank’s eyes slid down his body. He saw that Leo was semi-hard and that turned him on even more.

Leo came closer, put his hand on Frank’s shoulders and it took everything the son of Mars had not to reach out and touch him. He bit his lip as the Latino slid into his lap, straddling him. He shifted forward so Leo’s amazing ass was pressing down on his crotch. The boy slid his arms around Frank’s neck and started slowly grinding down on Frank in time with the music and Frank had to bite back a groan. Leo grew bolder, dragging his mouth over Frank’s jaw, and biting down on his ear-lobe as he gave Frank the best lap dance of his life. The Asian had no idea where Leo learned how to dance like that but he was too aroused to care.

Suddenly Leo dropped his head to Frank’s shoulder and stopped moving, “I can’t do this,” he whispered, “This is so embarrassing.”

Frank finally let himself touch Leo because it was getting really hard not to. He put his hands on Leo’s hips, slid them down to his ass, pulled him close to him.

“You’re sexy,” he whispered into Leo’s neck, “You’re really, really sexy.”

Leo shivered and he pulled away so he could lean his face in very close to Frank’s. He looked unsure, aroused, embarrassed. His eyes flickered to Frank’s, and he bit his lip, hesitating. Then his arms tightened around Frank’s neck. “Fuck me,” he whispered in the softest, most vulnerable voice.

Frank crashed their mouths together in a heated, desperate kiss. He held Leo close, so every inch of their bodies touched. Frank grabbed Leo’s ass, kneaded it in his hands, and Leo broke the kiss so he could arch his back and moan.

“Gods,” Frank growled, looking at him as he forcefully pushed Leo down onto his cock, “You are so hot.”

“Fuck me,” Leo cradled Frank’s face in his hands and kissed him, whispering feverishly between the kisses, “fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.”

Frank literally ripped his clothes off. Leo got off his lap for long enough so he could shove his shoes off and so Frank could pull his trousers and t-shirt off. They tossed the clothes aside then fell back into each other’s arms again in a heated, sloppy kiss. Frank gripped Leo’s thighs to keep him in his lap when the Latino leaned down to the floor to grab his leather jacket. To Frank’s surprise he pulled a bottle of lube out (Frank didn’t ask questions). The son of Mars watched hungrily as Leo got his fingers wet and then reached behind himself. His shyness was gone and he looked into Frank’s eyes as he pushed his fingers inside himself. He moaned and his hips stuttered but as he grinded down on his own hand it looked like he was dancing again. Frank’s mouth watered.

He only gave Leo approximately three minutes before he grabbed the boy’s hand and pulled his
fingers out of himself.

“Condom?” he asked breathlessly, dizzy with desire. Leo shook his head – his curls were completely free around his face now.

“Don’t want one,” he whispered heatedly, “I want to feel you.”

That in itself was enough to drive Frank absolutely crazy. He wrapped an arm around Leo’s waist and lifted him easily before lowering him back down onto his cock which jutted out of his body. The Latino moaned but his body took Frank easily, like he was made for him. The Asian groaned and buried his face in Leo’s neck, kissing him passionately as his cock was swallowed by Leo’s hot, tight, wet entrance.

Frank thought Leo would need a moment to adjust, but the moment Frank bottomed out inside of him, Leo was already lifting himself up and sliding back down onto Frank’s cock.

“Fuck,” the Asian groaned.

“F-Frank,” Leo whimpered, “Frank...”

He started to bounce in Frank’s lap with the same grace as he danced and heat burned through Frank’s body as if the Latino’s power was coursing through him. He watched Leo, all sweaty and shivering in his lap, and pleasure rushed through him.

“You’re so beautiful,” Frank whispered. Leo giggled, and that giggle changed into a moan when Frank’s cock slammed into his prostate.

“I-I thought I was sexy,” he panted, hips stuttering as he started to ride Frank faster, thighs trembling.

“You’re both,” Frank wrapped both arms around Leo and kissed him all over, his shoulders and neck and chest. Leo tugged on Frank’s hair, moaning loudly in pleasure, drowning out the music still playing from his phone. Leo continued to bounce in Frank’s lap and the Asian felt himself creeping closer and closer to the edge. He couldn’t believe this was actually happening, that he was actually having sex with Leo.

“I-I’m gonna come,” Leo gasped suddenly and before Frank could reply, his thighs tightened around Frank’s and he moaned his name and splattered come all over Frank’s muscular chest.

His hole clenched around Frank’s cock, which twitched and shocked Frank, who orgasmed suddenly and violently, crushing Leo to his chest.

After what seemed like forever, with Leo slumped against Frank, his cock still inside the boy, the Asian finally spoke, his voice hoarse, “Any other secret talents you wanna tell me about?”
Jercy one with alpha/omega dynamics like Jason is an omega but he told nobody about it, and Percy notices it because Jason goes into heat, and them some heavy smut pls for coren

Jason liked being an Alpha. He liked that the other Alphas at Camp never cornered him and sniffed his neck like they did with the Omegas. He liked that somewhere out there he had a mate, unlike the ‘normal’ Demigod Betas. He liked how tall and strong he was but that he could still be friends with other Alphas, especially Percy Jackson. Percy Jackson was very, very important to Jason and the blond liked that they were Alphas together...

Except Jason wasn’t an Alpha, and nobody knew that. In fact at the age of sixteen he had presented as an...Omega. It was his worst nightmare. In his mind Omegas were weaker, even though he hated to admit it (after all some of his best friends, Hazel and Leo, were Omegas and were plenty strong) and submissive. Jason was not submissive, he also wasn’t small and cute and short like most Omegas – he looked like an Alpha, and maybe that’s why nobody ever questioned his claims. But the heat that had hit him at sixteen, the agonizing pain, the slick between his thighs, were enough to assure him that yes, in fact he was an Omega. It terrified him.

He never meant to lie to his friends, but somewhere along the way Percy had presented as an Alpha, and then Frank, and then Annabeth, and they all just assumed Jason was one of them. The suppressants he took helped mask the sweet scent of Omega on his skin and somehow he stuck with being an ‘Alpha.’ And it worked; he went through his heats alone in the Zeus cabin, biting the covers and screaming into his pillows as he uselessly fucked himself on his fingers, clouded mind able to think only about an Alpha ramming a cock inside him. When he got older and the heats got more intense Jason took more suppressants, he bought dildos and vibrators and other toys that somehow were never enough. His heats left him weak and ill and yet he maintained that he was an Alpha.

Because being an Alpha meant being at Percy’s side. And Jason loved being at Percy’s side, even before they presented. He always found Percy funny, charming and kind but also brave, strong and somewhat intimidating. Then when he presented he began to subconsciously crave the other boy – at first the thoughts manifested themselves only during his heats, when for hours he’d push a toy inside himself, sobbing and imagining that Percy was the one fucking him. Then that also changed and Jason fantasised about Percy mating him practically every time he saw the boy...no, not just mating. He wanted Percy to love him, to care for him, to be his Alpha.

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Percy swung his sword and Jason parried it, their blades crashing together. Percy grinned, flipping his sweaty hair out of his eyes as Jason faced him, more serious, his eyebrows drawn. Beads of
sweat glistened on his forehead despite the fact that it was early evening and the air had cooled.

Percy swung again, muscles aching from practice – they were at it for hours. Jason lifted his sword, but the movement was weirdly sluggish, so Percy’s wooden blade skimmed his arm. The two reeled away from each other.

“Come on, you can do better!” Percy teased, and then stopped. Jason looked...unwell. His cheeks were flushed but the rest of his face was paper-white. There was vague panic in his eyes and he was breathing hard, much harder than he usually did during practice, “Jason?” Percy took a step towards the blond, but Jason stepped back, “What’s wrong?”

“I-I,” Jason stuttered, then sucked in a hungry gulp of air, “I, uh, don’t feel w-well. I’m g-gonna-,” he made as if to leave the training pit but he stumbled, dropping his sword. He swayed on his feet as if dizzy, even though moments ago he had been fine. Percy was by his side in seconds, looping his arm around Jason’s waist.

Something struck him then, a smell. Jason was nestled into his side, almost the same height as Percy, and he smelled as nice as always – cologne and his citrusy shampoo, and caramel and warmth. But underneath all that there was a new, different smell, faint, but noticeable, sickly sweet...

With a surprising whimper Jason jerked himself out of Percy’s grip as if touching him hurt and stumbled for the exit, before dashing into the night, making for the cabin. Percy stayed in the training pit, shocked, before his brain finally registered what that familiar sweet scent had been. His inner wolf started pacing, demanding Percy to move, and so the Alpha did. He threw himself after his best friend, running fast through the fields, heading for the cabins.

Jason hadn’t locked the door to the Zeus cabin and Percy threw it open, barrelling inside. By then his wolf was growling, wanting, demanding. The cabin itself was filled more with the overpowering sweet scent and when Percy slammed the door shut it seemed to assault him from all directions, making his skin prickle and his cock grow hard in his trousers. He turned his eyes onto the bed and there he saw Jason, curled up on himself, shaking and sweating and whimpering.

Mine, Percy’s wolf hissed in a possessive way it never had before. Percy stumbled back and fought to regain control over his body even though he knew what was happening and his wolf wanted him to claim desperately.

“Jason,” he said, sticking to the shadows. The blond tensed but his eyes remained squeezed shut, “you told me you were an Alpha.”

“P-Percy,” Jason whined, his hands curling into the covers as if he needed something to hold onto. Percy licked his suddenly dry lips and stepped to the bed, fighting the urge to pounce.

“You’re in heat, aren’t you?” he forced his voice to soften – he had dealt with some Omegas before in their heats, and knew they needed care and affection. And, more than ever before, Percy wanted to give that care of affection. The this-is-a-bad-idea part of his brain shut down as he slowly approached the bed as if cornering a scared animal – he forgot Jason was his best friend, and that he was supposed to be an Alpha, and that Percy shouldn’t be here. All he could think about was how vulnerable and in pain the now-Omega looked, shaking on the bed. And yet he wasn’t cowering, or crying, or trying to scramble away; he was allowing Percy to approach.

Percy imagined that right now Jason must be feeling overwhelmed and scared and embarrassed. He hadn’t prepared a nest for himself so his heat must’ve got him by surprise. Doing his best to adjust to the alluring scent of his friend, Percy circled the cabin. He picked up pillows and blankets and covers and brought them all over to the bed. Careful not to touch Jason, who was now squirming as if in
pain. Percy rearranged all the things he gathered to create makeshift walls around Jason. His wolf wanted him to do it, to ensure the Omega was properly taken care of. *Mine*, it growled again.

As Percy was pulling back from creating the nest Jason’s hand suddenly shot out and grabbed Percy’s. The Alpha blinked, breath catching in his throat and Jason dragged him in so he could cradle Percy’s hand to his flushed cheek. His skin was feverishly hot and clammy when he nuzzled Percy’s palm, before suddenly taking two of the Alpha’s fingers into his mouth and sucking. Percy throbbed in his pants and swore silently.

“Jason,” he whispered, a warning, a promise. Jason released his hand with a pained whimper. Percy was in full caring-Alpha mode and somehow he knew exactly what to do; he ran his fingers through Jason’s damp locks and that seemed to calm the Omega down, “Shhhh,” Percy murmured gently, heart pounding, “calm down, I’ve got you.”

And he *did* have him. Percy carefully climbed onto the bed, settling between the blond’s legs. He was careful with his touches to make sure he didn’t lose control that he felt was slowly slipping. He licked his lips and gently pushed on Jason’s shoulder so the Omega rolled onto his back. His t-shirt was soaked with sweat from training and there was a bulge in his trousers that looked painful. *Finally* he opened his eyes; they were dark and full of hunger and lust.

“Percy,” he rasped, “please.”

*Don’t lose it,* Percy told himself, but it was hard, especially when Jason looped his legs over Percy’s thighs, arching up against him with a dirty, arousing moan. Percy’s hand shot out by itself, pushing at Jason’s t-shirt and shoving it up to the boy’s collarbone, revealing his tanned, muscled stomach. Eagerly Percy touched the Omega’s hot skin and the more he did, the more desperate he felt. His other hand undid the buttons on Jason’s jeans and with some difficulty and patience Percy couldn’t spare in that moment, he managed to get the blond’s clothes off. Now the Omega laid underneath him bare, wet, hard and moaning.

It was all getting too much. *Mine.*

“Tell me you want this,” Percy whispered and Jason looked at him, eyes unfocused due to the intensity of his heat. He couldn’t seem to be able to remain still, squirming against Percy, rubbing his ass against the Alpha’s cock. *Take him,* Percy’s wolf demanded, *he’s yours.* But Percy was adamant about getting some form of consent, “Tell me you want it to be me.”

“Y-Yes,” Jason managed to get out, all breathy and high-pitched. He was a mess the way Percy had never seen him; before this he would’ve never thought to question Jason being an Alpha but now he didn’t understand how he could’ve thought the blond was anything but an Omega. He was absolutely breathtaking, writhing against the bed, all flushed and naked and giving himself up to Percy, “I-I want you, Percy. *Only* you.”

The words were like music to Percy’s ears. He leaned over the blond and kissed him hungrily. It was their first kiss and it was wet and passionate. Jason’s fingers wove themselves in Percy’s hair and he pulled the Alpha impossibly close, his legs tightening around the Alpha’s waist as he grinded up against him. He was hot, enticing, aroused and Percy wanted to take care of him and simultaneously give him anything and everything he needed. He had never felt like that before about an Omega, or anyone else for the matter.

Suddenly he found that with a shocking desperation he wanted to taste Jason everywhere. His tongue explored the blond’s eager, open mouth but soon Percy found himself travelling lower. It was like he was on auto-pilot, simply doing what his inner wolf wanted him to. He kissed down Jason’s neck, eliciting a delicious moan from the blond’s now-swollen mouth, and left a pathway of hiccups and
bruises on the son of Jupiter’s skin. Next was his chest; Percy sucked his nipples into his mouth and teased them with his teeth and tongue until Jason was gasping for air and whimpering his name helplessly. Next came another pathway of marks down Jason’s stomach and his hipbones. Percy gave his hard, leaking cock one long lick that made the blond’s prick twitch and then the Alpha was pushing Jason’s legs over his shoulders and delving beneath his thighs.

Jason’s hole was clenching around nothing as if begging for a cock; his inner thighs were wet and glistening with slick, as was the blanket underneath the Omega. When Percy experimentally pressed the tip of his finger against the blond’s hole it sank in effortlessly, surrounded by tight, pulsing heat. Moments later the fingers was replaced by Percy’s tongue.

“Oh Gods-“ Jason choked out as Percy licked into him. The smell there was the most intense, the smell of Omega and Jason that was making Percy lose his mind piece by piece. He held Jason’s trembling thighs with his hands as he thrust his tongue in and out of the Omega, slowly at first, then faster, until Jason was sobbing, “P-Percy...Percy, f-fuck...nghh, I-I...

He couldn’t form a coherent sentence and Percy couldn’t blame him. If he was feeling so good he could barely breath he could only imagine what Jason was feeling in the height of his heat.

“You smell so good,” Percy said hoarsely, “and you taste even better.”

His saliva mixed with the slick gushing out of Jason as he pulled back, wiping his chin. He quickly pulled his t-shirt over his own head, the fabric restricting, and then shrugged off his trousers. His cock sprung free, hard and aching.

Jason’s eyes widened when he saw it, and then he was reaching for Percy, “Yes,” he hissed, “Y-Yes, please, Alpha-“

It was the ‘Alpha’ that officially killed Percy’s self-control. He pounced on Jason like a predator, crushing him to the mattress and crashing their mouths in a heated, dizzying kiss as he somehow found the blond’s hole on instinct. He shoved his erection into the Omega in one, swift go and the boy’s body just took him as if Percy was supposed to be inside Jason.

The Omega cried out and threw his head against the covers as his cock twitched against his stomach and he came for the first time. He was like a piece of art. Mine, Percy’s wolf howled, content that he was inside Jason.

“P-Percy,” Jason keened. Percy gripped his hips and started thrusting, immediately establishing a fast, brutal pace that made his head spin and a low, constant growl come from his throat. In seconds he had Jason sobbing again, hands scrambling against the pillows and covers, toes curling. He looked like he was in complete ecstasy, head thrown back, mouth open to let out incoherent moans.

“Good boy,” Percy growled, fucking the blond into the mattress until Jason could’ve even move anymore, his thrusts violent and precise as they slammed into Jason’s core, “My pretty little Omega. Mine.”

“Yours,” Jason sobbed, “Y-Yours, Percy, only yours. Please, a-ah! P-Percy, m-make me yours-”

Percy couldn’t deny him. He started thrusting faster, more desperately, before he buried his face in Jason’s neck and did what he had subconsciously wanted to do for months – he sank his teeth deep into Jason’s neck, claiming him as his mate. Jason howled, back arching off the bed beautifully, come shooting out of his cock and painting Percy’s chest white. The feeling of the Omega’s wet, hot walls clamping down around Percy’s erection was enough to send the Alpha over the edge.
But it wasn’t over. As waves of pleasure washed over Percy he felt his knot forming at the base of his cock, then pushing down his length and into a moaning Jason, connecting them. The blond wrapped his arms around Percy’s shoulders and clung onto him, feverishly whispering Percy and Alpha into his ear as Percy rode his orgasm, hips stuttering against Jason.

Finally the blinding pleasure subsided, replaced by a more gentle, content kind of bliss. Percy peeled himself away from Jason as much as the knot allowed – the blond looked half passed out so the Alpha re-arranged them carefully in their love-bed. He laid them on their sides, Jason’s back flush against Percy’s chest, the Alpha’s knot still inside the Omega.

This is all I want, Percy thought with dizzying conviction, wrapping an arm around Jason’s waist and nuzzling the back of his head, kissing his damp hair lovingly.

“You should’ve told me,” he whispered.

“I was scared,” Jason said in a small voice that automatically made Percy protective, “That you...that you’d think of me differently...”

“Of course I’d think of you differently,” Percy scoffed and when Jason tensed he dropped a kiss on his shoulder, “All this time I was thinking there was something wrong with me for being attracted to another Alpha and it turns out you were my mate all along...”

“Mate?” Jason whispered.

“Yeah,” Percy’s arm tightened around his waist, “Yeah, you’re mine. And I want you. Forever.”

Jason twisted in Percy’s arms as much as the knot allowed him too – his face was full of shock and awe and Percy kissed the gasp off his lips. The blond melted against him and kissed back.

When he pulled away his face was red, “I-I need to go again,” he said. Percy nodded, already excited at the prospect, his cock hardening inside Jason.

“Anything you need.”
When the Letter's Done and Signed

A one shot of where Jason dies in war and Nico writes him a letter. Possibly set in WW2 for Arya

11th March 1943


Dear Jason,

It's cold without you. The bed is too big. I know we always complain that it is too narrow but now that you're gone, it feels too big. I curl up in the centre all by myself and hug your pillow. It doesn't smell like you anymore, it stopped smelling like you weeks ago.

I don't want to be sad and make you miserable. It's alright here, in London. The bombings are bad but the Levesque’s have an Anderson shelter set up in their garden and they let me go in with them whenever there’s an air raid. I help out during the day with moving all the debris from the bombed areas. I don’t like looking at the bodies, they always look so peaceful, even though the people died horrible deaths.

I’m being inconsiderate – your witness death everyday on the front lines. I want you to know I’m proud of you, no matter what you have to do, because you’re protecting the country, and you’re protecting me. Two more years and I’ll join too, and maybe we’ll be in the same regiment. I think that’d be nice, though living with you without being able to kiss you would be agony.

The war is going to end soon, I know it, and you’ll come back to me. I can’t wait to see you. I can’t wait to kiss you. I love you so much that sometimes my heart can’t take it.

Yours for always,

Nico.

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Nico remembered that day like it was yesterday, and maybe it had been. Or last week, or the week before that. It couldn’t have been long because he still remembered the smiling face of his lover, his boy, his sweetheart, imprinted into his mind.

When Jason Grace first told Nico di Angelo, on a rainy spring morning in 1943, that he was going to the army to fight the Nazis, Nico cried. He cried and cried and shouted, screaming at Jason that he didn’t really love him, that he was leaving him. He had gotten hysterical and in such a state he had to use his inhaler. Their little flat was cold because they couldn’t afford to heat it but Jason’s arms were plenty warm when he pulled Nico into them, shushing him and lovingly stroking his hair.
“I love you. I love you, that’s why I’m going,” he repeated, but to Nico it didn’t feel like love. It felt like abandonment. Jason was eighteen, but Nico was only sixteen and Italian; he had no way of following Jason into the army, which was exactly what the older boy wanted to avoid.

They had met when they were very young children because their mothers were friends. They lived in a rundown part of London and were always on the brink of poverty as England crept out of the post-World War I depression. But Nico didn’t remember the poverty – he remembered his mother, and his sister, both gone now, taken by disease. He remembered Jason, always smiling, his hair always cut unevenly, wearing too-small shoes with scraped knees. Jason was a novelty to Nico – all the other kids didn’t like him because he was Italian and because he was quiet. Jason loved him from the start, to him a trip to the river or a game of hide and seek wasn’t complete without the little, asthmatic di Angelo boy by his side.

They both started working when they were twelve – Jason at an ice-cream parlour, Nico as a newspaper boy. Jason used to visit Nico during his shifts and bring him ice-cream that would almost always melt by the time he got to Nico, dripping all over his hand. It was the thought that counted though.

When Nico’s mother and sister passed of typhus, Jason’s mother took him in. By then Jason was fourteen, but looked older, and was a handsome lad. He dragged Nico to dancing with him so the Italian could grumpily watch the pretty girls twirl with his friend. They drank. They danced. Jason’s mother fretted when they came home late into the night. Then the war broke out.

Jason’s mother wanted to have the boys evacuated to the countryside, but Jason was too old and Nico refused to part from him. When Jason’s mother put him on the train out of London once, Jason had ran after it. Nico jumped out of it at the next station and ran back home. The two of them collided mid-way, somewhere in a field, at sunset. Jason was fifteen, Nico thirteen. Somehow their desperate hugging, mixed with sobbing and promises of not letting go, turned into feverish, clumsy kisses. Nico remembered that field – the feel of the grass on his skin when he and Jason laid down in it under the cover of night. They just kissed and kissed for hours. The bombers flew overhead, on their way to London, but Nico felt safe in Jason’s arms. The boy made his heart pound the way nobody ever had before.

Two weeks later Jason’s mother died in a bombing – she hadn’t had time to get to a shelter. Jason was devastated, shocked. Nico was heartbroken. They found comfort in each other’s arms and waited to be separated, but in a bomb-torn London nobody cared about two more orphans. So they kept the flat.

And then, when Jason turned eighteen, he told Nico he was leaving and that felt like a betrayal. Their goodbye had been stiff and awkward, at the train station where dolls came to see off their soldier men. Nico was envious of them, of the fact that they could kiss and hug their lovers freely while he had to settle for a stiff, hurried hug. As Jason clambered into the train, looking dashing in his uniform, Nico wanted to scream at him to stay, he wanted to scream that he loved Jason, but they were two men, and that was unacceptable.

Since that day Nico always regretted not running after the train as it pulled out of the station, the way Jason had once ran after him.

Nico remembered it like it was yesterday. He sat by his desk now and the rest of the room seemed not to exist. With shaking hands he lifted a pen and pressed it to the notepad. The room smelled of paper. He liked that smell. He remembered it filling his nose whenever he’d get a letter from the front lines – he’d always press it to his face to ensure it was real.

As he wrote, slow and unsteady, Jason’s face floated in his mind – handsome, chiselled, his blue
eyes full of warmth and bravery, his mouth stretched into a kind smile. Nico’s heart twisted at the memory of him – oh, how he missed his sweetheart. He couldn’t wait for the war to be over so he could see him again...

A knock sounded on the door and with difficulty Nico turned in his chair. The nice, pretty nurse was in his doorway. He couldn’t remember her name. She smiled at him.

“Mr di Angelo?” she asked.

“Yes?” the old man croaked. Was it Selena? Sarena?...

“Are you ready for your dinner to be served?” the nurse asked. Nico blinked. Dinner? Since when did he get served dinner...He swallowed.

“I...uh...where am I?” he asked, confused all of a sudden. He squeezed his pen and looked around but the room was unfamiliar. Moments ago he had been with Jason in their flat, and the blond had held him, and told him he was leaving.

The nurse smiled kindly, apologetically, “The nursing home, Mr di Angelo,” she said slowly, as if he was stupid and couldn’t understand, “In New York? Is it the dementia again?”

“D-Dementia?” Nico didn’t understand. He looked at the letter he wrote. His handwriting was scratchy and jerky. His hands were wrinkled and splotched with dark marks. Oh. Yes. The war was over, “Where’s Jason?” Nico asked. Jason would answer his questions, reassure him.

The nurse approached him cautiously as if afraid he’d run away, “Mr di Angelo, we already went through this,” her voice was tight now, though still kind, “Mr Jason isn’t here.”

“Well where is he?” Nico demanded, and when he tried to stand his bones ached, “Where’s my Jason?”

The nurse looked away, “Mr di Angelo he died. In 1944, in Normandy.”

“I-He died?” Nico whispered, and somehow that didn’t seem right. He had just read his letter, hadn’t he? He remembered the words...Nico, I love you. The thought of you makes these trenches bearable...he remembered all of his letters, even if he didn’t remember where he was, or what he had for lunch.

“Mr di Angelo this was over seventy years ago,” the nurse said pitifully, and stood by Nico. Her expression was full of pain when she looked at his newly-written letter, “We have told you before that the address of these letters is incorrect – there is nobody stationed on Omaha beach anymore.”

“Y-You’re wrong,” Nico was shaking, “You’re wrong, he’s still there or he’d come home. He’d come home to me, by now....” what she said made no sense. How could Jason be dead? How could time have passed without Nico knowing...?

“Mr di Angelo, please,” the nurse said softly, “Dinner will be cold, why don’t you come down and eat with the other patients. Mrs Chase is feeling well enough today, maybe you’ll play cards with her?”

Nico didn’t want to play cards, and he didn’t want Mrs Chase, whoever she was. He wanted Jason. His beautiful, smiling Jason. Tears welled up in his eyes and suddenly he felt as if he had picked at a scab – pain flooded him, familiar and old and dulled. The pain he carried with him for God knows how long.
“I want to send my letter,” Nico whispered.

The nurse nodded hurriedly, “No problem, Mr di Angelo. I’ll put it in an envelope for you and I’ll mail it to...to J-Jason.”

Nico swallowed, “Thankyou,” he passed her the piece of paper and pushed his pain down. It would be fine. He would be fine. He would see Jason soon. He’d get a cheerful letter from the front line soon. He stood up and picked up his cane and the nurse helped him out of the room.

Later she took his letter out of his pocket and threw it in the bin, the same way that she had done with hundreds of letters over the years, all addressed to Omaha Beach, Normandy, France, to a Jason Grace that had most likely been buried in an unmarked grave with hundreds of other soldiers killed during WWII. And here, half a world away, was the love of his life, waking up each day having forgotten that his sweetheart was never coming back to him.

How heartbreaking.

“What is it this time?” he asked.

“Some new kid,” Conor blurted, practically vibrating with excitement, “and he’s...he’s...,” he made a vague gesture that Luke didn’t understand or care about. With another deep sigh he pushed past the other boy and out of the cabin.

Outside the Big House there was a loose ring of Demigods, surrounding who Luke assumed was a the new kid. He wasn’t excited or surprise – there was at least one new Demigod each week and they all ended up, at least for a short while, in the Hermes cabin, meaning Luke was forced to welcome each and every single one of them.

Now he casually sauntered over to the group and the Demigods parted, letting him through. The new kid stood in the centre, looking lost. He was young, about twelve years old, with dark hair and big, sea-green eyes. He was dressed in a baggy blue hoodie, a sword at his side.

“Hi,” Luke said, and the boy’s eyes slid to him, though they remained unfocused. The boy licked his lips nervously.

“Hi,” he squeaked, “I...um...who are you?”

“My name is Luke,” the blond said, studying the younger boy, “I’m the Head Councillor of Cabin eleven where you’ll be staying for the time being. And you are...?”

“Percy,” the boy said, “Percy Jackson.”

His eyes were focused somewhere over Luke’s shoulder and at first the blond thought it was because the boy was shy and nervous, but then he suddenly understood that the boy was, in fact, blind. Some little part of Luke’s heart, who he had thought was almost frozen over by his plans to betray the Gods, melted a little.

“Alright Percy, has your Godly parent claimed you?”

The boy was pale and only then Luke noticed that his clothes were splattered with blood; the twelve year old looked shaken and scared and normally Luke wouldn’t care because he had to deal with
scared Demigods confused about their new lives all the time, but there was something different about this one...

“No,” Percy said in a small voice, “My mother...she...I need to know she’s safe...”

“Don’t worry, we’ll check up on her,” Luke said, though looking at Percy’s state he wasn’t sure if his mother would even be okay, “What happened to you?”

“I fought a monster...”

“A minotaur,” Charles Beckendorf, standing close by, shook his head, “The kid was brave man, took it down all by himself.”

Luke looked at the boy – he couldn’t imagine him fighting a monster since he was so small and scrawny, but he was also blind, which made it extra hard to believe he hadn’t just been killed like many good, Demigod fighters had been, “Well you must be tired,” Luke said carefully. Demigods started to walk off, the sensation of a blind Demigod appearing wearing off. Beckendorf gave Luke a puzzled look, as if confused by the softness of his voice, “I’ll take you to the Hermes cabin until your Godly parent claims you.”

“Why...Why the Hermes cabin? Who id Hermes?” Percy asked. His eyes kept flitting around as if they couldn’t focus on one thing.

“God of a bunch of things: thieves, travellers, the messenger of the Gods,” Luke said, and then, with a little bitterness, “My father.”

“Oh,” Percy smiled a little smile, “Must be nice to have a dad.”


The blond turned on his heel and made for Cabin 11, but after a few steps he stopped and turned around. Percy hadn’t moved, he stood where Luke left him, biting his lip in anxiety and twisting his hand.

“You need me to hold your hand, kid?” Luke asked, only partially teasing.

“No, thanks,” Percy said dryly, then shoved his hands into his pockets, “Just talk, I’ll follow your voice.”

Luke turned, smirking to himself, and started to walk, talking, “So there’s thirteen cabins at camp and each one is for a different Godly parent. A few are empty – the Hera cabin is honorary, and there’s nobody in the Zeus, Hades or Poseidon cabin because in the 40s they made a pact not to have any kids because they’re too powerful. Hitler was a son of Hades-“

Luke froze, the words dying in his mouth when he felt a small hand slip into his. When he looked down he saw the young boy, face red, eyes focused somewhere ahead of him, jaw tight as if he was clenching his teeth. Luke fought the urge to ruffle his hair and couldn’t stop a smile from blooming on his face.

“Keep talking,” Percy mumbled.

Luke walked, pulling Percy to the Hermes cabin. The boy’s hand was small and soft in his, “The Hermes cabin has the most kids but most of them are temporary – let’s hope your Godly parent claims you soon.”
“What if I’m a son of Hermes?” Percy asked.

“You’re not,” Luke said, “At least I don’t think you are.”

“Which means I could be,” there was a small smile on Percy’s lips.

Luke looked at him – he knew there was a kid that was going to show up in Camp that Kronos wanted – that Kronos wanted dead – but this little, shy, cheeky twelve year old who couldn’t see wasn’t him. At least Luke hoped he wasn’t.

***

This is bad, Luke thought.

Kronos’ command had been clear – Percy Jackson was going to jeopardise their plan to destroy the Gods, and he had to be destroyed. Luke had to destroy him. He had to murder a twelve year old.

Not just any twelve year old. Percy had only been at camp for a week but he won everybody’s hearts – including Luke’s, which the blond found hard to admit. The boy was charming and funny and Luke liked how depended he was on him. Sure, Luke had to win his trust in order for his mission to succeed, but the way the boy looked up to him was still heart-warming. At this was bad, because it made Luke hesitant to kill him. Very, very hesitant.

He ran through the woods now, heart pumping blood around his body too fast, light-headed from adrenaline, Backbiter in his hand. He could hear echoes of the cheerful voices of other Demigods as they dashed through the forest, playing capture the flag. But tonight wouldn’t be just a normal game night, because Luke had fucked up.

One monster. He had let through one monster, one Hellhound. That was all Kronos wanted, and he thought it’d be enough to kill one young, blind Demigod, regardless if he was the son of Poseidon or not. Now Percy was out here somewhere in this forest, already afraid because he was alone and relying on his remaining senses, not his sight, and Luke had sent a monster his way. He was regretting it.

In that moment Luke wasn’t thinking about how Kronos would react and how he’d punish him – all he cared about was saving Percy. He’d figure out how to stop him from finding Zeus’ master bolt later.

The sound of fighting reached Luke suddenly; growling and gasping and the swishing of a sword. The son of Hermes ran towards the sound, fingers clenched on Backbiter. He broke through the trees and froze.

He had found the right place – the huge, devilish Hellhound was just rearing back, a dozen cuts on its body oozing black blood, eyes flaming. Its jaws were open, huge, and Percy looked tiny in front of it. And yet he stood his ground – he held his own sword, Riptide, in both hands, and although he was flushed and breathing hard and his eyes were hurriedly, panicky, flitting around, he stood his ground.

The Hellhound roared and Luke snapped into action.

“Get back!” he yelled and Percy stumbled. The blond slashed his sword, taking the Hellhound by surprise. His blade ripped through the monster and it disintegrated into dust instantly. The second it was gone, he turned to Percy.

The boy was standing there, gasping for air, “L-Luke?” he asked, eyes unfocused.
“Yeah,” Luke breathed, the weight of what he just did weighing down on him, “Yeah, it’s me.”

The young boy barrelled himself into Luke, slamming into him. He barely reached Luke’s collarbone but his hug was fierce. The fifteen-year old suddenly felt protective over the son of Poseidon. Slowly, tentatively, he wrapped his arms around the boy.

“I was so scared,” Percy whispered, voice muffled by Luke’s chest. The blond’s heart twisted. *I did this,* he thought helplessly. He hugged Percy tighter.

“It’s okay,” he closed his eyes. Suddenly the prospect of facing Kronos wasn’t so bad, not if it meant keeping Percy safe. “It’s okay.” He swallowed and pulled away while that was still possible, “You’re a good fighter, Percy,” he said, “but you can be better. Tomorrow we start training.”

Percy looked up, at Luke’s face, but his eyes didn’t see him. Not that it matter.

*Kronos is going to kill me,* Luke thought.

***

Every day after Percy came back from his quest, Luke saw as a blessing. He was sixteen, Percy was thirteen, and he felt ridiculously protective over the kid. He saw in him potential for greatness, but he saw in him, in a peculiar way, his saviour. Somehow he – one seemingly insignificant Demigod – had gotten Luke to turn on Kronos. He thought he hated the Demigods, Camp Half Blood, the Gods. But he was willing to tolerate them, to accept them, if it meant keeping Percy safe.

He had gone away to the sea of monsters with Annabeth and Grover, and not with Luke, which meant that the blond was plagued with days of worrying. But now months had passed and it was summer, and Percy was back in camp. He was a little older, a little taller, but still a child that Luke desperately wanted to protect.

Which was why they were doing this.

“Higher!” Luke yelled, bringing down his wooden, blunt sword. At the last second Percy lifted his own weapon and parried the stroke. His eyes were half-lidded and he was breathing hard from exertion, “Good,” Luke wiped his brow, “But you can do better.”

“I can’t see,” Percy said, frustrated.

“I know,” Luke said, “That’s why you have to try extra hard. You’ve fought monsters, you survived a sea full of them. Just concentrate; focus on the noises your enemy is making.”

Without warning Percy threw himself forward, undoubtedly listening to Luke’s advice. The blond took a step back as Percy slashed with his sword with a warrior-like cry. The blond stepped aside, Percy stumbled over a rock, and the son of Hermes caught him by the back of his hood to stop him from falling.

“Do better,” he said.

Frustrated Percy wrestled himself out of Luke’s grip and threw his sword to the floor, “It’s useless,” he said, and Luke was shocked to find tears in Percy’s eyes. He never saw the boy cry even in dire, deadly situations. A part of Luke wanted to hug Percy and tell the kid it was going to be okay, but he didn’t know how – Luke wasn’t an affectionate person.

“This is pointless,” Percy said.
“Your quest isn’t over yet, we need to beat the Titans somehow,” Luke shuddered just thinking about that, thinking about Kronos and the hold he had over him only a year before. He was glad Percy couldn’t see him like this.

Percy bit his lip and crossed his arms over his chest, seemingly trying to decide if it was worth it. Eventually he puffed out his cheeks, scooped up his sword and turned to Luke, “Okay. Let’s try again.”

***

You have failed me, Luke. You have betrayed me, and those who betray me never live long. Come to me, face me like a real man. I will destroy you, you will die a long, painful death, I will make sure of that. I will end Percy Jackson, the boy you so dearly want to protect. You will end up alone, in the depths of Tartarus for your betrayal of the Gods. So come, my child, I will end your misery...

Luke startled awake, gasping for air, heart pounding.

He was in the Big House where he had his own room since the nightmares he was violently plagued with always woke his half-siblings up. So Chiron gave him a little, private room up in the attic where Luke could scream all he wanted as Kronos threatened him with painful deaths. Unfortunately Demigod dreams were rarely just dreams, more like direct connections. Almost every night Kronos was in his head, hissing and whispering and not allowing Luke to sleep. Tonight was the same.

The seventeen year old sat up in bed and rubbed a hand down his face. He was exhausted, and miserable. He hadn’t slept all week. He just wanted the Titans to disappear; he couldn’t believe that once upon a time he had genuinely thought supporting them was the key to his happiness. The blond looked out of the little window by his bed now, at the strawberry fields outside, flooded with moonlight.

A gentle knock sounded on Luke’s door and the blond jerked. He had no idea who would come here so late, but he assumed it was one of his half-siblings, though what they wanted so late at night.


The door opened, revealing the dark mouth of the corridor and Percy Jackson walked in. That surprised Luke – they were friends, close friends, but Luke still didn’t expect him here so late. He wore a spare Camp Half Blood t-shirt, and since his fourteenth birthday he had grown taller and lankier, his hair even messier. He looked sleepy and smiled, his green eyes half open.

“You awake?” he asked.


Percy carefully walked into the room, pushing the door shut and inching across the floor, hands on either side of him to feel out the furniture so he didn’t trip. Luke turned on the bed and stuck his hand out; when Percy was close enough, Luke grabbed his wrist and pulled him close.

“Sorry,” Percy smiled somewhere over Luke’s head, “I just...I had a feeling that you weren’t okay. Is it your nightmares again?”

Luke let go of the younger boy’s wrist, “Don’t worry about me,” he said, though Percy’s presence calmed him, “I’m fine.”

“Okay,” Percy said, and then casually climbed into Luke’s bed. The blond gaped at him but of course Percy didn’t see that. He re-arranged the pillows and settled on his side, curled up by the wall.
He exhaled happily. The son of Hermes shook his head but he wasn’t going to throw him out. Clearly the boy was here because he needed to be.

The son of Hermes laid down on the other side of the bed, trying to tell himself that sharing a bed with a fourteen year old boy wasn’t weird. They laid stiffly for a while in silence and Luke’s brain was over thinking every little thing, preventing him from getting some sleep. His back was to Percy and after what felt like forever he felt the boy shift.


“I’m awake,” Luke reassured him. He turned around so he was on his other side, “I’m facing you.”

Percy reached out as if he didn’t believe him and pressed his hand against Luke’s face. He giggled and pulled it back, “I can’t sleep.”


“Because of the nightmares?”


Percy shrugged, “As weird as it sounds sleeping freaks me out. Like, I can’t see anything when I wake up and it’s...” he shook his head, “It’s unnerving. I’m scared someone might be in the room with me, watching me silently...”

“You watch too many horror movies,” Luke shook his head and reached under his pillow, pulling out an MP3 player, “I have something that might help you relax.” He pulled earphones from the bedside table and plugged it into the MP3. “Can I?” he asked, because he knew from experience that Percy didn’t like being touched without warning.

The boy nodded and Luke carefully slipped an earphone into his ear. Percy smiled and Luke put the other earphone into his own ear. His and Percy’s faces were quite close, but Percy couldn’t see that. Luke studied Percy’s face, his dark eyelashes and the flush on his cheeks, and then put on his favourite song on the smuggled MP3. Soft, gentle music filled their ears and the smile on Percy’s face grew wider. His eyes fluttered shut and he pressed his face into the pillow. Luke lifted his arm, on instinct wanting to wrap an arm around Percy’s waist, but he stopped himself at the last moment. Then the younger boy reached out and ever so gently rested his fist against Luke’s chest, as if to ensure he was really there. They stayed inches apart, connected only by the earphones and Percy’s hand.

Before he even knew what was happening, he fell asleep with Percy’s face imprinted in his mind and music playing in his brain. He didn’t have any other nightmares that night.

***

It was summer again, beautiful and peaceful, but not for long. Unfortunately, Percy was off for another quest. Luke understood why Kronos hated the fifteen year old now; Percy was powerful, and fought despite the fact he couldn’t see. Luke was sure he would destroy the Titans.

But not yet. For now Luke and Percy were up on Half Blood Hill by what used to be Thalia’s tree, having finished their training. Their wooden swords were laying nearby and the two boys were spread out on the grass, looking up at the cloudless blue sky. Well, Luke was looking.

“You know,” Percy broke the comfortable silence they were in, “I don’t actually know what you look like.”
The eighteen year old turned to look at him, stretched out on the grass. By fifteen the boy had really grown into himself though he was still shorter and smaller than Luke.


Percy rolled his eyes. It was interesting that despite the fact he couldn’t see his face was always intensely expressive, “Yes but what do you actually look like.”

“I don’t know,” Luke said, “I’m just...”


Luke rubbed his face, “Ouch. What are you doing?”

“I wanna touch your face,” Percy said innocently, “To figure out what you look like.”

Luke wasn’t so sure that was a good idea but before he could protest Percy touched his face again, this time more gently. He cupped Luke’s cheek and for a second the blond couldn’t breathe. Percy laid his head back down against the grass and smiled, his eyes unfocused. His fingers skimmed over Luke’s cheek, then his jaw. His skin felt soft.


“I’m eighteen.”

The younger boy shifted closer, “I know,” he bit his lip and brushed his knuckles over Luke's forehead, then down his nose. The blond’s eyes fluttered to Percy’s mouth before he guiltily looked away. The son of Poseidon seemed a little lost in his own world as his hands touched the back of Luke’s eyelids, his eyebrows. He ran his fingers through the blond’s hair, then down the scar on his cheek, “Where did you get that?”

The sun was pleasantly warm, the air nice and cool. Luke wanted to stay on the grass forever with Percy touching his face.


“You feel handsome,” Percy said teasingly. Luke rolled his eyes even though Percy couldn’t see.

“There’s no way you can feel that-“

He stopped talking abruptly because Percy’s fingers skimmed his lips. Percy quickly jerked his hand back, face flushing red, “S-Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Luke said. It was more than okay.

***

The Hermes Cabin was having a wild party as the war with the Titans was finally over. After quest and quest and quest, Percy was finally done, and Luke had helped him defeat Kronos himself. There were no more nightmares for him.

Luke had drank; he was nineteen and this was the first time he was actually partying so he got kind of tipsy. The furniture had been removed from the room and the Hermes kids had smuggled in a beer pong table, red solo cups, bottles upon bottles of liquor, bright, colourful lights and a stereo system that blasted music out so loud it made the floor vibrate.
Luke wandered aimlessly around Demigods who patted him on the back and congratulated him the defeat of Kronos, and he congratulated them on their part they played in the battles leading up to the final showdown however in reality what he really wanted was to see Percy. The boy was a star in Camp now and Luke had no idea where to find the boy he had grown to, accidentally, love.

He saw Annabeth, laughing and talking with Grover, and even Thalia was there, but Luke’s eyes desperately sought out Percy.

He finally found him after twenty minutes, hidden in a little alcove in the wall as if trying to hide from the party. He was tense, his eyes flitting in his usual, panicked way. Luke smiled as he approached, happy to see him even if Percy seemed stressed.


“Luke,” his relieved voice was barely audible over the music. The blond came closer and Percy reached out. His hand bumped against Luke’s chest, “I’m so glad you’re here. It’s so loud and overwhelming…”

“It must be,” Luke said and Percy tugged on his t-shirt. Somehow Luke ended up being the fourth wall of the alcove, shielding Percy from the party. The boy seemed more relaxed now, a smile playing on his lips. At sixteen, he was gorgeous and Luke didn’t even feel bad that his heart pounded around the boy anymore.

“You smell like alcohol,” Percy wrinkled his nose, “Have you drank?”


“I hate it,” he whispered, “I want to leave.”

Luke reached out and ruffled his hair, “I’ve got you,” he said, hoping he sounded comforting. Percy shoved himself forward and against Luke’s chest the way he normally did, crushing himself against the blond. Luke smiled and wrapped his arms around the younger boy, stroking his back, “You look nice,” he said, having to lean down and say it directly into Percy’s ear. Maybe he imagined it but he thought Percy shivered.

“T-Thanks,” the boy stuttered, pressing his face into Luke’s shoulder, “You feel nice.”

Luke held him tighter, as if he wanted to hide Percy in his body, “You did good,” he murmured. Percy pulled away and craned his head up to look at Luke; his expression was so open and happy that Luke had trouble keeping his hands to himself and not shouting out a confession.

“I had a good teacher,” Percy said. Luke smiled and pressed his hand to Percy’s cheek – this intimacy was normal since in the past few years Percy started taking comfort in physical touches from Luke.

“Thankyou,” the son of Hermes whispered, and he had to lean in very close for Percy to hear him, “For ending Kronos. He made my life hell.”

Percy smiled and playfully ‘booped’ his forehead against Luke’s, before hesitating and pressing them together properly. The tips of their noses brushed against each others. Somewhere in the back of his head, Luke knew he had to pull away.

“I should be the one thanking you,” Percy said quietly. Luke pressed him against the back wall of the alcove, “You accepted me straight away, despite everything. You made me feel welcome even
though there was so much wrong with me-“


Percy giggled, “Careful or I’ll think you’re flirting with me.”


“Luke...,” he said quietly.

“If you push me away,” a surge of adrenaline suddenly made Luke brave, “I’ll just pretend I did it because of alcohol.”

And then, before Percy could respond, he leaned forward and kissed him. Percy gasped. Luke was supposed to keep the kiss short, but somehow he couldn’t bring himself to end it especially since Percy didn’t push him away. On the contrary, after getting over his shock he started to tentatively kiss back. It made Luke feel light-headed. Percy kept his eyes open throughout the kiss since he couldn’t see anyway, and Luke kept his open too, so he could watch Percy frown as he licked his way into his mouth. It turned passionate, drawn out, wet, and when Percy moaned quietly Luke remembered where they were, and that they shouldn’t do this here.

“Let’s go somewhere else,” he said, pulling away. Percy was flushed and breathing hard and he nodded.

“I’ll follow your voice,” he mumbled, a faint smile on his face. Luke grinned.

“Don’t be an idiot,” he said and took Percy’s hand into his own.
Hey, Lifesaver, I'm Drowning in Despair

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning - includes suicide attempts

Freo modern au where Leo is about to jump off of a building or something and Frank finds him when he goes up there to like water plants or feed birds or something and convinces Leo to wait one week and in that one week Frank has to give Leo 7 reasons to live or else he'll jump.

For Vminscafes

Sunday.

Leo looked down. It seemed far. Really far. The boy exhaled and tried to remember what he read in the internet about jumping off buildings, but it was hard to hear anything over the pounding of his heart and the throbbing of his head. If he went head first it probably wouldn’t hurt, but it somehow he flipped mid-way and landed on his legs...that could hurt quite a bit. But it wasn’t the pain that scared him, it was the knowledge that he might survive this.

He lived on the fourth floor of this eight storey building. At twenty two, he desperately wanted to die. Leo’s life had always been pretty shitty; his mother died in a fire in Mexico when he was young and he was taken in by an aunt who hated him. Sure, he went to college, but there he had little friends since he was openly gay. After that he moved to England, to try and get a job as an engineer, but it was hard and he ended up working at a little mechanics shop. He had no friends, he had no family, all he had was his mediocre job and the dingy little flat downstairs. What was a point in life like that?

He had planned this day for a long time, thought about different options. He didn’t want to buy pills because there was a chance they wouldn’t work, hanging and slitting his wrists was too painful. This way, jumping off a building, would be the easiest and maybe on his way down he’d feel free and happy just for a moment.

With a deep breath Leo stepped up onto the edge of the roof. Below was an alleyway – he wouldn’t fall on top of anybody since it was usually empty. He grabbed a pole to steady himself and swallowed. His vision blurred as he looked down at the pavement below, and he realised he was crying. Above him the sky was grey and crowded with clouds. How fitting, he thought bitterly when the first drops of rain hit the back of his neck.
He stayed there, on the roof, for long, stretched out minutes. He waited to step off, but somehow his body was so tense and frozen that he couldn’t move. It started to drizzle and tears tumbled down Leo’s cheeks silently.

“Ah, fuck,” he heard behind him and that was what finally jerked him into action. He turned around on the roof, heart pounding and saw behind him a man, a basket of wet clothes tucked under his arm, “I wanted to hang my washing up here but of course it fucking rains,” his voice was so casual that it startled Leo. He wasn’t screaming at him to get off the roof, or asking him why he was up there in the first place. He was just holding his washing.

Leo had seen him around before but he didn’t know the man’s name, only that he lived in the same building as Leo. He was tall and muscular and despite his sharp features his dark eyes were kind and his mouth looked soft. He wore a t-shirt and sweatpants and Leo didn’t know why he cared. He couldn’t find his voice, all he could do was stare.

“Leo, right?” the man asked, surprising Leo by even knowing his name, “You live on the fourth floor.”

“How...,” Leo swallowed past the lump in his throat and wiped his cheeks, holding onto the pole. He felt unsteady, “How do you know?”


“Oh,” Leo said. He glanced over his shoulder at the pavement below and his stomach churned suddenly. Feeling nauseous, he looked away. Suddenly the prospect of jumping didn’t feel so welcoming anymore, “Right. Uh. It’s probably not a good idea to hang up your washing now,” he said, looking up at the sky, “Looks like it’ll be pouring soon.”

“Yes,” Frank sighed, looking up at the sky, “We should go inside before we catch a cold.”

There. There it was. The subtle suggestion that was supposed to trick Leo into getting off the roof. Feeling stubborn, the Latino’s hand tightened on the pole, “No,” he said. Frank put down his washing, not caring that rain was dripping all over it. To his credit didn’t try to approach Leo. The Latino was torn between shocking calm and heartbreaking fear, fluctuating between the two like a rollercoaster.

“You want to jump, don’t you?” Frank asked and only then Leo saw the gleam of fear in his eyes. He wanted to confirm, to confidently tell this stranger that yes, in fact, he wanted to die. But the words felt weak in his mouth so he swallowed them back down. Frank looked at Leo, “Please don’t. There are reasons to live.”

“There are reasons to die,” Leo shot back. It felt like he was having a fight with his conscience, because this argument had gone through his head a hundred times in the past two years.

“There are so many reasons to live,” Frank said stubbornly.

“Not for me,” Leo felt a headache coming on. He just wanted to get this over and done with. His heart wanted Frank to go, because Leo was tired, but his brain was screaming at him to let this man stay and talk him out of jumping so he can live another day.

“I’m not going to lie,” Frank shoved his hands into his pockets, “I don’t know what to say. I’ve never...I’ve never been at anyone’s suicide attempt and I don’t know what to say.”

“Just shut up and go,” Leo told him quietly. Frank smiled.
“Nah,” he said, “I don’t think I am. I can’t just let you jump, can I?”

Leo exhaled, “Jesus Christ why does shit like this always happen to me?”

“Hey, c’mon, I didn’t ask for this. Quite frankly I’m scared,” Leo looked up at the other man, surprised. He didn’t want this, he didn’t want to make anyone else feel shitty. This was supposed to be just him, just ending it and not bothering anybody else, “I’m scared you’ll jump and I-,” Frank’s voice cracked, “I don’t want you to. I know we don’t know each other but I don’t want you to die.”

Leo felt his words in his heart, and they hurt. He didn’t think that a complete stranger telling him that he didn’t want Leo to jump would feel like this but suddenly the idea of falling made Leo feel really, really sick.

“Why shouldn’t I jump?” he asked, “Give me a reason.”

Frank blinked, “Uh...uh...wait, I need a moment to think. Err...family, friends, love?” he offered. If Leo had the strength he would’ve rolled his eyes.

“I don’t have any family and friends. Nobody loves me,” he knew how pathetic he sounded but he didn’t care. Frank frowned.

“I need more time to think.”

“There isn’t time,” Leo said, “Just please go, I don’t want you to look at this,” but even as he said it he knew he wouldn’t jump anymore, not tonight. Maybe tomorrow. It started raining a little harder.

“Give me a week,” Frank said with a sudden determination, “The roof isn’t going anywhere. Give me a week to give you seven reasons to stay alive and then, after, if you want to...,” he made a vague hand gesture as if he couldn’t bring himself to say ‘kill yourself,’ “Then I won’t stop you. All I’m asking for is seven days.”

“This isn’t some movie, you’re not going to magically change my mind,” Leo said. Frank crossed his arms over his chest defensively.

“Oh yeah? We’ll see, won’t we?”

Leo bit his lip, mulled over the man’s words, and Frank’s eyes seemed to bore into his, “Your washing’s getting wet again,” Leo said eventually and slowly stepped away from the edge.

**Monday**

Leo spent all day rolled up in a burrito in his bed, looking blankly at the wall. In the morning, where there was half an hour of warm, gentle sunlight on his face, Leo was glad he wasn’t just a splatter on the pavement. Then it started to rain and his loneliness crept up on him, and by the evening he just wanted to disappear again, not that he felt that he existed in the first place.

A knock sounded on his door when night fell and the rain had *pit-pattered* for hours against the windows. Leo had to muster up all his strength to drag himself out of the bed. He was in his pj’s, barefoot when he opened, and found himself face-to-chest with Frank. The man was grinning, two pizza boxes in his hand.

“I should’ve probably asked if you like pizza,” he said. Leo blinked.

“I’m lactose intolerant,” he mumbled. Frank’s eyes widened.
“Really?”

Leo smiled faintly, “No.”

Frank exhaled, “Okay good,” he wriggled past Leo and into his flat, “Because I got two and I can only eat one.”

Leo wanted to ask Frank what did he think he was doing, but that would take too much energy so with a small sigh he closed the door. Frank was perched on his couch, the two pizza boxes open on the coffee table. Leo watched him.

“Is this one of your reasons?” he asked.

“Yes,” Frank said sincerely, “Good food is a reason to stay alive. If you were dead maybe you’d never get to eat well again, ever thought of that.”

Leo looked at him helplessly, “You’re not serious.”

“I’m deadly serious,” Frank said, “Bring some plates. We can watch Netflix. What kind of stuff do you like.”

“Um...,” Leo padded into the kitchen and grabbed two plates, “Dunno, I haven’t watched anything in a while...”

“We could watch Titanic,” Frank offered. Leo sat down on the opposite end of the couch and even though he didn’t feel like eating he took a slice of pizza onto his plate and leaned back.

“I don’t feel like crying today,” he said, taking a little bite. Normally food was tasteless to him but that little bite made a little warmth spread through him as if eating with someone made it more enjoyable...which Leo supposed it did.

“Oh okay, comedy it is,” Frank said. Leo gave him the password to his laptop and the man scrolled through the options as Leo nibbled on his food and watched Frank. He was quite handsome, and seemed happy, which was why Leo didn’t understand why he was wasting his time with the Latino. He didn’t ask though, scared that Frank would leave. He had forgotten how nice it felt to not be alone for once.

Frank put on some random comedy and Leo finished his slice. The man had been right; food was good. The boy settled against the couch, curling his legs underneath him and reached for a second slice. Frank didn’t speak as the movie played, eating his own pizza but for the first time in a long time Leo felt safe and comfortable.

**Tuesday**

“I don’t see what we’re doing here,” Leo said when he found himself sitting on a bench next to Frank. Normally he never went out; outside felt stifling, claustrophobic to him. And yet now he was here with Frank, looking at a park in the spring, flooded in warm light. There were mothers pushing buggies, children running around, runners going for a jog. And Frank and Leo just sat on a bench, sipping on milkshakes.

“This doesn’t count as another reason, y’know,” Leo said, slurping loudly, “drink automatically falls under food. Besides, milkshakes aren’t a good enough reason to stay alive.”

“And Pizza is?” Frank lifted an eyebrow.
“Don’t diss pizza,” Leo grumbled. He and Frank were sitting closer than they had the night before on the couch, their shoulders almost touching.

“But no, the milkshakes are just a bonus,” Frank said, “The second reason why you should stay alive, after pizza, is the weather.”

Leo slumped against the bench and rubbed his forehead, “God, this is dumb.”

“Hey, at least hear me out,” Frank protested, “Don’t you like the feeling of the sun on your skin? The soft breeze?”

“Not enough for it to keep me alive,” Leo grumbled, realising how bad that sounded in full sunshine. He had to admit that it was nice to sit here and smell spring.

“Well if you decide to stay alive we can have nice walks in the autumn, and have a picnic in the summer, and if the lake ices over in the winter we could go ice skating—“

“You’re crazy,” Leo shook his head, “You’re acting like we’d even be friends if you weren’t trying to keep me alive.”

“Dunno, I kind of always wanted to talk to you but I was too intimidated,” Frank admitted. Leo looked at him, shocked.

“I-Intimidated?” he asked, “Of me? You.”

Frank smiled, “I’m quite shy.”

“You don’t seem it,” Leo smiled at him, “You’re...,” he couldn’t find a word for it. Kind didn’t seem to cover it. He turned away, looking thoughtfully at two kids playing Frisbee. He closed his eyes and let the sun dance on his face. Ever so slightly Frank leaned into him, and their shoulders touched. Leo exhaled, and that tiny bit of physical contact made him feel like he was shaken to the core.

He opened his eyes and craned his neck up, looking at the sky. Fat, lazy clouds sauntered over the blue backdrop, looking like the sky of paradise. Leo exhaled and suddenly he felt like he weighed nothing at all. He leaned in Frank’s shoulder.

“I’ll take this reason,” he said, smiling when the breeze brushed against his cheeks, “This weather thing. It’s stupid, but it kind of makes sense.”

“So ice skating in the winter?” Frank teased, but Leo couldn’t imagine winter. It seemed so far away, untouchable. He couldn’t imagine being with Frank for that long either; surely this bizarre relationship they had would last one week, after which Frank would move on with his real life.

“You still have five days left,” Leo said, standing up and throwing his empty milkshake into the bin, “Let’s not think too far ahead.”

Wednesday

Wednesday found Leo laying on the cold floor of his bathroom, feeling numb. He had come here because the coolness of the floor when he pressed his cheek was something he could actually feel, but by now it had warmed due to his body heat and Leo was left feeling like he didn’t exist once more. It was a feeling that accompanied him often and one that was easy to believe when he had nobody asking about him, nobody calling him, nobody at his house. He hadn’t come to work in weeks and at one point his boss just fired him – the co-workers never asked if something happened. Leo hadn’t left his house in forever, and nobody came to check up on him. He had no-one.
Tears welled up in his eyes and he squeezed them shut, turning so his forehead could press against a
colder patch of the floor as he let out a sniffle, hugging himself. He should’ve just jumped because
this misery was agonizing.

A knock sounded on Leo’s door and he squeezed his eyes tighter. *Go away, go away, go away*...he
felt close to death, and although the logical part of his brain knew he couldn’t die from sadness, the
logical part of his brain also wasn’t working properly. Another set of insistent knocks sounded, and
then came the shout.

“Leo open up!” it was Frank, back from work. He worked at a vet’s – Leo found that out yesterday,
in the park. The warmth of that moment seemed far away, unreachable, “Leo! It’s my third day
c’mon!” there was a hint of fear in Frank’s voice almost as if he was scared Leo had committed
suicide when he wasn’t there. It was hard for Leo to believe he cared so much but somehow the
urgency in the man’s voice made Leo pull himself off the floor. He stumbled to the door just in his
boxers and a t-shirt, not caring what Frank might think.

When the door opened relief flooded Frank’s handsome features and his mouth twitched into a soft
smile. He looked gorgeous, as always, in a navy jumper that hugged his muscles and jeans.

“Hey,” he said, voice softer now. Leo leaned heavily against the doorframe because standing, against
popular belief, was hard.

“Hey,” he croaked out, voice hoarse after yet another night of crying. He needed to drink something.

“I...,” Frank started, then paused. His shoulders sagged, “Are you...okay?” he asked tentatively. Leo
let out a bitter laugh.

“Never been better,” he lied. Even standing up and talking seemed to make all of his energy seep out
of him. Yesterday being with Frank had been lovely, today it made him drained.

“Well, uh,” the man must’ve picked up on Leo’s bad mood because he shoved his hands into his
pockets and looked at the floor, “I had something planned for today, y’know like another reason or
whatever. But if you’re not up for it, we can move it to tomorrow.”

Leo wasn’t up for it, but he couldn’t remember a time when someone had actively gone out of their
way to plan something for him, and Frank’s crestfallen expression made his heart ache. Frank was
making him feel things again.

“Let me get dressed,” Leo told him. It took more time than usual since Leo felt sluggish but in twenty
minutes they were walking side by side to Frank’s car. When they drove Frank refused to tell Leo
where they were going and when he rolled down the windows to let fresh air into the stuffy car, and
started playing music hits from the 80s, for a second Leo got that deep, emotional feeling – the *alive*
feeling as he liked to call it – and to him car rides with someone who at least pretended to care could
be counted as one reason to stay alive.

Finally they pulled up outside a veterinary clinic.

“Why are we at your work?” Leo asked, puzzled when Frank parked the car.

“You’ll see,” the man said. They exited and Frank unlocked the door – by then it was late in the
evening, and night had almost fallen. The vet let Leo into the building and then led him through a
sterile looking hallway and waiting room, and into a little back room.

And there, waiting for Leo, were a dozen dogs. The boy gaped in shock as he was suddenly
assaulted by excited canines, who wagged their tails and ‘woofed’ at him happily. There were all
different breeds and all looked so happy.

“Frank...”

“You said you liked dogs,” Frank said, “When we were in the park yesterday. So I thought you might like this. Dogs are a good reason to stay alive, look how happy they are to see you.”

And he was right. Leo knelt on the ground and immediately two huge labs licked his face. He giggled and scratched them behind his ears. Back in Mexico there were loads of stray dogs walking around and when Leo felt alone he could always count on man’s best friend to come and play with him. It hadn’t changed since then – the boy felt tears well up in his eyes as a little black pug came to tentatively sniff at his outstretched hand. The dogs jostled each other out of the way to try and get Leo to pet them and the boy started laughing even though he was almost crying. Finally he hugged a husky around the neck and buried his face in its fur.

“Thankyou,” he said, voice muffled. Frank didn’t say anything back, he didn’t have to.

**Thursday**

“Shouldn’t you be working?” Leo asked that Thursday morning when Frank packed him into his car. The vet just gave him a pointed look and drove, once again refusing to tell Leo where they were going.

Today, Leo felt better, maybe because after the dogs Frank had come to watch movies with him. They ordered pizza again and fell asleep on the couch together, their feet touching. Leo woke up sore, but weirdly content, without the hollow feeling in his stomach being as prominent as normal.

He enjoyed their drive; they talked for an hour, then listened to music, then Leo took a quick nap and before he knew it the beach was coming into view – a stretch of sea and sand, littered with families. Leo hadn’t seen the sea in forever.

“Woah,” he shoved his face against the window and watched the sparkling water zoom past. But Frank didn’t stop there, he continued to drive until cliffs came into view, and then parked at the edge of a little, secluded part of the beach that was completely empty of people. Leo turned to him, “This is too much.”

“Not if it means saving your life,” Frank killed the engine, “this is another reason to stay alive – going to pretty places with your friends and having fun.”

Leo’s heart pounded but he tried to hide that behind humour. He raised an eyebrow, “We friends now, huh?”

“Idiot,” Frank rolled his eyes and left the car to get a huge picnic basket from the trunk. Leo also climbed out and closed his eyes, for a moment enjoying the salty sea breeze on his face, and the sun beating down on him from above. When had it become summer?

They walked down to the sea edge together, and there Frank spread a picnic blanket. Although Leo wanted to go for a swim the thought of taking his clothes off made him a little nauseous.

“Oh okay so tell me,” he said as they sat down on the blanket, “why the beach?”

Frank shrugged, “I like the beach. My best friend Percy is obsessed with it.”

*Must be nice,* Leo thought, *having a best friend,* “Do you have a girlfriend?” he asked. Frank looked at him.
“Why?” he grinned, “You interested?”

“You wish,” Leo hit him playfully on the arm. They had spent only four days together but Leo felt like he had never been more close to someone, even if physical touches between them were still limited and tentative.

“No, I don’t have a girlfriend,” Frank admitted, turning his face up to the sun, “I used to. Her name was Hazel and she was lovely but...she just wasn’t it.”

“You’re like twenty five, why are you looking for ‘it’ now?” Leo questioned.

“Twenty three.”

Leo rolled his eyes, “Same difference.”

Frank shrugged, “Dunno, I was never interested in casual relationships,” he opened his eyes and look at Leo, “If I’m going to date someone I want it to mean something, y’know.”

“Well this just got deep,” Leo looked away, pulling his flannel tighter around himself.

“What about you? Any girlfriends?”

“I’m gay,” Leo said. It slipped out – usually he never told anyone, not after his treatment in Mexico, but Frank made him feel so comfortable-

“Boyfriend, then,” the man said, casual, as if it didn’t matter. Leo swallowed, heart pounding.

“No. There’s no-one. There’s never been anyone,” he exhaled, “I don’t really have many people in my life, that’s why...,” he trailed off, wonder if he said too much. Frank nudged him with his arm playfully.

“You don’t need a lot of people, just the right ones,” he smiled, “I’m in your life, does that account to something?”

“You’ve been in my life for four days,” Leo stood up, “And trust me, you don’t want to stick around.”

He walked towards the water, a little overwhelmed. He slipped off his shoes and rolled up the legs of his trousers before picking up his shoes and walking along the shore line. Every few seconds a wonderful wave of cold would wash over his feet, making him shiver.

Frank clearly wasn’t going to give him space, “It’s not nice to just ditch me,” he said, appearing by Leo’s side. He had taken his shirt off and Leo tried not to stare, “I’m sorry if I offended you.”

Leo shook his head, looking at the foam brushing over his feet, “You didn’t. I’m sorry, sometimes things just get too much...”

“You don’t have to explain yourself,” Frank told him, and touched his shoulder. Then his hand slid down Leo’s arm, and suddenly he was holding the Latino’s hand. A jolt of warmth that had nothing to do with the sun went through the boy. He looked away, at the ocean, and tried to cool his flushed face down. He had no idea why Frank was holding his hand...but he liked it. He liked how big the man’s hand was, completely covering his own, and how warm. He felt safe.

“It’s nice,” Leo said, breaking the silence between them, “The beach. I forgot how much I like it.”

“Did they have beaches in Mexico?” Frank asked as they continued to walk.
“Yeah, but I never went,” Leo said, then laughed, “I was always small and scrawny and the other boys liked to point that out, so being in swimming trunks...not really my thing. But when I was nineteen and I moved here I took the bus down one time. I was in my own head, depressed, and I just wanted to be alone. So I came and I sat on the beach all night and I caught a cold,” he rolled his eyes, “I thought I was some teenager in an angsty movie.”

Frank squeezed his hand, “Well now you have a more happy memory of a beach, I hope.”

“Yeah,” Leo whispered.

Friday

Leo found himself eagerly awaiting Frank, and wow, how pathetic. The man had a life of his own, a job and friends, and Leo had none of that – he paced his shitty little apartment waiting for the one person who made him feel wanted. It was the fifth day, and Leo was excited to know what Frank’s fifth reason to stay alive was.

Finally, at around eight in the evening, a familiar knock sounded on the door. Leo practically threw himself towards it and ripped it open with a bright smile. Frank seemed surprised by his excitement.

“Hi,” he said.

“Hi,” Leo replied breathlessly, warmth creeping through him just at the sight of the man, “Enlighten me, oh great one, what’s the reason for today?”

Frank pushed the door closed, “Hugs.”

Leo blinked, “Hugs?”

“Yeah,” Frank rolled his eyes, “Didn’t you see all those Tumblr posts? ‘When I’m sad please don’t ask me what’s wrong, just hug me’” he said the quote in a high-pitched, girly voice that made Leo giggle.

“You’re an idiot. And I don’t need a hug.”

“Yes, you do,” Frank said firmly and opened his eyes, “Come here.”

Leo rolled his eyes and stepped back, “I don’t think that’s-“

Before he could react Frank grabbed him by the shoulders and roughly pulled him forward, so Leo collided with his chest. It felt like falling into the wall.

“Frank-“

The bigger man wrapped his arms around Leo and held him close to his chest, preventing Leo from moving away or even protesting. Defeated, the Latino slumped against Frank. The man didn’t say anything, just held him. Leo buried his face in his shoulder and tried to remember the last time he had gotten a hug. He couldn’t recall. He had little physical contact throughout his life.

Tears flooded his eyes, but he didn’t know why. He felt emotional all of a sudden and his trembling hands came up to grip the back of Frank’s shirt. The man leaned on the wall and held Leo and the boy sniffled, thinking that being surrounded by Frank’s warm, strong arms was really, really nice.

His sniffles deteriorated into full blown sobs and suddenly Leo was crying hysterically, holding onto Frank, tears running down his face, his whole body shaking. Frank started to stroke his back, then
his hair, and then he started to whisper sweet little nothings.

“Shhh...it’s okay...I’ve got you, just let it out...”

And Leo cried and cried until his throat was raw and his knees so shaky he couldn’t stand without Frank’s support. All this time he didn’t realise how badly he had wanted a hug.

Saturday

Saturday was bad. Saturday was worse than Wednesday had been, because on Saturday Leo couldn’t even get out of bed. He felt crippled. He yearned for the coldness of the bathroom floor but he couldn’t move, lying limply under his covers. He just wanted everything to end but he didn’t even have the strength to get up and go to his kitchen and get the sleeping pills. He didn’t have the strength for anything, life included.

He had promised Frank three more days, including today, but he didn’t know if he was strong enough to give it to him. *Come on, you owe him this*...sluggishly Leo reached for his phone, the phone that was always silent, and fished it out from under his pillow. He dialled the only saved number.

Frank picked up on the third ring, “Hi Leo!” he said.

“Frank,” Leo whispered, closing his eyes, “A-Are you home?”

“Yes, I am...what’s wrong?”

“Come downstairs please,” Leo sniffled. It felt weird to ask for help, “It’s...I’m bad.”

“Okay. Okay, I’m coming downstairs now.”

Leo didn’t have the strength to hold the phone anymore and so he dropped it onto the bed and closed his eyes. Frank knew where the spare key was – he was the only one who knew, or cared – and moments later Leo felt the front door open.

Then his bed dipped, “Hey,” Frank said. Leo couldn’t even open his eyes, or speak. He wanted to tell Frank to hold him the way he had yesterday, but his tongue felt like it weighed a ton.

And yet Frank seemed to understand because Leo heard him shift and then his back was pressed against warmth. Frank laid on the covers, Leo laid underneath them, and Frank wrapped an arm around Leo’s waist. The boy relaxed with a shuddery breath, finally feeling safe enough to allow his guard down. He wanted to cry again, but he was too exhausted.

Frank tucked Leo into his body, resting his chin on top of the boy’s head. He didn’t say anything for a while, just held the Latino. It was incomprehensible to Leo that he had only known this man six days.

“Hey, you know what’s a good reason to stay alive,” Frank murmured suddenly, brushing Leo’s curls from his forehead, “Sleep. Good, peaceful sleep.”

Leo sniffled and opened his eyes. The wall was as blank as it had been before, “I didn’t a-always use to be like this. I used to think that things would get better, that some knight in shining armour would come and get me and make me happy...”

“Maybe I’m your knight,” Frank teased.
“Maybe,” Leo didn’t have the strength to argue. After a few more minutes of lying in Frank’s arms he mustered enough energy to turn around. The bigger man was looking at him sleepily.

“I’m gonna stay over today, okay?” he asked. Leo nodded. Frank peeled the covers back and climbed underneath, this time wrapping both arms around Leo. The Latino happily settled against him and pressed his face to Frank’s chest.

He knew, subconsciously, that this would be his last night. This was a nice way to spend it.

*I’m sorry,* he whispered soundlessly into Frank’s chest.

**Sunday**

It was a freezing night, colder than last week when Leo had been on this roof. The world spread out to his sides, a mis-match of coloured lights and darkness. And far below, somewhere in the shadows, was the ground Leo would slam against.

He didn’t want to do this, he wished it was different, but that stupid game he and Frank were playing couldn’t last forever. Sooner or later they’d run out of reasons. It was better for Leo to end it now and spare them both pain.

Leo closed his eyes and thought about the few happy moments in his life. He remembered the warmth of his mother’s arms around him, her earthy smell. He remembered the little girl in Mexico giving him a kiss on the cheek after some boys beat him up. He remembered Frank. Frank was in most of his happy moments, which all took place in the last week. He remembered the way Frank stuffed his face with pizza – he had no finesse, he ate like an animal, but in an endearing way. He remembered their shoulders touching on the park bench. He remembered Frank’s soft smile when Leo opened his door after lying on the bathroom floor for hours. He remembered the feeling of the man’s hand holding his while the sea washed over his feet. He remembered Frank’s hugs. He remembered falling asleep and waking up to his face inches away. Leo sniffled, his heart hurting. How was it possible to fall in love with someone in six days? Was he so fucked up?

The boy looked down at the darkness below and he could just hope that Frank wouldn’t be the one to find him. Maybe he should’ve written him a letter...well, it was too late for that now. Leo let go of the pole, inched forward-

Arms wrapped around him from behind, sudden and strong, pulling Leo flush against a chest that was like a wall. The boy’s eyes widened and he forgot how to breathe.

“No,” Frank said.

“How are you here?” Leo whispered. Frank’s arms tightened around Leo.

“I knew. I just knew. I could feel it,” he exhaled shakily, “Call me selfish, I don’t care. I’m not letting you do this. You’re a cheat, I have one more day left.”

“I can’t do this,” Leo said.

“I had one more reason, one more day,” Frank took a deep breath, “But I don’t want just one more day. I want a week, a month, a year. I want to show you the beauty in life every day for the rest of your life, not just for a *fucking day.* It’s not enough, Leo, it’s not, and I’m sorry but I’m not letting you jump and I don’t care if you hate me for it – okay, I do care. I don’t want you to hate me.”

“I don’t hate you,” tears welled up in Leo’s eyes. He sniffled, then laughed, “Fuck you, though. Now I won’t be able to jump tonight.”
Frank’s arms didn’t loosen or him, “G-Good,” he said shakily. Leo leaned into him, pretending that this was more than it was; maybe it was a sign from some god, telling him to stick it out, that things would get better, that Frank was his knight. In his misery it was hard to see it that way.

“So,” he smiled through his tears, “Want to tell me the last reason why I shouldn’t jump?”

“Get off the roof first,” Frank said. He loosened his grip on Leo enough so the Latino could climb off the roof. He turned to face Frank. The man looked heartbroken.

“Well?” Leo prompted.

Frank leaned down and kissed him, quick and sudden, “I think I’m in love with you,” he said.

Leo fell apart, “What kind of reason is that?” he asked, and then he started crying. Frank pulled him into his arms the way he had on Friday and held him and Leo cried.

He didn’t know if he would come back to this roof or not, but Frank’s reason had won him another day of life.
person A has a tooth gap and he's really self conscious about it so he never smiles or shows his teeth in public, until one day when person B does something and person A accidentally showed it and you can choose where to go from there

for Lovadoo

Ethan came to Camp Half Blood when he was fourteen; he was afraid, awkward and anxious. Luke Castellan made all of that go away – the fifteen year old was kind, and caring, and didn’t mind when Ethan cried or had nightmares, shushing the other complaining campers in the Hermes Cabin. More than anything, Ethan wanted to fit in but he had lost his eye and had a gap between his teeth, and he was incredibly self conscious about both though he could only hide one.

When he went to school he was continuously teased by other boys about the gap between his two front teeth. They used to call him Grinders or Gappy and he hated it – he didn’t want his teeth to be his defining feature but his defensiveness about the stupid nicknames eventually made everyone also call him antisocial so, because of his stupid teeth, he ended up with no friends. He was determined to go a different route at Camp, even though he lacked social skills.

That’s why when two months into his stay when Luke told him “You should laugh more” the fourteen year old couldn’t help but get upset. They were sitting on the front steps of the Big House, the sun setting, the rest of the Campers still at the dining pavilion. Looking back, Ethan couldn’t remember what exactly they had been doing there that evening, but he just remembered the air was nice and warm, and Luke was sitting so close their shoulders touched.

“You should laugh more,” the blond had said casually. Ethan felt blood rushing to his face and he clenched his jaw, his tongue subconsciously brushing against his front teeth, feeling the gap there. He despised it.

“Maybe I don’t want to laugh,” he said grumpily, fighting the urge to cover his mouth with his hand. Luke looked at him, then grinned that easy-going grin of his and playfully nudged his shoulder against Ethan’s.

“Don’t get pissed,” he said.

“I’m not,” Ethan looked away.

“I didn’t mean anything by it,” Luke continued, voice softening as if understanding that he had overstepped a boundary. He reached out and playfully ruffled Ethan’s hair, “Don’t be annoyed, I just like it when you laugh.”

Ethan looked at him, still red in the face, “Don’t be soppy.”
Luke’s hand hesitated in Ethan’s hair and his smile disappeared, “I’m not being soppy,” he said, “I’m being honest. I like your laugh, it’s not fake or over the top. But I’ve only heard you laugh like twice.”

“Well,” Ethan looked down, “Maybe you’re not funny.”

“I’m hilarious!” Luke protested, withdrawing his hand, “Let me tell you a joke,” he said and continued, ignoring Ethan’s eye roll, “How do fish get high?”

Ethan sighed, “Don’t know, you tell me.”

“Seaweed,” Luke winked. Ethan spluttered, then giggled, then laughed and started shaking his head – it wasn’t even a funny joke, it was just Luke’s over-confident delivery that made the Asian cackle. He was so relaxed by Luke that for a second he forgot all about his insecurities – the blond watched him laughed, and then grinned, “You have a gap between your teeth,” he stated.

Ethan slammed his mouth shut, his amusement evaporating, “N-No I don’t,” he protested, feeling his insecurities claw at his stomach. Luke clearly didn’t see it that way.

“Yes you do! I saw it!”

“I’m going,” Ethan stood up, hoping to find a hole and bury himself in it and hopefully never come out again.

However before he could do so, Luke grabbed him by the wrist suddenly and roughly tugged him down. Ethan stumbled over a step and crashed onto the front porch, landing on his back. Immediately Luke climbed over him and pinned his hands down when Ethan tried to cover his mouth.

“Come on now,” Luke said, blocking the last of the sun. Ethan’s heart pounded, “Open your mouth, let me see.” The boy shook his head stubbornly and then, without warning, Luke ducked his head and kissed Ethan. The Asian gasped, eye flying open, and Luke pulled away. Ethan’s mouth, open in shock, clearly showed the gap between his teeth but in that moment that didn’t seem important because Luke Castellan had just kissed him.

“I was right,” the blond smiled, ignoring Ethan’s shock, “You do have a gap.”


“Why?” he asked, hands relaxing on Ethan’s wrists and carefully stroking the soft skin there, “It’s adorable.”

Warmth flooded Ethan so suddenly he went completely slack against the porch. He wanted Luke to kiss him again then, but the blond just winked and climbed off and, as if nothing had ever happened, walked off, whistling.

Ethan liked to believe that was the day he fell in love for the first, and only, time.
Human! Festus x Leo!

Festus prays to Hephaestus to make him human because he hates seeing Leo lonely/upset since he and Cali broke up and everyone else has someone special & Festus also wants to be closer to Leo. So one day he wakes to find his wish granted (I'm thinking he would be tan with celestial bronze coloured hair and red eyes & fire powers like Leo). Leo has to help him learn to be human, funny moments like having to remind him he needs to wear clothes etc. Festus is also always hanging off of Leo/cuddling him in public, or grooming him, or giving him little gifts; but Leo doesn't mind because he likes the special attention.

For wicked_silence13

Festus wanted to scream when Leo pressed his forehead against the cold metal that made up the dragon’s head. His creator was sobbing, hysterical, desperate sobs wracking his whole tiny frame, hands pressing against Festus’ head. Even though the bronze dragon didn’t have a real body he imagined he could feel the boy’s skinny, calloused fingers, and that the phantom agony he felt in his ‘heart’ was real.

He had grown too accustomed to Leo’s tears; the boy didn’t show it to the rest of his friends that sometimes came into Bunker 9, but he was miserable. Miserable and small. Festus wished, more times that he could count, that he had proper arms so he could envelop his Leo into a hug. Not that that would help the crying boy who always poured out his sorrows to his dragon, it would’ve simply felt like hugging cold, dead metal.

“I hate i-it,” Leo sobbed now, clutching onto Festus. The dragon hummed, because that was the only thing he could do even though he had full consciousness, “I-I’m all alone again and I know I didn’t really love Cali and that it w-was unfair on her, but I-I needed her...I needed to h-have her because now she’s left a-and I have nobody and I-I’m alone again. I can’t b-be the seventh man out,” the boy choked on a sob, “N-Not again,” he wrapped his arms around Festus’ metal neck, “I’m so lonely,” he choked out.

Festus wanted to scream, to tear at the air, but he couldn’t do anything. He was trapped inside this bronze body, loving his heartbroken creator from far away. I’m lonely too, he wanted to say, and when Leo finally got up and left for the night and Festus was alone in the dark bunker, he prayed.

Like a fool, he prayed. To Hephaestus mostly, and tonight was no different. Please, Festus begged in his head feverishly, I love him, Hephaestus. I love your son. Let me take care of him, make me human so I can hold him and make him not cry anymore. Surely you want that too, for your child to be happy. I can make him happy so please.

The God remained stubbornly silent, until one day he didn’t.
Leo hated crying, but sometimes it was necessary. Still, today was a new day and he wasn’t going to let his breakup with Calypso ruin it. As he walked into Bunker 9, refreshed from the short walk in the woods, he made a mental checklist of what to do; start up the forges, fix Jason’s sword, maybe work a little on Festus...

He gasped and almost (key word: almost) screamed because there was somebody in the Bunker. The Latino froze, holding his breath, and the other guy stared at him. The first thing that struck Leo was that shit, the guy was kind of good looking; he had messy, long-ish hair that gleamed copper and bronze and gold so it was hard to tell what colour it was, only that it fell messily around the boy’s chiselled face. He was tanned as if he spent all his days in the sun, and his eyes were a piercing crimson. He looked familiar. Leo noticed the second thing when his eyes slid lower – the guy was naked.

Leo did scream then, turning on his heel and burying his face in his hands, “What the fuck?!?” he spluttered.

“Hi,” the man spoke, his voice hoarse, like he hadn’t used it in a while, “Hi, Leo.”

The Latino turned, pointedly not looking below the man’s belt, and swallowed, “You...You know me?” he asked. The blond cocked his head to the side and smiled and his crimson eyes, despite being a red colour, were full of warmth and care.

“Come on,” he said, “You’re brighter than that.”

Leo inhaled sharply, placing the man’s red eyes and bronze locks to a name, “Festus,” he whispered. The man smiled more brightly.

“Hi,” he said.

“How...,” Leo’s mouth felt too dry all of a sudden, “How is this...how are you here...like this?”

Festus stuck his arms out in front of him and regarded them as if seeing them for the first time, turning them around slowly. He had big hands, “I don’t know,” he admitted, “You cried yesterday and I prayed to Hephaestus, and now I’m here.”

“You prayed to Hephaestus?” Leo asked, shocked.

Festus shrugged again, his eyes full of innocence even though his body was hard with muscle that Leo was trying very hard not to stare at, “You were so upset and alone, and I wanted to properly be here for you.”

Leo blinked, “Gods,” he choked out, “I can’t believe this. I can’t believe you’re real. Okay, I know you’ve always been real, ever since I made you but...,” he let out a breath, “ Damn.”

“I like this body,” Festus smiled, looking at his arms, “It feels...alive.”

“Are you, uh...,” Leo tucked a curl behind his ear, “Gonna stay in this form or...”

Festus’ eyes softened, “I can probably change back if you want me to.”

“No, no, no!” Leo said hurriedly, taking a step forward, “No, I like- I want...,” he cleared his throat, “I don’t mind your new form, it’s quite nice actually, but I need you to wear clothes.”

***
Without waiting for an answer Leo scrambled for the cupboards, pulling out clothes from among the equipment. He then threw a handful of Jake’s clothes at Festus, since they looked like they’d fit and then waited impatiently, back turned, until the dragon got dressed.

When Leo turned he felt blood rush to his face; Festus looked gorgeous, not quite human, but gorgeous nonetheless. He wore a navy sweatshirt and grey jeans and dark sneakers. There was a faint smile on his mouth.

“Well?” he asked, opening his arms, “How do I look?”

“N-Nice,” Leo cleared his throat, still dumfounded by this new revelation, “So, uh, you hungry?”

***

“So, he just turned human?” Piper asked. As a dragon Festus paid little attention to her – or anyone else who wasn’t Leo – and right now he barely registered her words, more invested in shoving food in his mouth. He found that he loved fries since he now had a complete and working digestive system.

“Yup,” Leo was watching him from across the table and if Festus wasn’t starving, he would’ve been staring at the boy, “Was waiting for me in Bunker 9.”

“And Festus, you just woke up like this?” Annabeth questioned.

“Ywup,” Festus said, mouth full of food. Just then Percy appeared, setting a plate of pasta and sauce in front of the dragon.

“I bought spaghetti,” he said, and then made a disgusted noise when Festus picked strands of pasta up with his fingers. The rest of the Demigods grimaced and Leo gaped at him.

“Festus!” he gasped, “Cutlery!” he shoved a knife and fork towards the dragon. Tentatively the man picked them up and turned them in his sauce-stained hands. He had seen them before; the Seven dined with them onboard the Argo II sometimes. But he had no idea how to use them. They felt alien in his hands. Leo sighed and stood up, walking around the table and standing behind Festus, putting his hands over the Dragons and re-arranging the knife and fork in his hand.

“Here,” he said, “That’s how you hold it....” he was explaining but Festus couldn’t focus on anything but the warmth of Leo’s skin on his. He wanted to pull the boy into his lap and kiss him, like he had wanted to so many times when trapped in the bronze dragon body, but before he could Leo let go of his hands and returned to his seat.

Festus clumsily stabbed his pasta with a fork. Percy snorted, Annabeth shook her head.

“I like him,” Piper said, “He’s adorable.”

Festus looked at her innocently, and slurped a fork-full of spaghetti into his mouth. Taste was definitely a plus of being human, and another plus was that Festus felt that he could actually have a shot with Leo now. But from observing the Demigods for months he knew he couldn’t just jump Leo and kiss him right here, in front of everyone. He had to ease him into it, especially since he knew how low Leo’s self-worth was. Festus had to somehow – with his minimal people skills – woo Leo before the Gods got tired of this charade and turned him back into a metal dragon.

***

Leo was spread out on Festus’ bed in the Big House. Chiron had given it to the dragon as a
temporary room after assessing the situation and now Leo was here, making sure that his creation didn’t do something stupid. He felt a little like Victor Frankenstein, pondering over what he had created. Except in his case it wasn’t a disgusting, murderous creature but a very hot dragon-turned-human who was currently taking a shower in the en-suite bathroom.

Leo wondered what to do about the situation, until he heard a crash from the bathroom. In seconds he was on his feet and bursting into the bathroom (Festus hadn’t locked the door), and he found the dragon sprawled across the floor, the curtain wrapped partially around his legs. He was soaking wet and naked and grinning up at Leo sheepishly.

“I tripped,” he said.

“Idiot,” Leo grabbed Festus’ hand and with some difficulty helped the man to his feet. The dragon kicked the curtain aside and then grinned down at Leo. He was a head taller. And very naked. And very close. Leo swallowed and his eyes subconsciously slid to Festus’ crotch. He quickly looked away, flushing. He let go of Festus’ hand and mumbled something about him drying off before scuttling from the bathroom.

It wasn’t until he was back on the bed that he realised his hand was tingling and that it was the first time he and Festus had touched, skin to skin, and not skin to metal. Leo lifted his arm above him, stretching his fingers out, snuffing out the light overhead. He smiled, and warmth spread through him. He heard the bathroom door open and dropped his hand.

“I like showers,” Festus decided, walking into the bedroom. Leo slapped his hands over his eyes.

“For fuck’s sake, Festus,” he spluttered, the image of the man’s dick imprinted in his brain, “clothes.”

“I don’t understand why you’re so embarrassed,” Festus said casually but when Leo peeked through his fingers, he saw that the Dragon had put on some boxers Leo had found him. Seconds later the man was jumping onto the bed next to Leo and, without warning, wrapping his arms around the Latino.

Leo choked on air when he felt the strong, hot arms of Festus wrap incredibly tightly around him, pulling him up against the Dragon’s chest. Leo hadn’t ever been cuddled by someone, and now he was, by a man that a day earlier had been a dragon.

“F-Festus,” Leo gasped. The Dragon nuzzled his neck, his breath warm against his skin. Leo tried to free himself out of the man’s grip, blushing, “F-Festus, stop it!”

The Dragon looked at him innocently, “What?”

“You can’t do this,” Leo choked out. The Dragon frowned.

“Why? Annabeth and Percy cuddled. And Piper and Annabeth-“

“That’s different,” Leo was tense, “T-They’re couples. You can’t...,” he finally managed to wriggle himself free of Festus’ grip and jumped out of bed, “No cuddling. We’re...friends.”

Festus pushed himself up on his elbow and pouted, “But you’re lonely. Cuddles would make you less lonely.”

Leo’s heart pounded, “I...I need to go. I’m tired. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Wait,” Festus sat up, “You’re not sleeping with me?”
Leo swallowed past the dryness in his throat, “No. No, I’m sure you can handle sleeping alone.”

“Oh,” Festus pouted, “I hoped...”

Leo turned to him, his heart fluttering, “You hoped what?” he asked breathlessly. The dragon looked at him, then dejectedly shook his head and flopped on the bed, clumsily pulling the covers up to his chin, “Goodnight Leo,” he said, staring at the ceiling.

“Night,” the Latino mumbled, and as he did all he could think about was how he managed to offend a bronze dragon.

***

Festus groaned in frustration when another strawberry burst uselessly between his fingers. Being human wasn’t as easy as he imagined, but Leo’s laughter made it all worth it. The boy leaned over Festus,

“You’re grabbing them too hard,” he giggled, “look, just take them gently,” he wrapped his fingers over Festus’ larger ones and guided the Dragon’s hand to the fruit, plucking it off. Honestly, Festus’ hand was kind of limp in his grip anyway because he was too invested in staring at Leo’s face, which was inches away from his, and enjoying the feeling of his hand. A hundred human emotions rolled over Festus that he had never experienced before; fear, anticipation, desire, love. He wondered if shoving Leo down among the strawberries and kissing him was a good idea...

Festus’ hands spontaneously combusted into flames. Leo and a couple nearby Demigods working in the fields yelped and stumbled back as a bush of strawberries caught fire. Festus hurriedly put it out with his bare hands, not feeling the heat, as Leo apologised to the other Demigods. He then squatted next to the Dragon.

“You have fire-powers,” he whispered, awed, “just like me.”

Festus looked at him, “Well I am yours after all.”

Leo blushed, and it was a lovely sight. Festus had only been at camp three days without miraculously changing back into Dragon form, but his time as a human with Leo only solidified his suspicion that he had fallen in love with his creator. And now he didn’t know what to do.

“Hey, cheer up,” Leo clearly though Festus’ sudden quietness was due to some kind of upset, and not awe. He picked a strawberry and held it to Festus’ mouth. In the sunshine his curls gleamed and his eyes were a lighter brown than normal, “Open up.”

Festus opened his mouth and Leo popped the strawberry in with a sweet smile. Although Festus wasn’t used to things like that, a part of him understood that this was something intimate and simultaneously casual. He wanted to catch Leo’s hand as it withdrew and the delicious taste of the strawberry spread through his mouth, but the Latino just turned back to the fruits, throwing them into the basket he and Festus were supposed to fill.

I love you, the words bubbled up in Festus’ chest. He had trouble controlling his mouth since he had never had one before – he didn’t understand social cues, and awkwardness, and tension, but he understood those three words: I love you. He heard Percy speak them to Annabeth on the ship, and Hazel and Frank whisper it to each other, and Jason and Piper. Nobody ever said them to Leo...but Festus would, when the time was right.

Someone called Leo over and the Latino walked over to them, leaving Festus alone, though not for long. Moments later Percy was plopping down on the ground next to the Dragon, propping her chin
on her hand.

“So,” she said, “Is you making mooney eyes on Leo like a thing or...?”

Festus looked at her, and he saw no reason in lying, “I love him.”

Piper grinned, “Brilliant. So, what’s your plan to woo him?”

“I’ll just kiss him,” Festus shrugged. Piper smacked her forehead.

“No,” she said, “You have to make it romantic! You need to show him first that you care or he’ll freak out,” when she saw Festus’ baffled expression the girl sighed, “Leo had never had someone love him...well, he had Cali, but their relationship started a bit differently. You need to slowly show him that you care about him, that you had loved him for a long time-“

“How do you know this?” Festus frowned. Piper smiled.

“I’m a daughter of Aphrodite,” she said simply, “Even if I don’t always seem it.”

“But you think I should go for it?” Festus asked. Piper nodded, her eyes sliding to Leo chatting with a camper. Her expression softened.

“He deserves love,” she whispered, “After Cali I thought it would all be okay, that he would finally have someone...but that didn’t work out, so maybe you...”

“I’m not just here for the sake of it,” Festus said with sudden passion, “I love him. So much. I prayed to Hephaestus to let me show him my love. I didn’t ask for this just to make him less lonely, I really care-“

“I know,” Piper said softly, “I didn’t mean anything by it, I just...I’m glad you’re here,” she smiled, gave Festus and awkward wave and walked off. Leo skipped over.

“What did Pipes said?” he asked, kneeling next to Festus and reaching for the strawberries.

“Nothing,” Festus said and crushed another strawberry in his fingers.

***

Leo watched miserably as his friends bickered and flirted across the Poseidon cabin. Was it really necessary? They had all been going out for over six months and yet they were still acting like they were trying to woo each other. It was sweetly disgusting.

Leo sat alone on a loveseat, curled up and half-watching some stupid rom-com Piper had played. She was sitting in Jason’s lap and he kept blowing raspberries on her neck. Percy kept playfully stroking Annabeth’s leg on the other loveseat and the frustrated blonde continuously smacked his hand away. Hazel and Frank were in front of Piper’s and Jason’s couch, holding hands and kissing and giggling into each other’s mouths. Leo couldn’t stand it. He felt cold, and lonely.

The door to the cabin opened and Festus stumbled into the dark inside, holding a strawberry bowl, “Sorry I’m late,” he said loudly, making all the couples jerk apart. “I was speaking to Chiron.”

“It’s okay,” Leo said, “You didn’t miss much.”

Festus walked right over to his loveseat and collapsed right next to a surprised Leo. The boy gaped, shocked, but Festus seemed oblivious to the looks he got from the other Demigods; they all looked surprised, except for Piper, who hid her smile behind her hand for some reason. Festus handed the
bowl of strawberries to Leo with a big smile.

“For you,” he said, in a whisper now. Leo blinked, then smiled. None of the strawberries had been crushed; the past two days since Festus’ first day in the field he had gotten better at his job. He had already been at camp for five days and despite Chiron’s questioning, the Gods remained silent, not indicating that Festus would be turned back into a bronze dragon any time soon.

Leo managed to pop one strawberry into his mouth before he felt an arm slide around his shoulders. His head snapped to Festus and his heart started to pound but the Dragon seemed unaware. His hair looked dark in the light-less room, his arm strong as it drew Leo close. The Latino was tense and he didn’t know what to think.

He liked it. He liked Festus touching him. He liked how Festus’ hand stroked his arm. He liked how warm he was – Leo felt the same fire that he had under his skin come from Festus. Subconsciously he relaxed against the Dragon’s shoulder, and then suddenly Festus turned his head and kissed him.

Leo froze, eyes flying wild. He heard a ripple of laughter go through the Seven as a funny scene played on screen, but it felt like a different world. The only thing that seemed real in that moment were Festus’ warm lips, pressed firmly to Leo’s.

The Latino reeled back and stumbled off the couch, “Don’t feel well,” he threw at the Seven and clumsily made his way out of the cabin. The cool night air hit his heated face, and almost tripped over his feet as he gulped it down. *What just happened, what just happened...*the Latino thought desperately. He heard someone follow him out.

“Leo?” it was Festus, “Are you okay?”

Leo whirled on him, gasping for air, “Y-You can’t- you can’t do that!”

“Do what?” the Dragon blinked his crimson, innocent eyes.

“K-Kiss me!” Leo spluttered, “That’s- that’s something you do with someone you *love* Festus! I know you don’t know about how to be human but *Gods* you can’t just...y-you...,” Leo swallowed, because he was shouting at Festus about something he had enjoyed. The Dragon cocked his head to the side, “You do it with someone you love,” Leo said faintly.

“I know,” Festus said.

Leo felt like he had been punched. He froze, and stared at Festus, and tried to comprehend his words, “W-What...”

“I told you that I prayed to Hephaestus because you were lonely and upset. But the truth is I prayed to him because I fell in love with you, and there was nothing I could do about it,” his expression was determined as he approached Leo, “And Piper told me I need to woo you, but I can’t. I’ve been unable to express myself for so long and now...now I can.”

Leo couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe, as Festus reached up and caressed Leo’s curls. His fingers were gentle and careful and looking into his eyes, Leo knew that he was telling the truth – somehow his creation, his Dragon, had fallen in love with him. Leo didn’t think it was possible for anyone to love him. And yet now this gorgeous man was confessing his feelings to him beneath a starry sky.

“I love you,” Festus repeated, his hands sliding from Leo’s curls to cradle his cheeks. He leaned forward and kissed the Latino again, a quick, chaste kiss that tasted of strawberries. When he pulled away Leo managed to choke out-
“That’s not how you kiss.”

He wrapped his arms around the Dragon’s neck, pushed by some invisible force that drew him near to Festus, and pressed their mouths together. This kiss was open mouthed, passionate, desperate. And Festus was a fast learner. His arms slid around Leo’s small waist and he pulled the boy flush against him before kissing him feverishly, as if wanting to do it for forever. Leo thought he might actually die.

When he pulled away he had to rest his face against Festus’ shoulder and calm down. The Dragon held him, and refused to let go.

“You have a lot to teach me,” he said eventually.
Gotta Get Him Out My Hair

Leo has a hair pulling kink and one day when the seven are training Percy pulls Leo back by his hair so he does not get struck by frank and Leo lets out a loud moan. He tries to play it off but everyone can gather that is a kink for him. Percy then starts playing with Leo's hair more and more, combing his fingers through it and pulling at it. Eventually Leo can't take it anymore and jumps on Percy, leading to hot sex with Dom!Percy and Sub!Leo with lots of hair pulling for who knows

“Duck!” Percy yelled. Hazel and Annabeth threw themselves to the side just as blunt arrows rained down on them from Frank’s bow. The Seven were split up into two teams; Percy, Annabeth and Hazel VS Frank, Jason, Piper and Leo. They liked to train like this to push each other to the limits. And right now they were in the heat of the fight in one of the training pits at Camp. Piper threw her blunted dagger at Annabeth but the girl managed to duck out of the way, catching it in her hand and sending it flying back at Piper. Jason and Percy collided together, slamming their wooden swords together.


“You wish!” he swung at Percy but the son of Poseidon jerked his hand and a wave of water erupted from the ground, knocking Jason backwards. Percy grinned; he always felt good about beating Jason even though fundamentally they were on the same side.

“Gotcha!” he grinned and just then his sword started smoking. Percy yelped in surprise and dropped it, whirling around to see Leo standing behind him, grinning, hand raised, “You little-,” Percy reached for him but Leo dodged his hand, laughing. Jason picked himself up off the ground and got his sword but then Annabeth was there, fighting him.

Leo danced away from Percy, cackling like the gremlin he was, and since the son of Poseidon liked a challenge he dashed after him across the pit. Leo was smaller and faster but unfortunately he was running right into the vicinity of Frank’s arrows, not paying attention. On instinct Percy reached out, grabbing at whatever he could in order to get Leo out of the way. He didn’t mean to, but Leo’s curls were within reach and so Percy’s fingers slid into them, and he pulled. Leo jerked backwards, his back slamming into Percy’s chest. The son of Poseidon had apologies at the end of his tongue but they never came out because Leo moaned.

It was a sudden, surprised kind of moan, loud, involuntary, but full of pleasure. Percy blinked, shocked, his grip on Leo’s hair loosening. “Did you just-“

Leo pulled away from him, eyes wide, cheeks red, “N-No!” he spluttered, “I, uh, ouch, that hurt.”
The Seven had stopped fighting and now they panted for air, staring at Percy and Leo. Finally Piper erupted with laughter, “O-Oh my God!” she spluttered, leaning on Annabeth, who was grinning. Leo went tomato red all the way up to his ears.

“Seriously, I didn’t...it was nothing, it’s not like...”

Hazel was red too, and fanning her face. “So,” Jason said casually, “You have a hair pulling kink?”

“I don’t!” Leo gasped, “I didn’t-“

“You just moaned,” Annabeth said pointedly, leaving no room for argument.

Percy reached for Leo’s hair to prove their theory, but the Latino flinched out of the way, glaring with accusation at Percy. The son of Poseidon couldn’t keep the grin off his face; to think that Leo had a kink like that was...exciting.

“Fuck you,” the hurt boy grumbled and then stomped off while the Seven continued to laugh and shout at him teasingly. Percy’s hand clenched and unclenched at his side subconsciously, remembering the soft hair he had held moments ago. As the Seven joked about and picked up their weapons, Percy got lost in his own thoughts, recalling the sound that came out of Leo’s mouth. It was weirdly arousing, and Percy was sure he wanted to hear it more.

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It was movie night at Camp – everyone had gathered in the cinema room in the basement of the Big House and the space was now filled with squirming, giggling Demigods. Percy was sitting between Jason and Leo, and Leo was between him and the wall. Percy had sneakily planned this, so he could have some sort of privacy in this dark room as the Incredibles played on the big screen, it was perfect for him to initiate his plan.

As the movie played and Chiron shushed over-excited twelve year olds from the other side of the room, Percy casually slid his arm across the back of the Latino’s seat and his fingers carefully climbed up into Leo’s curls. Percy felt the boy stiffen as he carded his fingers through his hair, and then Leo visibly shivered. Percy grinned as Leo turned his head away to the wall.

For some reason Leo wasn’t pushing his hand away, or telling him to stop. Percy continued to tease him, combing his fingers through Leo’s hair, before tugging playfully. If Leo was making any noises Percy couldn’t hear over the sound of the movie. He pulled harder, and harder, massaging Leo’s scalp and yes, it was weird for him to be doing this – doing something that he knew aroused one of his friends, but he couldn’t stop.

Percy dropped his hand out of Leo’s hair and then grabbed his chin and forced his head around. Leo’s facial expression shocked Percy; the boy’s eyes were half-lidded, eyes dark, cheeks flushed. He was breathing hard and squirming, his small hands uselessly trying to tug his t-shirt over his crotch. *Oh my Gods,* Percy thought, *He’s hard.*

Leo looked at him helplessly, and Percy smiled, allowing his hand to slip from Leo’s chin even though he wanted to crush the boy against his chest and kiss him right there and then. This was escalating, and he wanted to draw this out, to see how much more desperate he could make Leo look.

Feeling proud of himself, Percy turned back to the screen, ignoring the pangs of heat going through him from simply seeing Leo in that state. Moments later Leo stood up and jostled out of their row and then out of the room.
Percy ran for Leo, who was just walking out of the Hephaestus cabin, laughing with Nyssa. He was grinning before he even reached the boy, and jumped right in front of him.

“What the-,” Leo’s eyes widened and then Percy was ruffling his hair, earning a gasp from the Latino, and then tugged on his curls, not too hard but hard enough to get Leo to choke out a moan. Immediately a blush flooded his face. Nyssa snickered and Leo slapped Percy’s hands away.

“It’s not f-funny!” the Latino snapped.

“It’s hilarious,” Percy said, but it wasn’t really, but it gave him a thrill to see Leo – who was usually so light-hearted and casual and funny – get all blushy and stuttery just from having his hair pulled. Percy felt blood rush south so he stepped away and continued to grin, pretending that he wasn’t hard.

Leo glared at him as Nyssa hid her smile behind her hand and shoved past Percy angrily. The son of Poseidon wasn’t sure how much longer he could keep up this little game before he or Leo snapped – the tension in the air between them made Percy feel exhilarated. He watched the Latino walk off.

Even though Leo tried to sit far away from Percy during the movie night – the one the Seven they had once a month in the Zeus cabin – the son of Poseidon still managed to somehow weasel himself between Piper and the Latino. Leo tried his hardest to not look at Percy the whole evening, arms crossed over his chest, eyes fixated firmly on the TV screen though Percy doubted he was even paying attention to the movie. The son of Poseidon himself kept looking at Leo; at the blue shadows on his face cast by the screen, his dark eyelashes, his soft curls that were both of their weaknesses.

Eventually Percy couldn’t stop himself, and he reached out. He touched Leo’s hair but the Latino shrugged him off. Percy shifted closer and Piper didn’t realise because she was busy whispering commentary to Jason. He carded his fingers through Leo’s hair and the Latino tensed but didn’t push his hand away this time, not until Percy’s tightened his fingers and tugged. The son of Hephaestus bit his lip roughly and squeezed his eyes shut before letting out a little gasp that was drowned out by the movie. And then he was shoving Percy’s hand away and climbing off the couch and running out, and Percy thought that maybe he pushed him too hard.

“What was that about?” Annabeth looked after the boy, puzzled. Percy shrugged but got off the couch and left the cabin too, knowing that this was the breaking point he had been waiting for.

He found Leo outside, leaning his forehead against the wall of the Zeus cabin. There was nobody around, just the darkness of the night, and Percy heard Leo try and take calming breaths as he rested against the cabin. Percy approached.

“What was that about?” he asked tentatively.

Without warning the Latino whirled around and barrelled himself into Percy, who barely managed to catch him before Leo was kissing him, messy and desperate, knocking Percy’s breath out of him. The son of Poseidon’s eyes widened but Leo didn’t seem to care; he wrapped his arms around Percy’s shoulders and kissed, biting at his bottom lip, licking against the seam of his mouth. Percy gathered his bearings after a few seconds and taking control he walked Leo backwards until his back hit the wall. In the shadow cast by the porch they were hidden from view of the harpies patrolling overhead. Percy kissed Leo back hungrily – it was as if all the tension that had piled up between them the past few days had reached a climax. Leo tasted sweet, like caramel, and Percy’s
tongue tangled with his. Percy’s hands slid over the boy’s sides, resting on his hips and pulling him flush against him, so their erections pressed together.

They broke apart, gasping for air. From the Zeus cabin they could hear the faint sound of the movie playing.

“Fuck me,” Leo whispered, his voice laced with desperation – Percy felt a shock of pleasure go through him at the erotic way Leo spoke, “Just fucking fuck me or stop t-turning me on all the time-“

Percy turned him around, pushing him face-first against the wall. He wrapped an arm around Leo’s waist and pushed him down; the Latino arched his back, fitting his amazing (how did Percy not notice how amazing it was before?) ass against Percy’s crotch. The son of Poseidon groaned at the delicious pressure and leaned over the boy, kissing Leo’s neck and shoving his shirt up with his free hand, rubbing his hand over his hot skin. Leo was breathing hard, hands resting on the wall on either side of his head. The fact that he was so submissive, just letting Percy do whatever he wanted, was hot. When Percy grabbed him by the hair and tugged, Leo cried out.

It was like Percy’s desperation went up a level and suddenly he was hurriedly shoving down both his pants and Leo’s. The Latino was whispering feverish yes, yes, yes under his breath as Percy pushed his pants down to his ankles, running his hands over Leo’s thighs and smooth ass.

Percy ran his hand over his own dick, gathering precum on his fingers and then pushing two digits into Leo straight away. The Latino’s back arched and he moaned and Percy rained kisses all over Leo’s shoulders. It was messy and dirty, and they could’ve easily been caught but neither of them cared because they could finally do this.

Percy fingered Leo for all of two minutes before he couldn’t hold himself together any more.

“Condom?” he asked, breathless and eager.

“Just go,” Leo whispered heatedly. Then Percy was pressing the head of his cock against the boy’s hole. A ripple of laughter from the Seven at the movie inside drowned out the simultaneous groan of the two boys. Leo’s thighs trembled as Percy sank into his hot, wet heat, opening Leo up with his dick like the boy was made for him, “O-Oh Gods,” Leo gasped.

“Fuck you’re so goddamn tight,” Percy groaned, closing his eyes for a moment to stop himself from coming in two seconds. Leo reached back with one hand and pressed it tightly over Percy’s own hand resting on Leo’s hips.

Percy started to fuck him then, thrusting into the boy deep and hard. Leo moaned every time Percy slammed inside of him, his hands clawed at the wall, whimpering. Percy decided he never wanted to have sex with anyone else ever again, just this moaning, writhing boy who he was fucking against the wall of a cabin that wasn’t even his.

“H-Harder,” Leo whimpered, “P-Percy harder.”

The son of Poseidon had no other option but to oblige – he fucked Leo violently, grunting, and he was pretty sure the Seven could hear them inside the Cabin, they were being so loud. He felt the heat build up in him as Leo’s hole clenched around him, dragging Percy into his body over and over. The son of Poseidon felt dizzy with pleasure.

He grabbed Leo by the hair and pulled, and the boy’s knees buckled underneath him as he let out the sweetest moan Percy had ever heard. His cock twitched inside the boy and he wrapped an arm around the Latino’s waist to keep him up as he continued to fuck him, more sloppy now. He pulled
his head back by the curls and crashed their mouths together and Leo whimpered and grinded back against Percy and then he came.

He was almost passed-out by the time Percy emptied inside of him. When they peeled themselves away from the cabin, the wall was splattered with white.

“Ew,” Leo said breathlessly and clumsily pulled up his trousers. He was swaying on his feet and Percy carefully turned him around, keeping his arms around the Latino to stop him from falling down. Leo looked flushed and unfocused.

“You okay?” Percy asked, gently brushing Leo’s curls from his forehead. The boy bit his lip and nodded and nuzzled Percy’s hand. The son of Poseidon kissed him, softer this time, “Do you wanna go back inside?”

Leo shook his head, “No. No can we...,” he dropped his eyes, “Can we go to your cabin?”

Percy smiled, “Yes,” he said, and playfully tugged on one of Leo’s beautiful curls.
Everybody Hurts

Chapter Notes

WARNING - THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS SELF-HARM/DEPRESSION
Also disclaimer: I tried to keep it realistic but I have little experience regarding this, and I also tried not to romanticise it. I hope I did a decent job but again, sorry if it's unrealistic.
PS. I also didn't write from Nico's perspective because I've never been in that situation and I don't want to pretend like I had.

Nico self-harms and is dating Will, (who doesn't know about it) and on the anniversary of Bianca's death Nico has a panic attack in his cabin and tries to self-harm, not realizing that Will is right outside. (please don't romanticize it)

for Sophie_aka_theunwantedguest

Will kind of wanted to ask, but at the same time he kind of didn’t want to push Nico into telling him something the boy didn’t want to say. Sure, they had dated for over a year but at times Nico was still a closed book to his boyfriend and Will had learned that when it came to the son of Hades it was best not to push.

Today Nico was quiet. Will wanted to organise the day and make it fun to try and take Nico’s mind off the date; it was the anniversary of Bianca’s death. Nico was already depressed, and Will understood that: the boy had literally been through hell and back, but he knew that this day was always the hardest for him and Will was determined to be with him through all of it even if it was exhausting.

They sat on the top of Half-Blood Hill, next to what used to be Thalia’s tree. Will had put scoops of ice-cream in little bowls for them and they sat shoulder to shoulder but the fifteen-year old Demigod wasn’t eating. Actually, he wasn’t doing much at all. Nico sat there, dark circles under his eyes, staring into the distance as his ice-cream melted. Will ate and talked cheerfully but he rarely got a response and as frustrating as it was, it was more upsetting. Will hated seeing the boy he loved in this state; if he thought Nico would appreciate it he would’ve pulled him into his arms and held him but he knew that today specifically Nico didn’t want to be touched.

“...and so I told him, man, that’s not the Black Death, it’s just the flu,” Will finished his story with a grin. Nico didn’t find it funny, giving him a little hmm indicating that he hadn’t even listened. Will let out an inaudible sigh and tried to think of something more to say but it was hard when his boyfriend wasn’t being receptive.
Nico stood up suddenly, “I’m tired,” he told Will even though it was the middle of the day. He offered the blond a joyless, pale smile, “I think I’m gonna nap.”

“You sure?” Will scrambled to his feet, looking down at the smaller boy, “Do you want me to come? We can cuddle or watch movies or-“

“No,” Nico looked at the floor and tentatively handed his bowl of melted ice-cream to Will, “No, I kinda...I just want to sleep,” he said, voice tight. Will tried not to feel hurt. He just needs space...

“Let me at least walk you back to your Cabin,” he said.

“I...,” Nico swallowed, “Sorry, I kind of want to be alone right now...”

Will faked a smile, “Right. Yeah. No worries. I’ll...I’ll go work at the infirmary or something. Uh, see you at dinner?”

“Yeah,” Nico’s voice was barely more than a whisper. Will watched helplessly as his boyfriend climbed down the hill, shoulders slumped. He looked upset and defeated and Will wished there was something he could do but his mind was blank; he was a doctor for Gods’ sakes, and he didn’t know how to help the person that was the most important to him.

Anxiety gnawed at Will’s stomach for the next fifteen minutes as he descended the hill and went to the infirmary. Before he even entered, he knew something was off. Something with Nico. He felt nervous, as if something bad was going to happen and – despite the logical part of his brain telling him everything was fine – Will turned around outside the infirmary and made his way to the Hades Cabin, forcing his body not to run.

He’s just sleeping, he told himself, I’m gonna check up on him and that’s it. I won’t be annoying, or overbearing. I’ll just quietly check up.

He hesitated right outside the Hades cabin. There was nobody around, everyone either working or training, so Will bit his lip and before he knocked, listened. For a moment there was silence that reassured Will in his belief that Nico had, in fact, gone to sleep. And then he heard it, and his heart clenched. Coming from the cabin was the sound of faint, heartbroken sobs.

Will hesitated again, not knowing what to do. Nico didn’t want his comfort, and at the same time Will couldn’t just leave him when he was obviously in pain. With his heart feeling heavy, the blond pushed open the door to the Hades cabin. He expected to see Nico curled up in bed, crying, or sitting on the floor and looking over photos of Bianca. He didn’t expect to see him by the sink with a razor in hand and blood trickling down his wrist.

He had made only one cut, thank Gods, and he whirled around when he heard Will come in. His face paled impossibly and the razor fell from his hand.

“W-Will!” the boy’s face was red and puffy and he turned away from his boyfriend and scrambled to hide the evidence of what he just did as Will stood there, frozen. He pulled down the sleeves of his shirt and pressed his hand over his wrist before turning around again. He was shaking, his hysteria bubbling just underneath the surface. Will couldn’t move.

“What...,” his voice felt like it wasn’t working properly, “What...”

“Go,” Nico whispered, tears brimming in his eyes. Will took one step towards him but Nico took one step back, cradling his hurting wrist to his chest, “W-Will please, j-just go...I-I can’t have you here right now-“

“I’m your boyfriend,” Will said desperately, “I’m supposed to help you!”
“Oh m-my Gods,” Nico pressed his hand to his face and took shallow breaths like he was going to have a panic attack, “I can’t do this, not now...”

“Nico,” Will closed the space between them, “I need to treat you,” he grabbed Nico’s hurt arm and pulled it to him, racking up the boy’s sleeve to reveal the bloodied cut...surrounded by other, older scars. Will froze.

He hadn’t noticed, but then again Nico hadn’t *shown* him, and Will tried to understand that – Nico was probably ashamed, it was something private – but they had dated for a year and the fact that the boy kept this from Will was upsetting.

He had made a mistake grabbing him.

Nico jerked his arm back, eyes full of tears and anger, and before Will could react his hand came up and he slapped the blond across the face. Shocked, the son of Apollo stumbled back as hot pain bloomed in his cheek.

“Don’t *ever* g-grab me like that!” Nico yelled at him, and then he burst into tears. Will just stood there, touching his cheek and staring at his crying boyfriend in shock. Nico collapsed on the edge of his bed, “I-I’m sorry,” he sobbed, “I-I’m sorry W-Will I just *can’t* right now. I-I miss her so much a-and it should’ve been m-me that died, n-not her, she didn’t d-deserve it...”

“What?” Will asked, and he felt really out of it as if he was watching a stranger break down and not his boyfriend. Nico had never told him any of this.

“I-I can’t be...I need to be alone,” Nico whimpered, “Just today,” he looked up at Will with eyes full of agony, “S-So please leave. I-I’ll speak to you t-tomorrow but I can’t...I can’t look at you right now.”

That hurt. Will swallowed and nodded, trying desperately to understand why Nico was feeling this way. Will wanted to help, he wanted to be the shoulder Nico leaned on and cried, and yet the Italian was pushing him away and acting like Will was a problem. Even the son of Apollo had his limits – he couldn’t fix this, he wasn’t enough for Nico.

“Okay,” he said, “Okay. Yeah. I’ll...I’ll see you tomorrow then,” he turned on his heel and walked to the door and he heard Nico’s sobs subside. Because he was leaving. Just before Will opened the door he threw a last attempt at making sense of the situation, “I love you.”

But Nico didn’t reply.
Can you do a Freo a/b/o where frank and Leo already know they’re mates and they’re together but by law they can’t until both of them are 18 and frank (the alpha) is still 17 so they have to wait to officially mate. Most people leave Leo alone because they know he belongs to frank... but not everyone. Maybe like some alpha kidnaps Leo to try to mate with him and frank has to find him in time before the guy can mate with Leo.

This didn’t normally happen – normally you didn’t find your mate until you were a teenager. Which didn’t explain why these two boys were glaring at each other across the Headteacher’s office. One of them was clearly an Omega; he was small and skinny with tanned skin, a nest of curls on his head and angry, brown eyes. He was standing grumpily next to his aunt, who had developed a nervous tick in her left eye. The other boy was five, a year younger than the Omega, and clearly the Alpha in the equation – an inch taller than the Omega, despite being younger, he had a pudgy, chubby body, close-cropped black hair and dark eyes brimming with tears. His cheeks were bright red and he let out a wet sob, clinging onto his mother’s hand.

“Look at that, Leonidas!” the aunt snapped, grabbing the Omega by his elf-like ear. The six year old barely winced, used to the treatment, “You made the boy cry!”

“He’s the one that bit me!” the Omega protested. The Alpha’s mother – a Beta – laughed awkwardly.

“Please don’t mind Frank,” she said, patting her son’s head as he continued to blubber. Leonidas rolled his eyes at the overdramatic boy who, despite being only a year younger, the Omega considered a child, “He cries at the littlest thing, don’t you, pet?”

Frank grossly wiped his runny nose on the sleeve of his ugly jumper. Leo glared at him, “Gross.”

“S-Shut up!” Frank yelled at him, and Leo enjoyed riling him up. All his short life he had been told by his Aunt that Alphas were strong and superior, and Frank was doing a great job proving him wrong.

“How did this happen?” the Asian’s mum asked, turning to the Headteacher. Mr Chiron looked lost.

“Well, normally an Alpha doesn’t bite an Omega until much later in their lives...,” he looked uncomfortable, “It seems the bond between the two must be strong; I know Frank is normally shy and kind so I don’t see any other explanation as to why he’d bite Leo out of nowhere if it weren’t for the bond.”

“We don’t have a bond!” Leo protested, looking at the boy he had met half an hour ago when he had randomly tackled the Latino to the floor and munched on his neck like a piece of ham. The boy
subconsciously touched the place where the bite mark was on his neck, aching, “I hate him!”

“I hate you too!” Frank yelled back, his sobs now reduced to sniffling.

“I hate you more!”

“Leonidas,” his Aunt hissed and dug her claw-like fingers into his shoulder in warning. Leo’s mood dampened – he knew he’d get a beating at home for this, even though it really wasn’t his fault.

“Boys,” Mr Chiron stood up, a kind smile on his face, “Normally you don’t learn this lesson until later in school, however you two are a special case. See, there is a special bond between Alphas and Omegas; some of these Alphas and Omegas can be destined mates, which means they are meant for each other and nobody else. When they identify as mates the Alpha will typically be unable to stop himself from biting his Omega. Frank, Leo, you are each other’s mates.”

Frank burst into tears again, hugging his mother’s leg. Leo rolled his eyes and crossed his arms over his chest, pretending like this whole thing wasn’t scaring him. He knew about mates – the girls whispered about them like they were something magical. There was nothing magical about being the mate of a sobbing, ugly five-year-old.

“Can we go now?” Leo asked, looking up at his aunt. A beating was better than spending another moment with his so-called ‘mate.’

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“I hate you!” seven-year-old Frank Zhang screamed at the annoying Latino that was running around the classroom, dodging the books Frank was throwing at him in his fury. That idiot wasn’t even supposed to be in Frank’s class – he was a year older, for God’s sakes!

“I hate you more moron!” Leo yelled back and Frank saw red. He picked up another book and blindly chucked it at the Latino. The kids huddling at the back of the classroom yelped. Someone was crying and normally Frank would want to comfort them, but normally he didn’t have his annoying mate pissing him off.

“This is my classroom!” Frank was fuming, “Get out!”

“Make me!” Leo stuck his tongue out at Frank. Oh, how many times had the Asian imagined just punching that annoying little face of his. He didn’t understand how one person could be so bloody annoying.

Frank charged at Leo, and this time the boy wasn’t fast enough. He tripped over a table and went flying, landing on the ground with a painful SMACK. Immediately Frank was on top of him, rolling the boy onto his back and ready to punch him, but then he froze. There was blood trickling from the boy’s button nose, and tears in his eyes. Frank blinked down at him.

“Ouch,” Leo whispered.

Frank never saw him cry in the two years of taunting they had gone through, but now the tears brimming in the boy’s eyes threatened to spill. Frank panicked.

“Oh my God,” his anger was gone in seconds and he pressed his sleeve to Leo’s nose to stop the bleeding. The Latino reached up and cradled Frank’s chubby hand to his face, “Are you okay?”

“O-Of course not, idiot,” Leo sniffled, “I think I broke my nose.”
The rest of the class gathered around the two and someone called the teacher. Leo was taken to the medical room where it turned out that he had not, in fact, broken his nose. The two – who their classmates had snaked about having a fight – were sent to the Headteacher for the second time that week, their carers called in. Leo’s aunt never bothered showing up anymore.

All throughout the scolding from Mr Chiron about how they should like and respect each other, Frank couldn’t shake the image of Leo on the floor, bloody and crying, from his mind. He went to bed that night and laid awake, continuously thinking about the boy. He wanted to call his house, to ask if the Omega was okay. It was weird, worrying about someone he hated.

***

“Here! Sign my shirt!” Leo handed Piper, his best friend, the marker. The girl rolled her eyes.

“We’re going to see each other in September, idiot!” she said. And Leo was glad; high school seemed scary, especially for an eleven-year old Omega. He was glad to have Piper with him in the same boat, even though it was bound to sink.

“You guys ready?” Piper’s dad waved at them from the school gate, waiting to take the two for some celebratory ice-cream – they had finished primary school after all. Leo looked around, scanning the crowd of laughing and crying eleven-year olds, hugging their friends. He was looking for someone in particular.

“Give me one sec,” he told Piper, and then dashed through the press of kids.

He found him sitting alone on the corner of the empty football field. Unsurprisingly, Frank Zhang was crying, even though he was staying at this school for one more year. Leo didn’t know why he sought him out specifically, or why he found himself walking towards the boy. They were supposed to hate each other...though Leo had to admit that he was going to miss bickering with the Alpha.

As Leo approached he saw fat tears rolling down Frank’s flushed, chubby cheeks. He had a roll of crumpled toilet paper in his lap and his sobs were loud, but stopped when he saw Leo coming. He hurriedly rubbed his face, making it even more red.

“Hey,” Leo said, stopping by the sitting boy.

“Are you here to make fun of me?” the Alpha sniffled, clutching his toilet paper protectively to his chest.

“No,” the Latino replied. For once, he wasn’t. He sat down next to Frank, “Why are you crying?”

The Asian looked away and shrugged, “D-Dunno.”

“Oh,” Leo said, “Uh...well, it’s my last day.”

“I know.”

Leo, wanting to lighten the atmosphere, playfully nudged Frank with his elbow, “Ya gonna miss me, ain’t ya?”

Frank turned his head, eyes glimmering with tears, and without warning launched himself at Leo, wrapping him up in his arms and crushing him against his chest. Leo couldn’t breathe for a second, because Frank was squeezing him so hard.

“Y-Yeah,” the Alpha sniffled, clearly holding back sobs, “Yeah, I’m going to miss you lots,
Leonidas.”

Leo smacked his back half-heartedly, “Leo.”

Frank squeezed him harder, and Leo decided he didn’t mind all that much. Sure, Frank was sweaty and too-strong, but he smelled nice, and was warm, and being held by him made Leo felt safe. The Latino nestled against the ten-year old and for a second they both forgot that they hated each other. They remembered pretty quickly though, and broke apart, blushing.

“So...uh...,” Leo broke the awkward silence and stuck his hand out to Frank. In it was his marker, “Wanna sign my shirt?”

***

Even though Leo and Frank ended up going to the same high-school, they rarely spoke. Back in primary their classed had only thirty people so they were bound to end up together somewhere one way or another. Now, being in two separate year groups that both counted three hundred kids, it was easy to never see each other. Frank liked to believe that was for the better, that the universe had made a colossal mistake ever putting him and Leo together. Sure, on the Latino’s last day Frank had cried, for some unknown reason his heart had ached, but that was almost forgotten now.

He was twelve and in his second year at high-school and he was having a good time. He was on the rugby team and had a nice group of friends, and a couple of weeks ago he had asked out a pretty Beta named Hazel who, despite the fact that Frank still tended to stutter and blush and was a clumsy ball of fluff, said yes. And Frank thought that was fantastic; he had a girlfriend.

He stopped thinking it was fantastic on the day of the rugby game, when his team was playing the team from the year above. The game itself was good – Frank’s year won, which was a huge success seeing as they were younger. The Asian subconsciously scanned the bleachers in search of Leo, hoping that the boy had come to see his year play. In the past two years that they were at high school Frank had caught only glimpses of his ‘mate’ and he was curious to see if the thirteen year old still looked the same.

The victory of their game made Frank forget briefly about the Omega, and then, when his teammates stopped crowding around him, Hazel grabbed his hand and pulled him to the bleachers. By then the crowd of supporters was streaming out of the field and back to school so the couple ducked under the bleachers.

In the dimness, Frank blushed. Suddenly he felt Hazel was standing too close, and that it was awkward. He, all of a sudden, didn’t want to be there. The girl looked up at him and smiled, arms behind her back, swaying back and forth.

“You played well,” she said sweetly, “I was really proud.”

“T-Thanks,” Frank stuttered. Hazel looked at him expectantly. *I should kiss her,* Frank realised after a moment, and the idea made his stomach churn. Hazel was pretty, and nice, but Frank had never kissed anyone, and he didn’t want to kiss her. But he had no way out; he felt trapped. If he rejected her now he’d break her heart and end their relationship.

Hazel made the decision for him when she suddenly stood on her tiptoes and pressed their mouths together. It was little more than a peck and Frank exhaled in relief when she started to pull away, but then she was back with a more vicious attack. It was clear she didn’t know what she was doing – it was sloppy and messy and awkward, her hands resting tensely on Frank’s shoulders. The boy fought the urge to push her away as all of his instincts screamed at him to get away from her.
Hazel pulled away, smiling, “See you tomorrow,” she said with a giggle and then dashed off, leaving a shocked Frank staring after her. As soon as she was out from under the bleachers, a voice sounded.

“Who was that?”

Frank turned around and was shocked to find Leo standing in the shadows a few feet away.

“H-How long have you been there?” the Asian spluttered. Leo stepped into the light so the Alpha could see his expression – the boy’s jaw was clenched and his eyes were angry, though for what reason Frank didn’t know. In the past two years Leo hadn’t changed; he was still short and small, though he had hit puberty; his face was bumpy and his hair greasy. His hands were in fists at his sides.

“Who was that?” he demanded again, voice all growly. Franks straighten up, reminding himself that he didn’t owe Leo anything.

“My girlfriend,” Frank said, as confidently as he could. And then Leo’s expression crumpled and everything fell apart. Frank’s shoulders slumped and pain filled him when he saw tears gleaming in the Latino’s eyes.

“W-What?” the boy croaked, looking as if someone had punched him. Seconds ago he had been angry, and now he looked small and vulnerable and completely like an Omega, “You can’t have a girlfriend!” he said suddenly, passionately, voice almost a sob. He looked at Frank helplessly, wringing his hands out in front of him, “I’m your mate, you can’t.”

“Yes, I can,” Frank said as a last-ditch effort to lie to himself. Tears tumbled down Leo’s cheeks and he started wiping at them desperately, hiccupping and sniffling. Frank looked at him, unsure of what to do, “Why are you crying?”

“W-We’re mates,” Leo sobbed, “Y-You’re supposed to be mine a-and I’m supposed to be yours b-but you’re out here kissing o-other people,” there was something hysterical in his voice, “I-I came here to congratulate y-you because that’s what I’m supposed to do, not her.”

“Goddammit,” Frank tried to mask how upset he was by feigning anger, “if you want to kiss me then just kiss me.”

Leo shook his head, sleeves pulled over his hands, wiping his eyes, “I-I don’t want k-kiss you.”

“Leo...,” Frank’s shoulders slumped and he approached the thirteen year old. Leo backed up until his back hit a wall and he had nowhere else to go. He was still crying and he covered his face with his hands. Frank stood in front of him, hopeless, “If you want to kiss me, you can.”

“I-I don’t w-wanna,” Leo sobbed, but it was obvious he was lying.

Frank bit his lip, unsure, “Do...Do you want me to kiss you?” he asked. Leo pulled his hands away and blinked before looking up at Frank. His eyes were red and puffy, he smelled like caramel. Frank’s body told him that this was what – no, who – he wanted.

He was shaking when he leaned down, awkwardly taking Leo’s hand and pulling them away from his face. The boy stared at him, frozen. Frank angled his head, swallowed nervously, and then pressed his mouth to the Latino’s. Leo exhaled the moment their lips touched. Their kiss was gentle, just their mouths pressed together. Their eyes fell closed. Leo leaned into Frank. Their bodies sagged in relief. Even though the kiss barely qualified as a kiss, Frank’s heart thrummed with approval; the kiss with Hazel didn’t compare. Leo was warmth and hardness when she was soft. His curls tickled Frank’s cheeks. I only ever want to kiss him, Frank decided then.
“Boys!” the shocked voice made the two jump apart, guiltily wiping their mouths, bright red. They didn’t know how long they had just stood there, lips touching, but now they saw one of the teachers standing by the entrance to the bleachers, fanning herself, “Boys what is the meaning of this?!” she demanded, “You are aware that it is illegal to mate before the age of eighteen!”

The boys blushed harder, “W-We weren’t mating, m-miss!” Frank stuttered, embarrassed just as the thought, “We were just...,” he swallowed and glanced at Leo, relieved when he saw a small smile playing on the boy’s lips. The lips he had just kissed.

“Both of you to the Headteacher at once!”

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Fifteen-year old Frank Zhang had Leo up against the wall of the bleachers, in the same place where they had had their first kiss, snogging his face off. Frank was no longer the pudgy, shy, adorable Alpha that made Leo’s heart melt – he was getting tall, and kind of muscular, and Leo remained awkward and small and skinny and so it wasn’t a problem for the Alpha to keep him from moving.

“F-Frank,” sixteen-year old Leo gasped when his Alpha’s mouth broke from his so he could kiss down his neck, licking at the place where he had bit Leo for the first time ten years ago. His scent, musky and arousing, was making Leo’s head spin and yet he knew that they couldn’t, “Frank...,” he whined, hands gripping the back of the boy’s school shirt.

Frank silenced him with another hot, open-mouthed kiss that almost made Leo’s knees buckle. How long had they been here for? School must’ve ended over an hour ago and yet they were here, in each other’s arms, brushing against each other in suggestive ways that they both knew were illegal – they had to wait to be eighteen to mate otherwise it wouldn’t be considered proper. But Leo wanted to do it now, he wanted to do it with his mate even though they were young. He was all hot and bothered just from Frank’s tongue in his mouth.

“You smell amazing,” Frank told him, voice hoarse as he rubbed his nose against the curve of Leo’s neck, scenting him. His hands were underneath Leo’s shirt, touching his stomach and hips. He liked doing that, because it left behind his own smell on Leo’s skin, meaning all the other Alphas at school knew who he belonged to even if they weren’t mated, “You’re so perfect. I want you.”

Leo shivered at the praise, wrapping his arms around Frank’s shoulders and pulling him close. He had to stand on his tiptoes to do so. He remembered how much he had hated the Alpha at first, but now he couldn’t imagine anyone else holding him but Frank.

“We can’t,” Leo pressed their foreheads together and Frank’s dark eyes, full of lust, softened. He reached up and his thumb gently brushed against Leo’s cheek, “I want to, but you know we can’t.”

Frank exhaled, gave Leo one last lingering kiss and then pulled away, “Okay,” he took deep breaths, trying to calm himself down even though the dent in his trousers was obvious, “Okay. You wanna come round mine? We can do homework and order pizza.”

“Orr,” Leo smiled and pushed himself off the bleacher wall, “We could order pizza and watch movies?”

Frank rolled his eyes, “You’re going to fail school,” he said, closing his big hand over the Omega’s much smaller one and pulling him out into the field.

***

Frank ran for the house, the door coming into view. His sight was tinted red at the edges, but he
didn’t care, a growl clawing up his throat. All he knew was that he needed to get his Leo, to his Omega, and take care of him.

He was almost there, almost reached the door, when two sets of strong arms came out of nowhere and grabbed him, preventing him from getting into the house.

“Let go!” the sixteen-year old roared, struggling, his eyes flashing Alpha red. But Leo’s brothers, Beckendorf and Jake, held strong, though they were struggling to keep Frank back.

“I knew this would happen,” Jake gritted.

“Frank, calm down,” Beckendorf hauled the Alpha away from the house, “You can’t go in there, you know what will happen.”

Yes, Frank did know what would happen – he would grab his mate and lay him on a bed and kiss him and fuck him through his first heat like a good Alpha. It was what he was supposed to do. He could smell Leo, the walls of the house not enough to mask his sweet scent. The boy was upstairs, in his bedroom, and Frank could feel the tug at his core as his inner-Alpha demanded that he do his duty and take care of his Omega and yet they weren’t letting him.

“Frank!” Jake snapped and Frank went limp in their grasp, staring helplessly at the house. How much pain was Leo in right now? Why did he have to suffer through his heat alone when Frank was right here, ready to be with him? Why were they forcing them apart? Frank imagined the face of his mate, his eyes full of tears as he cried in pain, trying to get to Frank as badly as Frank was trying to get to him, and it caused him physical agony.

“Is this what you want?” Beckendorf’s voice was soft and Frank had to remind himself that as an Alpha Beckendorf probably went through the same thing with his mate, Silena, “You want your first time with Leo to be when he’s half-unconscious from pain and you can’t control yourself?” pain was evident in Beckendorf’s voice – it was his little brother after all.

Frank exhaled, “No,” he admitted, “No, I don’t.”

Jake and Beckendorf released him and shakily Frank stood up straight. He tried to breathe through his mouth, and his mind cleared a little, “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, brother,” Jake patted him on the back, “Happens to the best of us. Just go home, take a cold shower, and come back on Wednesday when his heat is done.”

The thought of three more days without Leo was depressing, but Frank knew the brothers were right. He nodded, mumbled a ‘thankyou’ to them and then shakily walked towards his house. When he got there he saw that his phone – which he had left in his mad run to get to Leo – was on his bedside table. He had sixteen missed calls from Leo.

Swallowing, Frank kicked off his shoes and lay down on his bed and dialled his mate. Leo picked up on the second ring.

“H-Hello?” he asked, and his voice was raw and sobby and helpless. Frank squeezed his eyes shut, hand fisting into the covers.

“H-Hey,” he said shakily. He heard Leo whimper and it made Frank’s blood rush south. God, how Frank wanted to be with him right now, “You okay, baby?” he never called Leo ‘baby,’ but he kind of felt like they both needed it right now.

“No,” Leo choked on a sob, “No. I-I want you here, why a-aren’t you here?”
“I can’t,” Frank whispered, “You know I can’t. I’d hurt you.”

“N-No, y-you wouldn’t,” Leo sobbed, “Frank.”

“Shhhh,” the neediness in his voice made Frank feel hundreds of emotions raging from intense arousal to burning anger. He imagined Leo here, in his arms, small and curled up, and just felt more pissed off since the boy wasn’t there. “It’s okay. We’ve only got two years left.” Leo sobbed on the other end of the line, and so Frank decided to keep talking, “How are you feeling, baby?”

“B-Better now that I hear your voice,” Leo admitted in a little whisper, “A-And that you’re calling me ‘baby.’” he giggled, and that giggle ended on what sounded suspiciously like a moan. A thrill of pleasure went through Frank.

“Are you naked?” he asked.

“F-Frank...,” Leo seemed surprised.

“Shhh, just tell me,” Frank said, his voice laced with his Alpha authority though he kept it soft.

“No,” Leo breathed. He seemed like he wasn’t crying anymore, his voice taking on a more breathy, needy edge, “I-I’m just wearing one of your t-shirts. The o-one with Captain America on it. It smells like you.”

Frank bit his lip to stop himself from groaning and his hand automatically slipped down to his crotch. Sure, he and Leo weren’t allowed to actually have sex until they both turned eighteen, but nobody said anything about phone sex.

“Are you touching yourself?” Frank asked, mind foggy with pleasure and lust as he palmed himself through his sweatpants.

“I-I’ve been touching myself for the last hour,” Leo said breathily, and then punctuated that sentence with a little needy moan.

“Fuck,” Frank swore, closing his eyes and wedging the phone between his ear and the pillow as he turned on the side, “Fuck, I wish I was there Leo, I’m going to take such good care of you when I’m allowed, I promise.”

“Frank,” the way the Omega moaned Frank’s name made the Alpha lose his mind. He shoved his hands into his sweatpants and wrapped his hand around his hard dick like the horny teenager that he was.

“I want you,” Frank growled, “So badly. You’re mine, Leo, only mine.”

“P-Please come here,” Leo said desperately, “I need you t-to touch me.”

“It’s okay, baby,” Frank whispered, stroking himself, “Just touch yourself and pretend it’s me.”

“It’s not the same,” Leo whined, but the wet sound in the background assured Frank that he was, in fact, touching himself. It made Frank jerk himself off faster, thinking about how gorgeous Leo must look just then. The phone filled with the sounds of his moans, high-pitched and desperate.

“I’m going to kiss you everywhere,” Frank told him heatedly, “Every inch of your skin, until you’re marked everywhere by me and everybody knows you’re mine,” he knew it was what Leo’s Omega needed to hear, because it was what Frank’s Alpha was demanding him to say, “My mate. Mine. God, Leo you sound so good. I want to fuck you.”
“F-Frank, fuck...,” Leo gasped and mewled adorably and fuck Frank was sure he was going to lose his mind, “F-Fuck, I-I can’t I’m gonna...”

Frank stayed on the phone with him for the whole night, talking Leo through orgasm after orgasm and although it wasn’t the same as him physically being there, it helped to take the edge off.

On Wednesday Frank showed up outside his mate’s house and Jake and Beckendorf smiled at him welcomingly as Leo came out of the house, in his pj’s, pale, with dark circles under his eyes. He looked weak, but beautiful, his heat having drained him. Frank enveloped his delicate body in his arms and showered his face and curls with kisses until he felt the Omega relax against him.

“I love you,” he told Leo, holding him close to his chest, refusing to let go.

***

Leo didn’t know what was happening, his head was spinning. One moment the eighteen year old had been in the school hall, dancing at his prom with all his friends and missing Frank who as a lower year wasn’t allowed to come. Then there was darkness and now he was here, laying on the ground, a structure rising above him. Leo felt dizzy and confused, dark spots swimming in his vision. The bleachers, he realised suddenly, remembering the way moonlight fell through the cracks all those times he and Frank came here in the evenings. But this time he wasn’t here with Frank – the boy’s comforting smell was nowhere to be found and instead Leo’s nose was assaulted by the stench of another Alpha’s arousal.

Panic made his senses come alive again.

“Ah, you’re awake,” a pleased voice said and a dark figure hovered above Leo. When the Omega tried to sit up he was shoved back down by the Alpha, his hands pinned to the ground. He could hear the faint sound of music spilling from the school. The Alpha straddled him, his face inches away, and Leo recognised Kronos, a boy from his year.

“W-What the...,” his tongue felt useless in his mouth. Kronos laughed.

“I didn’t think the pills would work so well,” he admitted and shoved Leo’s legs apart with his knee. The Latino was powerless in fighting him, his body weighing a tonne. He felt like he was in a dream, and reality didn’t seem stable, “but look at you now, all helpless and pretty, ready for me to fuck you.”

“N-No...,” Leo managed to slur. Kronos was grinning.

“What was that? Oh, you don’t want me because you already have a mate?” he pouted, “Well that’s too bad, isn’t it? He’s not here right now, but I am. He might’ve bitten you, but he hasn’t claimed you, that pathetic seventeen year old. But look at us; I’m eighteen, you’re eighteen, so it’s alright for us to fuck, which is what I intend to do, right here, in this place you two always sneak off to together,” he switched Leo’s wrists so he was holding both of them in one hand, allowing his other hand to slid down the boy’s clothed body. Leo shuddered in disgust and panicked; he felt nauseous, like he was on drugs, which he probably was. Kronos leaned in and took a long whiff of Leo’s neck, “Ah,” he exhaled happily and Leo cringed away from him, “The smell of an Omega virgin. Perfect. I’m excited for this, Leo, and you should be too, though it might hurt,” there was a crazed look in his eyes and Leo wanted to cry. He screamed for Frank in his head but he knew that his Alpha was far away in his own bed, in his own house-

Except he wasn’t. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a huge shadow grabbed Kronos by the shoulders and
hauled him off Leo like a rag doll, tossing him aside. Leo blinked, which was hard since he felt like he was going to pass out any second. He saw Frank in the moonlight, looking furious, eyes blazing. He literally growled at Kronos, who scurried away, afraid. Then, as Leo fell in and out of consciousness, he saw Frank beating the other Alpha savagely. Then Leo passed out again.

He woke up a few times. The first one was in Frank’s arms; the world was spinning and the Alpha was holding Leo bridal style as the Latino’s friends crowded around them; Piper was crying, someone else was shouting. Leo faintly heard police sirens. Then nothing. When he woke up again, Frank was walking and still carrying him through an empty, dark street. Shhhhh, he whispered, I’ve got you now, you’re safe. And Leo wanted to say something but his body didn’t cooperate, sinking into oblivion and relaxing, knowing that he was protected by his Alpha.

Leo properly woke up when he was in Frank’s bed, covers piled up on him. He had a throbbing headache and it must’ve been late; the bedside lamp was on. Someone had washed and dressed him in Frank’s spare pj’s, too big on him, and when Leo’s eyes focused again, he saw Frank sitting at the foot of the bed, watching him intently and stroking Leo’s leg.

“Hey, baby,” he said, expression crumpling. Despite the pain in his body, Leo launched himself at Frank, almost tackling him to the bed. The Alpha caught him, wrapped Leo up in his arms and held him in one of those crushing hugs of his, “I’m so sorry,” he whispered.

“I love you,” Leo didn’t want to hear his apologies. He gripped Frank’s gorgeous face in his hands and kissed him, “I love you, I love you,” he felt so relieved, not realising how scared he had been until this moment, “I love you so much, oh my God.”

Frank ran his hands through Leo’s hair, desperate, as if to make sure the boy was really there. They kissed again, passionate and needy, and Frank’s hands travelled all over Leo’s body, as if he wanted to rub his scent back into the boy’s skin.

“I was so scared,” Leo whispered when Frank broke away to kiss down his neck, tugging his oversized t-shirt to the side to exposed his shoulder and kiss it.

“I almost killed him,” Frank said, in-between kisses, “Piper called me. She said you disappeared, she was worried. When I got to school I immediately smelled your fear,” anger blazed in his eyes, “I wish I did kill him.”

“Thank you for saving me,” Leo whispered. He noticed that Frank’s knuckles were bandaged – they must’ve been split when he punched Kronos. Leo raised them to his mouth now and kissed them. Frank relaxed and wrapped his arms around Leo’s waist.

“I love you,” he said fiercely. Leo nodded, pressed their foreheads together.

“I love you too, so much.”

A soft knock sounded on the door and Frank’s mum came in. When she saw Leo she rushed to him and pulled her off her son, giving him a hug that was almost as strong as Frank’s, “Thank God you’re okay,” she whispered, pulling away, “I phoned your aunt, but she didn’t pick up. Sleep here tonight, so I can keep an eye on you.”

Leo nodded, heart warm with emotion, “Thank you.”

Frank’s mum smoothed down his curls, “No funny business,” she shot a look to her son, “Despite what happened today I want you to behave properly, boys. Tomorrow we’ll go to the police station, so Leo can speak with the officers about what happened. But now to bed, both of you.”
“Hey,” Leo looked up at Frank with big, lost eyes, “What if it’s not what we think it’ll be?”

It was Frank’s eighteenth birthday party. Or rather, it had been. There were still a few of the boys’ closest friends downstairs, drinking and laughing, but the mates were up in Frank’s room. Leo was laying on his back, arms loosely wrapped around Frank’s shoulders, and the Alpha was looking down at him with soft eyes.

“Of course it will be,” he kissed the space between Leo’s eyebrows, “Because it’s you, and it’s me, and no matter what I love you more than words can express. So it will be exactly what we had always wanted it to be.”

Leo seemed reassured and he sagged against the bed, smiling, “Okay. Should we take our clothes off?” he asked, biting his lip.

“Yeah,” Frank touched the hem of the t-shirt he was wearing, “yeah, I wanna see you.”

“We’ve seen each other naked before,” Leo rolled his eyes, “In the changing room when I was fourteen and you were thirteen? After that rugby game? Remember?”

Frank made a face, “Yeah, but I was fat back then.”

Leo gaped at him and smacked his muscular arm, “You were not fat. You were adorable,” he leaned up to kiss Frank’s nose before settling back against the pillows, running his hands up and down Frank’s arms that were caging him in. It was weird how comfortable they were, as if they had done this a million times even though they hadn’t.

“Besides,” Frank said, “Back then I was too busy pretending to hate you to pay attention to your body.”

“Pretending, eh?” Leo wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, “Good, though. I was skinny and scrawny when I was fourteen...actually, I’m still pretty small and scrawny.”

“Suggestion – less talking, more stripping?” Frank asked, because his semi-hard on was reminding him of where this was going.

“I like your thinking,” Leo said, then reached for Frank’s t-shirt. Together they got it over the Alpha’s head and Leo was blessed with the full view of Frank’s muscled torso and abdomen. Every hard line seemed deeper in the dim light from the bedside table lamp, “Woah,” Leo said, “Way to make a guy feel insecure.”

“Shut up,” Frank was half-grinning, pleased that Leo liked the way he looked.

“You literally have an eight pack,” Leo stared at his abs, “Oh my God,” his eyes flickered to Frank’s and he seemed a little hesitant, “Can I...Can I touch you?” he asked. Frank smiled.

“Yeah, course you can.”

Tentatively Leo reached out his small hand and brushed his fingers over Frank’s stomach. The Alpha shivered as the boy traced shapes into his skin, amazed. Frank couldn’t get enough of Leo; he liked when he was angry, or excited, when he was teasing or immersed in work. But this was a different, new side to the boy and Frank was eager to explore it.

He grabbed Leo’s shirt and slowly drew it over his head, ruffling his curls. His eyes took in the
endless smooth, tanned skin, Leo’s flat stomach dusted with moles, his protruding hip bones, his cute, outie belly button.

“There ya have it,” Leo said with an awkward laugh that was meant to mask his nervousness. Frank slowly slid down his body and ducked his head, pressing his mouth to Leo’s belly button. The boy exhaled and Frank felt his muscles shift against his mouth as his hair tickled Leo’s skin. He looked up at the boy, resting his chin against the boy’s naval.

“You are the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” he said sincerely. He saw a blush spread over Leo’s cheeks and for once the older boy was at loss for words. Frank nuzzled his hip-bone before kissing it, his hands rubbing over Leo’s thighs – the boy had taken off his trousers earlier so now he was only in boxers. Frank took advantage of that, slipping the tips of his fingers just past the hem of the underwear, enjoying watching the bulge rise in Leo’s crotch.

“Can we go slow?” Leo asked suddenly, in a small voice. Frank nodded, hooked his fingers into the Latino’s underwear and slid it down his legs. The nineteen year old exhaled again, and relaxed against the bed, fingers playing with the sheets as his semi-hard cock twitched against his flat stomach.

It was pretty, like the rest of Leo, and Frank couldn’t resist the temptation of leaning in and giving it a lick. He earned himself a little hum of approval from Leo, his legs spreading subconsciously. Frank’s Alpha liked how submissive the boy was being and he held his thighs, his hands so big they almost encircled them all the way. He gave the head of Leo’s cock a kiss, before slowly wrapping his lips around it. He inched his way down, taking the boy’s member into his mouth until Leo was trembling.

“F-Fuck,” he stuttered out, and Frank enjoyed the way his member hardened and grew against his tongue. He didn’t mind the salty taste and the musky smell with the underlying sweet scent that Frank knew was Leo’s, only made the Alpha more happy. Frank honestly didn’t really know what he was doing and he experimentally swirled his tongue around Leo’s head, which must’ve been a good thing because the boy moaned loudly before slapping his hands over his mouth, “God.”

Frank remembered how blowjobs worked in porn so he pulled up and then went back down, bobbing his head. He licked as he went, then released Leo’s cock altogether with a wet sound so he could lick along the vein on the side. That made Leo shiver.

“Jesus Christ,” he breathed, pushing his curls out of his forehead, his breathing coming out harder.

“You like that?” Frank asked.

“Yeah it’s really- Ah!” the Alpha didn’t let Leo finish, swallowing his erection all the way. It hit the back of his throat and he almost gagged, before once again bobbing his head up and down, enjoying how Leo’s breaths became more airy and high-pitched. When Frank experimentally reached between the boy’s legs, he found his inner thighs wet with slick. Surprised, Frank released the boy’s cock from his mouth.

“You’re wet.”

Leo glared at him, “Of course I’m wet, idiot.”

Frank grinned – his Omega was wet for him and if that didn’t make him happy he didn’t know what would. He climbed back up Leo’s body, staying between his legs, but the Latino made a point of not looking at Frank, his face turned away.
“What’s up?” Frank asked, nuzzling his neck, licking and biting playfully, resisting the urge to put another claim mark on Leo.

“It’s just...a bit embarrassing,” Leo admitted. Frank frowned against his skin, smoothing his hand down the boy’s stomach, “You’re all Alpha-ish but to me it’s...”

Frank pulled away, stomach twisting. He would’ve thought Leo liked submitting himself to his Alpha, “We can stop if you want,” Frank said hoarsely. Leo immediately reached for him, pulling him down and kissing him fiercely.

“No, no, no, that’s not what I meant,” he said feverishly, running his fingers through Frank’s hair, “I just...,” he bit his lip and looked away again, “I’m just a bit self-conscious, ‘s’all.”

Frank’s expression softened and he kissed Leo’s forehead, “You’re an A Grade idiot, you know that?”

Leo smiled, “Yeah.”

“I’m going to prepare you, okay?” Frank said, kissing the corner of Leo’s mouth, “and don’t feel self-conscious because literally every little thing you do is amazing, and you’re making me rock hard.”

Leo nodded, biting his lip, and Frank nudged his legs apart more until he saw his pretty little twitching hole, “Should I lie on my stomach?” Leo asked.

“No,” Frank said, “I want to see you,” he swooped down and kissed the inside of his mate’s thigh before reaching down. He circled the boy’s entrance with his fingers and immediately Leo tensed up, “You need to relax, baby.” Frank told him, and on the pet name Leo suddenly melted into the covers as if Frank pressed a switch inside of him, and the top of the Alpha’s finger slipped inside him. Thankfully, Leo didn’t tense up again, “Tell me if it hurts,” Frank told him, and slowly, slowly, started pushing his digit in. About halfway, Leo let out a hiss. Frank had been so absorbed watching Leo’s body swallow his finger that he didn’t notice his expression – now the boy had a hand over his face.

“Fuck,” his voice was hoarse, “Why are your fingers so fucking thick?”

“Is that a bad thing?” Frank asked, stopping.

“I don’t know,” Leo admitted, peeking at his mate from under his hand, “Keep going.”

So Frank kept going, until his index finger was completely buried inside the boy. Leo squirmed a little but when the Alpha asked if he was in pain, Leo just said it felt a little weird. Frank didn’t want it to feel weird, he wanted it to feel good. He decided to take his time preparing the Omega, even if his own dick was throbbing with need. He slipped his finger in and out of Leo until the boy was relaxed, his body adjusting to having something inside of him. After about ten minutes Frank decided Leo was loose enough for another finger. This took a bit more manoeuvring but when Frank finally got two digits inside the boy, Leo tensed.

“A-Ah, um...shit...,” he gasped.

“What?” Frank asked alarmed. Leo shook his head, then just threw an arm over his face, which Frank took as a go-ahead. When he withdrew his two digits and pushed them back into Leo, a wave of slick dripped down his thighs. Frank grinned, then pried Leo’s arm from his face, “You’re enjoying this.”
The boy was flushed and panting, which didn’t stop him from glaring at Frank again, “S-Shut up,” he growled, but then Frank experimentally twisted his fingers and Leo moaned, “Frank.”

He wrapped his arms around the Alpha’s neck and pulled him down, hiding his face in Frank’s muscular shoulder as the Alpha continued to finger him, going faster when he felt more comfortable. He ran his free hand through Leo’s curls and down his slightly sweaty back and when he added a third finger, Leo just moaned. After half an hour of preparation, Leo was a shivering, wet mess and Frank’s wrist was aching, while his cock throbbed in anticipation.

“Can I?” he whispered into Leo’s hair, “Leo, please, I want to be in you so badly.”

The Omega whimpered, then flopped back from Frank and against the bed. His eyes were dark, cheeks and tops of shoulders flushed, “Yeah,” he whispered, voice heavy with pleasure, “Make love to me.”

Frank attacked him with kisses, passionate and desperate, spurred on by Leo’s words. This was all he had ever wanted, for his mate to love and accept him.

“I love you,” Frank whispered heatedly. Leo just gasped against his mouth as if he forgot how to speak. Their slow pace forgotten, the two boys scrambled to get on with it. Leo slipped his slim legs over Frank’s shoulders and the Alpha kissed his ankle, kicked off his boxers and he positioned himself at his entrance. He held his thick, hard, pulsing cock in his hand and before he could ask Leo if he was ready, the Omega shifted backwards and took Frank’s head inside of himself.

“OhmyGod,” Leo gasped and Frank growled at the incredible wet heat that enveloped him. He didn’t wait – couldn’t wait – and he began to sink himself further into Leo’s amazing body, earning himself gasp after moan after whimper from the Omega. Leo’s fingers were digging into the sheets below, clutching at them, and the constant litany of moans from his mouth made Frank want to explode, “O-Oh my God, Frank...Frank...nghhh...Frankie...”

“Mine,” Frank growled possessively as Leo’s body gave way to him, adjusting almost automatically to Frank’s impressive size, as if Leo’s tiny body was made for him, “Mine, only mine.”

“Yes,” Leo gasped, “I’m y-yours. I love you-fuck.”

Frank bottomed out inside of him and he genuinely thought that he had died and gone to heaven. He felt dizzy with pleasure as he looked down at his little Omega, all spread out and perfect for him. Leo’s own cock twitched against his stomach, sticky with precum. Frank leaned over him, pressing their foreheads together and just gave them both a second to adjust.

“You’re everything to me, Leo,” he whispered. Leo looked like he might cry, and he reached up to stroke Frank’s face.

“Do you know how happy you’re making me right now?” he whispered. Frank smiled.

“You feel okay, baby?”

Leo nodded, “Yeah,” he breathed, “yeah it’s good, it’s...you’re...you’re like actually inside me.”

Frank kissed him deeply, pushing him down into the bed, and pulled out of the boy only to sink back into his heat once more. Slick poured down Leo’s thighs and Frank was just determined to stay inside of him forever. Soon enough the room filled with the sound of skin slapping on skin and Leo’s helpless little moans.

Frank thrust into his Omega, harder and faster each time, and to him the world outside of this bed
stopped existing. Leo was everything he needed.

“Frank,” the boy sobbed, reaching for the Alpha and clinging onto him, “F-Frank, fuck...I can’t...it’s too much...ngh...”

“You’re so perfect,” Frank told him in a hoarse voice, “I love you. You’re so beautiful, baby.”

Leo’s legs slipped from Frank’s shoulders so the boy could wrap them around Frank’s waist and tighten them so they were impossibly close. When Frank found his prostate the boy’s back arched beautifully and he collapsed against the bed, crying and moaning incoherently. Frank kissed his neck, down his chest, sucked on his nipples until Leo was literally shuddering apart in his arms. He felt light-headed, the pleasure so intense he was losing control. He rammed into Leo, over and over, and the boy took everything Frank gave him despite it being his first time.

When Frank grabbed Leo’s dick and started stroking it in time with his thrusts, feeling that he himself was going to come soon, Leo wrapped an arm around his shoulders and started to desperately moan, “Frank, F-Frank, Alpha, please...o-oh fuck, Frank...a-ah~“

Frank wasn’t sure which one came first; all he knew was that in the next moment his hand was wet with Leo’s come and he himself was climaxing inside the boy, his knot pushing itself into the boy and earning another hoarse yes from his mouth.

They collapsed on the bed together, a tangle of limbs, linked for at least the next half an hour. They were both breathing hard as sweat cooled on their skin and with some difficulty Leo managed to grab the covers and drag them over the two of them. Frank settled behind him, wrapped his arms around Leo’s waist and tucked the Omega against his chest. As his body came down from its ecstasy, he realised what happened.

“We did it,” Frank whispered, awed.

“Yeah,” Leo said hoarsely.

“You’re...you’re actually, properly mine.”

Leo turned around and gave Frank a sleepy, content smile, “And you’re mine too.”

Frank kissed the bite mark he had left on Leo over ten years ago, “I love you.”

“I love you too. Only you. You’re the only one I could ever love, Frank,” Leo said quietly. Frank kissed his curls, wanting never to let go.

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Leo threw a stone across the lake, the gentle breeze ruffling his curls. Frank stood to the side, watching him, amused.

“They won’t skip,” Leo groaned, frustrated.

“You’re picking ones that are too round,” Frank interjected.

“Shut up,” Leo huffed, crossing his arms over his chest and looking out at the sun setting, painting the lake and the sky a dozen different colours. Frank came up behind him and wrapped his arms around the twenty year old Omega.

“Don’t get pissy,” he blew a raspberry on Leo’s neck.
“I’m not,” Leo turned his head and caught Frank’s lips with his own. When he pulled away, he was smiling. Frank looked impossibly beautiful in the light, and Leo couldn’t help but think about how much he loved this man. This man that was his only. Something about the softness and love in Frank’s eyes told Leo he was thinking of similar things.

“Marry me,” the Alpha said suddenly.

Leo smacked his arm, pulling away, heart pounding, “Idiot. Of course I’m gonna marry you. We’re mates.”

“No,” Frank suddenly sank to one knee in the sandy beach that ringed the lake, and Leo’s eyes flew open in shock, “I’m serious. I want to do this properly. Leo, marry me.”

“O-Okay,” Leo said shakily, without hesitation. Frank grabbed his hand and kissed it and Leo tugged him back up to his feet and crashed their mouths together, thinking how funny it was that the first time they met Frank had bit him, and Leo had made him cry.

Funny.
Percy thinks his dick is cursed and every time he sleeps with someone they fall in love with him and become a crazy stalker. After his last ex destroyed his apartment he needs a place to live and moves in with his best friends younger brother. They both have loved each other since childhood, but never did anything about it until one night after his roommate learns of his predicament decides to prove that the curse isn’t real by sleeping with Percy, only for them both to realize their feelings for each other. All this happens while Percy has to deal with one truly insane/crazy Ex. I would love for Percy’s roommate to be Nico, Jason, Will, Malcolm, or Leo

for Evatre

“I don’t want him here,” Nico hissed, fingers digging into Bianca’s wrist. The girl gave him a pointed look.

“Can’t you do this for me, Neeks? This one thing?”

“Why can’t he stay with you?” the boy grumbled, glaring daggers at her sister’s best friend who was currently wandering around Nico’s living room.

“I only have one room.”

“So do I!” Nico protested. Bianca rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, but you’re both boys, so it’s fine.”

“It’s really not,” Nico grumbled. Bianca finally managed to free her wrist from her younger brother’s grasp.

“It’s only for a couple months until the case is closed and he can get a new apartment. Just let him sleep on your floor, it’ll be fine,” before Nico could voice any further protests the girl kissed him on the cheek, grabbed her bag off the floor and then dashed from the boy’s tiny flat. Nico let out a frustrated sigh and ran a hand through his head, turning to the living room.

Percy Jackson was Bianca’s age, and so three years older than Nico. The Italian had known him...well, since forever really. And when Nico was about fourteen and Percy was seventeen, he fell hopelessly in love with the boy. Thanks to Percy Nico figured out that he was in fact gay, and spent the best part of the next year pining helplessly after the older boy who refused to treat Nico as anything more than a little brother. Then Percy and Bianca had gone to college together, and now suddenly Percy was in Nico’s flat.

Nico was twenty and he had thought that he was sorting his life out – he had good friends, worked at
the nearby book shop, rented this shitty little one-bedroom apartment. He had no love life but he
didn’t care and he had stupidly thought that he had gotten over Percy. But then second the older
guy showed up at his doorstep with an apologetic Bianca, and put his strong arms around Nico in a
welcoming hug, the crushing weight of Nico’s feelings fell back onto him.

“So,” he walked into the living-room, arms crossed over his chest, “What exactly happened?”

“Oh man, it was bad this time,” Percy said, seemingly intrigued by Nico’s collection of movies,
displayed above his TV.

“This time?”

Percy turned and faced Nico dramatically – he looked good. Really good. At twenty three his dark
hair still tumbled into his face messily, and his green eyes sparkled. He was taller and more muscular
than Nico remembered, his face more chiselled, with the dark shadow of a beard on his jaw.

“I have a bad history of exes,” Percy explained, “But Malcolm takes the fucking cake.”

Nico blinked, “M-Malcolm?”

“Yeah, he’s a guy,” Percy waved it off like it wasn’t important, like sixteen year old Nico hadn’t
spent endless nights tossing and turning and gnawing at his nails, wondering if Percy would ever like
a boy, “I’m bisexual. Anyways; Malcolm. He was the brother of my ex-girlfriend, which was
already a bad sign, but man if you’d seen him you would’ve never expected for him to be a demon.
All blond and cute I thought he was a little angel until I realised that he was much more into me than
I was into him,” he rubbed a hand down his face and sighed, “I broke up with him, but that didn’t
end well. He started stalking me, coming to my work and flat and lamenting about how much he
loved me,” Nico felt a pang of sympathy for whoever this Malcolm was, “and then he set my fucking
flat on fire,” the pang was gone.

“He what?”

“Yeah, happened last week,” Percy plopped down on Nico’s beat up leather couch, “All my shit -
gone. Thankfully the fire was put out quickly but I can’t go back there; there’s a case against
Malcolm but he’s disappeared off the radar and that’s why I need to stay here...,” he looked at Nico
with big, puppy-dog eyes, “I hope you don’t mind.”

“No, I don’t,” Nico said, even though he did. As shocking as Percy’s story was, Nico didn’t
understand why he had to be a part of it – he hadn’t spoken to Percy in over two years and he was
happy to keep it that way and continue ignoring the feelings he carried for the man.

“Awesome,” Percy relaxed against the couch and smiled at Nico, “You’ve changed a lot.”

“Yeah well,” Nico hugged himself self-consciously, “I’m not a kid anymore.”

“No, you’re not,” Percy’s eyes slid over him and Nico remembered that Percy was bisexual. Not that
that mattered; Nico was sure that he was nothing more than a little brother to Percy, “Thank you for
letting me stay here. It means a lot.”

“If your crazy ex shows up and burns my flat, you’re paying for it,” Nico grumbled, turning away
and hiding his blush. How he was going to survive living with Percy he really didn’t know..., “I’m
going to order takeaway for dinner. What do you want?”

When later that evening Nico sat next to Percy and ate the pizza he ordered he felt nostalgic – he
remembered nights when Percy would stay round their house when they were younger, and the three
of them – including Bianca – would sit on the floor of Nico’s mum’s living room, eat pizza and watch movies until late. They’d build blanket forts and giggle away and tell ghost stories. There was none of that now; it was just Nico and Percy on a couch, watching some shitty sitcom, and yet it was nice. Nico couldn’t remember the last time he had had someone who wasn’t his sister over at his place.

They finished eating and Nico washed the dishes, telling Percy to go take a shower. Things were tense between them; Nico was purposefully not opening up to the older man and Percy must’ve sensed that he wasn’t such a welcome guest in the flat because he was quiet and kept his head down. Nico wanted to be more welcoming, but he knew what that might entail. He couldn’t afford to get close to Percy and have his heart broken all over again...it was simply better to keep him at arm’s length.

The two of them passed each other when Nico went into the bathroom and Percy was coming out. The Italian tried not to pay attention to his damp hair, and water beading on his neck, and muttered a ‘goodnight’ to the man before taking a very, very cold shower. Thankfully when he came into his dark bedroom Percy was already asleep, spread out on the spare mattress that Nico had situated on the floor by his bed. Nico exhaled in relief at not having to make awkward falling-asleep talk with the man and as he climbed into his cold, lonely bed he tried to make a plan for the next day, but he fell asleep before he could.

***

Nico had the day off and he spent it lazing around his flat. Percy had gone to work early, probably hoping to avoid Nico in the morning, but left his new roommate a plate of scrambled eggs and toast with a ketchup smiley face on the eggs and a little note explaining where he went. Even though heated up eggs were gross and Nico didn’t like ketchup, he ate the shitty breakfast Percy made for him because...well, nobody ever made him breakfast anymore. And it was Percy.

It was coming up to noon and Nico was sprawled out on the couch, catching up with Suits and wondering if he could be bothered to cook dinner, when the doorbell rang. Grumpily Nico ignored it, hoping that whoever it was wasn’t important but when the second ring came he unrolled himself out of his foetal position and with a groan shuffled to the door. Only after opening it did he realise that he was just in his boxers and an oversized t-shirt he slept in, but by then it was too late.

On the other side was some guy a few years older than Nico, with curly blond hair, glasses and a bright smile, “Hi!” he exclaimed like he and Nico were best buds. Nico blinked.

“Whatever you’re selling, I’m not buying.”

“Okay!” the blond exclaimed, turned on his heel and went down the stairs. Nico blinked, surprised. Usually the sellers were a lot more persistent, pushing their products in Nico’s face, but this one just took the hint. Nico shook his head and closed the door, padding back into the living room. He sighed and rubbed his hand over his face, and without meaning to he turned to the kitchen.

He was just finishing dinner - spaghetti like his grandmother taught him – when he heard the door open. Moments later, Percy was coming into the kitchen. Nico didn’t turn to him, but he felt Percy’s warmth when the man stood behind him, looking over Percy’s shoulder at the sauce Nico was stirring in the pan.

“That smells amazing,” Percy said, and then rested his chin on Nico’s shoulder. The boy jerked, but Percy didn’t notice, “Hope there’s some for me.”

“Oh, yeah, I cooked for two,” Nico said, swallowing and hoping he could play off the blush on his
face as coming from the heat of the pan, “Did you...have a good day at work?”

Percy giggled and stepped away from Nico, “Why does this feel like you’re a housewife and I’m your husband coming back home?” he asked, and Nico jerked. He turned around, wooden spoon in hand.

“I’m not your housewife,” he said, “and you’re ridiculous.”

Percy grinned at him and fell onto the couch, sprawled on it like he owned it. God, Nico’s heart pounded and his hand tightened on his spoon, I’m in love with him. The older man didn’t seem to know this, his eyes full of amusement.

“So, what are we doing tonight?” he asked, “Movies? Pizza?”

“I cooked...”


“I-Idiot,” Nico turned away, trembling. He licked his lips. Was Percy really just joking, or was there hope? Hope for what? Being a quick screw? Nico shook his head. It wasn’t what he wanted – sure he was attracted to Percy, but he was also in love with him. Having sex with him...that was a very bad idea.

***

Nico’s music was blazing in his ears so by all means he shouldn’t have heard it. But he did. He was shuffling through songs, and in the silence between them, he heard arguing. Nico looked up, passing an alleyway, and normally he didn’t care about arguments and shouting and stayed out of trouble, but it was still light outside and so he saw that the arguing people were two men and that one of them was-

Percy.

Nico stopped in his tracks, pulling his earphones out of his ears, and stared in shock, which only deepened when he saw that the person Percy was arguing with was...the blond seller that had come to Nico’s front door a few days ago. The Italian’s mouth went dry as he realised that this guy was, in fact, Malcolm, Percy’s psycho ex.

“Why don’t you love me?!” he shouted now, face red, eyes full of tears.

“What kind of question is that?!” Percy sounded helpless, rubbing the space between his brows, “I just don’t, Malcolm, I told you this before. There’s no deep, psychological reason – I thought it was just sex, you told me it was just sex!”

“I love you!” Malcolm whimpered, and reached for Percy but the dark-haired man stepped away.

“You burned my flat down,” he growled, “you could’ve hurt someone!”

“I don’t care!” Malcolm snapped, “I only care about you! I’d kill anyone for you!”

Nico backed up so he was hiding behind a wall and listening in, his heart pounding. The sentences of the fight whirled in his mind I just don’t...Just sex...I’d kill anyone for you. Nico didn’t know what to think – on one hand he sympathised with Malcolm; he had fallen for Percy and to Percy it was just sex, which was what Nico had been afraid of whenever he let himself hope that maybe he and Percy
could have a thing. On the other hand, Malcolm seemed unstable.

“Listen, Malcolm,” Percy’s voice was calmer now though Nico couldn’t see him, “I have a restraining order against you. There’s a case against you. I suggest you stay the hell away from me, confess to burning my apartment, do you time and move on with your life.”

“I will!” Malcolm said passionately, “I’ll confess, Percy. But you need to love me. You need to love me, Percy.”

“I can’t. I’m already in love with someone. I’ve been in love with them for years.”

Nico heard footsteps approaching and with a pounding heart he dashed into a neighbouring alleyway, pressing his back against the wall and gasping for air. All he could think about was what Percy had said. I’m already in love with someone. There was only one person that Nico could think of that Percy could’ve loved for ‘years’ and that was Bianca. Nico felt like he had been punched. To know that the person he had been helplessly head over heels for loved his sister was painful.

And then Nico realised his priorities were fucked. He pushed himself off the wall and then he was sprinting. His flat was only five minutes away but Percy had gotten in before Nico. He was taking his shoes off when Nico burst into the flat.

“Percy!” he gasped. The older man blinked.

“Nico,” he was immediately grabbing the boy’s shoulders, “Shit are you okay?! What’s wrong?!” his hands desperately patted over Nico’s face and shoulders as if checking for invisible wounds. Nico shoved his hands away.

“I’m fine! I’m fine! I-,” his voice faltered. Percy’s shoulders slumped in relief when he saw that physically Nico was okay, “I saw you. Fighting with that guy in the alley...that’s Malcolm, isn’t it?”

Percy blinked, then sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck, “Yeah,” he sighed, “he doesn’t look like much, right?”

“I...,” Nico swallowed, wanting to, for a second, speak about who Percy was in love with. But priorities, “He came here.”

“What?” Percy blinked.

“H-He came here and I thought he wanted to sell me something and I didn’t realise,” Nico was panicking, realising how dire the situation was. He had had an arsonist on his front step, “I just...I didn’t even put two and two together but-“

“Calm down,” Percy grabbed Nico’s shoulders again, his voice calming, “It’s fine, he doesn’t know where you live.”

“But he does,” Nico said desperately, “Don’t you get it? He came to my door! He found out somehow, I don’t know how-“

“Hey, don’t panic.”

“How are you so calm?!” Nico demanded. Percy exhaled.

“This has happened to me before,” he said.

“What?”
Percy exhaled, “Don’t worry. It’s not important. Bottom line is Malcolm is crazy, but he’s not crazy enough to hurt you or anything. He’s a stalker—“

“A stalker who burned your apartment!” Nico hissed. Percy let go of his shoulders and stepped back.

“Look...if you don’t feel safe, I’ll go,” he said.

“No,” Nico said, “No, that’s not what I meant...” the thought of staying in this flat alone suddenly scared him, “I...I’d feel better knowing you’re here, just in case.”

Percy nodded, “Yeah. Yeah, of course I...Nico. I’m sorry.”

Nico tucked a piece of his hair behind his ear, “Don’t be, it’s okay, just...how long do you think it’s going to be? Before the case is over?”

“You wanna get rid of me that bad?” Percy’s laugh was strained.

“No,” Nico mumbled, then walked into the kitchen.

***

A few days passed in peace and Nico stopped being so paranoid. He was coming back from work, his earphones in. It was dark and it was cold – October was upon them and Halloween was coming around soon. As Nico walked down the side-streets towards his flat, he remembered all the Halloweens before. He remembered the one year when he, Percy and Bianca had dressed up as Ghostbusters. He remembered the next year when they had complained that they didn’t want to take Nico trick or treating. He cried in his bedroom and Bianca fought with Nico’s mum about not having to take him. Percy had gone upstairs in his Frankenstein’s monster costume (Bianca went as Frankenstein) and knelt in front of Nico, who was sitting on the edge of the bed and crying. He was ten maybe. Percy patted Nico’s knee and said that he could come with them, that Percy didn’t mind. He helped Nico get into his vampire costume and even though Bianca was grumpy the whole night, Nico enjoyed himself, because Percy held his hand all night as they walked around the neighbourhood. The following year Bianca and Percy went to a Halloween party, and they went to a Halloween Party every after that, and Nico stayed home.

He didn’t celebrate Halloween anymore, but he did keep a bag of candy in his flat for the kids that came around. This Halloween he’d probably spend with Percy again, and that was a nice thought.

Suddenly, Nico was jerked backwards, pulled out of his memories and thoughts. His earphones were ripped from his ears and he was being dragged into an alleyway. Panic kicked in a few seconds too late and when Nico started fighting the strong arms that were wrapped around him, it was too late.

He was roughly shoved onto the cold pavement and men crowded in above him.

“What the-,” Nico managed to get out, panicking, “I have no money.”

“This isn’t about money,” a gruff voice replied, and then the first punch fell. It came out of nowhere, shocking Nico. It connected with his cheek and his head knocked backwards against the pavement. For seconds his head rang and he didn’t feel anything and then came the sharp, stinging pain. He gasped and tears filled his eyes and then came the kick to his gut. Nico groaned as agony spread through his body and he rolled onto his side, hugging himself protectively as hysteria, panic and fear ran through him alongside adrenaline.

Hands were grabbing him, punches raining down on him. He felt pain everywhere; hot blood ran from his nose and mouth, down his chin, his head ached, he couldn’t breathe. Kicks and punches.
Just when Nico’s vision was blacking and he thought he was going to die, it all stopped, and he was left aching and gasping.

And then Malcolm was there, all in black, glass-less. He stood over Nico, and his eyes were full of crazy, “Stay away from my Percy,” he hissed.

Nico didn’t know how long he laid there, aching, but when he finally pulled himself up into a sitting position, he was alone. He was aching, but the pain wasn’t too bad – he guessed he was just bruised up. He was more afraid than hurt, even though he still hissed as he limped back to his apartment.

He somehow made it in one piece, and when he opened the door to his flat all he saw was dim blue light falling in from the TV into the dark corridor. “Nico?” Percy yelled from the living room, “That you?”


“You want ice cream?” Percy called.

“O-One sec,” Nico said and he stumbled to the bathroom. He turned on the light and winced at his reflection – already bruises were forming on his skin, he had a black left eye, there were a few cuts and scratches here and there.

“Oh my God,” Percy gasped and Nico whirled around to see him in the doorway, “what happened?!?” Percy demanded, rushing to Nico. Before the Italian knew what was happening Percy had him sat down on the edge of the bath and he was pulling out the first aid kit.

“Malcolm,” Nico didn’t have the strength to lie, or try and make Percy not worry. He was in pain.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Percy swore. He started dabbing at the cuts on Nico’s face, and the boy winced at the painful antiseptic, “I’m so sorry, Jesus, Nico.”

The Italian closed his eyes, his brain throbbing. Percy’s voice seemed far away, but his hands Nico could feel perfectly well. He felt them trace the anti-septic cotton pads over his face, wrap his head up with gauze where he was bleeding. But then Percy just started touching him, brushing his dirty hair from his face, caressing his cheeks. With difficulty Nico tuned into the man again.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Percy kept repeating. Nico opened his eyes. Percy looked on the verge of a mental breakdown. He sagged between Nico’s legs, “I’m so sorry. I never...I never thought this would happen,” he had his hands on Nico’s thighs and the Italian looked down at him, at the soft way Percy was looking at him. He couldn’t get enough of it, “I used to want to protect you, when we were younger. And now I got you beat up.”

“I’m fine,” Nico croaked. Percy stood up and pulled Nico into his chest, wrapping his arms around the Italian and holding him close.

“You don’t have to act strong all the time,” Percy whispered, “I know you were alone before, but I’m here now, and I know I’m causing trouble but...I’m gonna protect you from now on, okay?”

“I don’t need protection,” Nico said but he closed his eyes and leaned more into Percy.


***
“I can’t believe they only had one bed bedroom left,” Percy said. Nico opened his eyes. The hotel bedroom was dark, and Nico and Percy were laying in the king sized bed, back to back, not touching.

“Yeah,” Nico said. He felt the bed shift and knew that Percy had turned to face him.

“How you feeling?” Percy asked, and Nico felt his fingers brush the back of his head. He let out a shaky breath.

“I’m okay,” Nico said, because he was. His bruises ached, but the damage seemed superficial. He bit his lip, “Before you said something...about how this has happened before?”

He heard Percy sigh, “You really wanna know?”

Nico took his chances and rolled around, so he was facing Percy. The dark-haired man’s eyes softened when he saw Nico’s face and he automatically reached out and brushed his fingers over a large, ugly bruise on Nico’s cheekbone.

“I’m so sorry.”

“I’m gonna slap you if you say that one more time,” Nico threatened. Percy smiled, “Okay, tell me this story then.”

Percy exhaled, “My dick’s cursed,” he said, deadly serious. Nico stared at him, then he snickered. Percy looked at him, “I’m serious,” he said, “My dick’s cursed. Any time I sleep with someone they fall madly in love with me.”

“Oh my God,” Nico giggled, “You think people fall in love with you because of your dick?”

“Yeah,” Percy said, “Everything’s fine until I fuck them. It’s like my dick’s magical or some shit. Take Malcolm for example.”

“I’m pretty sure Malcolm was insane before you fucked him,” Nico rolled his eyes.

“Can you stop joking about?” Percy asked, “I’m actually serious. My dick is cursed.”

“Your dick is not cursed,” Nico said, aware that he was talking with the guy he loved about his genitalia while they were inches away in the same bed.

“It is,” Percy said, voice quieter, and he seemed closer all of a sudden. Nico’s heart pounded.

“It’s not,” he whispered. Percy’s hand fell from Nico’s cheek and travelled down, until he was cupping the boy’s face. He felt brave all of a sudden – adrenaline that had gathered inside him when he was being beat up flooded him and he didn’t care anymore; he could’ve died that night, without telling Percy how he felt. Now he was getting a chance to finally do it.

Without warning he slung a leg over Percy and rolled on top of the man, fighting his wince of pain. The covers slipped off the two of them and folded on the floor as Nico straddled Percy’s waist, looking down at him. Percy stared up at him in shock.

“I’m gonna prove to you that your dick isn’t cursed,” Nico told him, and then he leaned down and pressed his mouth to Percy’s. He had wanted to kiss him so badly for years, and now he was finally doing it. Except the second that it happened, Nico realised what he was doing and his fear and shyness returned. He pulled away, except Percy didn’t let him.
One hand slid into Nico’s hair and he sat up abruptly, wrapping his free arm around the Italian’s waist to keep him from tumbling off. And he was kissing Nico back. The Italian gasped, and barely managed to kiss back. Percy’s mouth slid over Nico’s, passionate and strong and Nico gasped against his mouth. Their tongues came out and tangled together and Nico couldn’t believe he was actually doing this with Percy. They didn’t speak – there were no jokes, no snarky remarks. It was like something broke between them and they couldn’t keep their hands and mouths off each other. In moments they were naked, their clothes discarded like the covers, hands running over naked skin.

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“I-It’s not cursed,” Nico whispered as he slid onto Percy’s cock, his thighs trembling. Percy looked at Nico like he was the eighth wonder of the world, but maybe Nico was imagining it, “I-It’s not fucking cursed, and you’re an idiot.”

“And you feel amazing,” Percy said, the softest smile on his face. Nico shivered and lifted himself up only to slide back down in Percy’s lap, taking Percy’s erection inside himself. Pleasure coursed through him and soon enough he was bouncing in Percy’s lap, the dark-haired man hungrily sucking hickey into Nico’s neck.

“Fuck,” Nico whimpered, taking Percy inside him over and over, “T-That’s...your dick might not be c-cursed but s-shit it feels good...”

Percy pulled him forward for a kiss, his fingers digging into Nico’s hip, “You’re so gorgeous,” he said heatedly, throwing Nico off-rhythm. He moaned when Percy’s cock slammed up into his prostate, “You’re so...,” Percy’s voice faltered and he groaned, and then he grabbed Nico’s face. The Italian stopped moving, gasping for air. Percy pressed their foreheads together, “I wish it was cursed,” Percy said hoarsely, “so you could fall in love with me.”

Nico’s heart clenched, “P-Percy-“

The dark haired man flipped them over and kissed Nico passionately, stopping him from saying anything more. He started slamming into the younger man and Nico was too lost in pleasure to hold onto any logical thought. Except Percy hadn’t actually said what Nico wanted to hear; he hadn’t said ‘I love you.’ And Nico was too scared to say anything.

***

A week later, Nico was still lost and didn’t know what to do. After they fucked, things got awkward. Apart from dry little jokes about how Percy’s dick wasn’t cursed after all and that Nico didn’t love him, they barely spoke. But the damage was done, and Nico was afraid. Malcolm’s trial was almost over, and so Nico and Percy both deemed it safe to come back to the apartment.

Now Nico was laying on his bed, staring at the ceiling. Outside it rained. It was Halloween. He contemplated making something nice for dinner when Percy came home, something holiday themed. He wanted to go to the store and buy candy – he knew how much Percy loved chocolate.

Nico was going to tell him today. He looked at the mattress on the floor and mouthed the words to himself. I love you. He didn’t know if it was right for him to tell Percy; a part of him still believed that he loved Bianca, and that Nico to him was just some sex adventure, a way to relieve tension.

The Italian heard the door open and he closed his eyes. Percy was back from work, “Welcome home,” Nico called emotionlessly. He had hoped he’d have at least half an hour more to think of a plan of action but he supposed he’d just have to go with the flow-
Someone climbed on top of him and Nico’s eyes flew open when he felt cold steel press against his neck. For a second, everything was still. Above Nico was Malcolm, dressed in black. Rain dripped from his wet curls and onto Nico’s face and the knife he held dug into the Italian’s skin.

“Hello Nico,” Malcolm said with a crazy, pleased smile as if everything was playing out exactly how he wanted it to. Nico swallowed and felt the blade nick his skin. Fear was something far away, at the back of his head. He felt numb with horror, his body shutting down with shock, “I told you to stay away from Percy.”

“He’s not yours,” Nico croaked. Malcolm cocked his head to the side.

“Oh,” he said, “But he is. I love him.”


“I’ll be sure to tell him that,” he said, and then he slit Nico’s throat.
Sweet Dream

Frank x Nico! Nico suffers badly from PTSD and post Tartarus depression, so Frank transforms into a therapy dog to comfort him. Puppy cuddles!

For wicked_silence13

Nico knew it was Hazel’s doing – who else could it possibly be?

After Tartarus, he was plagued with nightmares. Not just normal, ominous, menacing nightmares that Nico, as a Demigod, was used to. No, these were much, much worse. It was as if he had taken a part of Tartarus with him when he left, and the darkness grew inside him, creeping up into his brain whenever he slept. The Apollo campers unanimously told him it was PTSD like that explained anything.

The PTSD gradually started taking over other aspects of Nico’s life. Whenever someone even mentioned Tartarus, Nico’s heart would pound and he’d get nauseous, vivid memories of his time there flooding his brain. He stopped going to campfires and didn’t play Capture the Flag because it felt too dark or claustrophobic. He couldn’t identify with his friends’ feeling of celebration and relief, and felt numb when they laughed about how they had won the war. To Nico, the war was always part of him, Tartarus walking only a step behind him wherever he went. He had no appetite, he was afraid to sleep. He couldn’t see a future, his thoughts throughout the day straying to the night and the fear and darkness it would bring with it. He started to lash out at his friends, he shadowtravelled just to spite them. It was a form of self-destruction.

One of the biggest things Tartarus did was make Nico deathly afraid of the dark, which was why night-time was the worst. Waking up from a nightmare to a dark room filled Nico with constant fear and anxiety, and it built up in him for weeks and weeks after the end of the war with the Giants, until Hazel finally made him confess about what was bugging him. She told him that she thought something might help.

The first night Frank Zhang walked into Nico’s cabin at eight o’clock sharp, the son of Hades was confused. He had relationships with everyone out of the Seven; He and Annabeth bonded over his ex-crush over Percy, he still had warm feelings towards the son of Poseidon and a strong bond with him, Jason was one of his best friends and through him he grew close to Piper, Hazel was his half-sister and Leo was someone Nico always indentified with on a personal level. Frank though, was almost a stranger, Nico’s half-sister’s ex boyfriend, a Roman, someone Nico had no relationship with.

And yet now he was here, in Nico’s cabin, wearing sleeping shorts and a grey t-shirt, looking tired. Nico blinked at him, unsure of what to do.

“Uh...can I help you with something?” he asked.
“No,” Frank said, “But I can help you. Hazel sent me.”

“Noel?” Nico raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms over his chest, feeling defensive. He didn’t want to look weak in front of his sister’s ex-boyfriend, “Look, whatever she told you, I’m fine—”

“PTSD, right?” Frank interrupted, voice tired and dejected as if he expected this to happen, “Nightmares, fear of the dark? She told me everything.”

Nico blushed in shame, “She shouldn’t have,” he spluttered. Frank offered him a soft, surprising smile then.

“It’s nothing to be ashamed of. Percy had pretty bad nightmares after Tartarus, just like you,” Nico flinched at the word, “I helped.”

“How?” Nico asked timidly.

“Let me show you.”

There was something incredibly calming about Frank. He was one of the people who had changed the most during the war, and not just physically. He had obviously matured, and his collected demeanour made Nico relax. When Frank gestured to the bed Nico hesitantly climbed in, curling underneath his covers the way he usually would. He flipped off the light and waited, heart pounding.

The bed dipped suddenly, and for a wild second Nico thought that Frank’s idea of ‘help’ was sex, and he panicked. And then he felt a big, wet nose against his cheek. He blinked in surprise and as his eyes adjusted to the darkness of the room, he saw that Frank had shapeshifted into a Golden Retriever. He giggled.

“Oh my Gods,” he whispered, “are you like a therapy dog or something?”

In reply Frank licked his cheek playfully. Even in dog form he was huge and when he settled down next to Nico he was almost the same size of the boy. He radiated heat, and his fur was soft, his breath loud, reminding Nico that there was someone next to him. Hesitantly the boy reached out and scratched Frank behind the ear. The dog nuzzled his hand as if silently telling Nico don’t worry, I’m here, don’t be scared. Tears of relief welled up in Nico’s eyes and for the first time in ages he relaxed in his bed, despite the darkness of the room. He closed his eyes, hand falling to Frank’s neck, fingers sinking into the soft fur there. He was asleep in seconds, face pressed close to Frank’s furry shoulder. He was surrounded by comfort and safety, and somehow he knew Frank would protect him from anything.

Neither of them mentioned that when they woke up, Frank was in human form, cuddling Nico close to his chest, but since that day Frank came to Nico’s cabin every night to give him lots and lots of comforting cuddles that kept the shadows at bay. And Nico was grateful.
Say My Name Baby

Perleo chapter where Leo is a prankster and he likes to goof around in his history class because he has a crush on his teacher, Mr. Grace and Percy is the swim team captain and who figures it out and tells Leo that he can have sex with him and pretend he’s Jason (bc Percy Lowkey has a crush on Leo) and the whole situation is fine with Leo until everything seems to be falling apart because he catches feelings for Percy and when Percy is teasing him about liking Jason Leo admits he hasn’t thought about him in awhile because he likes Percy? Super long, but I’d love to see this come alive in your style for What Up

A ripple of laughter went through the history class as Leo Valdez, the class clown, cracked a joke. Even the teacher, Mr Grace, looked amused, a faint smile playing on his lips even as he scolded Leo.

“Settle down, Mr Valdez,” he said, “this is a lesson, not a stand-up performance.”

Another rippled of laughter. Leo grinned at the teacher, sank a little in his chair and put his pen between his lips, nibbling on it enticingly, his eyes focused on Mr Grace a little too intensely. Naturally, the teacher didn’t notice the way Leo looked at him because he already looked away and carried on with the lesson.

Percy Jackson looked at the Latino across the room and rolled his eyes, trying to push down the jealousy creeping up his spine. Sure, Mr Grace was handsome, especially for a teacher, but Percy didn’t understand why it was him Leo was in love with when Percy had done so much to try and woo the boy. He had been in love with Leo since they were fifteen and now, three years later, he was forced to watch hopelessly as every history lesson the boy of his dreams flirted relentlessly with their teacher.

Percy knew he shouldn’t hate Mr Grace who was oblivious, but he did nonetheless. It was the teacher and Leo’s infatuation with him that pushed Percy to try and be better; he worked out more to gain the same muscular build as the teacher, and he even became the captain of the swim team. But to Leo it wasn’t enough – he just saw Percy as one of the jocks that teased him relentlessly, even if the taller boy wanted to be so much more. He stalked Leo around the hallways, asked him teasingly to dance with him at their prom, though Leo had declined. He bought Leo a cupcake once, a juice
box another time, he taught him how to swim free of charge. They weren’t ‘friends’ per say, if they weren’t in the same class they’d probably never speak. But Percy was in love with Leo, in love with his curls and his smile, his infectious laugh and his sense of humour. He liked how kind and caring the Latino was, how impossibly sweet and yet also sarcastic. He was so hardworking and creative, and Percy desperately wanted for Leo to look at him the way he looked at Mr Grace.

He had only known about the boy’s crush for two weeks, ever since he caught the Latino doodling Leo Grace at the back of his book like some smitten school-girl, and he didn’t know what to do with the information. He couldn’t concentrate in history since now that he knew the truth he fretted over every little interaction between Leo and Mr Grace. For a brief moment he wondered if he could blackmail Leo – have him go out to the movies with him or something, but he quickly dropped that idea.

Now he looked at Leo across the room, boring holes in him with his eyes, until his best friend, Annabeth, nudged him.

“Oi,” she hissed, “Stop staring, idiot.”

Percy guiltily looked away just as the bell rang. He couldn’t remember a thing that Mr Grace had taught them that lesson, his head full of Leo. As he packed his things, Annabeth watched him.

“You need to tell him you like him,” she said.

“Not happening,” Percy replied immediately, “He’s clearly not interested in me.”

“He’s clearly gay,” Annabeth rolled her eyes, “look, this whole thing is impacting your concentration and your work. Do you wanna fuck up school because of some gremlin-ass looking kid?”

“He doesn’t look like a gremlin,” Percy said.

“A cute gremlin,” Annabeth corrected, “Regardless, you need to do something about this crush of yours before it becomes destructive.”

Percy knew she was right, and that was the worst thing. He went to swimming practice and that helped clear his head, as always. There was just something about cutting through water and literally drowning out the sounds of the universe that put Percy’s mind at ease. Alas, he couldn’t stay in the water forever, he wasn’t a mermaid, and the second he headed for the changing rooms, later than the rest of the team since he had to clean up, he remembered his curly-haired problem.

Things got worse very quickly as Percy’s curly-haired problem actually met him in the otherwise empty changing rooms. Percy blinked at Leo, who was shoving his bag into a locker.

“What are you doing here?” the Captain asked, wiping a trickle of water from his cheek with the towel wrapped around his shoulders. Leo looked up at him, surprised, and blinked.

“Oh. Hi Percy. I was planning on going for a swim.”

“Oh for fuck’s sake, really?” he sighed and opened the locker again, and Percy realised that this was his chance. It was like a gift from God. He leaned against the lockers and crossed his arms over his chest.

“So,” he said, “I saw you flirting with Mr Grace today.”
He expected Leo to freak out, but the Latino glanced at him calmly, “Flirting, huh?”

“I also saw you write Leo Grace in your book last week.”

“Aaaaand?” Leo asked, “Why are you bringing it up now?”

Percy fought a blush and rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, “I just wanted to know what the deal was. Like...are you two screwing?”

Leo snorted as if Percy just said something hilarious, and gave the Captain a oh please look, “Are you for real? You think Mr Grace would fuck some seventeen year old boy? I wish, but no,” he closed the locker, “It’s just a little crush I have on him.”

The way he smiled when he said that hurt Percy, and he found himself pushing, “That’s kinda weird.”

“He’s hot. I guess I just kind of want him to fuck me,” Leo shrugged, “Not like it’s ever gonna happen but a guy can dream, right?”

Percy swallowed, “You want him to fuck you?”

“Does that gross you out?” Leo wriggled his eyebrows playfully at Percy, “It’s just a fantasy, relax.”

That pissed Percy off, the fact that the boy he liked fantasised about another man. Subconsciously Percy took a step towards him, “So hypothetically if he was up for it, you’d let him fuck you?”

“Yeah, I guess,” Leo shrugged, “You seem awfully interested.”

“More like sexually frustrated,” Percy tried to sound casual as a plan formulated in his head. Leo blinked at him in surprise, taken aback, “I have a proposition,” he took another step towards the Latino and Leo took a step back, so his back was against the lockers. He didn’t look scared though, more like...interested.

“Go on,” he said.

Percy placed a hand on the lockers, above Leo’s head, and saw a faint smirk on Leo’s face, “You have a nice ass. I kind of have a body like Mr Grace’s. If I put a blindfold on you, you could pretend I was him.”

“And do what?” Leo asked, quiet, and Percy swore his eyes were darker than moments ago.

“Fuck,” Percy said, more confident now. He cocked his head to the side, “If you’d like.”

“Do you have a blindfold?” Leo asked, craning his head up, his breath brushing against Percy’s mouth. The Captain blind, dumbfounded.

“Uh...you wanna go now?”

Leo reached up with his small hands and undid his tie. Percy swallowed, his mouth dry all of a sudden, and his cock twitched in his pants as he watched Leo undo it, slipping the tie off. His neck suddenly looked so enticing that all Percy wanted was to kiss and bite. He felt functions of his brain turn off, like common sense and embarrassment, and lust fuelled him into taking the blindfold off Leo.

“Go on then,” the Latino smirked, “Mr Grace.”
Percy shoved him up against the lockers, suddenly determined to prove that he was better than Mr Grace could ever be. He wanted to fuck Leo so hard the boy forgot about everything, forgot about how to breathe, forgot about their teacher. He crashed their mouths together and Leo moaned. Percy’s hands couldn’t hold still, it was like all of a sudden he needed to touch Leo everywhere, as if it would help him stake his claim on the boy. He grabbed his ass, kneaded it in his hands, pulling the boy flush up against him until Leo was gasping and grinding up against him, his fingers tangling in Percy’s damp hair as the Captain’s hands travelled over his back and hips.

He grabbed the tie and pressed it over Leo’s eyes, and the boy let him. In seconds Percy had him blindfolded and was back to attacking his mouth with kisses. The whole scene was so surreal that they forgot where they were, not caring that someone could walk in any minute. They kissed sloppily but Leo clearly handed control over to Percy, relaxing against the lockers as if losing sight somehow made him rely on the Captain more.

Percy kissed his neck, the way he had wanted to. Leo’s skin was impossibly soft. He gasped when he felt Percy’s lips on him.

“F-Fuck,” he whispered. Percy dragged his hands down over Leo’s chest and stomach, wanting to touch him underneath the clothes but not wanting to risk it in this place. Besides, he had no self-control in that moment and no patience to undress. Instead he sank to his knees.

He pressed his mouth to Leo’s erection, straining against his school trousers. The boy moaned and his hips bucked forward automatically. Percy smiled and craned his neck up to look at the smaller boy; the Latino’s head was thrown back against the lockers, the tie tight around his eyes, blush spilling out from underneath it. His thighs trembled when Percy opened his fly and sucked the head of his cock through his underwear.

“Oh-Oh my God,” Leo whined, “S-Shit...,” he tangled his fingers in Percy’s hair again. The Captain had never sucked a dick and he was worried he’d be disgusted, but he wasn’t. Leo smelled soap-y and musky, and aroused, if that was even a smell. When Percy sucked, he tasted the littlest bit of saltiness, but he wanted to taste more, to feel Leo against his tongue.

When he pulled his head back he could see Leo’s dick through his white underwear, soaked wet with precum and saliva. Percy grinned, “Jeez, you’re a sight.”

“Shhh,” Leo whispered, biting his lip, hips stuttering forward as if searching for Percy’s mouth, “D-Don’t talk.”

A jolt of pain went through Percy and he remembered that Leo didn’t want him. He was probably imagining Mr Grace right now, doing what Percy was doing. That angered the Captain. He was used to getting what he wanted.

Leo’s words just made Percy more determined. Without warning he shoved the boy’s underwear down and attacked him more aggressively, immediately taking his length into his mouth. Leo moaned, loud, so loud Percy might’ve been scared they’d be heard if he cared. His cock felt heavy and hot against Percy’s tongue when the boy sucked on it sloppily.

“Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God,” Leo chanted, breathless and hot and perfect, “G-God...fuck...,” Percy sucked harder, bobbing his head up and down, taking an inch more every time he sucked Leo back into his mouth, conscious of his gag reflex. He liked giving Leo head, liked hearing him moan, until he heard, “Fuck...M-Mr Grace...”

Percy’s dick went soft and he almost choked on the erection in his mouth. I’m an idiot, he thought, but a part of him still desperately wanted to make Leo feel good. So he continued to suck even as his
heart hurt and in two more minutes Leo was coming with a wild cry, fingers digging into Percy’s scalp.

He slumped against the lockers and Percy rose, wiping his mouth and swallowing the come. He towered over Leo as the blissed-out boy shakily reached for his blindfold, “D-Did you swallow?” he asked hoarsely.

“Ew. No,” Percy tried to seem nonchalant, crossing his arms over his chest and grinning when Leo pulled his makeshift blindfold off. He squinted at Percy.

“That was good,” he admitted, “Really good. Do you wanna fuck me?”

“No,” Percy smirked, ignoring the pangs of pain in his heart, “Not today,” he fought the urge to swoop down and kiss Leo. He had made a mistake and only created more heartache for himself. The memory of Leo moaning their history teacher’s name was permanently embedded in Percy’s brain.

He turned away, and was surprised when he felt Leo’s hands scramble to grab his, “Wait!” the boy gushed, and for a wild second Percy thought he might say it’s actually you I’m in love with. But when he turned, hopeful like a puppy, Leo only said, “Let’s do this again. Tomorrow.”

And Percy didn’t have the strength to say no, because Leo finally wanted him, even if it wasn’t really him that he wanted.

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When Percy entered the janitor’s closet the next day at lunchtime, Leo’s heart pounded.

“We need to be quiet,” the Captain said, and Leo nodded, eager to feel Percy’s hands and mouth on him again. Body-wise he was very like Mr Grace, so it was easy for Leo to imagine the blond was touching him instead. Percy approached now, and Leo almost felt they didn’t need a blindfold since it was already dark in the closet, but Percy pulled off his tie anyway, and soon Leo’s world was drowned in darkness.

When he felt Percy’s mouth on him, he jolted. The boy’s lips were hot and insistent, parting Leo’s own so his tongue could slide inside. Leo shivered, enjoying the feeling, and wrapped his arms around Percy’s shoulders. He imagined Mr Grace was on his lunch break and that he had snuck here to be with Leo. He imagined that he didn’t feel stubble because the teacher had shaved. The secrecy of the situation made him hard and he moaned.

Mr Grace bit down on his neck, then sucked, and Leo banged his head back on the shelves behind him. He liked how rough Mr Grace was being, grabbing at his ass and thighs like he owned Leo. Soft, breathless moans spilled from his mouth.

“Shhh, quiet,” Percy murmured into his ear, temporarily pulling Leo out of his fantasy. The Latino almost groaned in frustration but he knew Percy was right – there were groups of students continuously passing just outside this janitor’s closet and they couldn’t be caught...though if they were, maybe Leo would be in detention with Mr Grace, and Mr Grace would bend him over a table...

Leo turned around, pressing his forehead against the shelf. He couldn’t see anything, but he arched his back and slotted his ass against Mr Grace’s crotch, “Fuck me,” he whispered. Mr Grace didn’t say anything, instead attacking Leo’s neck with kisses as his hands shoved down his pants and underwear, “I prepared earlier,” Leo gasped, wanting his teacher to just take him, rough and fast, “I wanted this so bad,” he whimpered. Mr Grace sucked on his neck, leaving hickeys. Leo wanted
them to be visible, so their whole class knew that Mr Grace had claimed Leo. He moaned when he felt a clothed erection rubbing between his ass cheeks, big and hard.

His fingers curls around the bars of the shelf and he bent over more, spreading his legs and giving Mr Grace full access to himself. He heard the man growl in pleasure and he pushed back harder against his erection. And then the man was grabbing his hair and tugging, adding a sweet edge of pain to the pleasure. Leo heard the wrapper of a condom being ripped open and his cock throbbed with anticipation between his legs.

“Yes, yes, yes,” the boy gasped when he felt the head of Mr Grace’s cock against his entrance, “Yes, s-sir, fuck me, please-“

“Shhh,” Mr Grace said sharply and Leo whimpered at the dominance in his tone. He had only been fucked twice before, but as he felt the head of Mr Grace’s cock sink into him he knew it would not compare to the shitty sex he experienced before. Mr Grace entered him slowly and deliberately.

By the time he bottomed out in Leo, the boy’s head was spinning with pleasure and he could barely stand. He was stuffed full of heat and he wanted to pass out. For a second Mr Grace turned tender, running his fingers down Leo’s spine, caressing his hair, kissing his shoulder.

“Fuck me,” Leo gasped, “Go, move, please.”

So Mr Grace fucked him. He started slow-ish, pulling out and thrusting back in, deep. Leo had to bite his lips painfully to keep his sounds at bay and it was hard as every time Mr Grace’s cock penetrated him sparks of pleasure raced up Leo’s spine. Soon the pace sped up and Leo was shaking, the movement of Mr Grace entering him over and over making the metal shelf Leo was holding onto slam into the wall. He hoped nobody cared. Behind him, Mr Grace breathed harshly.

The bell rang and Mr Grace’s thrusts got more sloppy, but he didn’t pull out. Leo imagined his teacher behind him, usually so neat and put together, losing control over Leo so much that he forgot he had lesson next. The thought made Leo moan more, urging Mr Grace to fuck him harder.

When it was over and Leo pulled off his blindfold he was shocked to see Percy. He was so submerged in his fantasy that he had forgotten it wasn’t actually Mr Grace fucking him. Still, Percy looked fucked, hair all messy, eyes dark and cheeks flushed. He had come on Leo’s lower back. The Latino had to admit that Percy was really attractive...not as attractive as Mr Grace, of course.

“Good?” he asked now, a little out of breath. Leo nodded, grinning.

“Yeah. Really good. Can we do it again.”

“Sure,” Percy shrugged, “Helps me relax. It’s good for my muscles and for swimming.”

Leo grinned, “Perfect.”

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Leo had come to see him swim, and Percy knew why. Still, it felt weirdly like Leo was his boyfriend, waiting around for the boy to finish his practice. He was sitting on the bench by the wall in an oversized hoodie and jeans, swinging his legs like a child and every time Percy looked at him he’d grin brightly and wave. Percy knew he was just here to get laid, but the sight of the boy still made his heart pound.

“Valdez is waiting for you?” Frank Zhang, Percy’s best friend and team-mate swam up next to him when the session finished and the rest of the team started climbing out of the pool. Percy pushed his
goggles down, so they hung around his neck.

“Yeah,” he said, smirking.

“Didn’t know you were friends,” Frank said.

“We’re not. We’re more like...fuck buddies.”

Frank made a face, “Jesus.”

Percy just wriggled his eyebrows at his friend suggestively and then climbed out of the swimming pool, heading for Leo. “Hey,” he said, heart pounding the second he got close enough to the boy.

“Hey,” Leo smiled, “You’re good at swimming.”

“I am the Captain,” Percy rolled his eyes, but he was a little pleased, “We’re going to a competition next month.”

“Really?” Leo smiled, and for a second Percy thought he might actually care, “That’s cool. Uh, so as nice as watching you swim is, it’s not why I’m here.” He bit his lip seductively and a shock of arousal went through Percy, making him forget his disappointment. He gestured at Leo to follow him and then hurried ahead, trying to cool down. His Speedos felt way too tight suddenly.

He didn’t care about being discreet. If it was up to him he’d let the whole school know that Leo was his, but the Latino clearly didn’t feel the same because he kept a few steps behind Percy. Again, the dark-haired boy tried not to feel disappointed. He went into the changing rooms where he could hear the rest of his team-mates laughing under the showers, but instead of joining them Percy grabbed Leo’s wrist and pulled him to the disabled toilet, which was more private. He closed the door behind them.

“Strip,” he told Leo. The Latino grinned and quickly did as he was told, pulling his clothes over his head and dumping them in the corner as Percy peeled off his Speedos, revealing his erection, and then he was simply staring at Leo, pulling off layers of clothes to reveal his deliciously tanned skin. Percy wanted to tell him so many things; you’re beautiful and I want you to be mine but he knew that this was only a ‘fuck-buddy’ situation to Leo, which was enforced by the fact that the boy pulled a tie out of the pocket of his hoodie and with a grin tied in around his eyes.

Percy took his warm hips into his hands and walked him backwards, pressing the boy against the wall of the shower. Leo shivered and Percy kissed him, turning the water on with one hand. A spray of warm water rained on them and Leo gasped. Droplets of water ran between their connected mouths, making the kiss nice and wet.

Percy slotted his leg between Leo’s and the Latino moaned, curling his arms around Percy’s shoulders and grinding against his leg, his erection rubbing up against Percy. In seconds he was flushed and breathing hard, curls matted to his face, water running down his body. Percy hungrily kissed his neck and shoulders, dragging his teeth over the boy’s skin. The Latino – normally chatty – went quiet just like he had the previous time, and the time before that, probably lost in his fantasies about their history teacher.

“You left hickeys last time,” Leo told him breathlessly when Percy sucked on his neck.

“Is that bad?” he whispered into Leo’s skin.

Leo ran his fingers through Percy’s wet hair and smirked, “No. Mr Grace asked me about them. Maybe he’s jealous.”
Percy gritted his teeth, his eyes flashing with anger. Leo couldn’t see him, thankfully, “Doubt it,” Percy said stiffly, and then lifted Leo up. The boy automatically wrapped his legs around Percy’s waist, pulling him up against him. The dark haired boy rubbed their bodies together, their hard cocks sliding together as they kissed wetly.

When he entered Leo, who was still loose from the day before, the boy moaned.

“Shhh,” Percy hissed against his mouth. He wanted to remind him that the other guys were just a door away but then he remembered that Leo didn’t want to hear him so he just silenced his noises with his mouth, even though he wanted to listen to them endlessly. He thrust up into the boy, driving him up the wall.

“F-Fuck...M-Mr Grace,” Leo gasped, the way he had the previous two times, fingers digging into Percy’s back, “M-Mr...sir...a-ah, nghhh...Jason...”

Percy squeezed his eyes shut, wanting Leo to shut up, wanting him to say Percy’s name instead. He fucked him more roughly, taking his anger out on Leo’s small body and then pretended that he put his hand over the boy’s mouth because he was too loud, and not because it hurt to hear him moan another man’s name.

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It was the weekend, two weeks since they had started this, and Leo was on Percy’s couch. His parents weren’t home and for some reason they decided that doing it in a bed was too...intimate. Which was why Leo was now bent over the back of Percy’s couch, literally falling apart as Percy fucked him with his tongue.

Leo couldn’t see anything because of the blindfold, and he imagined it was Mr Grace on his knees behind him, sloppily eating him out. He imagined he came to the teacher’s house for a ‘meeting’ and that Mr Grace couldn’t keep his hands to himself.

“O-Oh God,” Leo whimpered, grinding against the back of the couch. In response Mr Grace roughly slapped one of his ass-cheeks, making him jolt and thrust helplessly between the couch and the teacher’s mouth. He felt the pleasure build up inside him as the hot muscle wriggled inside of him and Mr Grace’s rough, calloused palm wrapped around his cock, jerking him off, “I-I’m gonna come-,” Leo gasped. Mr Grace hauled him back so he didn’t dirty the couch, and moments later Leo was shuddering and coming, whimpering Jason over and over. He slumped in the man’s arms.

“You’re not done,” Percy said hoarsely and the next thing Leo knew was that he was on his knees and Percy was dragging his cock over his cheek. The fantasy was gone, of Mr Grace, and as Leo stuck his tongue out to lick at the head of Percy’s cock, his hand wrapping around the base, he had trouble getting it back. As he sucked the tip of Percy’s erection into his mouth he imagined that it was Mr Grace’s, that the fingers that tangled in his hair were Mr Grace’s.

But the erratic breathing from above him, the smell, the taste, they all reminded him it was Percy and no matter how much Leo focused on the darkness around him he couldn’t make himself believe it was Mr Grace. But that didn’t stop him from giving Percy a blowjob. He sucked and licked and genuinely enjoyed the soft groans coming from the Captain. They were hot, as was Percy’s dick, throbbing on Leo’s tongue.

When he was leaving Percy’s house later that evening and walking out into the rainy night he tried to play the whole thing off; he was tired after his orgasm, and Percy wasn’t repulsive or anything. Quite the opposite actually. But Leo actually enjoying giving him head didn’t mean anything, didn’t change the conditions of their arrangement. Percy was still just a substitute for Mr Grace to him, and
Leo was just a warm body to fuck in return.

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Percy cut through the water, hearing it rush past his ears. His mind was blank, mellow, his body tensed and aching with exertion. Last lap, last lap, he kept telling himself. He could hear muffled cheering from the people watching, and all he thought was that he needed to win this. He needed a pick me up – after over a month of sleeping with Leo he was stupidly in love with the boy and it killed him knowing that the Latino didn’t feel the same.

Percy slapped the edge of the pool for the last time and the referee blew a whistle. The crowd erupted into cheers and Percy pushed his goggles down, grinning and waving at them. His mum was there, and his step dad and Annabeth and the members of the swim club that didn’t make it to the competition. Percy’s eyes scanned all of their faces and suddenly they landed on Leo.

For a second Percy forgot how to breathe and his stomach twisted but no, he wasn’t seeing things. Leo was right there, next to Annabeth, all curls and smiles, waving desperately at Percy and clapping and cheering and shouting something Percy couldn’t hear. He couldn’t believe the boy had come here, to a different school, to see him swim. No, Percy told himself, he came to fuck.

It didn’t make him any less happy.

When the competition was over and Percy was given his medal and changed into dry clothes, he found his friends waiting outside the changing room for him. When he exited they immediately swarmed him and congratulated him, asking him to come for ice cream.

“Yeah, I’ll be with you in a bit,” he told them and when they left, Leo approached from where he had been waiting in a corner.

“Well done,” Leo said, smiling beautifully.

“What are you doing here?” Percy asked him.

“I came to see you swim, dummy!” Leo said, and then just threw his arms around Percy’s neck and hugged him, “You were amazing, like a machine or something. And your muscles!” he whistled, pulling away. Percy smiled.

“Thanks,” he said, “I didn’t think you’d come. D’you wanna...” he pointed in the direction of a storage closet. To his surprise Leo’s smile melted off his face and he took a step back, nervously tucking a curl behind his ear.

“No, last time you were kinda rough,” Leo said, pushing his hand away gently, “I think my ass needs a break. I’ll suck you off or something if you want but...can we not today?”

Percy’s heart pounded. He came here to see me. Only to see me. His heart threatened to explode from happiness, but he just smiled and ruffled Leo’s curls, “Nah, don’t worry about it, I’m kind of tired anyway. Ice cream? My treat.”

Leo smiled, “My treat, for how great you are.”

As they walked Percy fought the urge to take Leo’s hand, or put his arm around the boy, or kiss him in front of everyone. He wanted to though, badly.

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“I don’t know if doing it in a park is safe,” Leo told Percy as the dark-haired boy led him through a sparse wooden area. It was dark, and Leo’s heart beat with excitement, “I’m pretty sure it’s illegal.”

“Shush, it’ll be hot,” Percy told him and Leo looked around the dark park, spooked out. He walked closer behind Percy and then couldn’t stop himself from reaching out and grabbing the back of his jacket and holding on, scared. They had done this for two months, and each time they had sex they got more brave.

However as they broke through the tree line they weren’t met with a dark, quiet field where they could lie down in the grass and fuck. Instead they were assaulted by light and music as up the nearby hill there was a funfair. The two boys blinked in surprise.

“We should go,” Percy said.


“You can pretend Mr Grace is taking you out on a date or something.”

Leo bit his lip, warmth spreading through his chest at the word ‘date,’ “What’s in it for you?”

“I’ve always wanted to have sex on a Ferris wheel,” Percy winked at him. Leo felt blood rush south but he didn’t protest, rushing after Percy up the hill. They soon found themselves surrounded by laughter, music and lights as the rides climbed into the dark sky in a flurry of gold and white.

They got distracted. Percy saw a stand full of fish plushies and insisted on playing the game to win one. He didn’t win, and got frustrated, but Leo, dying with laughter, won. He handed Percy a big, blue fish and the tall boy hugged him, amusing Leo further. They got cotton candy, then went on a mini-rollercoaster, screaming the whole time.

“We should probably find a place to screw,” Percy said when they got off, giddy and breathless. Leo was reminded why they were here and immediately got excited. He wanted Percy to touch him, and so he immediately spied the perfect place.

“You said you wanted to fuck on a Ferris wheel, right?” he asked, and pointed to a (surprise, surprise) Ferris wheel, rising above the other rides and turning slowly. Percy grinned and seized Leo’s hand, pulling the giggling boy to the ride. It was getting late so there was no queue and the boys were let on together. The wheel was so tall that there were separate oval, glass cubicles that people could sit in. Percy and Leo got one just to themselves.

They sat down opposite each other, grinning.

“Should we wait until we’re high up?” Leo asked.

“I assume this whole ride takes like fifteen minutes so I don’t know if we’ll have time to fuck,” Percy replied.

“We can just mess about,” Leo winked at him. Percy smiled. The ride started and they rose. Leo couldn’t help but think that in the dim lights of the funfair breaking through the glass walls, Percy looked gorgeous. His heart pounded. This is like a date..., he thought, and that made him happy. He turned his face to one of the windows and watched the funfair shrink beneath them, and saw the city spread out around them.

“Come here,” Percy said suddenly, quiet. Leo looked at him. The boy’s eyes were dark. Leo didn’t hesitate, crossing the space between them and sliding down into Percy’s lap so he straddled him. Immediately Percy was kissing him. Leo didn’t notice how cold the night was until Percy’s hot
mouth was on him. He settled against the boy and cradled his jaw in his hands as Percy kissed him softly. He unzipped Leo’s jacket and reached beneath it, but Leo wore too many layers for Percy to be able to touch his skin so instead he unzipped the Latino’s zipper and reached inside. Leo shivered when he felt the boy’s hands wrap around his erection.

“Close your eyes,” Percy said. Leo closed his eyes, biting his lip. Percy gave him one, long stroke.

“L-Let me do you too...,” Leo whispered, thighs tightening on Percy’s.

“No, shhh, this is enough for me, just imagine I’m him.”

For a second Leo couldn’t remember who ‘him’ was. Percy stroked him, kissed his neck, and it took Leo a minute for his pleasure-fogged mind to remind him that he was supposed to be pretending that this was Mr Grace. But right now he couldn’t even remember what the teacher looked like. Percy gripped his cheek, kissed the corner of his mouth, then the tip of his nose. He pushed Leo’s curls off his forehead as he stroked him and Leo couldn’t hold back a moan.

“F-Fuck...,” he curled his arms around Percy’s shoulders and buried his face in the boy’s neck. He wanted to tell Percy to talk, to tell him things, but then the boy’s hand sped up suddenly and he was stroking Leo hard and fast. The boy choked on a moan and Percy wrapped an arm around his waist and held him close to his body as he jerked him off.

Leo came embarrassingly quickly, almost moaning Percy’s name. He stopped himself at the last second and a blush flooded him. When had this happened? When had Leo stopped fantasising about Mr Grace and started just enjoying this...He looked out of the window over Percy’s shoulder and the Captain held him and stroked his hair, letting Leo come down from his climax. Leo didn’t want Percy to let him go, and that scared him. He needed to get off this ride and out of this situation.

***

A week passed since he and Leo did it on the Ferris wheel and Percy was starting to think he did something wrong because Leo was one hundred percent avoiding him. They hadn’t fucked for a week, and whenever Percy tried to catch Leo after lesson the Latino would mutter excuses and then scurry off. Maybe he’s bored, Percy thought when he was in history, watching Leo across the room. The boy looked tired and distracted, not even paying attention to Mr Grace, maybe he’s regretting having sex with me. Maybe he loves Mr Grace so much he’s disgusted. Every thought was worse than the last and Percy knew he couldn’t last like this.

He decided to wait for Leo after school on Friday, because his paranoia was making him insane. The moment the Latino left the classroom, right on the bell, Percy had him by the wrist and was pulling him to the janitor’s closet they had already fucked in three times.

“What the-,” Leo exclaimed when Percy slammed the door shut behind them. The Latino looked shocked, “Percy! You can’t just steal me away like that! I don’t have time to-”

“You’re avoiding me,” Percy interrupted him, crossing his arms over his chest and blocking Leo’s way out, “Why are you avoiding me?”

“What, you sexually frustrated now or something?” Leo spat, looking away. He tended to look away when he was nervous. His angry tone surprised Percy.

“Leo,” Percy frowned, “Did I do something?”

“No,” Leo said, “I did something. I fucked up,” he exhaled, “I don’t want to do this with you anymore.”
Percy’s stomach fell, “W-What?”

“You. Me. This,” Leo gestured between them, “It’s not working.”

“But...,” Percy arms dropped and he slumped in dejection. Leo was finally rejecting him. The thought of never touching him again made Percy want to cry. Leo sighed and pushed his hair out of his eyes, still not looking at Percy.

“I’m sorry. It was good while it lasted. But I just can’t anymore...,” he trailed off, bit his lip, and then dashed out of the closet.

Percy leaned heavily against the door and took deep, calming breaths. He brought this on himself, he knew it was going to end like this. It’s all his fault, his brain supplied, and suddenly Percy was furious. He left the closet; the hallways were almost empty, the students eager to get out of school and go home for the weekend. Percy made his way right for his history class, fuming.

Mr Grace looked surprised when Percy walked in – he was wiping something off the board, “Mr Jackson,” he blinked, “How can I help you?”

“Did you know,” Percy choked out, hands in fists, shaking in anger, “That Leo Valdez is in love with you?”

Mr Grace froze, then blinked, then smiled patronizingly, “Now Mr Jackson, I’m sure you misunderstood-“

“He’s in love with you for fuck’s sake!” Percy shouted, voice full of spite, fighting tears. He felt like a kid, and he couldn’t hold back his emotions anymore, “We do things, and he says your name-“

Mr Grace winced, “Percy...”

“Whatever,” Percy turned away, his anger suddenly turning to panic, “I shouldn’t be here, I shouldn’t have told you. Please don’t tell him-“

“You love him, don’t you?” Mr Grace asked, and when Percy whirled around in shock he saw the blond smiling softly, as if not surprised by Leo’s crush. Percy swallowed, his chest heavy, his anger evaporating.

“Yeah,” he muttered, “I-I think so anyway.”

“You should tell him,” Mr Grace said kindly, fixing his glasses, “What he feels for me...it’s more common than you think. It’s just infatuation. But you boys...,” his smile softened, “I see the way you two look at each other. You should tell him, Mr Jackson.”

Percy looked at his feet, “It’s too late. I’m sorry about this,” he turned on his heel and got out of there as quickly as he could.

***

It took all of four hours for Leo to find out and burst into Percy’s bedroom on Friday night, startling Percy.

“We’re going out!” Percy’s mum called from downstairs, and the moment the door shut Leo, who had stood in the middle of Percy’s room, shaking and furious, exploded.
“YOU TOLD HIM?! What the fuck is wrong with you?!”

Percy got up off his bed, heart pounding. He wanted the ground to swallow him up and he knew exactly what Leo was talking about, “H-How do you know about that?”

“Piper heard everything!” Leo hissed, crowding into Percy’s personal space and poking him roughly in the chest, “She was just outside the door. Do you have any idea how goddamn embarrassing this is?” he asked, “It was a crush, Percy. A stupid, fucking crush. I thought he was hot that’s all! I didn’t actually- I didn’t really want...,” he trailed off, turning away and running his hands through his hair in frustration.

“I’m sorry,” Percy whispered, and he knew he was in the wrong here. Leo deserved the truth, “I was just jealous. It’s...it really knocks a guy’s confidence when the person you’re fucking is saying another guy’s name-“

“I haven’t thought about him in ages!” Leo shouted, turning to Percy again. He was so angry he was hysterical, but there was helplessness in his voice, “I fucking can’t think about him anymore. When I feel your hands on me I know they’re your hands. I know what they look like holding a pen, and I know how your muscles move when you swim, and when you kiss me I know it’s your mouth and not his a-and I don’t want it to be his mouth. I want you to kiss me, I want you to fuck me, and...,” he trailed off suddenly, looking up at Percy with eyes that told the boy he hadn’t meant to say the last part, “and...and...”

“I thought you loved him.”

“You’re an idiot,” Leo whispered.

Percy grabbed his hands and pulled him close, so their noses brushed together. The Latino looked up at him, and the atmosphere in the room changed. The anger disappeared, and the unspoken words hung between the boys. They both knew what the other felt without saying it out loud. Leo stood on his tiptoes and kissed Percy.

Immediately Percy had him on the bed, wanting only to make the boy properly his. His head spun with an onslaught of emotions, and his brain refused to comprehend the meaning behind Leo’s words. The Latino wrapped his arms and legs around Percy and they were both hard when they grinded together, kissing desperately like two lovers separated for too long. They eagerly pulled each other’s clothes off, stopping often to kiss in a crushing, hungry manner. When they were naked Percy feverishly ran his hands over every inch of Leo’s body that he could reach and the boy whimpered and moaned into his mouth. Finally Percy somehow got the head of his erection up against the boy’s entrance.

Time seemed to slow then and Percy pulled away to look down at him. Leo was flushed, breathless and for the first time Percy could see his eyes – they were like dark, never ending pools, their normal chocolate colour swallowed up by lust.

“I love you,” Percy choked out, and for once Leo didn’t tell him to shut up, “I want you to look at me,” Percy whispered, “and I want you to say my name.”

Leo nodded, dragged Percy down so their foreheads were pressed together when the dark haired boy pushed his cock inside of the Latino. Leo’s back arches and he moaned as Percy sloppily kissed his jaw and chin. The smaller boy’s body was used to the length and width of Percy and his body allowed the Captain easy access. When Percy bottomed out in the boy, their eyes met.
“Percy,” Leo whispered, and Percy shivered in pleasure. The Latino brushed their noses together and then feverishly moaned, “Percy, Percy, Percy, Percy...”

The Captain started to fuck him, erratic and out of control. His mind and heart were full of Leo, of the boy who he loved so fucking much and who was finally looking at him and not thinking about some other man.

“Percy,” Leo whispered, face crumbling in pleasure. He gripped Percy’s face in his small hands as the dark haired boy fucked him, “I’m y-yours. I love you. I love you. O-Only you s-so... nghhh, a-ah... P-Percy, Percy please...harder, God. O-Oh...”

***

When Mr Grace saw that Percy and Leo sat together in their history lesson on Monday, avoiding eye contact with him, he fondly shook his head and muttered “kids” under his breath.
Malcolm was literally scared of life, except that wasn’t a viable phobia, so Malcolm just accepted that he had agoraphobia instead – he had intense anxiety related to leaving his room. Anything made him panic; crowds, queuing, when he was in spaces too big like bridges or shopping malls, or spaces too small like storage rooms and cars. It was literally life-ruining.

Malcolm’s asshole parents, in some weird attempt to try and get their son rid of his ‘paranoia’ as they called it, had sent him to university far away from home, which just made Malcolm even worse off. Thankfully he had kind professors who allowed him to get by on online lessons and catching up at night, when there were fewer people around.

Malcolm found he could keep the outside...well, outside. He had his room, his sanctuary, when he felt safe. However he couldn’t keep Percy Jackson outside.

Percy was Malcolm’s roommate and the complete opposite of the blond – loud, popular, funny, confident. He was Captain of the swimming team, he was in the Greek society. He liked to party and drink and go out. Malcolm hated all that, and yet they got along like a house on fire. On the third time during freshers week when Percy asked Malcolm – who was buried underneath his covers, silently crying at his parents’ betrayal – to come out with him, Malcolm had once again said no however instead of going by himself like Percy normally did, the dark-haired boy slid into Malcolm’s bed with a laptop, put on a movie and waited until Malcolm came from under his covers.

Malcolm didn’t like the world, and he didn’t like people, but he loved Percy. Really, really loved him. After seven months of living together Malcolm was head over heels for him. Percy brought him food when Malcolm was too anxious to get it himself, he held him when Malcolm had panic attacks and rubbed his back when he vomited after getting himself worked up. He listened to Malcolm, and talked to him like Malcolm wasn’t some freak. He cared, and as unrealistic as Malcolm knew Percy reciprocating his feelings was, he still hoped, and he still tried to make himself worthy of the other boy.

One time Percy asked him to go to a coffee shop with him. It was late morning so Malcolm had foolishly told himself that there wouldn’t be anyone buying coffee at the time, besides, the campus coffee shop was really close to the dorms. Malcolm wanted to do something for Percy’s sake for once so he put his clothes on and followed Percy out of the dorm room. To Percy, it was just grabbing a coffee with a friend on a bitter, winter morning. To Malcolm, it was doing something brave that he wasn’t prepared for.

He stuck close to Percy as they walked, keeping his head down as to not get overwhelmed by the
snow-filled courtyard, and he thought he might actually be okay. Percy was talking to him, his voice cheerful and low and lovely, and even though Malcolm couldn’t hear the words he was saying it was good to have him. However when they reached the coffee shop, Malcolm crumpled. He saw the queue of students waiting, and suddenly his hands couldn’t stay still. He stopped mid-step and started shaking, his heart pounding in his chest. It felt like it might burst out. *It’s just a line. Stand in the line,* Malcolm told himself, but he couldn’t. He imagined a hundred things happening – someone pushing him, something falling on him. He wanted to cry. He turned on his heel and ran.

He had done that for Percy; tried. It hadn’t worked, but when he got back to the safety of his bedroom and curled up in bed Percy came in, ruffled the top of his head, and put his coffee on the floor next to Percy’s bed.

He kept trying for Percy. He went grocery shopping with Percy once and even though Percy held his hand, Malcolm still fell apart. He couldn’t breathe and had such a bad panic attack he almost choked and passed out. Percy barely managed to get him back to the room. Percy went with Malcolm when the blond needed to drop a paper off for his teacher and Percy persuaded him to take the lift instead of the stairs. Malcolm thought it’d be okay since it was just him and Percy but the lift was claustrophobic and he felt nauseous. He started sweating, chills racking his body, and he barely got to the bathroom in time to vomit. Percy was always there though, telling him it was alright.

The point was, Percy was always there for Malcolm whenever the blond needed him. And now he had gone out, even though Malcolm asked him not to, to a football game. And Malcolm’s sister had called him, telling him some hooligans had beat Percy up when he defended some girl they were harassing. Annabeth had gone home, and Malcolm couldn’t because his agoraphobia made him scared of public transport, and someone had to go check up on Percy.

And Malcolm, for once, was ready to go outside.

***

The corridor outside the room reeked of cleaning products. Malcolm walked behind the nurse, shaking, trying to keep his breathing even. The sleeves of his jumper were pulled over his hands that he was clutching to his chest, desperate not to touch anything. He focused on his shoes, on his heartbeat, on the twitch of his fingers, anything but the overpowering hospital building rising all around him. He was scared he’d get crushed, he was scared he’d die. But he was more scared that he’d never see Percy again.

“Just in here,” the nurse said sweetly, gesturing to a door. Malcolm nodded, his mouth too dry to say anything. He pushed the door open and snuck inside, closing it behind him. His heart pounded in his chest in relief when he got out of the sterile, bright corridor. Percy’s hospital room was a lot more intimate, dimmer, with light coming from a bedside lamp and apparatus surrounding Percy’s room. It was too late for visitors but the nurse allowed Malcolm in because he almost had a mental breakdown when he walked into the hospital. He almost puked on the bus on his way.

So now he was here, alone, with Percy. Percy who looked like he got hit by a truck. He was plugged into different machines, his face a motley of bruises. One of his eyes was swollen shut and his lip was split.

Malcolm felt tears well up in his eyes, not because of his anxiety and intense, crippling fear that he was somehow holding at bay, but because the boy he loved was lying in a hospital bed, looking like he was two steps away from death. Malcolm sniffled, holding back his tears, and walked to the bed.

Percy’s hands were laying on top of the covers, and Malcolm reached down and took one into both of his pale, trembling hands. Percy’s skin was warm.
“Hey.”

The croak came from Percy. Malcolm thought he was unconscious but now his eyes slid to Percy, who was smiling at him in a sleepy, drugged way. His fingers squeezed weakly on Malcolm’s.

“Am I dead?” he asked.

“What?” Malcolm whispered, sniffling again.

“Because I’m seeing an angel,” Percy whispered, eyes sliding over Malcolm’s face. It caught the blond so off-guard that he let out a little hysterical giggle, and then collapsed into sobs. He cradled Percy’s hand to his chest and cried, fat tears falling onto the dark haired boy’s covers. Percy smiled up at him, “Hey, Malkie. Don’t cry. I actually did think you were an angel. Why are you here?”

“I-I had to see you,” Malcolm wiped his wet face with one hand, clutching Percy’s with the other, “I...I...I’m really freaking out right now b-but you’re more important.”

Percy smiled softly, “Is it bad that I like that you’re worried about me?”

“I-Idiot,” Malcolm whispered, sniffled, “You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m perfect,” Percy grinned, “Now that you’re here.”

“S-Shut up, stupid-,” Malcolm started but Percy pulled him closer then, looking up at him with warm eyes.


“Percy...”

Malcolm bit his lip, but Percy closed his eyes. He was tired, in pain, and Malcolm’s anxiety was seeping out of him because Percy was making him relax. He shifted closer, heart pounding. Percy’s words successfully distracted him from his fears.

Malcolm sat down on the edge of Percy’s hospital bed, then leaned over him. Percy smiled, eyes closed, and when Malcolm pressed his lips sweetly to Percy’s, the dark-haired boy hissed in pain and jerked away.

“Sorry!” Malcolm spluttered, looking at the cut on his mouth, “I’m sorry.” He went to move away but Percy opened his eyes and grabbed Malcolm’s hand and kept him next to him.

“It’s okay, I’m okay,” Percy smiled, lifting Malcolm’s hand to his own cheek and nuzzling it, “Maybe no kisses for now,” he croaked. Malcolm’s eyes were full of tears again. He traced his fingers over Percy’s bruised cheek. Then he leaned over Percy again and nudged his nose against the dark-haired boy’s. Percy grinned and gave him an Eskimo kiss, brushing their noses together sweetly.

Malcolm sniffled, “I have to go,” he whispered, “I can’t stay here longer or I might faint. I want to go back to our room,” he brushed his fingers through Percy’s hair, “E-Except you won’t be there.”

“I will. Soon,” Percy looked up at Malcolm, “Hey,” he said, reaching up to brush a silent tear from Malcolm’s cheek, “I love you.”

Malcolm’s breath caught in his throat, “P-Percy.”
“Go home,” Percy closed his eyes, “I love you. I don’t want you be scared. I’ll be there soon, I promise.”

Malcolm nodded, then climbed off the bed, still partially in shock. He wanted to get back to the room as quickly as possible, even though he’d have to brave the corridor and bus again. He reached the door, and then his heart started suddenly pounding, and he felt lightheaded.

He turned on his heel and rushed to the bed and without warning he covered Percy and kissed the corner of his mouth.

“I love you too,” he blurted, and then dashed out of the hospital room.
“Ouch,” Will gasped, legs uncurling from around his boyfriend, and Nico winced. Not again...he thought, “O-Ouch, fuck, Neeks, take it out.”

Nico dropped his head onto his boyfriend’s shoulder, biting back a groan of frustration, and pulled the head of his aching erection out of the blond, rolling off and collapsing on his side, breathing hard.

Will sat up, all freckles and soft, fluffy blond curls. He looked down at Nico with apologetic blue eyes, “I’m sorry,” he muttered, pulling his knees up to his chest and resting his cheek on them. Nico reached out and brushed his fingers over Will’s thigh, which wasn’t helping his erection go down.

“It’s okay.”

“It’s not,” Will groaned, frustrated. He tugged on his curls and bit the inside of his cheek, “You think this isn’t annoying me? I want you to screw me, but my body is just...” he gestured at himself uselessly, “It’s just not cooperating,” he pouted. Nico sat up, kissed the side of Will’s head.

“It’s okay,” he said, stroking Will’s shoulder, “I’ll prepare you more-“

Will got up, frustrated. Nico had never seen him like this, “Prepare me how much more?” Will asked, “You’ve done two fingers, three, it’s just not happening,” Will groaned, rubbing a hand down his face, “You’re too fucking big.”


Will glared at him, turning. He was naked, and gorgeous, and Nico wanted him, “Stop being a smartass,” he said and then sighed, “I’m not even in the mood to do anything anymore. I’m gonna shower.”

Nico flopped back on the bed as his boyfriend went to the bathroom. Nico stared at the ceiling. He and Will started dating three years ago, when Nico was scrawny and depressed, and Will was gorgeous. Well, he was still gorgeous now, but Nico was taller and generally bigger...well, everywhere. His dick was huge, which was a problem. They weren’t fourteen anymore, they were seventeen and eighteen respectively and they were horny. Except they couldn’t have sex with Will bottoming, because Nico literally just wouldn’t fit into Will, no matter what they did.

By the time Will finished his shower, Nico had gone soft and got his pj’s on. He had the bed nice
and warm by the time his damp and upset boyfriend shuffled into the room. He crawled under the Italian’s covers and curled up into Nico’s side. Immediately the dark-haired boy showered him in kisses.

“This is my fault,” he whispered, “my body’s all messed up.”

“Shhh, shut up,” Will grumbled, pinching Nico’s butt under the covers, “Don’t you dare ever say that about yourself. Your body is perfect,” he leaned up and pecked Nico sweetly, “You’re perfect. I love you.”

“We can’t even have sex,” Nico said softly, “and it’s all my dick’s fault.”

Will nuzzled his face, “We’ll figure it out,” he said, “Not tonight though,” he yawned, “I’m tired. We’ll try again tomorrow?”

“Yeah,” Nico kissed his forehead. Will curled up into his usual position, tangling his legs with Nico’s. He was asleep in seconds, pressed up into Nico’s chest, exhausted from a day at the infirmary. Nico couldn’t sleep though. They’ve been at it for a month now, almost every day trying to fuck, and it never worked. Nico glared down at his dick under the covers – he was big, like really big, excessively big. There was no need for his cock to be that big.

And then, out of nowhere, a plan began to form in Nico’s head.

***

“No, this is stupid,” Will was sat on the bed, bright red, the covers pulled to his chest, “and embarrassing.”

Nico looked at him, “It’s the only way,” he said, “Maybe it’s not my dick being too big – maybe it’s you being too tight.”

Will eyed the small, pink dildo in his hand, and bit his lip, “But...but it’s awkward.”

“Don’t you trust me?” Nico frowned.

Will exhaled, and dropped the covers, laying down on the bed and stubbornly crossing his arms over his chest, “Fine,” he said, “but if it hurts, you’re taking it out.”

Nico climbed over him, pushing his legs apart and settling in-between them. He had gotten the inflatable dildo from Piper (it was unused of course) and now it was doused in lube. Despite that, Will still looked scared.

“Relax,” Nico murmured, kissing his hip, “it won’t hurt, I promise.”

Right now the dildo was small, maybe the size of Nico’s finger, but it had a little ball at the bottom that – when pressed – made the toy inflate until it was almost the size of Nico’s cock. The Italian hoped that somehow it would help to stretch Will enough that he could finally be inside his boyfriend. He was pleased that when he first pressed it against the boy’s hole, Will’s body allowed it to slip in.

The blond exhaled, and shifted, getting comfortable against the bed.

“How is it?” Nico asked. Will shrugged.

“Feels like a finger,” he murmured, and closed his eyes, “You sure this will work?”
“We’ll find out,” Nico said quietly, and then started moving the dildo in and out of his boyfriend. He went slow, for a moment so mesmerised by the sight of Will’s tanned body swallowing the toy that he forgot what he was supposed to be doing. He remembered pretty quickly though, and he pressed the ball at the base of the toy.

Immediately the toy expanded a few inches and Will hissed, tensing. Nico didn’t stop moving the dildo, licking his lips and watching Will’s stomach muscles twitch.

“F-Feels like,” the blond was starting to breathe hard, “you just went from one finger to three...mhmm...”

He bit his lip and his hips stuttered upward as Nico thrust the toy into him a little bit faster. He was getting aroused from watching his boyfriend, especially since Will’s cock was starting to grow pretty hard against his abs. When Nico decided his boyfriend was used to the toy, he pressed the ball again. This time Will cried out, and his cock twitched against his stomach. For a second Nico thought Will was in pain but then the blond moaned and precum dripped from his erection.

“You’re enjoying this,” Nico grinned. Will opened his eyes. They were dark, and he was flushed and breathing hard.

“S-Shut up-ah!” he cried out when Nico twisted the toy inside of him. The Italian was really liking seeing his boyfriend completely fall apart from a little teasing. He leaned over him and started kissing his warm skin as he pushed the toy in and out of him; he kissed Will’s neck and shoulders, sucked on his nipples, nibbled on his collarbones. When he inflated the dildo once more, Will started shaking.

“Fuck,” he gasped, thighs trembling, “F-Fuck, Nico...”

“Shhhh,” Nico bit at his earlobe playfully, dizzy with arousal as he fucked Will with the toy a little harder. Lube dripped down the boy’s thighs and the toy entered and exited him with wet, squelching sounds. Will wrapped his arms around Nico’s shoulders. Honestly the Italian didn’t expect his blushy boyfriend to enjoy this so much.


Nico inflated the dildo again, barely gave Will time to adjust, and inflated it once more. It was at full capacity then, stretching Will’s pretty hole out and Nico couldn’t get enough of the view. Will mewled and squirmed on the covers, arching his back and pushing himself down on the toy. It was really, really hot.

“You gonna come?” Nico asked, moving the dildo inside his boyfriend. Honestly, he would’ve been content to just get the blond off like that, but Will looked at him hungrily.

“N-No,” he stuttered, “No, I want y-you inside.”

That sentence almost made Nico come right there and then. He pulled the dildo out of his boyfriend and tossed it aside, not caring where it landed. Will was panting, looking up at Nico as if he was everything he could ever need. Somehow Nico managed to get a condom on with shaking hands, while constantly stroking his cock. Nico lubbed up his own erection and then he was gripping Will’s hips.

“I’m gonna go in,” he told him, feeling a bit drunk, “Okay? So just tell me if it hurts.”

“Just go,” Will whimpered, “It feels so fucking empty.”

Nico slammed into him. Maybe he shouldn’t have done that, since it was Will’s first time and all, but
the blond seemed to have completely relaxed thanks to the dildo and his body gave little resistance before allowing all of Nico’s impressive length into the blond.

“Oh my Gods, oh my Gods, o-oh my Gods,” Will blabbered, throwing his head back against the pillows the moment Nico bottomed out in his amazing heat, “Fuck, shit, o-oh...”

“Fuck,” Nico swore, biting his lip so hard it bled, “Y-You are so goddamn tight.”

“N-Nico,” Will moaned, scrambling for the Italian’s hands. Nico interweaved their fingers together and pushed their joined hands down on either side of Will’s head, “N-Neeks, fuck...fuck, you’re a-actually inside me,” the blond’s legs wrapped around Nico’s waist and then they were both gasping at how intense it was. Will’s hole spasmed around Nico’s length, driving him crazy. The son of Apollo freed one hand so he could stroke himself.

“Can I move?” Nico groaned, “Please tell me I can fucking move before I lose my mind.”

“Y-Yeah,” Will stuttered, “B-But I’m like five seconds from coming.”

“Me too,” Nico admitted.

Neither of them were lying. Nico thrust into Will maybe a total of four times before he was tumbling over the edge, his orgasm rocking his body and making him shudder violently. Will cried out, arched his back, and painted Nico’s chest white. It was quick, it was passionate, it was intense. It was two teens fucking for the first time.

Thankfully Will and Nico were young so they just needed five minutes before they were ready to go again. Now that they could properly have sex they were going to make the most of it.
Sleep on the Floor

Chapter Notes

49 Chapters to go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Freo where Frank is an overworked businessman who hasn't slept in weeks and every time he tries he just can't fall asleep. Leo is a co-worker who notices how tired Frank is and one day the office goes out together for drinks and a drunk Leo suggests to a drunk Frank that they sleep together like actually sleep and cuddle (like they're bed buddies). So this goes on for a while and they grow close and super domestic and they both start catching feelings. Super fluffy cause I'm a fucking sap and preferably smutty, steamy ending because I'm also a perv XD

for Aureliber

Frank uselessly stared at the ceiling, covers kicked to the side. He had been much too hot minutes ago, and now he was much too cold, but he was too exhausted to reach for the covers again. There was no point – he wouldn’t be able to get comfortable tonight, and if he did, he wouldn’t be able to sleep anyway. He hadn’t slept in two weeks, ever since Hazel left him.

Frank closed his eyes, which felt heavy, and Hazel’s parting words raced through her head. *I can’t do this anymore...I’m leaving...You don’t love me anymore, and I can’t do this...don’t lie to me...don’t treat me like a child...You’ve fallen out of love with me, and I fell out of love with you...I’m leaving...goodbye...*

Frank opened his eyes and sat up, rubbing his hands down his face in frustration. Hazel had been right; he had loved Hazel, once upon a time. They were highschool sweethearts and had dated since they were fourteen. However at twenty eight they were just two people living in the same beautiful, expensive apartment. Until one day Frank found Hazel by the door with her bags and a look of relief on her face, telling him that she was going.

A part of Frank was glad she was gone. He had stopped loving her years and years ago, consumed rather by his work. He was a lawyer at one of the best legal firms in the city, and he loved what he did, he loved helping people. What he didn’t love was coming home to Hazel, not anymore. But he had slept with her in his bed for so long that when she left, he didn’t know what to do. For two weeks, he woke up in stops and starts, or didn’t sleep at all – the bed felt too big even though Hazel had been tiny, it was too cold, Frank didn’t know how to get comfortable without a body in his arms.
“‘Morning,” Frank grumbled as he walked into the office on Friday morning, his head pulsing with exhaustion, his first cup of coffee in hand, almost finished. He was tired, he had a pile of documents on his desk, and he couldn’t wait for the day to be over so he could go home and spend the weekend on his couch, napping uncomfortably.

“‘Morning,” Annabeth Chase, the head of the firm, walked out of the office and raised an eyebrow. She looked immaculate as always in her black pencil skirt and crispy white shirt, “You look like crap.”

“Thanks,” Frank sighed, and rubbed his face. He went to his desk, hoping he could get a second cup of coffee into himself soon. His office was spacious and full of light, and when Frank saw all the paperwork waiting for him he just wanted to put his head on it and sleep.

Leo Valdez, Frank’s ‘neighbour’ and one of his co-workers, stuck his head through the door. He looked energetic and full of life, as always. At twenty five he still looked like an eighteen year old, all unruly curls and dark, mischievous eyes. He was underestimated at court a lot, but once he went in on a case, he really went in. Frank used to love working side by side with him into the dead of the night, when both of them were fired up about a case. But now Frank had no energy for cases. He had no energy for anything.

“You look like shit,” Leo reiterated what Annabeth said with a bright grin.

“I know,” Frank croaked, firing up his computer, “you need anything or are you just here to get on my nerves?”

Leo casually sauntered into Frank’s office, hands in the pockets of his pants, tie askew, top button undone. He looked around as if super-interested in the room, as if he hadn’t spent hours here, “I was just curious about what’s up,” Leo said casually.

“Nothing’s up,” Frank’s brain throbbed with pain and his body screamed for rest. He rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“So what? You’re fine then?” Leo raised an eyebrow, and came over to Frank’s desk, standing opposite the man, “I can see you – you look exhausted. Are you working on some hard case or something?”

“No,” Frank said, and telling Leo I can’t sleep because I miss my girlfriend’s warmth at night sounded stupid, and pathetic, “it’s not...it’s not a case. It’s nothing. I’m just tired.”

“Riiight,” Leo didn’t look like he quite believe Frank but they weren’t close enough for him to push, “Anyway, we’re going out drinking tonight with the others, so I was wondering if you wanted to come.”

“No,” Frank said immediately.

Leo pouted, “For fuck’s sake, you never come out anymore, Frankie.”

“Don’t call me that.”

“Frank come on,” Leo wasn’t letting up. Frank sighed, but then he thought about it. Getting drunk didn’t seem so bad, maybe it would let him sleep. The alternative was literally tossing and turning in his bed all night. Maybe going out wasn’t such a bad idea.

“Fine,” he said, stopping Leo mid-rant. He hadn’t been listening, “I’ll go out drinking, so stop talking.”
The Latino brightened up, “Brilliant!” he exclaimed, “I’ll see you at eight,” he mock-saluted Frank and then left his office, and the moment he did Frank dropped his head on the stack of papers and closed his eyes. He napped at work because here his arms didn’t feel quite so empty.

***

“Come on,” Leo slurred, eyes bright with amusement. Frank’s drunk brain had trouble focusing on him, “Another one!” Leo pushed a drink across the bar and toward Frank. The Asian saw double and yet he grabbed the drink and chugged it down.

They were one of the last people in the bar; it was coming up to three in the morning and the rest of the co-workers had gone home hours ago but Frank had been so involved and amused by Leo – who stuck to his side the whole night – that time just flew by. He was also very, very drunk.

“We should get going,” he slurred as Leo drained his final drink. The man pouted, making himself younger than he already appeared, and put the glass down.

“Guess you’re right,” he winked, “Gotta be responsible adults. But, before we go...,” Leo leaned in close, too close. The alcohol was making him too uncomfortable, but he smelled nice, so Frank didn’t protest, “Tell me what’s bugging you.”

“Can’t sleep,” the worlds spilled from Frank’s lips before his drunken brain could comprehend them. The world seemed unstable.

“Insomnia?” Leo questioned. Frank was impressed he even managed to get such a big word out in his state.

“No,” Frank looked mournfully at his empty glass, suddenly wanting another drink, “Loneliness,” he said bitterly. Leo looked at him for a moment, and his chocolatey eyes softened.

“We should sleep together,” he said suddenly. Frank choked on air.

“You...I-I...what?!” Frank spluttered.

Leo snickered, “Relax. I don’t mean like that. I mean literally sleep. We could be...,” he thought for a moment, “Cuddle buddies,” he suggested.

“How did you come up with this idea just from me saying I’m lonely?” Frank asked weakly. Leo shrugged.

“You used to have a girlfriend. You had her photo on your desk, but it’s gone now. She was pretty, curly hair, her name was...uh, Hazel, I think. You mentioned her a couple times. I assume you like slept in the same bed,” Leo leaned his chin on his hand and smiled at Frank, while the older man stared at him in shock, “It’s normal for people to be unable to sleep after a break up and if you can’t sleep because you’re ‘lonely’ it’s probably because you miss her body and well-,” Leo spread his arms, “I like cuddles.”

Frank chuckled and shook his head, “Okay, Sherlock Holmes,” for some reason he found Leo amusing and the alcohol told him that this was a good idea. It also made him sleepier and if this worked...well, Frank would kill for a good night’s sleep, “Your place or mine?”

***

Frank woke up, and his body felt like it was turned off. His mind was groggy, and his muscles felt like they had melted into the bed and the feeling was so alien that for a second Frank thought he had
been drugged. He was in his bed, as every morning, with the light streaming through his window, as normal, and yet he felt...different.

It finally hit him Frank why everything felt off; he was waking up. Normally, he was already awake. He didn’t get to rise in the morning anymore, wait for his brain to come back online because normally it was always conscious, jittery, anxious from constantly waking and falling asleep. But this time, Frank was rested.

He turned onto the his side, his sleepy mind mulling over this new information, and his nose bumped against Leo Valdez’s. The Latino scrunched up his brow in sleep, muttered under his breath and Frank shifted away, heart pounding in shock. He laid there, and stared at Leo, asleep in his bed. The events of last night filtered into his brain, alongside a pounding, hangover headache.

He remembered the two of them stumbling into Frank’s apartment the night before, drunk and giggling. Leo took a shower, Frank hadn’t bothered. He got into a t-shirt and boxers and laid down in his cold, too-big bed. Despite being drunk, Frank couldn’t fall asleep. And then Leo had padded into the room, all curls and smiles. He was wearing one of Frank’s t-shirts, much, much too big, reaching his thighs. He had leggings on as well, ones Hazel had left behind. He climbed into Frank’s bed and that was the only moment Frank thought that maybe this was a stupid idea, and that this was weird. But the moment Leo laid down next to him, smiling, and curled up into his chest, all doubts left Frank’s mind. He remembered Leo’s heat, his sweet smell, his small fingers curled into his shirt. He didn’t remember falling asleep.

He had slept the whole night. He looked at his phone now, and saw it was eleven in the morning. He never slept in that long. Leo, in his arms, had made him sleep like a child. The bone-gnawing ache that had followed him around for weeks was finally gone and Frank could’ve cried in relief.

Leo’s eyes fluttered open, and Frank smiled when their eyes met.

“Good morning,” Frank said.

“’Morning,” Leo grinned, rolled onto his back and stretched, “I love this bed. You’ve got an amazing bed,” he looked at Frank, all sleepy, “And you’re a great cuddler, mister.”

“I haven’t slept in weeks,” Frank said, voice hoarse and happy, “You’re amazing to cuddle. Thank you.”

“This is weird,” Leo said, but he was still smiling, “a little bit, don’t you think?”

“A little, yeah,” Frank admitted, “We’re two male lawyers who just shared a bed to cuddle.”

Leo rolled onto his side, propped his face up on his hand and looked at Frank, “So, you wanna do this again sometime?” he asked teasingly. Frank bit his lip. He didn’t think about it but the thought of being able to sleep normally again...that was a good, nice thought.

“What I can’t figure out is what you’re getting from this,” Frank said.

“I told you,” Leo sat up and slipped out of bed, “I like cuddling. I’m not much of a solo-sleeper either,” he picked up Frank’s bathrobe off the chair as if it was his house and slipped it on. The robe was much too big, and Leo almost drowned in it, “Can I use the shower?”

“Yeah,” Frank sat up also, “Yeah, sure. Uh...”

“I’ll go after,” Leo said, “You don’t have to worry. All I want is cuddles.”
“Then yeah,” Frank said, swallowing, “Yeah, let’s do this again.”

***

Two weeks later Frank woke up abruptly in the middle of the night, the darkness around him disorientating. For a second his brain was confused and groggy, and then he heard a little breathless sound and he looked down.

Leo was curled up into him as if he wanted Frank’s body to swallow him up. He frowned in his sleep, rubbed his nose against Frank’s chest, his hand crawling up to clutch Frank’s shirt. He turned his head to the side, flattening his cheek against Frank’s chest. He shifted again. He slipped his leg over Frank’s, and breathed out.

Frank realised he had just been watching Leo sleep for a few minutes and a blush flooded his cheeks. After the first few nights where it was still a little awkward to fall asleep with his co-worker wrapped up in his arms, Frank got used to the other man being in his arms, though he had never really paid attention to Leo himself, more like to his warmth and the feeling of his body in his arms.

He realised that he was being weird so Frank turned around, his back to Leo. The Latino wasn’t having it and he shifted so he was spooning Leo, like a little backpack. Frank smiled, tiredness washing over him, and fell back asleep.

***

“Ready?” Leo asked, three weeks after they started their little arrangement, leaning against the door to Frank’s office. The man looked up from his paperwork.

“Uh, I’m not done yet,” he said apologetically, “It’ll be a few hours...”

“Um, okay,” Leo shifted his bag on his shoulder, “So...”

“Why don’t you go ahead?” Frank asked, inspired suddenly. He picked his keys out of his coat pocket and threw it at Leo. The Latino scrambled for them and managed to grab them out of the air, “Just let yourself in. There’s some Chinese leftovers in the fridge...”

Leo hesitated for a second, “You sure? I could just go home...”

The thought of Frank having to sleep alone was unbearable, “No, no. Um, unless you want to but...uh...it’s fine. You can just sleep and I’ll come whenever.”

“Okay,” Leo said with a sweet smile, pocketing the keys, “See you at home,” he gave Frank a little wave and walked out of the office and it wasn’t until he was gone that Frank realised that Leo referred to Frank’s apartment as ‘home.’ It filled him with warmth, and chased away his loneliness, and he couldn’t bite back his smile as he went back to his papers.

He arrived back at his apartment past midnight and let himself in. Seeing Leo’s shoes by the door made him weirdly happy, and he went to take a shower. He got dressed in his pj’s, hung up his suit for the next day, and went into the bedroom.

He froze in the doorway. The bedside lamp was on, filling Frank’s large bedroom with a golden light. Leo was asleep on the bed. He looked tiny, smaller than usual in the huge bed, sprayed on his stomach. His cheek was smooched adorably against the pillow, hand hanging over the side of the bed. On the floor was one of Frank’s Stephen King novels, as if Leo had fallen asleep mid-read. And he looked so adorable that Frank couldn’t stop staring, all soft curls and long eyelashes. Why had Frank never noticed how cute Leo was? Sure, he wasn’t really into guys, but then Leo was
Frank’s eyes slid over the man’s body; the gentle dip of his back and the oversized t-shirt he wore – Frank’s t-shirt – and the sliver of tanned skin peeking between the top of his leggings and the bottom of the bunched up t-shirt. His ass was hugged by the leggings and suddenly Frank was interested in how it would feel in his hands. He averted his eyes, blushing and feeling like a creep. He went to the bedside table and switched the lamp off and then as carefully as he could he climbed into bed, between Leo and the wall.

The man shifted, rolled onto his back and blinked, “Frankie?” he mumbled. Frank’s heart jerked. “Hey,” he said softly, “yeah, it’s me.”

Leo smiled and closed his eyes, relaxing completely and rolling onto his side. Frank laid down so they were facing each other, and Leo wriggled, closing the space between them. He snuggled up against Frank like a cat.

“I love cuddling you,” he mumbled, “makes the stress of work go away.”

Frank ran his fingers through Leo’s hair, “Yeah, I know what you mean,” he cradled Leo close, hand slipping automatically under his t-shirt and resting against his warm skin, “Night Leo.”

“Night, Frankie.”

***

When Frank came out of the bathroom in the morning, Leo had gotten up and the apartment smelled deliciously; like eggs and bacon. Intrigued, Frank walked into the kitchen in just his boxers, with a towel around his shoulders. Leo was standing by the stove, flipping eggs, his feet bare, just in his work trousers and shirt. He looked relaxed, casual, beautiful.

Frank swallowed, “Good morning,” he said. Leo looked up at him, a little sleepy.

“Morning, Frankie.”

“What’s this ‘Frankie’ thing?” Frank questioned, sitting at a bar-stool by the half-counter that separated his kitchen from his living room.

“Dunno. Just a pet name, I guess,” Leo said, walking over with the pan and sliding some bacon and eggs onto Frank’s plate, “I made breakfast, hope you don’t mind – I was starving.”

“Mind?” Frank blinked, “Why would I mind? You making breakfast is...it’s really nice, thank you. I can’t remember the last time I had breakfast with someone.”

Leo nibbled on a piece of toast, “Maybe we should do it more often,” he said, “I mean, I sleep here almost every night so I guess breakfast here would be more convenient then going back to my place so early in the morning all the time...”

“Yeah,” Frank smiled, and then, “I like it. Having you here. It’s less empty.”

Leo grinned, “I like being here too. Your apartment is way nicer than mine.”

***

Two months went by, with Frank and Leo cuddling every night together, wrapped up in each other, and each night Frank found it harder to just lie there. He desperately wanted to touch Leo or
something – anything that would make him confirm the things growing in his heart.

It was Thursday, and Frank and Leo had fallen asleep the way they normally had, wrapped up in each other, when Frank suddenly woke up in the middle of the night, because Leo was gone from his arms, and someone was coughing. Frank’s eyes adjusted quickly to the darkness of the room and he saw that Leo had scooted away to the other side of the bed, his narrow back to Frank.

“Leo?” Frank asked, worried. He grabbed the younger man’s shoulder and turned him around. Leo looked at him through half-lidded, glassy eyes, his face red. Frank’s mouth went dry and he quickly pressed his hand to Leo’s forehead. It felt hot, “I think you have a fever,” Frank said and, without thinking, put his lips to Leo’s forehead. His mum used to do that, when he was a kid. The Latino’s skin was boiling, “Shit, you’ve definitely got a fever.”

“Yes,” Leo croaked, and sniffled, “I don’t feel so good.”

“Okay...okay...uh...should I...should I call an ambulance?” Frank panicked.

Leo coughed, “No, idiot,” he flopped against Frank’s pillows, “It’s just a cold.”

“Alright. Well, uh,” Frank said, “If you still feel bad in the morning, I’ll tell Annabeth and after work I’ll make you chicken soup and-,” he stopped abruptly, because Leo was smiling up at him, “what?”

“Nothing,” Leo whispered.

“I’m gonna get you water,” Frank said, climbing off the bed and going to the kitchen. He brought a glass of cold water into the bedroom, made Leo sit up and held the glass while the Latino drank. Frank stroked his back, realising that their relationship had gone much further than just ‘bed buddies.’

Leo curled up into Frank’s chest minutes later, feverishly warm. He couldn’t sleep the rest of the night, coughing, tossing and turning, going through waves of cold and hot. Frank kept waking up too as Leo wriggled in his grasp, but for once he didn’t mind an uneasy night.

***

“Right,” Annabeth dropped a stack of papers on Frank’s desk a week later, “Spill,” she dropped into a chair opposite Frank. The lawyer blinked at his boss.

“Spill?” he asked, “About what?”

“You and Leo,” Annabeth smirked, “what’s going on with you two?”

Frank flushed and looked down, “N-Nothing.”

“Nothing?” Annabeth raised an eyebrow, clearly not convinced, “What about the fact you come to the office together every morning, and leave together every night, and that you were the one that called in last week when Leo was sick...you’re screwing him, aren’t you?”

Frank flinched, “No.”

“Then what?”

“Nothing, w-we’re just friends,” Frank swallowed, “I...”

“Go on,” Annabeth smirked.
“I...I think I might...like him a little.”

Annabeth grinned, stood up and closed the door, “Brilliant. Tell me more.”

***

Leo wasn’t there, and Frank couldn’t sleep. He kept checking his phone, and hours crept by painfully slowly. Leo had to stay at the office longer, working on some case, and Frank couldn’t sleep without his tiny body curled up against him. He ached for him now, missed him, his arms empty. It was worse than Hazel. When was the last time Frank had slept without Leo? Three weeks? Four?

When Frank heard the front door open at one in the morning, he sat up. He had been in that half-asleep state, but the sound of the key – the spare key that Frank had given Leo weeks ago – in the lock made him alert. Or rather, alert wasn’t the good word. Frank was half-aware, half-asleep, not thinking clearly.

Leo came into the room, shoeless, “Hey,” he whispered when he saw Frank, “Didn’t mean to wake you up,” he took off his tie and dropped it on the ground, shoving off his suit blazer, “work was so long, I thought I was gonna pass out there-“

“Leo,” Frank said quietly, “Come here.”

Leo blinked, “Huh?”

Frank stuck his hand out, “C’mere.”

Hesitantly Leo approached the bed, and took Frank’s hand. The Asian pulled him forward and Leo tumbled into his arms. Leo gasped in surprised and Frank cradled him in his arms, holding him close to his chest. He flopped sideways, trapping Leo between his body and the wall. The Latino giggled.

“Someone’s happy to see me,” he teased. Frank pulled away so he could look at Leo, his expression soft. He liked Leo being this close to him.

“I can’t sleep without you,” Frank whispered. Leo smiled and ran his hand through Frank’s hair but Frank caught his hand, “Hey, I can’t sleep without you,” he repeated, more serious. Leo frowned, then shifted closer. His nose nudged against Frank’s and the Asian was too sleepy to bother with questions.

“You don’t have to,” Leo said softly, biting his lip, “I’m right here, I’m not going anywhere, I’ll be a good replacement for your girlfriend-“

Frank wrapped his arm around Leo’s waist and pulled the Latino flush against his chest. He felt the Latino’s hardness against his thigh and brushed his mouth over Leo’s cheek, “You’re not a replacement,” Frank whispered, “You’re more than she ever was to me.”

They were so close Frank could feel Leo’s breath against his mouth. The Latino made a little, needy sound at the back of his throat and Frank kissed him then. Leo melted against him, his hot tongue brushing against Frank’s. They kissed, messily, passionately. Leo gripped Frank’s face in his hands, and Frank undid the buttons on his shirt, pushing it off the Latino’s shoulders.

They kicked their clothes off. Despite the fact that the bed was huge the two of them were curled up in the corner, in their own little bubble. Frank could finally touch Leo’s skin like he had wanted to for all those nights they slept side by side. He was warm, and smooth, and gorgeous. He shivered when Frank’s hands dipped under his trousers, and grabbed Leo’s smooth globes in his hands,
squeezing. Leo moaned, arching up against Frank’s hard body.

And then suddenly he was ducking under the covers. “L-Leo!” Frank spluttered, but the boy was already pulling Frank’s boxers off and before the Asian could react, his co-worker had his mouth wrapped around his cock. Frank groaned, peeling back the covers to look at Leo down in semi-darkness, bobbing his head up and down. The room filled with wet, sloppy sounds as Leo sucked, and Frank felt pleasure shoot through him.

“F-Fuck,” Frank gasped, his hands sinking into Leo’s curls as he pulled the boy closer, pushing his erection down the boy’s throat. And Leo just took it, licking and sucking like Frank’s cock was the only thing he ever wanted in his mouth. Frank felt dizzy, light-headed, disoriented. He liked the feeling of Leo’s mouth though, hot and velvety around his dick.

When Frank came, Leo swallowed and then popped up from under the covers, flushed and grinning. Frank felt blissed out, melted against the covers from his orgasm. His body acted on its own accord – he reached out, enveloping Leo’s face in his big hands, running his fingers through Leo’s hair. He pulled him close, kissed him.

“You,” kiss, “are,” another kiss, “amazing.”

Leo smiled, and snuggled closer to Frank, “Are you gonna fuck me?”

“Do you want me to?”

“Maybe,” Leo grinned. He was naked, and soft, and warm and perfect in Frank’s arms, and the Asian never wanted to let him go. He couldn’t sleep alone before, and now he was sure he couldn’t sleep without Leo.

“This is your bed now,” Frank whispered. Leo smiled.

“I thought it was my bed already,” his eyes twinkled. Frank kissed him, deeply and passionately.

Annabeth was going to have a field day.

Chapter End Notes

Ps. just changed my username, so don’t be alarmed (not that u would be lol) love you all thank you for the support x x
This is War

Valgrace one based in the 40s and Jason goes off to war in 1945 for a few months (Leo was too young, and the war ended just before he became old enough) and when he comes back he realises that he is so in love with Leo because the boy just takes care of him when he has flashbacks or nightmares.

For Samantha

Are you going back home to a girl? Jackson had asked Jason in one of their last day in the trenches. He had been grinning, holding a black and white photograph of a beautiful girl. Annie, he said, she’s waiting for me back home. ‘Back home’ for Jackson was America, a place so far away that Jason didn’t know why the man was even in France on the frontline in the first place. It seemed an awfully long way to come only to face the horrors they had seen.

Jackson never made it home though, and the next day he was blown up by a mine. They had foolishly believed that just because the war was over, they were safe. But no-man’s-land was as deadly as it had been for the past two years. The soldiers had spent months in these trenches; when they run with mud and overflowed with water in the spring showers, or when they froze solid in the winter as the snow slowly buried the shivering soldiers. Now it was September, and the trenches were warm and sunny as the summer slipped by. But they were still the trenches.

Jason got on the train back to London with his other dirty, exhausted comrades that had miraculously survived the war. He had Jackson’s picture, the one of his girl, the pretty girl called Annie who Jason knew nothing about. Would she find out how her love died? Probably not, she’d probably just get a telegram telling her how sorry the government was. Jason wished he knew more about her, so he could write her a letter.

But that conversation that he had started with Jackson a few days ago in the trenches continued onto the train as the men in Jason’s carriage jokes and teased each other. The atmosphere was one of exhaustion, and euphoria. For now none of the soldiers thought about what they had witnessed over the war, for now they were just ecstatic to finally go back home; to Betsy, and Lou, and Mary, and Suzie. A dozen different names, thrown around with the soft confidence of a soldier knowing that his sweetheart had waited.

“What about you, Grace?” the men asked, “anyone waiting for you?”

Truthfully, Jason didn’t know. He leaned his cheek on the train windows and watched the idyllic, English countryside zoom past, seeming as if it had never been touched by war. The chatter of his comrades faded away and Jason drowned himself in his memories. There had only been one person he had exchanged letters with during his time as a soldier, but he wasn’t sure that he would be there,
waiting for him. After all they were just friends and Jason didn’t see why he’d waste his time waiting for a soldier who might never come back home...

Jason first met Leo Valdez when Leo was six, and Jason was eight. They went to the same primary school and Leo couldn’t speak a word of English. He was Spanish, he and his mother having escaped their home country due to its turbulent political situation. The other kids disliked Leo, because they couldn’t communicate with him, and when he did learn English he had such a thick accent that the kids laughed at him. His small size didn’t make things any better, making him the perfect target for older boys who wanted to take their boredom and frustration out on someone weaker.

Jason had seen them once; kicking Leo. The boy was curled into a ball on the floor, arms wrapped around his head in defence while four older boys jeered and called him names and kicked him. Jason had stepped in. He got the shit kicked out of him too and then he had walked Leo home in silence as blood dripped from their noses and split lips. Halfway to Leo’s house, the Spanish boy suddenly started laughing. He hadn’t cried or anything, hadn’t said a word, and suddenly he was laughing. And that laughter, Jason found, was infectious – soft, and light, and like everything was going to be okay. When he asked Leo what was so funny, the boy replied, in his broken English, “You...got hit...too.” And instead of being offended, Jason laughed too. They laughed all the way to Leo’s house, cackling like a pair of witches, and Leo’s mother scolded them for ‘getting into a fight’ and then sat them down on the front steps of their small house and gave them lemonade. They sat there, bruised and bloodied, two young boys, drinking lemonade and giggling.

It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Leo learned English quickly, his accent fading over time which Jason thought was quite a pity. The two of them went to the same secondary school where Leo impressed everyone with his engineering skills – he said he wanted to build planes when he was older. Jason flourished in another way; he was great at physical education and sports, shooting up and towering over the rest of the boys very quickly. Leo often told Jason during their numerous sleepovers that he was envious of Jason’s size since he himself always remained small and weak. To Jason, Leo was never small and weak – he was the feistiest, most determined person Jason knew and he always thought his best friend would do great things. They were both planning on going to university, and Jason had just turned fifteen, when World War II suddenly broke out. Well ‘suddenly’ wasn’t the word – everyone knew what was coming but Jason had been ‘high on life,’ too lost in his own bubble of school and summer and Leo to pay attention to the ominous clouds rolling in from Germany.

Jason had never been a violent person, or someone particularly proud, and yet suddenly he was obsessively interested in the war – he bought the papers and swallowed up all the information about Britain’s offences against the Nazis, only to tell it all to Leo when they met up at school. The thirteen year old was as interested as Jason and they spent many lunchtimes in a corner, eagerly discussing tactics, plane models and other war related topics. Pretty quickly they were swept off by the honour and patriotism of it all – the papers boomed how well the war was going, how brave the soldiers were. And Leo and Jason decided that they too wanted to fight evil.

Except Jason turned eighteen first. He suggested that Leo try and join the army and lie about his age like some other sixteen year olds had done, but Leo looked at it realistically; he was so short and skinny that he barely even looked sixteen and nobody would fall for it. Jason reassured him. I’m gonna wait for you, he said, I’m gonna write to you. It’s only two more years...their goodbye at the station had been teary. Leo kept telling Jason how splendid he looked in his new uniform and he tried not to cry.

For the first time then, Jason had had an impulse to hold Leo close. Not just hug him in a friendly manner. Suddenly the realisation that he was going far, far away to kill people was too much and he
wanted to – like all the other soldiers around him with their pretty ladies – sweep Leo off his feet and kiss him and hold him close. He wanted to know what Leo tasted like, how his body would feel against Jason’s, and that thought made Jason’s heart pound madly. He had been so young, so naive, too scared to truly do anything. He ended up shaking Leo’s hand, trying to keep things light-hearted, and then he had gotten on the train.

The newspapers had lied, Jason found out very quickly. The trenches were not honour and patriotism, they were hours of on-edge boredom, and blood, gas, pain, screams, death. They wouldn’t really let Jason write what was happening to Leo – they censored his letters, but the leaks still went through and near the end of the war Britain knew what was happening. So Jason was glad when the war ended just as Leo turned eighteen, because it meant that Leo would never have to live through the trenches.

Leo had promised, multiple times, that he’d wait for Jason when he came back, and that’s all the blond could hope for. The Latino’s letters, and the memories of their happy times together, were the only thing that kept Jason alive in the trenches. That, and luck. So when the soldiers asked anyone waiting for you? Jason could only hope...

The train rolled into King’s Cross Station after dark and as soldiers flooded from the vehicle, the air filled with sobs and laughter and voices shouting for each other. Jason’s mates that had spent the last few hours with him said their hasty goodbyes and rushed off but Jason stayed there, in the dark train, for a few more minutes. He tasted the melancholy on his tongue, and said soft, quiet goodbyes to the friends he had lost in France. The goodbyes he hadn’t had the time to say before.

Then he picked up his sack and he climbed off the train onto the quickly emptying platform. Steam rolled off the train, ready to return to France and pick up another load of tired, weary soldiers. Jason stood on the platform and inhaled the air – it smelled like fuel, and smoke, and the specific London smell that Jason had missed in the trenches. He looked around at the few stragglers, hoping that their loved ones might still come off the train, and that’s when he spotted him.

Leo was standing near the exit, looking anxious, twisting his hands in front of himself. He hadn’t changed much in the two years Jason hadn’t seen him though he appeared a little taller. His hair had grown out too, and he had pulled them back into a bun at the nape of his neck, a few curls escaping to frame his face. When Jason saw him it felt like getting punched in the gut, like reality had come crashing down on him.

“Leo,” he whispered, his duffle bag suddenly feeling too heavy. He dropped it, “Leo,” he said again, louder, voice hoarse. Leo’s warm brown eyes landed on Jason and they widened, and Jason saw the boy inhale sharply and then it seemed as if time had slowed. They stared at each other and the platform ceased to exist. Any moment Jason expected to wake up back in France, back in that hellhole, but with each blink he found himself still standing there, staring at the boy who had been waiting for him.

Time returned to normal speed and Leo came running. He barrelled into Jason, almost sending him back against the train, squeezing him fiercely, “I thought you weren’t coming!” he said desperately, clutching onto Jason, and his warmth and steadiness didn’t seem real, “I-I thought something happened!”

“I-I’m sorry,” Jason choked out, then curled his arms around Leo. He hadn’t thought that staying back on the train might make it seem like he wasn’t coming because...well, subconsciously he hadn’t really thought Leo would be here. But he was. He was here. Jason was holding him.

The blond felt that he was going to break down but he didn’t want to do it here, on this platform, so he quickly pulled out of Leo’s grasp, desperate to keep himself together.
“I...uh...so...,” he didn’t know how to speak, but Leo just looked at him with these soft eyes like Jason was already perfect and didn’t need to say anything.

“You’ll stay with me, okay?” Leo said, “I have a little flat close to the station. You’re staying with me.”

“What...what about your house? What about my house?”

Leo winced, “The Blitz happened.”

“The Blitz?” Jason didn’t understand. He felt like he was in a dream.

“Bombings,” Leo said softly, “half of London is completely destroyed, but let’s not talk about it now,” he took Jason’s duffle bag from him and slung it over his skinny shoulder before carefully, tentatively taking Jason’s hand in his. His skin was warm, and soft, while Jason’s hand was calloused by years of holding guns, “Come on,” Leo said gently. Jason felt like a baby, like he was going to cry. He was overwhelmed, and barely registered the dark alleyways they walked through on their way to Leo’s flat.

“It’s not much,” Leo let go of Jason’s hand to let them in through the door. They were on the second floor of a building, “But it does the job. Gets a bit cold in the winter though...”

Jason shrugged off his muddy boots by the front door as Leo closed it, and then the Latino gave him a little tour. The kitchen was small and cramped, the living room had a big, ugly floral couch in the middle. The bedroom had only one bed.

“Maybe you should shower and shave first,” Leo said, “I’ll make some food, and then you can decide – you can sleep on the couch, or with me on the bed like good old times...,” he let out a little laugh, and Jason broke down.

He slid to his knees, the realisation that he was home, that he was safe, washing over him so violently his body refused to cooperate. He knelt in front of Leo and reached out, pulling the boy to him and burying his face in Leo’s stomach.

“J-Jason!” Leo exclaimed, shocked, and Jason just cried. He sobbed loudly, wetting Leo’s jumper with his tears and clinging onto him, trying to tell himself that he couldn’t imagine this warmth, that he couldn’t imagine Leo’s caramel smell. It’s real, it’s real, it’s real, he’s real...

Leo wrapped his arms around Jason’s shoulders, cradled his head to his body, “It’s alright,” he sounded choked up, “You’re alright, Jason, you’re home now.” He carded his fingers through Jason’s hair and whispered little sweet nothings until Jason’s sobs subdued.

“I’m sorry,” the soldier croaked, standing up. Leo looked like he was in pain and he pulled his sleeve over his hand and reached up, pulling the boy to him and burying his face in Leo’s stomach.

“Don’t apologise,” Leo said softly, “You are braver than I could ever be.”

Jason showered. He hadn’t realised how filthy he had been until the hot water cascaded over his body and washed away the dirt and grime of the last weeks in the trenches. Jason knew there were things the water could never wash away though, guilt, memories, the ghosts of his comrades that he carried with him.

When he sat down in front of the mirror in the small bathroom and took Leo’s razor, he found that his hands shook too much for him to shave the blond beard that had grown on his jaw. He called Leo...
The Latino, weirdly, didn’t make Jason feel pathetic. He lathered the blond’s bear with shaving foam, his touches light and gentle, and shaved him carefully. Jason didn’t mind depending on Leo. Even though they had been apart for so long Jason still recognised and knew the boy in front of him. Leo was the only thing that seemed real.

The Latino washed his face with a wet towel and then looked at Jason with fondness, brushing his fingers over the blond’s jaw, “There’s my Jason,” he said with a sweet smile. Jason’s heart clenched and he fought the urge to hold onto Leo again.

Jason opted for the couch, and yet it still felt too soft. However Jason’s exhaustion caught up with him and he fell asleep despite being unable to get used to the softness and the pillows, used to sleeping on the hard ground.

Of course, he couldn’t just sleep. Where in the trenches, his hell on Earth, his dreams had been a sweet escape, full of lighter, better times, here, where he was safe, they were full of darkness.

Jason couldn’t put together what he dreamt, it was a chaotic jumble of pain. He saw Jackson across the field, the mine going off. He heard booms and screams. He heard his commander shouting orders, he heard German mixed with French mixed with English. He saw, though a sheet of icy rain, a woman in a white dress across no-man’s-land.

Jason woke up, gasping and shaking violently, with Leo leaning over him.

“Hey, hey,” the boy was whispering, face full of worry, “Hey, shhh, it’s okay, you’re okay,” his hands danced over Jason’s face, smoothing down his hair, caressing his cheeks and as air once again entered the blond’s lungs, he realised that he was in Leo’s living room, and not in the trenches. He started to breathe normally and Leo smiled, “There, you’re good, you’re good,” he repeated and Jason just stared at him. He reached up and touched Leo’s cheek to ensure he was real, and Leo jerked away.

“I-It’s fine,” Leo’s face was red, “I...uh...did you have a nightmare.”

Jason sat up, “Yeah,” he whispered, rubbing a hand down his face, “I’m an idiot for thinking it’d be easy now.”

“It’s alright, you’re not alone,” Leo told him. He went into the kitchen and Jason heard him put the kettle on. As he forced the last of his nightmare to go away, Leo returned with two mugs of steaming tea, “It’s black, sorry,” he handed a cup to Jason, “I don’t have any milk. It’s all being rationed.”

“It’s fine, thankyou,” Jason smiled a little, “It’s been a while since I’ve had good tea.”

They sat and sipped in silence, Leo curled up in the foot of the couch. As Jason drank he felt comforting warmth spreading through his body, chasing away some of the chill that the trenches left embedded in his bones.

“Do you want to come sleep with me?” Leo asked. Jason looked at him.

“That’s...wouldn’t...I-I...you wouldn’t...”

Leo smiled and took Jason’s empty mug, “No, Jason, I don’t mind,” he said, somehow picking out a meaning from Jason’s stupid babbling, “I think it might help, to have someone next to you.”
“Y-Yeah,” Jason said weakly.

They climbed into Leo’s bed together and although it was cramped and too-soft, Jason immediately felt better. Leo’s closeness and body heat were a comfort to him. They laid face to face.

“Do you mind if I hug you?” Jason asked. In reply Leo shifted closer, smiling.

“No, it’s okay,” he said. Jason slipped an arm around Leo’s waist and exhaled.

“Thank you for taking care of me.”

“Thank you for winning the war,” Leo replied. Jason flinched and Leo frowned.

“Do you want to talk about it?” he asked. Flashes went through Jason’s mind – the muddy trenches, the steely grey sky, smoke. He closed his eyes.


Leo nodded and placed his hand on Jason’s bicep, as if to ensure that his arm stayed around his waist, “Why don’t you tell me about your friends?”

“None of them made it,” Jason whispered, voice pained. Leo started to stroke his arm.

“Tell me about them anyway,” he whispered, “Tell me what they were like, keep their memory alive.”

Jason nodded, swallowed, and the words came by themselves, “There were a lot of French guys, and they spoke decent English. Right at the beginning this one made friends with me. His name was William Solace. He was a medic, brave fucker,” he smiled, remembering the way Will had grinned at him, “always the first to dash out to no-man’s-land. He pulled a lot of us out of bad situations. You know, they’d just kind of leave us for dead...,” Jason’s eyes dropped and Leo squeezed his arm, “I don’t blame them. It was hell there, we couldn’t risk lives trying to get the wounded back. But Will always did. He didn’t care about himself, just about saving as many people as he could. He took a bullet, and nobody went back for him.”

“Jason...,” Leo whispered.

Guilt flooded Jason, “I’m sorry. You don’t have to listen to this-“

“No,” Leo said, shifting even closer, “No, I want to. Talk to me.”

“I should’ve went to get him,” Jason whispered.

“It wasn’t your fault,” Leo said determinedly, “I know me saying that doesn’t mean anything, but it’s true. Your job was to bring yourself home a-and...,” his voice broke, “and I’m so glad you did. And Will was amazing. And so are you.”

Jason nodded, talking a shallow breath, “I-I don’t want to remember their deaths,” he whispered, “I-I want to remember their lives.”

“Okay,” Leo said, “Tell me about their lives.”

“One of our officers was this guy named Castellan. I didn’t know his first name and he was only with us for a little bit. He was really young, only in his twenties, and all the ladies loved him. He got heaps of love letters every time we got mail,” Jason smiled, “He also had a scar on his cheek that
somehow made him more appealing to the birds; he said he got it fighting a bear.”

Leo smiled, “He sounds fun.”

“Yeah, he was,” Jason returned the smile, “there was Charles Beckendorf. He was a huge guy, with the biggest heart. He got married to his sweetheart, Silena, right before he was deployed. He used to always get cigarettes from her and share them around. Big heart, I tell you. He got pulled and sent to the air force.”

Leo was stroking Jason’s shoulder now, “You don’t smoke.”

Jason shrugged, “Everybody smokes in the trenches. It’s just a thing.”

“Right,” Leo said, “I hope you’re not going to bring this bad habit here.”

“No,” Jason squeezed him around the waist, “I won’t...,” he bit his lip, “and there was Jackson. First name Percy. My best friend in the trenches...he was American, had a girl called Annie. He was madly in love with her.”

“Was he a good guy?” Leo asked.

“They were all good guys, Leo,” Jason whispered, heart heavy, “But Percy was one of the best. Always tried to do the right thing. He kept our morale pretty high, made stupid bets with people, teased everyone. He always had a smile on his face until...,” Jason trailed off. The memories were too painful.

Leo cradled Jason’s cheek in his hand, “I am so sorry you had to go through that,” he whispered, “We were meant to go together...”

“No,” Jason said fiercely, grasping Leo’s hand and keeping it on his cheek. Leo seemed shocked by his sudden outburst, “No, you weren’t meant to be there. If anything had happened to you I’d die-“

“J-Jason,” Leo gasped. The blond pulled him close and kissed him aggressively. Leo gasped again and tried to wriggle away, but Jason needed this. He grabbed Leo by the back of his head, keeping their mouths firmly together, his other hand curling around Leo’s wrist. He kissed the Latino passionately and Leo turned his head away, “J-Jason wait-,” he tried to protest, but Jason just kissed him again, licking his way into Leo’s mouth. He wrapped his legs around Leo’s to stop him getting away and then- and then he realised that Leo wasn’t fighting him. On the contrary, he was breathing shakily, and kissing Jason back clumsily. The blond’s hand loosened on his head and he let go of Leo’s wrist. The Latino’s hand returned to his cheek, holding Jason’s face as they kissed.

Jason couldn’t take it. He broke away.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“Don’t be,” Leo was out of breath, cheeks flushed. He pulled Jason back in, “It’s okay, just focus on me, focus on kissing me.”

They kissed again, desperate, and Jason wrapped both of his arms around Leo, holding onto the boy. He didn’t know why Leo was kissing him back and encouraging him, but he knew why he himself was doing this.

“Leo?” Jason pulled away just an inch, indicating that he wasn’t going anywhere.

“Yeah?” Leo breathe.
“Would you hate me...if I said I was in love with you?”

Leo’s eyes filled with tears, “No, you idiot,” he whispered, “W-Why do you think I spent the past two years waiting for you?”

They kissed again, crying.

Jason imagined that across London hundreds of soldiers were doing just what he was doing; waking up from nightmares on their first nights back at home, only to have their loved ones pull them into their arms and kiss them and tell them they were safe. It filled him with comfort and reminded him that despite everything, he wasn’t alone.
Soulmate au with Nico and Leo where you get the same bruises as your soulmate. Leo is one of the ~popular~ sophomores at his high school while Nico is a lonely senior. Nico knows that Leo is his soulmate because he always gets the hickeys that Leo receives from others, but he doesn't confront him because he doesn't want Leo to be his soulmate. However, Nico starts noticing a lot more bruises all over his body so he gets worried over Leo, and he finds out he is in an abusive relationship/from an abusive home. Please have happy ending with them ending up together after Nico saves Leo for life.

You know how sometimes you wake up in the morning and you’ll have a bruise on your body, and you don’t know where it came from? Well, this is the story of where it came from.

Nico glared across the room at the laughing group of the popular kids. Even though in most schools the popular kids were assholes, in his school it was different – they were the loud ones, the confident ones, but also the kind ones nobody could say anything bad about; they were the ones that got invited to every party and were the energy in every room.

Nico hated them. He hated them so much.

The ‘emo’ clique had disappeared when Nico was a sophomore when everyone realised that listening to depressing music and cutting themselves wasn’t cool. But if Nico had to say that he was in a ‘clique’ at school, he’d say he was an emo, even if he was the last one. He was a senior now, his last year before university, and at this point he was ready to go so he didn’t have to look at the popular kids laughing across the dining room anymore, an unbearable mixture of the prettiest and funniest from all four years at highschool. Among them, laughing the loudest, was Leonidas Valdez, known around school simply as Leo, who Nico wanted to free himself of desperately.

Leo Valdez was Nico’s soulmate. As if to play a giant prank on the world, God had designed soulmates for every person on Earth. Without your soulmate life stopped making sense after a while, you couldn’t hold relationships, you couldn’t get aroused. The problem was the only way of finding your soulmate was through bruises. Yup, bruises. A joke. Any time your soulmate got a bruise on their body, you’d get one too, but how were you supposed to find the love of your life from a purple mark on your elbow? That’s why finding soulmates was so frustrating, thankfully (or not) Nico never had to look for long.

He was a junior when Leo had come bounding into his highschool as a freshman, a frustratingly
pretty fourteen year old. At first Nico, sixteen at the time, hadn’t paid much attention to Leo. Sure, he was the loudest and boldest kid in the lunch hall every day, but Nico hadn’t cared. Leo was pretty quickly adopted by the popular group due to his natural charm and was always surrounded by a ring of friends and people who adored him. Not that Nico paid attention to that...so yeah, he liked Leo’s curls, and his sparkling brown eyes, but he was pretty sure someone so different from him wouldn’t be his Soulmate. And then Leo had twisted his left wrist and Nico had woken up with his own left wrist mottled with purple and black. He was shocked, he thought it could be a coincidence, but when people signed Leo’s bandage he started to pay more attention and soon enough he realised that his bruises matched Leo’s...mostly through his hickeys.

Nico’s love life was non-existent, and he didn’t care. Which didn’t explain why on Saturday or Sunday morning he’d wake up with his neck and chest all in hickeys. Wearing scarves became a norm even if Leo paraded around school, proudly showing off his hickeys. It became normal for Nico to expect bruises every Friday night when there was a part and somewhere along the way it started to really, really anger him. People were kissing his Soulmate, leaving marks on his Soulmate, and Nico was angry. He started to pay attention to the popular group, which boy or girl was getting too close to Leo, who could be leaving marks on him. Every week it seemed to be someone new. Nico laid in bed while his hickeys formed and thought is someone having sex with him? And that thought hurt.

It was unbelievable frustrating and painful, more than Nico could’ve ever imagined, to have to stand other people touching his Soulmate. He never thought he’d care, but he did, especially when Leo started talking to him. Nico was a loner, he always sat by himself, and yet as Leo went into his second year he’d come bounding to him and tell him excitedly about lessons, or how good Nico had been during the football match, and other stupid shit, trying to befriend Nico for God knows what reason. And Nico just wanted him to fuck off, for everyone to fuck off. He wanted to leave high school so he didn’t have to longingly look at the Latino across the dining room and know that he can’t have him. Not that he wanted to; in Nico’s mind Leo was more trouble than he was worth and the reason why he hadn’t told him the truth was because well, quite frankly Nico didn’t want Leo to be his Soulmate.

“Hi Nico!” the Latino that had overtaken Nico’s brain slid into the seat opposite the Italian, a bright grin on his face, jerking him out of his thoughts. Nico blinked, then scowled, leaning away from the over-excited kid.

“What do you want?” he barked, as harsh as always. Leo didn’t even flinch, leaning his chin on his hand and turning his head to reveal his hickey-marked neck. Is he doing that on purpose? Nico’s eyes twitched, but he was pretty sure Leo was oblivious to the fact they were Soulmates.

“I wanted to ask you to come to a party next Friday,” Leo said.

“No,” Nico said immediately. It wasn’t the first time Leo had asked him this and Nico refused to stoop down to the level of the ‘populars,’ getting drunk at someone’s house without their parents being there, “You’re sixteen, you shouldn’t even be drinking.”

Leo pouted, “Sorry boss, are you going to report me to the school?”

Nico rolled his eyes, “Just fuck off, kid. I’m not coming to some shitty party.”

“But it’s my party,” Leo said, a bit quieter, the amusement leaving his voice. He looked away and only then Nico noticed all his friends staring at them across the room...he realised that by being rude he was probably embarrassing Leo, who was only trying to be nice, “It’s to celebrate my sixteenth birthday, I just...” he bit his lip, “I just thought it’d be fun if you came.”
Nico exhaled, but something about Leo made it impossible to say no, “Fine,” he grumbled, “I’ll come to your party.”

“Really?!” Leo exclaimed, brightening up, “That’s so cool! Everyone will be there, even my boyfriend!”

Nico felt like he’d been punched. He choked on air, “Boyfriend? You’re...uh, gay?”

“Yeah,” Leo tucked a curl behind his ear, “I’m dating Bryce,” he gestured across the room at where his friends were back to talking among themselves. Nico knew all too well who Bryce was; he was a senior, like him, and on the football team, like Nico. They had a bit of rivalry going on because Bryce was, well, a dick, but now Nico disliked him even more.

“Great,” he said, stood up and left.

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It was Thursday and Nico had just finished playing in the football match against another school – their team had won, and yet Nico didn’t join in with the rest of his teams celebratory cheers, too focused on getting to the showers and then going home. He was tired, but pleased since he had scored two goals.

When he came out of the showers he saw that the locker room was full of people; teammates, other boys congratulating them, even a couple of girlfriends. Nico ignored them all and went to his locker with just a towel around his waist. He picked out his clothes and shrugged on a t-shirt when he heard Leo.

“Yeah, this bruise just randomly appeared on my leg,” Leo was saying. Nico looked over his shoulder and saw that the Latino was sitting on a bench and, having rolled up the leg of his trouser, was showing Piper and Jason, his two best friends from the popular group, a bruise forming on his knee. Nico swallowed and looked away, heart pounding, before hurriedly shoving on his sweatpants to hide an identical bruise forming on his own leg. He had tripped during the match, and now his Soulmate was feeling the effects.

“Aw,” Luke Castellan, the captain of the team cooed, and then put an arm around Bryce who was wet from the shower. He looked pointedly at Bryce’s leg, “Look at that! Looks like your boyfriend doesn’t have the bruise, and we all know what that means!”

“Shut up,” Bryce growled, and slapped Luke upside the head harder than necessary, clearly annoyed. Luke didn’t seem to mind and he danced off, laughing with the other people in the locker room. Nico noticed how Leo guiltily rolled his trousers back down, and how upset he looked. He probably wishes Bryce was his Soulmate, Nico thought bitterly, turning away, all the better, I don’t want him either.

Subconsciously Nico touched his knee, and closed his eyes. He couldn’t wait to get out of highschool.

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Nico drained his second red solo cup but that didn’t help the headache he was feeling due to the pounding music echoing through the house. He had hidden himself in a corner of the spacious corridor while all around him drunk teenagers stumbled through Leo’s house. The host himself was nowhere to be seen – when he had opened the door for Nico an hour earlier, he had been tipsy and hanging off Bryce’s arm. Then Nico made a point of avoiding him – and everyone else for the matter
– which was why he was here, getting drunk.

The living room looked like a scene from a rave, with teenagers jumping and writhing together in the darkness punctuated only by whirling coloured lights. One of the kids was playing DJ, playing song after horrible song of sugary pop music that Nico hated. Couples were swapping spit out in the corridor and on the stairs, in the garden kids were throwing each other in the pool and in the living room there was some kind of drinking competition going on. The downstairs bathroom had been hot-boxed by a bunch of guys smoking weed and spare bedroom currently had a couple going at it. After just an hour, Nico was ready to go home.

The moment the door to the downstairs bathroom opened and the group of stoners stumbled out in a cloud of smoke, grinning and swaying, Nico ducked in. He wanted to pee and then evacuated himself, but he started coughing on the weed smoke. He finished his business and then made it to the mirror, which as when he noticed it; the hickeys.

His neck had been fairly clear the past week, and yet now there were half a dozen hickeys on his skin, angry and purple. Nico dragged his fingers over them, heart pounding, and pulled off his hoodie. He found the hickeys under his shirt too, on his stomach and chest. He wanted to be sick. Somewhere in this house, somebody was kissing his Soulmate.

I don’t care, Nico told himself, and yet he stumbled out of the bathroom anyway and went up the stairs. He burst into all the bedrooms, startling couples making out on couches and beds, but he didn’t see Leo anywhere, until he got to the last bedroom and shoved the door open.

It was clear it was Leo’s bedroom; it was a goddammm mess, with clothes everywhere, and loads of bits and pieces of machinery on one half of the room, with half built robots standing tall. Nico knew that Leo loved designing things because some of his projects were displayed in school. But it wasn’t the projects he was worried about...it was the bed. The little bedside lamp was on, filling the room with a dim light. And on the bed was Leo, his t-shirt rucked up to his neck. He was unconscious.

On top of him was Bryce, sucking a path of hickeys into Leo’s skin.

“What are you doing?” Nico demanded. Bryce froze and looked up. His eyes narrowed.

“What do you want?” he barked.

“Get off him,” Nico hissed, and Bryce snickered.

“He’s my boyfriend.”

“He’s unconscious!” Nico spat, storming inside the room and stopping inches away from the bed, fighting the urge to hit Bryce. He was angry, furious even, “What you’re going to do is rape.”

“That’s none of your business,” Bryce said, voice icy. Nico clenched his hands into his fists. Bryce was bigger than him, but right now the Italian was ready to kill. Something about his stance, or maybe the harshness of his words, made Bryce get up though. He climbed off Leo, straightened out his clothes and then shoved past Nico.

The moment the doors closed, Nico was climbing onto the bed. He was panicking a bit, realising how close Leo had gotten to getting- the thought was unbearable.

“Idiot,” Nico whispered, running his hands over Leo’s sleepy, flushed face, “You’re such an idiot.”

He pulled Leo’s t-shirt back down over his marked body, then grabbed his jeans and shimmied them off the passed-out boy. It was painful to see him so vulnerable, especially since Nico knew how
much of a dick Bryce was. Nico took off Leo’s shoes too, put them next to his bed, then turned to the closet and folded the trousers. He popped them onto a shelf and then pulled out a random, clean t-shirt.

“Nico?” the slurred, quiet voice made Nico turned away from the closet. He saw that Leo had regained consciousness, and was sitting partly propped up, looking at Nico with drunk, unfocused eyes. Nico’s heart clenched and suddenly all he wanted to do was wrap Leo up in his arms and keep him safe.

“Hey,” he said instead, hoarsely, and came up to the bed. Leo’s eyes followed him, “You got bit drunk, eh?”

“What happened?” Leo mumbled.

“Nothing,” Nico sat on the bed. He didn’t want to tell him what Bryce did, “Here, change,” he pushed the clean t-shirt into Leo’s hands. The boy blinked at it, then frowned. The t-shirt fell from his hands. Nico sighed, “God, you’re a child,” he said and pulled Leo’s t-shirt over his head, ruffling his curls. The boy looked down at his body and frowned again.

“What are these?” Leo mumbled, poking a hickey. Nico didn’t reply, pushing the clean t-shirt over Leo’s head. The Latino looked up at him like a scared puppy, “D-Did you give me these?” he asked, pouting.

“No, Bryce did,” Nico admitted and sighed, “I found him getting all hands-y with you.”

“O-Oh,” Leo looked down, hugging himself. Nico couldn’t stop himself – he reached out and gently ruffled Leo’s hair. You’re mine, he wanted to tell him suddenly, but he didn’t.

“I’ll bring you some water, you should sleep,” he said but when he attempted to step away from the bed, Leo reached out and grabbed his hand.

“No,” he whispered, “No, don’t go I-”

His voice faltered, he paled, “Are you gonna be sick?” Nico asked but Leo was ahead of him, scrambling out of bed and running to the bathroom. Leo had left a bunch of confused, drunk teens in the hallway, staring after him.

“Party’s over,” Nico barked, “Everyone go home.”

It took him a few minutes to rouse everyone up and send them down the stairs but the music shutting off a few minutes later was a good sign. Nico went downstairs and herded everybody out of the house before grabbing a bottle full of water. He should’ve left but instead he went back upstairs and into the bathroom and found Leo slumped against the toilet.

“You okay?” he asked. The Latino looked up at him, eyes hazy.

“I feel ill,” he whimpered.

“God, you’re such a dumb kid,” Nico knelt next to him and forced Leo to gulp the water then half dragged, half carried Leo back to his bed, “When are your parents coming back?”

“Tomorrow night,” Leo mumbled. Nico forced him into the bed, putting the bottle of water on the bedside table. Then he tucked Leo in until the Latino’s head was the only thing sticking out. He smiled at Nico, “You’re so sweet,” he whispered, “you’re never sweet to me.”
“Yeah, well,” Nico ruffled Leo’s head again, “I’m going to leave my number with you, just in case you ever need my help again,” he said, and scribbled his number on a piece of paper.

“Leo?” a voice sounded and Nico turned to see Piper in the doorway, looking lost. She smiled at Nico hesitantly, “Don’t worry, I’ll take it from there.”

“Yeah, okay,” Nico said, a little disappointed since he kind of liked being with Leo. But when he stood up the younger boy didn’t ask him to stay, and so Nico didn’t.

***

Leo avoided him at school as if embarrassed that Nico had to take care of him but, to Nico’s utter disappointment and anger, he and Bryce continued to go out. The only contact between the Soulmates came from Leo texting Nico thankyou the morning after the party, and that was that. But Nico didn’t become seriously worried until almost two weeks after the party when on his way home, a bruise appeared suddenly on his wrist. Nico stopped with his hand outstretched to put his key in the lock of his front door; he saw the purple, finger-sized bruises appearing on his skin slowly and he frowned.

Leo, he realised, and rushed into his house. He got to his room and pulled his clothes off and sure enough there were more bruises appearing on his skin. Nico almost choked on air, staring at his body in shock – angry, purple bruises appeared on his stomach and chest, as if someone had pummelled him. His first thought was that Leo was getting beat up so he scrambled for his phone and, without thinking clearly, dialled the boy’s number.

The boy picked up the phone, “Hello?” he asked, surprised. Surprised, but calm. Nico exhaled, remembering that bruises took a while to appear...if Leo had been hurt, it had already happened. It made Nico feel helpless.

“Hey,” he collapsed on his bed.

“Nico?” Nico could almost hear the smile in Leo’s voice, “To what do I owe the pleasure of this phone call?”

“Are you okay?” Nico asked quietly, body wracked by pain. He wanted to be with Leo, to ensure the boy was safe. The Latino giggled.

“Yeah. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Well...,” Nico tried to think of an excuse as to why he was calling, one that wouldn’t involve confessing that he was Leo’s Soulmate, “I just...after the party...”

“That was two weeks ago,” Leo giggled.

“Well...,” Nico swallowed, “Is everything okay with you and Bryce?”

Leo paused, cleared his throat, “Yeah,” his voice was tighter, “Yeah, why?”

“Nothing,” Nico whispered, and hang up the phone, feeling like an idiot. When had he started caring?

***

Something made Nico wake up in the middle of the night. He was unsure of if it was still Friday, or if Saturday had started, but his room was dark, and something was very, very off. Nico sat up in bed
and turned on his beside lamp and pulled off his t-shirt, which felt like it was suffocating him. When he looked down at himself he almost screamed.

His body was full of bruises, hickeys and bites. The bruises were yellowing now, but the bites and hickeys kept appearing. Nico’s heart pounded and he scrambled for his phone, immediately calling Leo. The boy didn’t pick up, adding to Nico’s anxiety, but the hickeys abruptly stopped appearing. Nico texted Leo then, thinking maybe it was a safer option.

YOU: Why are you still with him??

He got out of bed and started pacing, anxiously awaiting a reply. Not even a full minute later, Leo texted back.

Leo: how did u kno??

Nico didn’t care anymore about Leo finding out the truth, the boy was clearly in trouble either about to be pressure into sex, or about to beaten up by his boyfriend again and Nico couldn’t let that happen.

YOU: my body's full of hickeys and bruises. Mostly bruises. And fucking bites. Tell him to go the fuck home

Leo: we're not at mine

Nico’s blood froze, and he started to type faster.

YOU: where are you?

Leo: at his place. His friends are here aswell. Im in the bathroom but he wants us to do it

Immediately another text came.

Leo: im really scared

Nico’s emotions skyrocketed and he almost dropped the phone, his heart twisting. He wanted to scream, or jump from the window and run to wherever the fuck Bryce lived to save his Soulmate. The thought of Leo, afraid, was excruciating to Nico.

YOU: don't worry im going to come get you, ok?

When he didn’t get an immediate reply, Nico sprinted downstairs. He was pretty sure he woke up his mom and sister but he didn’t care. He barely had time to shove on the jacket, grab the keys to his mom’s car and shove on some shoes before he was in the van, pulling out of his driveway. He dialled Piper’s number, since she gave it to him at Leo’s party, and without asking too many questions she managed to give him Bryce’s address. Leo still hadn’t replied so Nico sped down the roads, hoping that something bad didn’t happen.

After about fifteen minutes in which he thought he might pass out from fear, Nico suddenly stopped his car in the middle of a deserted street, a few doors from Bryce’s house, because a familiar figure was hurrying down the road. Nico opened his door, stepped out onto the street and grabbed Leo just as the boy was about to rush past.

Leo actually screamed, and stumbled back. It was clear he had been tense and afraid, and he was hugging himself and looking up at Nico with big, tear-filled eyes.
“Nico?” he whispered in disbelief.

“Oh my God, you’re okay,” Nico’s shoulders slumped in relief and then Leo was throwing his arms around the Italian’s neck and clinging onto the other boy. Although he wasn’t an affectionate person in that moment Nico pulled Leo flush against him and held him, rubbing his back as the boy deteriorated into sobs. “You’re fine, you’re okay, shhh...” Nico kept whispering. He leaned back against his car, scared his legs would give out, and Leo’s sobs subsided enough for Nico to pull him away gently.

The boy’s face was red and tear-stained and Nico carefully pushed back his curls from his cheeks, “I-I was so scared,” Leo whimpered.

“How did you get out?” Nico asked, keeping an arm around Leo’s waist and caressing his face with the other. Leo sniffled.  

“I-I just walked out of t-the bathroom and grabbed my shoes and they w-were all in the living room, d-drunk and laughing and s-so I just walked out and-,” his face crumpled as he let out a broken sob.

“Shhhh,” Nico pulled him closer so their foreheads pressed together, “You did the right thing. The guy’s an asshole,” he brushed his hand down Leo’s stomach gently, knowing it was full of bruises, “I should’ve stopped him sooner. He hit you, didn’t he?”

Leo sniffled and nodded, “You have the same bruises as me, don’t you?” he whispered, “You’re my Soulmate, right?”

“Yeah,” Nico said, “Yeah, I am.”

Leo looked down at his feet, tears still spilling down his cheeks, “How l-long have you known?”

“A year,” Nico answered, “What about you? Did you just figure it out tonight?”

Leo shook his head, “N-No I’ve known for months but I...I just t-thought you didn’t w-want me,” Leo sniffled, then lifted his hands to his face and started crying into his sleeve. Nico panicked.

“W-What?!?”

Leo cried hysterically as he spoke, “I...I knew that you were my S-Soulmate since my f-freshman year b-because like...I-I always got the bruises you d-did during f-football, a-and...,” he swallowed, took a shaky breath, and spoke more clearly, “A-And I knew you knew too b-because I went o-out of my way t-to get hickeys s-so...b-but...,” his breath got more rapid as he got more worked up, “B-But you always ignored it and so I-I thought that you hated me b-because you’re so c-cool and h-handsome and I-I’m just m-me, a-and...,” Nico couldn’t believe what he was hearing, he was frozen in shock, “and s-so I thought I-I’d go with B-Bryce and try to forget a-about you but...but he...”

“I’m going to kill him,” Nico said.

Leo shook his head, “N-No...I...”

Nico grabbed his face and kissed him right there and then. He didn’t care that Leo’s face and lips were wet, or that he was shaking. All he cared about was how much he had fucked up and how he could fix this. He held Leo’s face and kissed him softly, and the Latino held his breath, stiff against Leo.

And then he just sort of melted, slumping against Nico and fitting himself up against the Italian perfectly. He exhaled against Nico’s mouth, his fingers curling into Nico’s t-shirt. The dark-haired
boy wrapped his arms around Leo’s waist and held him as they kissed, soft and sweet. When they pulled apart, Leo wasn’t crying anymore, but his eyelashes were stuck together with tears. Nico stroked his face with one hand.

“You’ve made me fall in love with you,” he whispered, “It’s all your fault.”

Leo started sobbing again, hugging himself into Nico’s chest and clinging onto him, “I-I love you,” he bawled, and Nico smiled and stroked his hair comfortingly, “I-I love you s-so much.”

Nico didn’t know how long they stood there but eventually he packed Leo into his mom’s car and drove the boy – his Soulmate – home. He didn’t understand how he could’ve not wanted Leo, because seeing him safe and curled up in the passenger’s seat next to him made Nico so incredibly happy. What made him even more happy was the realisation that he’d never get the hickey that Leo got on his own body, because from then on Leo was only getting hickeys from Nico.

Chapter End Notes

s/o to Fat_Bitch_lmao your shank comment made me giggle
also apologies to anyone who couldn't find this because of the new username x
In Your T-Shirt That I Got You

Bottom Percy gets caught sniffing Jason's shirts by Jason himself. So, Jason decides to have 'fun' with the smaller boy?
For Oswald+The+Fool

Looking back Percy knew he shouldn’t have been there, and he also knew that the situation that arose was his own bloody fault, but ultimately he was happy it finally happened because he didn’t know how much longer he could’ve survived with the feelings for his best friend growing in his chest.

It was Friday evening, after Capture the Flag and all the Campers were down by the lake, roasting marshmallows over the campfire. Percy had been with them but he found that campfires simply weren’t the same without the Romans there and unfortunately Jason, Piper, Hazel and Frank had returned to Camp Jupiter for the time being to work on their own lives there. It felt lonely to Percy, especially since Annabeth went with them and Leo had Calypso, and Nico had Will. Percy felt hopelessly alone...and he missed Jason the most. He had long ago accepted that he was in love with his best friend, probably around the time he fell into Tartarus with Annabeth and realised that things could never be the same again.

Things got even more complicated when Jason broke up with Piper, and started spending more time with Percy. The son of Poseidon hated how hopeful that made him even if his and Jason’s relationship remained strictly platonic despite their hand-to-hand combat matches becoming a bit touchy-feely sometimes. Percy was pretty sure Jason wasn’t gay and didn’t have any feelings for him anyway, so it didn’t matter.

But Percy was still pathetically in love with him which was why he had snuck into the Zeus cabin, instead of staying at the bonfire with the other campers. The cabin was dark and empty without Jason’s presence. The blond had covered the statue of hippie Zeus with a huge painting Rachel did and Percy smiled at it as he passed.

The bed was done up, the covers fresh, but Percy still ran his hand over it. Sometimes he was jealous of other Campers who had their siblings in their cabins because when he woke up from nightmares in his cabin, all by himself, he felt scared. That was why sometimes he came here, and curled up in Jason’s bed, pretending the blond was there with him.

Percy sighed now and walked to the closet. Jason had left a few clothing items behind when he went back to Camp Jupiter and as much as Percy wanted to follow, he didn’t want to be clingy. It seemed that he always went where Jason did and it was only a matter of time before the blond realised his feelings, which Percy really didn’t want to happen. So he was stuck here, pulling out one of Jason’s shirts from the closet. It was the last one that Percy hadn’t slept in yet, and it still smelled like Jason.
It was one of his purple Camp Jupiter ones, and Percy brought it up to his face. He closed his eyes and inhaled, and his body sagged with comfort when Jason’s scent filled his nose. Jason smelled like the air right before a storm, like mint and sweat and the cologne he always used. Percy was used to the smell by now but felt embarrassed whenever he paused to think about what he was actually doing; sniffing his best friend’s shirts to calm himself down wasn’t normal.

But right now there was nobody to judge Percy, not even hippie Zeus, so he went to one of the alcoves that had a bed in it now (Jason’s bed) and climbed on top. He felt safe here, the alcove creating a sort of half-roof over him and giving him privacy. He felt like nobody could judge him here and so he wrapped his arms around Jason’s shirt and buried his face in it. His heart ached. He felt so lonely.

“Come back to me,” he whispered into the material of the shirt. Outside, he could hear laughter drift from the lake. I’ll just lay here for a moment, he told himself, closing his eyes and pretending that he wasn’t hugging Jason’s shirt, but rather its owner. Just a moment...

Percy must’ve fallen asleep, but he didn’t recall that happening. His sleep had been free of nightmares (for once) and yet something had startled him awake. He blinked, but the world felt fuzzy and weird. Everything was dark and quiet. Maybe I’m still sleeping...he thought, and then he rolled over, hand still holding Jason’s t-shirt, and realised someone was leaning over him. His sluggish mind didn’t let him panic.

“Percy?” the voice was soft, familiar, questioning. Percy blinked, and saw that the person leaning over him was Jason, and the reason that he wasn’t panicking was because he was surrounded by his familiar smell. He smiled. This is definitely a dream...

“Jason,” Percy said happily.

Without thinking he reached out an arm, deciding to make the most of this, and wrapped an arm around dream-Jason’s shoulders, pulling him down and pressing their mouths together. Percy closed his eyes, his body deliciously warm and relaxed, and moved his mouth sluggishly against Jason’s. The kiss was open-mouthed, gentle. When Percy sank into the pillows he created an inch of space between him and Jason, and that’s when the blond spoke.

“Percy, what the fuck?”

Percy was awake in seconds, his arm slipping from Jason’s shoulders and allowing the blond to pull away. Percy stared up at him in shock and his sleepiness evaporated leaving him painfully aware of what he just did and that he was, in fact, awake.

“Oh my Gods,” Percy slapped his hands over his mouth, mortified, “I thought this was a dream!”

Jason plucked his own t-shirt from next to Percy’s head, “Why are you in my bed?” he questioned, puzzled, “and why is my shirt here? Have you been sniffing it?”

Percy actually wanted the ground to open up and suck him back down into Tartarus. Blood rushed to his face and his heart pounded and shit, shit, shit. He made to sit up but Jason shoved him back down and before Percy realised what was happening the blond was on top of him, pinning Percy’s wrists to the bed.

“Answer me,” he said. He didn’t seem angry, which made Percy relax a little. He swallowed.

“Y-Yeah,” he admitted, “Y-Yeah, I’ve kind of been...,” he averted his gaze. Even though Percy wasn’t one to get embarrassed, this was too much for him, “Your smell relaxes me,” he admitted
weakly, “It makes me feel less lonely.”

“Why did you kiss me?” Jason asked. Percy looked at him. The blond hair, the intense eyes, the sharp jaw...they were all so familiar and yet this was territory neither of the boys had stepped into and Percy didn’t know what to expect.

“Why are you here?” he asked.

“That’s not important,” Jason’s brow furrowed, “I want you to tell me why you kissed me. I know you thought you were dreaming, but why would you want to kiss me in your dream?”

Percy had no choice but to explain, except he didn’t want to. He was a doer, not a talker, and so he jerked upwards as much as Jason’s grip on his wrists allowed him to, and crashed their lips together. The surprise made Jason loosen his grip on Percy and the son of Poseidon took that opportunity to wrap his arms around Jason’s neck. He fell back against the pillows, keeping Jason against him as he kissed him, messy and desperate, waiting for the blond to shove him away or hit him.

Jason seemed like he was fighting with himself for a moment but then he just gave in, and kissed Percy back. It was hot, and Percy got hard embarrassingly fast from just Jason’s tongue in his mouth. He didn’t know what Jason wanted, but Percy really, really wanted to get fucked by his best friend.

When Jason pulled away, his eyes were dark, “So,” he ran a hand down Percy’s side, causing the son of Poseidon to shiver, “You like the way I smell then?”

“Yeah-ahh!” Percy’s words ended on a moan when Jason suddenly cupped his erection through his boxers. The son of Poseidon’s arms fell from Jason’s shoulders and the blond looked down at him hungrily, teasingly giving his dick a stroke through his underwear, “nghhh,” Percy felt helpless and embarrassed but his hips still ground upwards and into Jason’s hand.

“Do you sleep in my clothes when I’m not here?” Jason asked, low in his throat.

“Yeah,” Percy admitted, all breathy, biting his lip.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Jason leaned in and freed Percy’s bottom lip so he could kiss him, “You’re hot,” he whispered, then pulled Percy’s erection free of his boxers. Percy whimpered when Jason started to stroke him slowly.

“A-Are you gonna fuck me?” he asked, feeling dizzy. Jason dragged his mouth over Percy’s jaw.

“Is that what you want?” he asked, and Percy would’ve been bothered at how in-control Jason was if pleasure wasn’t racing through his bloodstream. Jason’s fingers were rough and calloused but he was getting Percy off slowly, clearly enjoying the way the son of Poseidon naturally leaned into his touch.

“I-I don’t...I-I...,” Percy choked on a moan, “F-Fuck, Jason...”

Jason kissed him passionately, and suddenly he was stroking Percy hard and fast, catching the dark haired boy off guard. Percy cried out, back arching off the bed, and Jason held him and watched him and Percy was so embarrassed, and so turned on, and he felt his orgasm just inches away and just as his breathing was getting really, really desperate, Jason let go of his cock.

“N-No,” Percy whined, opening the eyes he didn’t know he closed and seeing Jason grinning down at him, “N-No stop, don’t do that.”

“Do what?” Jason kissed the corner of his mouth, then casually slipped a leg between Percy’s.
“D-Don’t t-tease,” Percy gasped, and then Jason pressed his knee up against his erection and Percy felt a jolt of pleasure go through him. He felt oversensitive and desperate, “J-Jason, Jason..., ” he moaned, gripping the back of the blond’s t-shirt. His body responded automatically and he started to grind on Jason’s leg, trying to come. He threw his head back, feeling familiar heat coiling in his stomach again, “Fuck, fuck, I’m gonna-”

Before he could finish the sentence and come, Jason pulled away. Percy wanted to cry, feeling his orgasm edging away from him. He looked at Jason.

“I hate you,” he gasped, breathing hard, “I really, really hate you.”

“Shhh, you’re the one who seduced me,” Jason murmured, nibbling on Percy’s earlobe playfully. The son of Poseidon thought he was going to lose his mind but Jason too pity on him and wrapped his fingers back around Percy’s throbbing erections. In two seconds of stroking, Percy was coming with a loud cry and getting come all over himself.

It took him a few moments to catch his breath and when he opened his eyes everything had a dream-like quality to it, but Percy knew it was real. Jason was still above him, smiling down gently.

“So,” he said, eyes soft and full of affection, “How come you’re never in my bed when I’m here?”
Hope You'll Forgive Me

Apollo × Zephyros maybe? Like enemies to lovers where at first Apollo still hates Zephyros because of Hyacinthus and Zephyros is still bitter over everything. Truth is though that Zephyros also loved Apollo. Zephyros takes a love potion (cause he still is working for Eros) since he can't take Apollo hating him anymore. He then offers his heart to Apollo as a way of getting revenge on him, as Zephyros broke Apollo's heart all those millennia ago and now Apollo can do the same.

For will_i_am_solace

“She’s going to be trouble,” Hera snapped, then glared at Poseidon, “As will your brat.”

Next to his wife, Zeus rubbed the bridge of his nose, undoubtedly feeling a heavenly headache come on. Hera fumed next to him, eye twitching, scolding Poseidon and Athena until the latter snapped.

“I heard you the first time,” the Goddess growled at her step-mother, and Hera turned away, nose in the air, “We all know how you feel about Demigod children, and yet nobody bats an eye with all the blessings you bestow on the Romans-“

“Athena,” Zeus interrupted, voice like thunderbolts, “Enough. The girl has no place in Olympus, send her down like her other children.”

“Her destiny is great,” Athena said, but she was clearly giving up.

“Which is exactly why she can’t be here!” Hera exploded “Remember Hercules!”

“I remember!” Hermes offered helpfully. Apollo snorted, for his part having a great time watching his family bicker, he just wished Artemis was there to see it so she could take some enjoyment out of the Athena-Hera war, started over something as insignificant as Athena having another child with a mortal. This time it was a girl named Annabeth – Apollo thought she was quite cute, for a kid, but he had to agree with Hera for once; he didn’t want Demigods all up in his business.

“Fine,” Athena surrendered finally, though she clearly wasn’t happy about it, “I’ll send her to live with her father.”
“Brilliant,” Hera smirked, “Actually, I already arranged for someone to take her back.”

The doors to the throne room opened and none other than Apollo’s arch-nemesis strode in. The smirk melted off Apollo’s face and he sat up, eyes narrowing as Zephyros casually strolled in.

He was the complete opposite of the sun God – where Apollo was all blond and sky-blue eyes, Zephyros was dark curls and deep, ocean blue irises. He was handsome, tanned, muscular. And Apollo hated him because millennia ago, the minor God had murdered the only man Apollo had ever loved – Hyacinthus.

Even thinking about that made Apollo ache and he sat up straight, “What is he doing here?!” he demanded.

“Calm down, kiddo,” Poseidon sighed, but Apollo was already on his feet, hands burning with the power of a hundred suns. This – this was a dig at him. Any of the four wind Gods could’ve been summoned to take Athena’s child to Earth so why him.

“I trust Zephyros more than his more volatile brothers,” Hera said, as if reading Apollo’s mind, a cold smirk on her face. Aphrodite leaned forward, licking her lips in a predatory manner; she loved this. She loved watching two rivals in one room, the anger of heartbreak between them. It was like a drug to her.

“By bringing him here you disrespect me,” Apollo yelled. Zephyros rolled his eyes and mirrored Zeus’ earlier gesture, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“Stop being dramatic,” he said, “It was thousands of years ago, forget about it like I did.”

Apollo fumed, “How can you forget about him?! Naturally your pea-sized brain cannot comprehend such a strong emotion as love-“

“Apollo, please,” Zephyros looked tired, “The only person you love is yourself-“

“The insolence!” Apollo roared, hands glowing with the power of the sun.

“I’m only here to do my job-“

“Enough!” Zeus boomed, ejecting power from himself and slamming Apollo back down on his throne, and making Zephyros stumble backwards.

“Here we go...,” Hermes sank down lower in his seat. Zeus’ face was purple with rage.

“Zephyros,” he hissed, “get Athena’s daughter to her father, and then don’t show your face here again as the same time as my son,” he looked thunderously at Apollo, “and you hold your tongue! I will not have you two fighting in my throne room over some man who died a long time ago.”

Apollo’s heart twisted. Sure, he might’ve not felt love for Hyacinthus anymore since it had been so long, but the man still had a soft spot in his heart. Apollo couldn’t understand how Zeus could so casually belittle his memory, and how Zephyros could be so...indifferent. He had loved Hyacinthus too, after all, so much so that his jealousy had caused the man’s death. Even remembering it made Apollo’s blood boil. He wished he could pluck every feather out of Zephyros’ bronze wings so the God could never fly again.

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Zephyros found himself most lost in his thoughts when he was fighting, which was why his mind
was full of Apollo and Zephyros, the event that most impacted his life, when he fought against the Titans, led by Hecate, desperately protecting Mount Olympus while the bigger Gods, including Apollo, were somewhere fighting Typhon.

As Zephyros threw all his power in keeping back the evil forces, manipulating and moulding the winds around him. And his mind wandered. He remembered that day, the one where everything fell apart.

He had come to the meadow and saw them, the two men he loved. For months Zephyros’ heart felt more human emotions than it had for the remainder of his long existence. First, he had fallen for Hyacinthus, the beautiful human man. And then he had, somehow, fallen for Apollo too. And he saw the two men he loved together, smiling and laughing, without him. The winds had acted on his own accord.

As Zephyros fought, he could still see it in his mind; the blank look on Hyacinthus face, the discus grotesquely embedded in his head, blood creeping through the grass. He remembered squeezing his eyes shut and when he opened them Hyacinthus was gone, in his place a beautiful purple flower that Apollo was sobbing over.

So many times over the ensuring years Zephyros had wanted to apologise because although his feelings for Hyacinthus faded away, the ones for Apollo never did. But the sun God hated him, that much was clear. Zephyros now took out his frustrations, guilt and regret on the Titans attacking Olympus. The mountain had no particular meaning to Zephyros, but it was Apollo’s home and the wind God owed it to him to keep his home in one piece. He wished he could do something to make it all okay, to make Apollo forgive him somehow...

The war ended with the Gods coming out victorious but Zephyros wasn’t glad. He stayed in Olympus afterwards for a little while a party ensured, and Apollo came and sought him out. Zephyros was in the corner of one of the huge halls, watching the nymphs, dryads and minor Gods frolic in general debauchery, enjoying his last few hours of freedom before he had to get back to Eros, his boss, who was the only reason Apollo hadn’t killed Zephyros. For now wine was flowing, breasts were out, and Zephyros was in a rotten mood, at least until Apollo approached him.

He was gorgeous, as always, all golden curls and angry blue eyes. Seeing him made Zephyros’ heart melt a little and he would’ve smiled if he thought Apollo would want to see it.

“Why are you here?” the sun God demanded, stopping in front of Zephyros, arms crossed over his chest. His anger was palpable and Zephyros was sure if it wasn’t for the protection of Aphrodite and Cupid, the blond would’ve blasted him into Tartarus by now; he was stronger after all.

“I was invited,” Zephyros said, “For fighting to defend this place.”

“I want you to leave,” Apollo gritted out. Although usually light-hearted, arrogant and lively, whenever Zephyros was around the only emotion the blond seemed to feel was anger.

“I want you to take my apology,” Zephyros pushed himself off the wall and took a step towards Apollo, causing the God to step back. The wind God sighed in frustration, “Apollo please. This is so incredibly....,” he stopped. No matter what he said, Apollo wouldn’t understand, “Forget it,” he said bitterly.

The blond was looking down, his blond curls hiding his eyes, and then he spoke, voice full of venom, “I wished the battle wasn’t over yet.”

“What?” Zephyros asked, exhausted, tired of these constant games he was playing with the blond.
Apollo looked up at him then, eyes full of hate.

“I wish the Titans were still here to do one more thing; destroy you.”

Zephyros rubbed a hand over his eyes, and his heart ache dully. It was hard to feel intense pain when he lived in a constant state of guilt, regret and heartbreak, “Okay,” he said, when really he wanted to say I love you. Why can’t you see that? “I’ll leave.”

***

“I can’t do this,” Zephyros whispered. Eros, sitting sprawled on his throne, looked at him, unimpressed.

“Can’t do what, boy? Articulate yourself,” the man demanded. He’s the personification of love, Zephyros though, not for the first time since he started working for the God, and yet I feel no love. There was nothing kind, or warm, or caring about Eros’ emotionless, blood-red eyes, focused on Zephyros, “You can’t work for me anymore? Well, that’s a pity isn’t it, because you don’t get a choice,” Eros leaned forward, “or perhaps you can’t play that little charade with Apollo anymore?”

Zephyros flinched. He had always wore his heart on his sleeve. He was tall, and handsome, and the dryads and nymphs adored him, and yet they knew that Zephyros harboured a love for someone else in his heart. He was the gentlest of the four winds, and perhaps that’s why he was prone to getting hurt; he allowed for himself to feel too much. And he felt too much for Apollo.

“It is that, isn’t it?” Eros smirked and leaned back in his seat, “Well I must say the whole ordeal was quite entertaining at first but now it grows...tedious,” he said, as if tasting the word.

“I need your help,” Zephyros said, barely managing to get the words out of his throat. Eros laughed.

“You need my help, eh? Well, that’s simply fascinating-“

“Enough, son,” a soft voice sounded. Zephyros’ head snapped up and he was shocked to find Aphrodite standing by her son’s throne, her shifting beauty working to decrease the one of Eros. She smiled at Zephyros gently, but he would’ve been a fool to trust her, “Zephyros, my lovely wind.”

“Zephyros,” Zephyros inclined his head, full of mistrust. He had made a mistake coming here for help. The Goddess smiled.

“Aphrodite, tell me, what is it you want? Are you looking for a way to win Apollo’s love?” she cocked her head to the side, regarding Zephyros as if he was an interesting exhibit at a museum, “or are you looking for punishment for murdering Hyacinthus?”

Zephyros swallowed, afraid of what his next words must cause, “I am looking for punishment. I don’t want him to hate me anymore. I want Apollo to take revenge on me for killing his love.”

Aphrodite nodded, “Ah, I thought that might be the case,” she floated over and extended her hand to Zephyros. He glanced down and saw, between her slim, graceful fingers, a purple vial full of liquid.

“A love potion,” Zephyros’ stomach dropped. He had worked for Eros long enough to recognise one, and he knew its consequences were disastrous.

“Yes. Naturally, you already love Apollo, that is as clear as day,” Aphrodite mused, “But he won’t believe it unless you drink this in front of him. It will hurt more when he breaks your heart,” there was something cold in Aphrodite’s eyes – she may have been the goddess of love, but she loved heartbeat more. But Zephyros deserved this.
“Will this make him stop hating me?” the wind God asked.

“I can’t see the future, darling,” Aphrodite replied. Zephyros took the vial from her and behind the Goddess, her son smirked. They want my pain, Zephyros realised. He hated them for it, but subconsciously he knew he deserved all of it.

He took a deep breath and squeezed his fingers around the vial. In the thousands of years he had been alive, he knew what he was about to do would be the hardest thing.

***

Apollo’s stomach hurt. Which Gods stomach hurt, for Zeus’ sake? And yet here Apollo was, stretched out on a meadow in Italy, laying on his side, a hand on his stomach. It hurt. It had hurt for ages.

Zephyros hadn’t been around, and Apollo knew it was because of that. After the post-Titan war party he had regretted his words – he was drunk, and annoyed, and somehow he had taken out his frustrations out on Zephyros. In truth he had stopped hating the other God a long time ago, but constantly seeing him and fighting with him had been a highlight though Apollo no longer felt a gut-deep, bitter anger towards him...it more felt like an eruption of butterflies in his stomach, but he was scared of what that might mean so he tended to ignore it.

Unfortunately it tended to build up which was why Apollo was in this meadow, feeling anxious and uncomfortable, his stomach flipping. He and Zephyros had parted on bad terms and Apollo wanted to fix it, but he had too much pride to do so.

Apollo was surprised when he felt his presence. It was like a sudden shift in the wind, and the air around him grew warmer and gentler. The sun God sat up abruptly and sure enough he saw Zephyros walking towards him. Apollo’s heart started to pound and then he frowned when he saw Zephyros’ crestfallen expression. The usually handsome, strong God looked defeated, dark curls pushed out of his face, eyes focused on the ground. Apollo stood up, and immediately started to try and work out how he should act.

“What are you doing here?” he blurted when Zephyros was close enough. The wind God stopped and looked at him, opened his mouth, then closed it, then looked away. Apollo could almost taste his anxiety, “What?” he asked impatiently, “What is it?”

“You hate me, don’t you?” Zephyros asked. Apollo flinched, and before he could reply, Zephyros pulled a purple vial from his pocket. Apollo blinked, then his eyes narrowed.

“Is that a...”

“Love potion? Yes,” Zephyros unscrewed it and Apollo’s eyes widened.

“What are you doing?” he asked, and took a step forward.

“This is what you want, isn’t it?” Zephyros asked, looking at Apollo with pain in his eyes. No, Apollo wanted to say, No, I don’t want you to hurt because of me. “You want revenge for Hyacinthus, isn’t it? You want to break my heart the way I broke yours by killing him. Well, now you can.”

Apollo watched in horror as Hyacinthus drank the potion in one gulp. His skin prickled as he watched the bigger God shiver, and Apollo’s mouth went dry. Every God knew the disastrous effects of love potions, and of Aphrodite’s meddling, so why was Zephyros doing this? It was clear that the potion would make him fall in love with the first person he saw so why...
He wants me to turn him down. Apollo’s realisation was gut-wrenching. To know that he had somehow pushed Zephyros to this made him feel horrible.

“Zephyros...,” he took another step towards the wind God. When Zephyros looked up at him, his eyes were unfocused. Apollo swallowed, “Tell me it didn’t work.”

“Apollo,” Zephyros whispered, and took a step towards the blond. Apollo’s heart pounded painfully, “Apollo, I need to tell you-“

“No,” Apollo said, shaking, “No, don’t. Just...just don’t speak. We’ll find a way to reverse the potion-“

“I love you,” Zephyros whispered. Apollo squeezed his eyes shut, heart twisting. Then he looked up at the sky with accusation.

“Is this funny to you Aphrodite?!” he demanded, “Why are you such a bitch?!"

There was no reply and when Apollo looked with frustration at Zephyros, he saw that the man looked lost. His eyes landed on Apollo again and he frowned.

“I...I really do,” he whispered, “I love you, Apollo. I loved you even when Hyacinthus was alive...”

“This is cruel,” Apollo said softly, and pressed a hand to his face. For the first time in decades he wanted to cry. Why was this happening? Was this some sick punishment? Just tell him the truth. Tell him you don’t love him. Apollo repeated this to himself but somehow he couldn’t bare to get the words out, they tasted like ash on his tongue and Zephyros was just looking at him with these hopelessly soft eyes and Apollo couldn’t shout at him, not the way he had before, he couldn’t get angry.

“Apollo...”

“Shut up,” Apollo whispered.

And then he was getting slammed backwards against a tree with a gust of strong wind. He gasped just as Zephyros’ wings came to envelop him in some type of a hug, creating a protective cocoon around the blond. Apollo’s eyes widened but before he could say anything, Zephyros was kissing him. His mouth was urgent, insistent, his tongue forcing its way past Apollo’s lips. The blond made a startled sound and lifted his hands to push Zephyros away, only to find them pinned back against the tree by the wind God, who only kissed him more fiercely.

Apollo was a stronger God, more powerful, and yet he was helpless against Zephyros. He couldn’t – no, he didn’t want to push him away. He whimpered as Zephyros kissed him harder, pressing every inch of their bodies together. Apollo felt himself melting, giving into the feelings he had harboured in his heart. His eyes fluttered shut, he relaxed in Zephyros’ grip.

“Apollo,” Zephyros whispered caringly, his kiss softening. Apollo had no choice but to shakily kiss back, “Apollo. My Apollo. I love you.”

“S-Stop it,” Apollo whispered but when Zephyros released his wrists he didn’t push him away, instead wrapping his arms around the wind God’s shoulders and pulling him close. They kissed gently, carefully, and Zephyros touched Apollo like he was something precious. Apollo’s every lover had always treated him like the God he was, but this...Apollo loved this. He loved just being held by Zephyros and kissed like he was a mortal.

“I’m going to be yours,” Apollo murmured, pulling away just an inch from Zephyros and forgetting
himself, “I’m...I don’t hate you, I don’t so just-“

“Apollo,” Zephyros interrupted him in a gentle, measured voice, pulling away. Apollo blinked at him and his stomach clenched when he saw that the misty look was gone from Zephyros’ eyes, “It’s gone.”

“What is?” Apollo asked, even though he knew.

“The love potion. It wore off.”

“O-Oh,” Apollo said, then laughed, “Oh, well. This is a bit awkward.”

“I didn’t think...,” Zephyros clenched and unclenched his hands at his sides, then bit his lip, “You were supposed to break my heart not...”

Apollo shrugged, “I don’t like to play by the rules and now I look like the fool. Well, where we go from here is up to-“

He didn’t get to finish because Zephyros crashed their lips together again, pushing Apollo back up against the tree. The blond gasped in surprise, and Zephyros just kissed him over and over until Apollo could barely stand. When they finally broke apart they were breathing hard, like two teenage, mortal boys.

“I love you,” Zephyros said, and for some reason that shocked Apollo.

“What...”

“I mean it,” Zephyros said, frowning, “I loved Hyacinth, but I loved you too, and I-“

“Me too,” Apollo interrupted, “I think...anyway.”

Zephyros smiled, “I thought you could only love yourself.”

“Shut up,” Apollo grumbled, then smiled. They kissed again, and Apollo felt as light as one of Zephyros’ feathers. What they didn’t notice was that while they kissed hundreds of hyacinths had sprung up in the meadow, as if Hyacinthus himself approved of this union.
Percy is the teacher and Leo is the infamous class clown who secretly has a crush on Percy and constantly gives him a hard time in class. In an attempt to distract himself from his crush, Leo's friends dare him to go on a dating website only to find out that Percy has an account on the same site. Leo then makes a fake account and sort of catfishes Percy until he slips up and reveals his true self in person after class one day. The rest is up to you! :)

You've Got to Show Me Love

“Ugh, I’m exhausted,” Piper McLean complained, stretching her arms above her head as she and her friends filtered out of the hall after assembly. The eighteen year old art student was glancing around, making sure none of the teachers were around to give her detention for the feathers in her hair, “Thank God it’s Friday.”

“Should we go to the pub?” Jason Grace, her blond, popular boyfriend, asked, “I could do with a drink.”

“Hazel doesn’t have ID,” Piper reminded him.

“It’s fine,” Hazel Levesque, still seventeen, smiled and slipped her hand into Frank Zhang’s, her also underage boyfriend’s, hand, “We’re going to Frank’s grandma’s house for dinner anyway. Go without us.”

“Well then,” Piper turned to the remaining group, “Guess it’s just us.”

“Let’s go,” Annabeth Chase, their class representative, linked her arm through the other girl’s, “After that maths test I could have a drink too. Or ten.”

Leo Valdez had been watching this encounter between his friends while casually inching back, hoping to slip away unnoticed. He wasn’t so lucky as Annabeth caught his eye, “You’ve got your fake ID, don’t you Leo?”

“Oh...no, I forgot it,” the Latino lied. His friends rolled their eyes.

“Here we go again,” Jason sighed, “You’re going up to Mr Jackson’s class again? Seriously your obsession with him is weird.”

“It’s not weird,” Leo grumbled, “I fancy him, don’t I?”

“He is pretty hot...” Annabeth admitted.

“He’s a teacher!” Piper smacked her arm, then looked at the Latino disapprovingly, “Leo, you just need to get yourself a boyfriend our age and forget this infatuation-“
“I see your mouth moving, McLean, but I can’t hear anything,” Leo told her, tapping his ears. Annabeth snorted and Piper shook her head.

“You do you, babe,” she said, “We’ll be at the pub when you decide to come drown your sorrows.”

Leo gave the group a little wave as they walked towards the main exit, and he himself excitedly turned to the stairs, running up two steps at a time. Yeah, so maybe Piper was right, this was a bit weird, but what could Leo do?

Mr Jackson had become their biology teacher at the start of last year, when Leo was sixteen. At first the Latino simply thought he was good looking but very quickly he developed feelings for the twenty five year old. His banter, easy-going nature and the way he cared about everyone made Leo crush on him pretty badly. He didn’t think it was that bad; sure Mr Jackson was his teacher but he was only eight years older. He wasn’t some old man or anything...Leo liked spending time with him. They talked about school stuff, Leo’s university options and Mr Jackson’s own days at school, but they also talked about TV shows and books and sometimes Mr Jackson told Leo gossip about the other teachers. Leo liked being with the man because his classroom was a safe space to Leo, unlike his own home where he had to deal with his aunt’s hate.

He knocked on the door to the teacher’s classroom and Mr Jackson replied immediately.

“Come in.”

Leo slipped inside, “Hi,” he said, heart pounding the moment his eyes landed on the teacher. He looked so goddamn gorgeous, just sitting behind his desk and marking papers. Despite the fact that he was in a suit there was something incredibly boyish about his appearance; maybe it was the messy black hair, or the shadow of a beard on his jaw. Leo grinned, and Mr Jackson looked up.

“Well if it isn’t the troublemaker,” he smiled at Leo and a pleasant shiver went through the boy, “What can I do for you, Leo?” Mr Jackson looked back at the papers he was marking, and Leo desperately wanted his green eyes to be just on him again. He sat down in the chair opposite Mr Jackson.

“I did a test paper,” he said, “I thought you could mark it.”

Mr Jackson looked up again, eyes sparkling, a smile on his lips, “You know Leo, for someone who causes so much trouble in class you do try very hard to stay on top of work.”

“What can I say?” Leo grinned, pulling the test paper out of his bag, “I’m a funny guy.”

“You sure are, Leo,” Mr Jackson shook his head but pushed the other papers aside so he could take Leo’s. As he did, their hands touched briefly and heat blossomed in Leo’s chest. His relationship with Mr Jackson was so informal that Leo didn’t even see him as a teacher, just an older guy he was crushing on.

Mr Jackson put the paper down and then, to Leo’s disappointment, went back to the other papers. Leo pouted, “Aren’t you going to mark it now?”

“I can’t prioritise you, Leo,” Mr Jackson said casually, not looking up. Leo puffed out his cheeks in frustration but he didn’t want to seem like a needy kid, so he stood up and picked up his bag.

“Well I’ll come get it tomorrow.”

Mr Jackson shook his head, “If I didn’t like you so much I might be inclined to say something about your tone but as it is....” he shook his head, and looked up at Leo again. The Latino’s heart pounded,
“Have a good weekend, Leo.”

“You too, sir,” Leo mumbled, then left the classroom. He sighed as he walked down the empty corridors, knowing he had made an idiot of himself. Surely Mr Jackson caught onto his feelings by now, they were so obvious after all.

Leo felt defeated when ten minutes later he walked into the pub, finding his friends sitting at a table in the corner. Annabeth was drinking a pint, Piper a vodka coke and Jason a whiskey. Leo slid in next to them.

“Hey guys.”

“Leo,” Piper smirked, “We knew you’d join us.”

“How did it go?” Annabeth asked, putting an arm around the boy’s shoulders. Leo shrugged.

“Dunno. Like...he treats me like a student,” he groaned in frustration. Jason and Piper exchanged a look.

“Leo, sorry to break it to you, but you are a student,” Jason said. Leo sighed.

“I fucking know that, Sparky. I just...,” he shook his head, trying to clear his brain, “You’re right. I need to get myself a boyfriend.”

“Way ahead of you,” Piper smirked and pushed her phone across the beaten up, wooden table towards Leo. The boy picked it up and blinked. Looking at him from the screen was the home page of a dating website, “It’s really good,” Piper said.

“How do you know?” Jason asked, frowning. The girl shushed him.

“It’s reliable, unlike Tinder. No creeps,” Piper said, “at least not a lot of creeps.”

“Fine,” Leo leaned back and pushed the phone back to the girl, “I’m going to get a beer.”

***

Leo should’ve been doing his homework, or sleeping, or something, but instead he was sitting in his bed at quarter past midnight with his laptop in his lap, scrolling through the dating website Piper had recommended. He hadn’t made an account yet, but was looking through the accounts of other people. The website had an option; you could specify your type, and Leo had somehow ‘accidentally’ put in black hair and green eye and was scrolling through pages of accounts of men who looked similar to Mr Jackson.

Leo felt like he had sand under his eyelids, but he didn’t want to sleep, not yet anyway. Tomorrow was Saturday so he could have a lie in, at least until his aunt called him a lazy bum and got him up.

Leo froze, his fingers hovering over the keys of his laptop. Staring at him from the screen was...Mr Jackson. Leo blinked, for a second caught off-guard. His profile picture was so unlike the teacher, and yet so much like him, that it confused Leo. In it he was sitting on a boat, grinning at the camera. The bright, green eyes were the same, the windswept black hair. He wore Hawaiian-patterned shorts and a blue t-shirt, and he looked so carefree and handsome and...

Leo’s stomach twisted and before he knew what he was doing he was clicking on the profile. Percy Jackson. Mr Jackson’s first name was Percy.
“Percy...,” Leo whispered to himself, “Percy.”

He scrolled through the pictures; Mr Jackson at the Aquarium, drinking with friends, in suits, in t-shirts, selfies and mirror pictures...and then Leo was reading his summary. Just a normal guy looking for the normal thing...his preferences were listed as blondes. Pretty, blonde girls. Leo tried not to taste the bitter disappointment on his tongue, and then his fingers started moving by themselves.

Before he even knew what he had done, there was a profile looking at him. His profile. Except not really. His name was Leonora Vulcan. He was now a twenty-three year old bartender, the pictures he used were ones of Annabeth’s cousin, a pretty blonde girl. His heart pounded, and then, as Leonora, he liked all of Mr Jackson’s pictures. What am I doing, what am I doing?! Leo thought desperately. He knew this wouldn’t work but some part of him still wanted to try. He wanted to get to know Mr Jackson, and this was the only way he could think of doing that.

When his laptop pinged with a message Leo jumped in bed and his heart started pounding wildly.

“Oh my God,” he gasped, because there was a message on the screen from Mr Jackson.

PERCY: Hi.

There was an option to accept or decline the message and Leo hesitated, nibbled on his bottom lip, then anxiously accepted. With trembling fingers he typed out a message.

LEONORA: hello there

The reply was almost instantaneous.

PERCY: you're gorgeous

PERCY: ah shit. Now im coming across like every other guy sorry

LEONORA: haha no, no worries, you’re fine

Leo almost wrote ‘you’re perfect’ but somehow he managed to keep himself back through his pounding heart.

PERCY: so what do you do then? I hate small talk but i guess its a good place to start

Leo hadn’t thought that far ahead and now he panicked briefly, before taking a deep breath.

LEONORA: i just finished university, i did engineering :) what about u?

Was I too informal? Leo panicked, but it was too late and the message was sent. He gnawed at his fingertips as Mr Jackson typed, and he kept thinking about how fucked up this was.

PERCY: wow an engineer! That’s cool. I’m a teacher, not very interesting

LEONORA: that is really interesting

Leo exhaled, sunk down in his bed, and committed himself to doing this.

***

On Monday Leo came into school with dark circles under his eyes. Despite being exhausted, he was also happy, because he spent the whole weekend speaking to Mr Jackson as Leonora. He found out so much about Percy’s family and hobbies and upbringing. He told Mr Jackson about himself too,
the truth, dressed up in someone else’s name, tweaking only the details.

He knew it was dangerous but he didn’t know what to do or how to stop. When he walked into biology on Monday he found it hard to look directly at Mr Jackson. He sat in his chair and when the teacher started talking, Leo’s heart pounded.

And then suddenly the teacher was in front of him.

“Leo.”

The Latino looked up and he thought that shit Mr Jackson knew somehow. But when Leo looked at him he saw that Mr Jackson just looked at him normally, and he didn’t even look tired even though he had talked to ‘Leonora’ long into the night.

“Yeah?” Leo asked, disoriented.

“Leo, your homework,” Mr Jackson prompted. Leo blinked.

“Huh?”

“The biology homework,” Mr Jackson held up a stack of papers he had collected from the other students. Everyone was looking at Leo, who stared at Mr Jackson dumbly.

“What homework?”

“So,” Mr Jackson sighed, “You didn’t do it.”

“No?” Leo offered, “No...uh...I was busy on the weekend.”

Someone snickered and Mr Jackson looked at Leo disapprovingly, “You think that’s a legitimate excuse?”

“I don’t know, but it’s the truth,” Leo shrugged. A murmur of laughter went through the students but Mr Jackson clearly wasn’t amused.

“You can be this funny during detention after school today,” he said. Normally Leo would’ve been excited about spending extra, alone time with Mr Jackson, but the look of disappointment in the man’s eyes filled him with anxiety. He didn’t want Mr Jackson to be annoyed with him.

“What’s going on with you?” Annabeth asked at lunchtime, “You haven’t replied to the groupchat all weekend.”

“I’ve been busy,” Leo said, “With the...err, dating site.”

“Ooooh,” Piper leaned forward, “You met anyone?”

“Nobody,” Leo waved his friends off, “I, uh, talked to a few of them, but nothing serious...yet.”

“Right well,” Jason finished his yogurt, “Keep us updated.”

“Yeah, I will.”

“You have a detention with Mr Jackson though,” Annabeth said pointedly, “You excited?”

“No,” Leo said, too fast, and his friends snickered.
The truth was he was excited, even if he was scared that Mr Jackson was mad at him. A part of him wanted to go home and log back online and pretend to be Leonora some more...and another part just wanted to go to this detention and figure out the situation.

So he did. He walked into Mr Jackson’s classroom after lesson and the teacher looked up at him quickly, “Sit down,” he said, no, barked, typing away on his computer. Leo stiffened at Mr Jackson’s harsh tone and sat at a random table, putting his bag down. An awkward atmosphere settled over the classroom.

“Uh....,” Leo cleared his throat, “I didn’t mean to be rude...earlier.”

“Get some work out,” Mr Jackson said. Leo clenched his jaw. He hated being treated like a child, especially by Mr Jackson. He pulled his phone out and turned on the online dating app. He was surprised to see three messages from Mr Jackson.

PERCY: hi

PERCY: sorry i know you’re probably at work but so i am and I’m boooored

PERCY: I’m sitting a detention

Leo almost smiled, then glanced up at Mr Jackson. The man was staring intently at the computer. Leo typed back.

LEONORA: hi sorry I just got off work! Who you in detention with?

Leo waited anxiously and heard Mr Jackson type. His heart pounded – here he would find out what Mr Jackson really felt about him.

PERCY: just this kid. His names Leo. he’s sweet but a bit of a troublemaker.

Leo smiled, his heart fluttered. Percy called him sweet, that was something. Leo typed back, and so, he spent his detention flirting with the teacher sitting a few feet away.

***

PERCY: i used to have this dog called Mrs O’Leary i loved her

LEONORA: awww sounds cute what happened

PERCY: she died

LEONORA: ouch :/ thats sad. I once had a dog too called Festus

PERCY: did he die too?

LEONORA: nah, he ran away. Im bad with animals

PERCY: Hahaha

PERCY: I feel like ive known you for forever, is that cheesy

LEONORA: very cheesy x

***
Leo stared in horror at the message on his laptop. He had gotten back from school a few hours ago, and waited impatiently for Mr Jackson to get back home so they could chat. It had been two weeks since he started this whole thing, and now there was a message on his screen that was about to give him a panic attack.

**PERCY: we should meet up**

Leo should’ve known this was going to happen, that sooner or later Mr Jackson would want to see him, and the thought was about to make him sick. He sat at his desk and felt nauseous. This was it; he couldn’t back out of this or it would look suspicious. Leo swallowed. He was leaving school in a few short months and after that he could forget all about Percy...

With trembling hands he typed out;

_Sorry this isn’t working._

***

“Get your grubby hands off me,” Leo slurred, trying to shove the man crowding into him away. He stank of alcohol and sweat and was way too old and Leo just didn’t want him.

He got a bit depressed after deleting his ‘Leonora’ account, and so he went to a bar and got drunk with his fake ID and now he was here, outside of said bar at two in the morning, trying to get some handsy perv off him.

“Come on, cutie,” the man pushed Leo up against the wall, and the world spun. He tried to feebly shove him away but he was weak and uncoordinated and too drunk...fear started to build up inside him as the man got more forceful, and Leo struggled and-

“Hey! Get off him!” the familiar, angry voice broke through Leo’s brain and the man holding him finally let go. Leo blinked, his vision fuzzy, and saw that Mr Jackson had appeared out of nowhere. He was wearing a black t-shirt and dark pants and he looked hot and angry and Leo’s drunk mind failed to comprehend why he was here.

“Who’re you?” the man bothering Leo slurred, and Mr Jackson grabbed the Latino’s hand and pulled him away. He was saying something to the drunk man but Leo wasn’t listening, staring intently at their joined hands. Mr Jackson’s was bigger, enveloping Leo’s completely. Leo’s heart pounded and his mouth parted slightly because Mr Jackson was _actually_ touching him.

When Leo looked up, head reeling, he saw that the drunk man was gone. Somehow Leo was leaning up against his teacher, feeling like his legs were going to give out.

Mr Jackson carefully leaned him back against a wall, “Are you okay?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Leo mumbled.

“What are you doing here, Leo? You’re seventeen, you shouldn’t be drinking,” despite his words, Mr Jackson’s voice was soft and he didn’t seem angry.

“**I’m sorry,**” Leo whispered. He leaned forward, pressing his forehead against Mr Jackson’s shoulder.

“Leo,” the teacher said in warning, gently pushing at Leo. The Latino didn’t budge.

“I feel sick,” he murmured.
“Alright, I’m going to call you a taxi,” Mr Jackson said.

“I’m sorry,” Leo whispered, “I-I didn’t mean...I don’t want you to hate me.”

Mr Jackson smiled, “Don’t be silly, Leo. You’re a great student.”

“I don’t want to be your student,” Leo mumbled, looking up at Mr Jackson, “You like me though, don’t you? You liked talking to me...,” he knew he shouldn’t have been saying this, that he was messing everything up, but he was so close to Mr Jackson and he thought that maybe he’d want him now..., “You liked talking to me online.”

“What are you talking about, Leo?” Mr Jackson frowned, then his eyes widened and he stepped away, “Oh my God. Fuck...Leonora. Jesus Christ, I should’ve known it was a joke...Right. I’m calling you a taxi, this is wholly unprofessional.”

Leo stared at the pavement and tears welled up in his eyes. He fucked it. He truly, truly fucked it. When he got into the taxi that Mr Jackson all but shoved him into, he burst into tears.

***

Leo didn’t go to school until Wednesday, plagued by nausea and anxiety – he couldn’t bare to face Mr Jackson after he had stupidly told him the truth. But Aunt Rosa was big on education and so on Wednesday she forced Leo out of bed and shoed him to school. The boy vomited in the toilet before his biology lesson but when he got into class he found that Mr Jackson wasn’t even looking at him.

Leo sat tense and awkward all lesson and Mr Jackson was cold and professional and the Latino wanted to puke again. Thankfully the lesson ended uneventfully...but something gnawed at Leo’s stomach, and when his friends were obliviously leaving school, joking and laughing, Leo knew he had to sort it out.

“Come in,” Mr Jackson said when Leo knocked on the door to his room, but when Leo walked in and Mr Jackson saw him, the atmosphere in the room chilled. The man didn’t look at Leo again, turning to his papers, “Leo. How can I help you?” he asked stiffly.

Leo’s stomach fell, and he suddenly just wanted to crawl into Mr Jackson’s arms and cry, but he knew Mr Jackson didn’t want him, “I came to apologise,” Leo whispered.

“I don’t want to hear it, Leo. I should report you to the administration but...”

“But I’m a sweet kid?” Leo asked, hugging himself. Mr Jackson looked up at him and sighed. He looked more hurt than angry.

“Was it funny to you at least?”

“Look I’m sorry,” Leo started forward, then stopped, “It wasn’t a joke.”

“Then why? You have a crush on me now?” Mr Jackson questioned. Leo blushed fiercely.

“I-I...m-maybe...um...yeah. Yes. Yes, I have a crush on you,” he admitted shakily.

“You know this won’t work, Leo,” Mr Jackson stood up, and now his voice was soft like he was talking to a stupid kid, “I’m your teacher Leo, you know that.”

“What’s the problem, I don’t understand,” Leo said, passionate, because he really didn’t understand,
“I’m almost eighteen, aren’t I? You like me, don’t you?”

“The problem, Leo,” Mr Jackson sighed, “is that you’re my student. And no, I’m sorry, but I don’t like you. I liked Leonora. I don’t see where that ridiculous idea even came from.”

Leo’s shoulders slumped, “B-But you...you let me flirt with you a-and...a-and you s-saved me that one time...and...”

“Leo,” Mr Jackson’s voice grew harsher, “Enough. Drop it. I don’t like you and I suggest you stop liking me too.”

Leo swallowed, tried to swallow past the tightness in his throat, then nodded. The hurt burned through him, shame and anger and pain, “You’re right. I’m sorry.”

He all but ran from the classroom, and barely made it to the boy’s bathroom. There he collapsed on the floor and started sobbing violently, shaking. What did I do? What did I do? He thought, over and over. He wanted the ground to swallow him up.

***

Leo stopped going to Biology altogether, and taught the course to himself. School came to an end and yet his heart was still plagued with him, with Mr Jackson. And there was nothing Leo could do about it – he was in love with the man. He sat his exams, he went on holiday, and he knew that after results day he’d leave his school far behind. It was sad; his friends were all going to different universities, but one plus was that Leo could stop being paranoid about accidentally bumping into Mr Jackson.

“Should we go to the pub?” Hazel asked, bouncing, her results in her hand, “We’re all eighteen so we can get in!”

“Yeah!” Piper agreed, then nudged Leo, who was dragging his feet, “Aw, c’mon Leo, cheer up. We can get drunk and celebrate our good results!”

The boy forced a smile, “Yeah,” he said, fighting the urge to look behind him at the school. This is it, he thought miserably, nothing came of this whole ordeal except pain.

“Leo!” the authoritative shout made Leo stop and turn around. To his surprise he saw Mr Jackson standing a few feet away, “Leo before you go I need you to come collect your books from my classroom,” the teacher said, and Leo’s heart pounded, “since you haven’t come to my lessons there was no way for you to take them.”

“R-Right,” Leo stuttered. He couldn’t read Mr Jackson’s face. His friends exchanged looks.

“We’ll meet you at the pub?” Annabeth offered. Leo nodded, mouth dry, and when Mr Jackson turned back towards the school, Leo followed.

He trailed behind the teacher through the empty hallways of the school, heart twisting. Mr Jackson didn’t say anything and the tension between them was palpable. Just being with the teacher again made Leo’s feelings return tenfold and he desperately wanted to shout please don’t hate me and I love you but he kept his mouth shut.

Mr Jackson walked right past his classroom. Leo blinked.

“Uh, sir-“
“Just come,” Mr Jackson said, not turning around. Leo scurried after him, confused, and then suddenly the teacher had his hand on Leo’s wrist and was dragging him into a storage cupboard. The doors slammed shut behind them and Leo’s insides felt like they were floating as he was surrounded by darkness.

“S-Sir?” he asked shakily, “A-Are you going to murder me?”

“Shut up,” Mr Jackson grumbled, and then Leo felt the teacher’s hands on his face, gently cupping his cheeks. His heart started to pound harder, which Leo didn’t realise was possible. He felt Mr Jackson’s nose brush against his and then the man’s lips were covering Leo’s.

The Latino thought he was dreaming, or hallucinating or something, but the feel of Mr Jackson’s lips moving against his own was painfully real. Leo stood frozen, until Mr Jackson pulled away.

“W-What—” Leo managed to get out, breathless.

“You’re not my student anymore,” Mr Jackson murmured, and Leo’s eyes got adjusted to the dark enough to see the man’s face, “and you’re eighteen now, so I can finally do what I had been dying to do for the past year—”

“But...Mr Jackson—”

“Percy. Just Percy.”

“But y-you like women—”

“And men.”

“A-And you like b-blondes—”

“Leo,” Percy interrupted, then smiled, his thumbs stroking Leo’s cheekbones, “Leo. I like you. Yes, I like girls too, and I like blondes, but I like you more,” his expression softened and he reached up, caressing Leo’s hair, “Right now I like curls, and I like brown eyes, and I like skinny, short Latino boys named Leo Valdez.”

Leo grabbed the teacher’s tie, hauled him down and crashed their mouths together in a desperate, needy kiss. He felt Percy smile into the kiss before he encircled Leo in his arms and pulled him flush against his chest. Leo couldn’t believe this was happening, that the man he was in love with actually wanted him back. The boy’s heart beat madly and he and Percy seemed to kiss forever.
Drinking Alcohol

Chapter Notes

Just for reference:
Sparky is Jason
Blondie is Annabeth
Miss Universe is Piper
Aqualad is Percy
Lil Sis is Hazel
Frankie is...well, Frank

Any paring with Nico or Leo (Preferably with Will, Percy, Jason, or Frank as the other part) were Nico/Leo is trying to prove that he's mature so he goes to a party that he gets invited to by one of the older kids. So Nico/Leo hates alcohol but came prepared for this. Nico/Leo knowing that some alcohol looks like apple juice he brings a small bottle of apple juice and when no one is looking pours apple juice into the shot glass. And everyone at the party is so amazed at how this younger kid can drink so much and still act pretty sober. The other part of the pairing catches Nico/Leo because they aren't that drunk and takes the bottle of apple juice and the rest of what Nico/Leo does is up to you. for Thatoneperson

Leo was laying in his bed and the clock slowly ticked towards one in the morning as the boy sat on his phone, looking at the messages popping up from his best friends. On Tuesday morning they should’ve all been asleep at this ungodly hour, however the news Percy brought two hours ago of ‘Drew is having a party and we’re all invited’ kept the group up.

The discussion of Friday night was well and truly underway and Leo’s eyes strained against the brightness of his phone, contrasting the darkness of the room. The conversation had taken several turns, from what the girls were wearing to how they were all getting there, to who was meeting who, through to where they were pre-drinking. Now the topic of what alcohol to bring was brought up and Leo felt giddy with excitement.

Miss Universe: so we’re all drinking then?

Blondie: ugh please no, i still have a hangover from last time

Miss Universe: it’s been a week!!!
Lil Sis: i don't think im drinking this time i don't want to get sick again :(

Frankie: yeah im not carrying you home again

Aqualad: okay so vodka?

Blondie: Ew no!!

Lil Sis: *vomits*

Sparky: wb whiskey?

You: fucks sake ok old man

Sparky: shutup Leo

Aqualad: i don't have money for whiskey. Lets get vodka its cheap and ill get us fucked

Frankie: why cant we just get beer

Lil Sis: or cider

You: not everyone has the tolerance of a five year old

Miss Universe: said the literal 5 year old :P

Aqualad: yeah why are u even in this conversation Leo? its not like ur coming

Back in his bed, Leo frowned at the message. He was sure that he had made it clear that he was down to party; true, it would be his first proper party, but he didn’t understand why he was being treated like a baby when he just a year younger, albeit less experienced, as the rest of the group. The sixteen year old quickly typed a weak rebuttal.

You: yeah i am!!

Frankie: thats what u said last time. Lets face it youre too much of a kid to go partying + youre scared of alcohol

Leo swallowed – that much was true. He heard stories after parties going around school; who got with who, which girl was now considered a slut, who vomited, who passed out, whose parents had to be called, who got too high, who got too drunk. It was all very messy and scary-sounding, which was why Leo had always avoided going to parties when he was invited as one of his friend’s plus one – he always backed out at the last moment and then regretted it when he saw everyone having fun on Snapchat. Within his group the worst thing that happened was Annabeth and Percy had sex in some girl’s spare room, and Jason puked once. That made Leo confident that this time he actually wanted to go.

You: idc this time im going

Sparky: yeah sure

Aqualad: ill bet anyone £5 that he’ll pussy out again

Frankie: i’ll take that bet

You: ur all assholes
Lil Sis: stop bullying him guys

Frankie: he’s a kid!

Lil Sis: so am i! im still 16 but u let me come anyway ://

Aqualad: at least ur not a pussy Hazel.

Leo gritted his teeth. Percy and Frank really got on his nerves, babying him all the time.

You: im fucking ready ok?

You: don’t try and be condescending im mature enough to go to a party

Aqualad: i don t believe it for a sec

Frankie: ok ok

You: fuck u percy

Frankie: so lets say we take u with us Leo

Blondie: oh here we go...

Frankie: u have to promise to drink alcohol

Lil Sis: this is peer pressure!

You: yeah whatever I’ll do it idc

Frankie: Ok :)

You: ok.

Miss Universe: ouch, he dotted u

Sparky: don’t get pissy Leo, they’re just teasing

You: yeah whatever

Leo turned his phone off and almost threw it onto his bedside table before rolling onto his side in annoyance. He was frustrated even though he understood where the over boys were coming from; at least the girls always backed Hazel as part of some girl-code, but with Leo he felt like he was left behind because he was younger, less experienced and more insecure than the other three boys. But they didn’t understand; they were heartthrobs, popular, tall, muscular, the epitome of healthy teenage boys. Leo was scrawny and kind of annoying and not everyone liked him, which was why parties made him anxious. Also drinking was a problem because Leo was deathly afraid of embarrassing himself.

But he had made a commitment. As he laid in his bed Friday felt far, far away. Leo would have time to decide what to do, if he really wanted to drink or rather make up excuses again. The worrying was giving him a headache so he closed his eyes.

***

Leo’s plan virtually had no faults. When at eight on Friday he met the rest of the ‘Seven’ as they
were called around school outside the corner shop, he was ready to exact his plan to a) have a good night and prove he was fun and b) not make an idiot of himself.

“Well, well, well,” Frank grinned when he saw Leo approaching, “Look who decided to show up. You’re fifteen minutes late.”

“Shut up Zhang,” Leo grumbled. Percy grinned also and put an arm around Leo’s shoulders, pulling him to his chest and playfully ruffling his hair.

Leo felt a bit insecure since Frank, Percy and Jason all wore tight black t-shirts that hugged their muscles and accentuated their impressive biceps while Leo had thoughtlessly put on a fun, Hawaiian-printed t-shirt. He felt out of place now, even though he knew if he were to wear a black t-shirt he wouldn’t look nearly as good as the other boys. The girls had, in turn, wore tight, sparkly dresses and full faces of makeup. They looked pretty.

“Alright everyone give me money,” Annabeth stuck her hand out, “I’ll buy the alcohol.”

“You won’t get serves,” Percy snorted. His girlfriend glared at him.

“I always get served in this shop. Money.”

“I want two beers and a little vodka,” Percy said, prompting everyone to give their alcohol orders. Leo mournfully dropped a ten pound note into the girl’s palm.

“I’ll have a small whiskey.”

The group stared at him, then Frank laughed and put an arm around Leo, pulling him close, “That’s the spirit!” he said, and everyone laughed. As Annabeth walked into the shop Frank kept an arm around Leo, and the Latino’s heart pounded. Frank was the major reason why Leo was scared to drink – he was afraid that his tongue would get loose and that he would stupidly blurt out all the things about Frank that had been piling up in his head the past few months like *you’re so hot* and *I want you to touch me* and *I think I like you*. He knew people always said stupid things they regretted when drunk, and he wanted to avoid destroying his and Frank’s friendship.

Which was why he now had a plan. As the group joked, Leo freed himself from Frank’s grasp and stood with his hands in his pockets until Annabeth came out of the shop, triumphantly holding up two plastic bags full of alcohol. She distributed it and then the group headed down the road towards Drew’s house.

As they walked, Hazel siddled up to Leo and slipped an arm through his, “You don’t have to drink, you know that right?” she asked. She had stuffed two Kopparberg’s into her handbag and Leo put his small bottle of whiskey in his backpack.

“I know,” he tried to sound casual. “But I want to. I’m probably not even a lightweight.”

He was bluffing, naturally. In his bag, next to the newly purchased bottle of whiskey that Leo was *not* planning to drink was a bottle of apple juice that would serve as a perfect replacement for the alcohol. If all went well Leo could pretend to drink, and nobody would question him and his maturity again.

When five minutes later they stepped into Drew’s house, Leo started to doubt himself. The party was already quite intense, if Leo said so himself. The house was dark save for sporadic, rhythmic bursts of light in the living room from colourful, mini disco balls, and fairylights strung out in the corridor. The only light was in the kitchen where teenagers were preparing and mixing drinks.
The Seven jostled Leo into the living room though, where kids were sitting around in chairs while in the middle they all jumped and danced to music that throbbed through the walls. It was disorientating and weird, but it helped Leo’s plan.

“Let’s take shots!” Piper yelled and they all headed for a table full of snacks, cups and chasers. Some of their other friends were there, Reyna, Nico and Will, and they all hugged when they saw each other. And then Annabeth was distributing out shot glasses. Leo put his bag by the wall and knelt down and in the darkness of the room nobody noticed that he wasn’t filling his shot glass with whiskey but rather with apple juice. When he stood up the others had glasses full of colourful liquid.

“Cheers!” Percy said. They all clinked the plastic shot glasses together, repeating ‘cheers’ and laughing, before tossing their drinks back. The sweet apple juice filled Leo’s mouth and yet, like the others, he pulled a face and made a disgusted noise.

“Nice,” Jason nodded at him. Frank patted his back and grinned at him.

“See? It’s not so bad.”

“Tastes like shit,” Leo said, and everyone laughed.

Leo had to admit, he had fun at the party. He played beer-pong, then talked some with people in the kitchen, then he danced. For the next two hours his friends continuously dragged him for more and more drinks until Leo’s apple juice supply was running dangerously low. By then it was coming up to midnight though and everyone else was tipsy or drunk, so not many people noticed. It was fun pretending though; Leo stumbled around and giggled like the rest of the seven, even though he was sober. It was also fun seeing everyone else drunk – Annabeth kept hugging him, while Jason repeatedly told him how much he loved and appreciated him. They were also all quite impressed at how well Leo could handle his drink, which made the boy happy; finally they didn’t see him as a child.

At a point the group switched from shots to drinks and so Leo had to stomach apple juice mixed with Pepsi, but it wasn’t the worst. At ten past twelve he slipped out of the living room, sweaty and grinning, and climbed up the drunk-teenager infested stairs to the first floor. Here it was colder and quieter and Leo stood in one corner of the corridor, unzipping his bag. He pulled out the apple juice bottle to see how much he had left – it turned out not much at all. Leo sighed and just as he was about to put the bottle back, a voice stopped him.

“I knew it was too good to be true.”

Leo’s heart twisted and he turned around. Standing in the dark corridor was a big, muscular, unimpressed figure that couldn’t have been anyone else but Frank. Leo swallowed past the tightness in his throat.

“I stole a chaser,” he forced a laugh, then swayed as if he were drunk, “Want some?”

Frank stepped closer, “Stop pretending, I know you’re sober, I’ve been watching you all night. You’ve been using a substitute to your alcohol,” before Leo could stop him he snatched the bag out of his hands and Leo was forced to helplessly watch as he pulled out both the full whiskey bottle and the almost empty juice one, “Apple juice, huh?” Frank laughed, “God, you’re such a baby.”

“Shut up!” Leo snapped. He knew Frank wasn’t drunk enough to forget this, “I’m not a baby, or a child, or a kid.”

“Sure you’re not,” Frank taunted, “so if I take your juice away what will you do? Will you finally
“suck it up and drink your whiskey?”

“Stop patronizing me,” Leo growled. Frank stepped closer again.

“You wanna be mature so bad?” he asked, “You claim you’re not a kid, eh? Why don’t you come and give me a kiss then? Everyone else is doing it.”

Leo’s heart fluttered at that and he stared at Frank in shock, “W-What are you saying?”

“I bet you’ve never kissed anyone,” Frank said, “if you’re so big and tough then why don’t you kiss me, yeah? Since you’re so mature and all that,” he laughed.

Leo didn’t know if he was angry or scared. He liked Frank, a lot, but he didn’t like this Frank; this teasing, mean Frank that was taking the piss out of him.

“This isn’t funny,” Leo said weakly. His crush was treating him like some immature little shit and Leo hated it, “It’s really not fucking funny,” there were tears of embarrassment in his eyes and he grabbed the bag from Frank, knowing what he had to do.

He enjoyed Frank’s shocked face when he pulled out the whiskey bottle, unscrewed it, and then started chugging.

“Leo-,” Frank protested, staring forward, but the alcohol was already flowing. It burned Leo’s throat but he didn’t let himself taste it, just drinking gulp after gulp after gulp. But then Frank finally moved, forcefully pulling the bottle out of Leo’s hand, “Stop it, dickhead!” he yelled, but it was too late – Leo had drank half the bottle in one go.

He slumped against the door, gasping for air, but he felt normal, “Fuck you,” he told Frank, glad he proved a point, and then shoved past him. He all but ran down the stairs, past snogging couples, and exploded into the mass of writhing, sweaty bodies, dancing to some tune. Immediately Piper found him and, grinning, pulled him against her in a dance. Everything stank of alcohol and teenagers, and in minutes, the alcohol hit Leo.

Suddenly the lights seemed to be pulsing and everything was kind of blurry. Leo grinned, feeling light, like his feet weren’t touching the ground. The music thumped through him and his tongue felt heavy in his mouth. When he blinked it was like in slow motion. *I'm drunk,* he realised, then laughed. He felt so weird, giddy, excited, his stomach was flipping.

He saw Frank nearby and so Leo stumbled out of the crowd, not wanting to have any kind of conversation with the older boy right now. He climbed back up the stairs, stumbling and almost falling over, and then picked a door at random. He found himself in the bathroom, the lights bright and harsh. Leo squinted, pushed the door shut and then slid down so his back was against the bath. The coldness of the tub seeped through his Hawaiian shirt and Leo closed his eyes, but his head spun even in the darkness.

He wasn’t even there for a full minute before the doors opened. When Leo looked up, he saw Frank standing above him, and Leo wanted to cry.

“How are you here?” Leo asked, his words coming out slurred.

“You didn’t lock the door,” Frank sighed, then proceeded to lock the door. Leo wanted to argue with him, or fight him or something, but when Frank knelt on the floor next to him all Leo wanted to do was go to sleep. The world was spinning and unsteady and Frank looked warm and solid. Leo wanted to crawl into his arms.
“How are you feeling?” Frank asked with a soft expression. Leo snorted.

“How you care,” he grumbled. Frank sighed in exasperation, then suddenly reached out and brushed Leo’s hair from his forehead. His hand felt nice and warm.

“I’m sorry,” he said, “I didn’t want you to actually force yourself to drink it. How...are you...,” he bit his lip, “Are you feeling bad.”

“No,” Leo mumbled, then he sniffled.

“Shit, are you gonna cry?”

“Why are you so mean to me?” Leo whispered, tears flooding your eyes.

“You idiot,” Frank held him by the shoulders, his thumbs stroking them, “I just wanted an excuse to kiss you.”

“Huh?” Leo sniffled. Frank exhaled.

“I don’t want to take advantage of you.”

“I’m so lost,” Leo mumbled.

“But I’m going to, just a little bit, okay?”

Leo’s world spun, “Okay.”

Frank kissed. It was light and gentle, and it made Leo’s heart pound like crazy. Just as the older boy was pulling away Leo aggressively grabbed his face and smooshed them together. He kissed back passionately and because he couldn’t kiss it was sloppy and clumsy, but Frank just laughed against his mouth like he didn’t mind, then wrapped an arm around Leo’s waist and took one of his hands, still resting on his cheek, into his own. He held Leo and took control over the kiss, slowing it down until they were barely moving their lips, just resting together. When Leo opened his eyes and Frank pulled away, the world seemed a little more stable.

“You’re cute, you know that,” Frank said with the softest smile. He let go of Leo’s hand and playfully touched the tip of Leo’s nose with a finger, causing Leo’s face to wrinkle, “So goddamn cute.”

“Stop it, you’re making me feel weird,” Leo whispered.

“ Weird how?”

“I don’t know like...fuzzy inside. And warm.”

Frank kissed him quickly, “Okay. Let’s get you home, okay?”

Leo bit his lip and nodded, then nuzzled against Frank, “In a minute,” he mumbled. Frank hugged him and kissed the top of his head.

“Okay,” he said, “and by the way I won’t tell the others you lied.”

Leo hugged Frank harder, feeling safe and cared for, “Thanks.”
One Kiss is All it Takes

AU where Nico is a known prostitute and has a rule that everybody knows: no kissing. Will is his constant client. They both like each other and Nico wants Will to break the rule and Will wants to break the rule however Will is a gentleman, will never break the rule. So Nico thinks that it is all sex for Will while he is nearly in love with Will. You can choose the ending I just want some angst.

For bellamolko

Will wasn’t being rough which, just by itself, wasn’t really a problem – loads of Nico’s clients liked to have slower sex, especially the older ones with less stamina. Except Will wasn’t only; he was twenty six, only two years older than Nico himself, and he should’ve been rough. Nico knew that the clients liked the power and dominance fucking a prostitute that they owned for the night gave them, and they asserted this by usually pining him down and slapping him around a bit. But Will wasn’t like that. With Will, sex felt like lovemaking, which was the problem precisely.

Will had Nico on the bed in a hotel room, his fingers intertwined with the ones of the prostitute, pushing their joined hands onto the fluffy pillow Nico was laying on. He was thrusting into the dark-haired boy, slow but deep, making Nico feel something that he rarely felt in his field of work – pleasure.

"F-Fuck," Nico whimpered, biting his lip, fingers digging into Will’s shoulders. The blond’s free hand was resting on the Italian’s thigh while his face hovered inches away from Nico’s neck. With each thrust the prostitute could feel the man’s accelerated breath against his skin, which made shivers run up his spine. He wished Will would just close that last inch between them and kiss him, even though Nico had himself made clear that one of his rules was no kissing. To him, kissing was more intimate than sex, which was why he wanted Will to do it.

Will squeezed his hand and pulled away from Nico’s neck to look at the Italian with soft, blue eyes that Nico had grown to love. Just having Will look at him made Nico’s walls crumble away. He let out a little, whiny moan, legs tightening around Will’s waist and pulling him deeper inside him.

"Fuck," Nico gasped, arching up against Will, “F-Fuck, fuck...”

Will leaned down and nuzzled Nico’s face, rubbing their noses together in an Eskimo kiss which – although not an actual kiss – filled Nico’s heart with warmth.

“Will, d-don’t-“

“Shhhhh,” Will let go of Nico’s thigh to cradle his face, “I know, I know, baby,” he pulled away and his hand slipped from Nico’s so he could reach down between his legs and start stroking his cock. It wasn’t supposed to be like this; Nico was supposed to be the one giving pleasure to Will who, after
all, was his client, and yet he was rendered basically helpless against the bed, simply allowing Will to do anything he wanted to his body. And what Will wanted to do was not to hurt, hit or mark Nico, it was to caress him and bring him to a climax.

When they finished Will remained on top of Nico only for a moment, remembering a time some months ago when Nico had shoved him off and informed him that the time he was paying for was over. Now Nico regretted ever telling him to let go because as Will gave him a gentle smile, pulled out and climbed off the bed, Nico was left horribly empty and cold. Still, he tried not to let it show because falling in love with a client was not acceptable.

Nico sat up in the bed and pulled the covers up and around his waist. More people had seen him naked than he cared to remember but Will was different, and Nico didn’t want to see like a...well, a prostitute in front of him. He ran a hand through his messy and slightly sweaty hair and watched as Will got dressed in a beige, soft-looking sweater and dark jeans. He wasn’t paying attention to Nico, but the Italian was paying attention to him, his heart aching for the warmth of the blond’s hands.

“Here,” Will walked over and handed Nico five-hundred dollars in cash. Nico took it unwillingly and it felt heavy and dirty in his palm.

“Thanks,” he said hoarsely. He wouldn’t have taken it, but he needed the money. He looked up at Will, who lingered by the bed.

“I’ll...,” he paused, then his hand jerked out as if he wanted to touch Nico, though he stopped himself at the last second. His hand dropped to his side in defeat, “I’ll see you next week?”

“Yeah,” Nico tried to force a smile but all he wanted to say was stay, please. He had another client soon and the thought of having to do it with him made him want to vomit. He wanted Will to stay with him, to wrap around him like a protective cocoon but instead the blond slowly picked up his jacket, then walked to the door.

“Take care of yourself,” he said, and Nico nodded. Then Will was gone, just like that.

Nico collapsed on the bed the second the blond left, curling up among the crisp covers and burying his face in the pillow that still smelled like the man. He didn’t want to think about his next client, so instead he thought about Will, and the first time they met almost six months ago.

Nico was waiting in the hotel room booked by his boss, anxious and shaking. He had gotten the information that a client would be coming at ten and that he should be lubed up, stretched, and prepared for a fucking. Nico didn’t know which number client this was going to be; he had been in the profession four years, and had started out as a fresh-faced, teary-eyed virgin though now he had made enough of a name for himself that he could charge ridiculous amounts for service. He had initially become a prostitute in order to put his little sister through school, and at this point was just stuck in a web of blackmail and threats by his boss, forcing him to stay doing what he hated.

And despite his experience, Nico was scared. He was always scared before a client, he didn’t know if they would be some old, grey-haired man with a shrivelled up dick that would bore him to death, or a closeted, huge guy with anger issues taking out his frustrations on Nico’s small body. Long ago Nico had learnt that ‘normal’ guys didn’t come to him for service, he was too expensive. So he got the psychos, the weirdos, and the wealthy.

He sat on the hotel bed, dressed only in a silky black robe underneath which he was naked, lubed up and stretched as his boss always required. Most of the men didn’t want foreplay, and they especially didn’t want to have to prepare Nico. They preferred to just stick it in.
A knock sounded on the door, and Nico tensed, sitting up straighter on the bed, “It’s open,” he said, forcing his voice to remain steady. And then the client stepped in, and Nico’s heart skipped a beat.

He was so good looking that Nico immediately thought he must be a sick sadist, because there was no reason for someone so gorgeous to have to fuck a prostitute. He looked quite young too, maybe a few years older than Nico, with blond curls and beautiful blue eyes, the look complete with a sprinkle of freckles across his tanned skin. He wore an expensive suit and when he saw Nico he smiled.

“Hello.”

“William Solace right?” Nico asked, standing up.

“Just Will,” the blond said cheerfully, closing the door behind him, “Sorry, I’ve never done this before,” he laughed, “It’s courtesy of my boss – she thinks I need to get laid more and apparently you’re the best around.”

The casual way he spoke about Nico’s profession was unsettling, “Well I hope I live up to your expectations,” Nico stood up and undid the belt of his robe. It dropped down around his ankles, revealing his nakedness. That was the moment Nico switched off his emotions, a protective tactic, “Shall we get started.”

Will stared at him, then blinked and started hurriedly undoing his tie, “Yeah, sure,” he said, obviously excited.

“My rate is four hundred for the full night, three hundred and fifty for over two hours, and two hundred for under two hours,” Nico said emotionlessly, watching Will undress, “That’s just for straight up sex. Anything else is extra; fifty for a blowjob, eighty for rimming, a hundred for bondage, and anything super kinky is one-fifty.”

“O-Okay,” Will said, awkwardly trying to balance as he took his shoes off, “That uh...seems reasonable.”

It wasn’t really, but Nico was popular and had a reputation for being good, and the prices were imposed by his pimp.

“Do you want me to take all my clothes off?” Will asked.

Nico would’ve laughed, but he stopped himself, “You can do anything you want. You bought me for four hours so it’s up to you what we do.”

Will looked at him for a second, clearly lost, and then he asked, “Could you lie down on the bed?”

“Of course,” Nico said and then did as he was told, settling down against the bed. Last job of the night, he told himself, and then was surprised that the light in the room was switched off, leaving only the warm glow from the bedside lamp. And then Will climbed on top of Nico, just in his boxers.

Nico’s heart started pounding for no apparent reason and he wanted to hide away from Will’s soft gaze, because nobody had ever looked at him the way Will was looking at him in that moment. He reached down and carefully brushed a piece of Nico’s hair behind his ear.

“What are you doing?” the Italian asked.

“I have four hours, right?” Will asked, caressing Nico’s cheek. The Italian shivered and the blond leaned in, and Nico gasped, automatically pressing a hand over Will’s mouth, “N-No kissing!” he
spluttered, caught off-guard, “I thought that was obvious in the contract! And no kissing anywhere, not just on the mouth,” he dropped his hand, revealing Will’s lost expression.


“Well find yourself another whore.”

“Hey, hey,” Will cradled Nico’s cheek, frowning, “Yeah, okay, no kissing.”

He slid his hand down Nico’s naked chest, brushed his fingers over Nico’s hips. Nico lost it that night because Will, despite Nico’s protests, prepared him slowly for almost an hour, and then agreed to pay extra just so he could fuck Nico with his tongue, which he did exquisitely until Nico was actually hard in the first time with a client...ever. Will didn’t fuck him. He made love to Nico for three hours, slow, and deep, and Nico came twice and it was mind-blowing because the only sex Nico had ever had was as a prostitute, and it had never ever been nearly as good as it was with Will.

Nico thought Will was an exception to the rule, which was why he was shocked when the blond asked to see him again, and again. And it was amazing each time. Nico’s life was violence, fear and humiliation – between dealing with clients and his pimp, and trying to provide for his little sister, he had little human contact. Will was so kind, though, kind and caring and gentle with Nico and if the Italian so much as winced during sex because he had been battered up by the previous client, he’d stop, and stroke Nico’s skin and ask him questions in a soft voice, somehow getting Nico to tell him his life story. So before Nico knew it he was falling in love with the blond.

Nico’s phone pinged, bringing him back to reality. He opened his eyes and reached for it and saw that his pimp was informing him that the next client was on the way. Nico shuddered. Normally he showered between clients but this time he didn’t want to, desiring for the memory of Will’s touch to linger on his skin.

He knew that ultimately what he wanted with Will was impossible. He wanted to have sex in a normal bed, not a hotel one. He wanted no condom, he wanted cuddles after, he wanted to wake up next to the blond. He wanted Will to break that stupid no-kissing rule.

But it was impossible.

Nico stood up and got ready for his next client.

***

This is bad, Will thought as he entered the hotel for the fourth time that month. The receptionist inclined her head at him as he headed up the stairs. What had started, six months ago, as a ‘present’ from his boss, had morphed into this twisted, unhealthy relationship.

Will had fallen head over heels in love with a prostitute.

He had always been a ‘good’ boy, with perfect grades and perfect girlfriends. He came from a wealthy, middle class family, attended a good university and became a junior partner at a law firm. And then he fell in love with Nico di Angelo who should’ve disgusted him, and yet he didn’t. To Will, he became everything, and it was agonising to know that Nico did not belong solely to him. The past few months Will tried to find a way to get Nico out of the business, but he knew how dangerous his pimp was, and Nico was his prized possession. So for now all Will could do was have these weekly meetings where for one, short night he could pretend Nico was his and properly take care of the Italian.

When Will got to the room they usually used for their meetings he knocked as always.
“Come in,” Nico said, and when Will slipped inside he saw that Nico was buried underneath the blankets, only his head sticking out. The days where he’d seductively wait for Will in his silky black bathrobe were gone and Will was glad – now Nico wore leggings and jumpers to their meetings, which made their relationship seem more normal.

“Hi,” Will said, shutting the door and putting his bag down, happiness blooming inside him just from seeing Nico.

“Hi,” the boy said. Will took off his tie and let it fall to the floor alongside his blazer, before stepping out of his shoes. He padded to the bed and sat on the edge, reaching out and ruffling Nico’s mop of hair.

“You okay?”

Nico turned to face Will, and he looked anxious, “Promise to not get angry.”

“What?” Will frowned. Nico sat up in bed, the covers pooling around his waist. His hands clenched in the covers and Will sucked in a deep breath. Nico was in a t-shirt, and his body was full of hickeys. On his skin there were purple bruises in the shape of fingers, as if someone had strangled him, “Who...what...,” Will was in shock.

Self-consciously Nico wrapped his own hand around his neck, revealing similar bruises around his wrists, “It was a client,” he whispered, “he...he got rough. Ignored all the rules I uh...I can’t go back to my boss like this. He’ll get pretty mad because I’m marked and nobody will want to buy me if I’m all banged up so-“

“Nico,” Will whispered. In that moment he wanted so desperately to break the rule, to feel Nico’s mouth against his, to kiss him and show him it was going to be okay.

Nico pushed the covers aside, clenching his jaw, a clear sign that he was sucking it up. He pulled his t-shirt over his head in one swift movement before flopping back down onto the bed. His torso and stomach were full of hickeys and bruises that made Will angry.

“I’m sorry, I hope you don’t mind it too much,” Nico said, tense. He reached out and turned off the bedside table lamp that they usually always kept on, flooding the room in darkness.

“I’m not going to have sex with you in this state!” Will said, appalled.

“I’m sorry,” as Will’s eyes grew adjusted to the semi-darkness he saw Nico wince, “It’s kinda gross, I know. It’ll be days until the bruises fade so-“

“You idiot,” Will said brokenly, and before Nico could react he enveloped him in his arms, squeezing tightly, “Are you okay?” he whispered, “How badly did he hurt you?”

“Will, I’m fine,” Nico lied, pushing him away gently, “I can take it, so fuck me. It’s been a week.”

“Not for you,” Will said brokenly, “It’s been what – a few hours for you?”

Nico turned his face away. In the city lights falling in through the window he looked gorgeous. Will reached down and caressed his cheek, and Nico nuzzled his hand. I wonder if you’re like this with anyone else, Will though, heart hurting.

“If you’re not going to have sex with me-“ Nico started, but Will didn’t plan to let him finish.

“I’m paying you for the whole night, which means I have you for the whole night so let me just hold
you,” he said. Nico looked like he was in pain.

“Why are you like this?”

“Like what?”

“Kind.”

Will leaned down and pressed his forehead to Nico’s. He wanted to protect the boy so badly, “You don’t want to know the answer.”

They were so close, their noses brushing together. Nico reached up and looped his arms around Will’s shoulders, and Will wrapped him up in his own arms, holding him close.

“Thankyou,” Nico whispered, and that was when Will couldn’t take it anymore.

He closed the last inch between them and kissed Nico. The Italian was too shocked to react and Will took advantage of that, marvelling at the softness of Nico’s lips, how perfectly they slotted against his own. When he started to move them, kissing the boy properly, Nico pushed him away.

“W-What are you doing?!?” his face was red, and he looked...scared. Will’s heart broke, but he knew he needed to try. He leaned down again and kissed Nico once more, and although passionate, he ensured that he was still gentle. Nico gasped and Will’s tongue brushed against his bottom lip, asking for entrance. For a moment it seemed Nico would yield, but then the boy turned his face away, “S-Stop it!” he gasped, covering his mouth with his hands. He tried to roll away but Will put his hands on either side of his head, stopping him from escaping.

“Tell me you don’t want me to kiss you,” he whispered.

“I don’t want you to kiss me,” Nico’s voice was muffled by his hand and he looked ready to cry. Will pried his hand away and then turned the boy’s face, grasping his chin to make sure the boy was looking at him.

“Tell me you don’t want me to kiss you for a different reason than just because it’s the rule.”

Nico opened his mouth, then closed it, then opened it again. He was clearly at loss for an argument, “Will...”

“You were supposed to be this dirty body to fuck, you know,” Will said, and when Nico flinched he cupped his cheek and stroked it. The Italian stared at him, confused, “that’s what I always thought prostitutes were. But you’re not like that. No matter how many men you sleep with I can’t be disgusted with you,” his expression softened, “you’re beautiful, and kind a-and...,” his voice faltered, “and I lo-”

He didn’t get to finish because Nico grabbed him by the shirt and hauled him down, crashing their mouths together. The kiss was intense, harsh, passionate and desperate, like all of their emotions were being thrown into this one gesture. Nico clung onto Will’s shirt like he was scared the blond would pull away, while Will just crushed him down into the mattress in turn. If they had the option to melt together into one in that moment they probably would.

Nico ended the kiss, breathless and flushed, “W-We can’t,” he gasped. Will kissed him, silencing further protests, but Nico shoved him back violently and scrambled out of the bed. He slammed the light on and Will saw how shaky and scared he look, “W-We can’t,” he choked on a sob.

“Nico,” Will said softly, standing up. Nico snatched up his t-shirt.
“This was...this was all a mistake,” he croaked, grabbed his shoes, and then he was gone, slamming the door shut behind him. Will’s shoulders slumped but he should’ve expected it. The thing was, he was determined not to give up on the boy. He was in love with Nico and he was done sharing him with others.

***

Nico showed up to his boss’ office on a Friday rainy evening, ready to start work, or as ‘ready’ as he would be after the ordeal with Will that shattered his heart. The rain dribbled on him and despite his hood he felt cold and wet. He was expecting a long, painful night and could only hope his bruises had faded enough for his boss to find him acceptable.

However he never made it into the office because when he looked up he saw, in shock, that Will was on the front steps. He stood with a bouquet of red roses in his hand, and an umbrella in the other, and smiled at Nico when their eyes met.

“Hi,” he said, and stuck the hand with the flowers out. Nico was so shocked he could barely breathe but somehow he managed to choke out,

“Y-You bought me flowers?”

Will smiled sheepishly, “Uh, yeah. I hope you like them I...I wanted to do this properly.”

“What properly?”

Will climbed down the steps and closed the space between him and Nico. The Italian’s heart pounded when Will came to a stop right in front of him, holding the umbrella over both of them and cutting off the rain. He was so close that Nico couldn’t breathe, thinking only about their kisses, and how he wanted a thousand more of them.

“I went to your boss,” Will said.

“You what?” Nico gasped.

“I paid your debts to him,” Will said, and Nico jolted, “You’re officially not working for him anymore.”

Nico thought he was going to have a heart, “Will you...what?”

“And the other thing,” Will offered Nico the flowers and the Italian took them with shaky hands, dizzy and unfocused. Will cleared his throat, “Nico,” he said in a surprisingly steady and calm voice, “I love you. I want you to date me.”

Nico’s immediate reaction was to reject him, “I can’t,” he said, feverish, “I-I can’t, w-we...you’re my client, I-I can’t have, I-I...”

Will kissed him then, all sweet and soft and, despite standing right outside his abusive employer’s office, Nico felt safe. He leaned into the blond, but Will pulled away.

“I’m not your client anymore,” he said, “and you’re not a prostitute anymore. You can be mine, just mine, if you want to.”

Nico squeezed his eyes shut, overwhelmed, “Tell me this is real.”

Will kissed his forehead, then the corner of his mouth, “This is real.”
Nico believed him, and his kisses, the kisses that he wanted to feel on his skin forever. He clutched the flowers to his chest with shaky hands and looked up at Will, who was in turn looking at him like he was the brightest star in the goddamn sky.

“Come on,” Will whispered, “Say yes. Say you love me too.”

“Yes,” Nico whispered shakily, “Fuck, of course yes. I love you too. God, Will I love you, so, so much, you have no idea, and I’ve wanted you to break this stupid rule-“

Will grinned so brightly it seemed like it was day again, and took Nico’s cheek in his hand, “I’m gonna break that rule, over and over,” he told Nico, and kissed him deeply.
You'll Be My Stone

Chapter Notes

Not gonna lie this gave me serious 'Of Mice and Men' flashbacks but oh well. If you know about the rabbits, you know.

Jercy where Jason & Percy are these poor farmers and blacksmith in some place and Jason wants to propose to Percy but can’t afford a ring for it so he just picks out a beautiful pebble from a river where he and Percy usually meet secretly without their parents knowing and makes a ring himself... plzz make it fluffy...

for ZacharyFrost

Jason slammed his hammer down on the raging hot metal, working to straighten out the sword a knight had brought earlier. The forge was boiling hot and Jason longingly looked at the amber, summer sky outside. The sun was setting but he didn’t finish work yet, and until his work was over he wouldn’t get paid, and he needed to get paid or his family wouldn’t eat tonight.

He slammed the hammer down again, arm aching from working all day, and sparks flew. Jason breathed deep, cheeks red, and wanted nothing more than to get out of the heat.

He looked up at the outside world again, and his heart skipped a beat when he saw a familiar figure perched on a piece of low, crumbling wall near the forge. Dark haired and casual, the figure brought the blacksmith happiness. Jason grinned, and suddenly he was working harder, energy filling his exhausted body. In minutes the sword was ready. Jason shoved it into a pot of cold water and a hiss filled the forge, followed by a waft of smoke.

“Good lad,” Hephaestus, the head blacksmith, grumbled, “You can go home now, boy.”

The huge, rough-edged man walked over to Jason and handed him a small pouch. It felt nice and heavy in his hand, even though Jason knew it only had a few gold pieces inside. It would barely be enough to buy food for the week, but Jason knew it’d do.

“Thankyou,” he inclined his head at the other blacksmith, shoved the pouch into his pocket and slipped off the thick gloves he wore at work, revealing his calloused hands underneath. He took off his leather apron and hung it on a hook by the door, “I’ll see you tomorrow,” he told the older man, and Hephaestus just grumbled an intelligible reply, waiting for the forges to burn out.

Outside it smelled like grass and summer. Birds sang sweetly in the nearby forest, not asleep yet, and
sheep baaaa’ed as the shepherd herded them into a barn for the night. To Jason’s left stretched the forest, and to his right the town began, little houses and cottages all bathed in the light from the sunset. If you were to ignore all the poverty in this little town, you could see its beauty.

“Good evening, sir,” Jason said, approaching the figure on the wall. The boy turned around to face him, grinning. All messy dark hair and sparkling green eyes he was the most gorgeous thing Jason had ever seen, even if he did smell like farm animals and was covered in dirt. A straw hat perched on top of his head.

“Well hello to you also, mister,” the boy tipped his hat. Jason chuckled, glanced over his shoulder to ensure Hephaestus wasn’t looking at them and that nobody else was around, and then swooped down and kissed the love of his life. Perseus Jackson smiled into the brief, sweet kiss.

“You don’t have to come here every day, you know,” Jason said as Percy slipped off the wall, “It might get suspicious.”

The boy pouted, “I thought you liked me picking you up from work,” he teased, then walked off a little. Jason followed him and instead of turning right on the dirt road, Percy veered off to the other side and made for the woods. Jason was happy to follow him despite the tiredness in his bones.

Under the cover of the trees, that shut out most of the light, the two boys felt safe. They tumbled into each other’s arms the moment they were out of eyesight from the road. Percy leaned against a tree and dragged Jason with him until the blond was slotted in all his dips and crevices, hands roaming his lover’s body as he kissed him passionately. They were eighteen summers old, two eager young men who weren’t allowed to show their love anywhere but here, in the seclusion of nature. Neither of them cared that they were filthy; Jason was still sweaty from the forge, and he reeked of metal and ash, while Percy smelled like the animals he worked with every day at the farm, a smell not completely unpleasant to Jason.

The blond’s calloused hands gripped his lover’s face and Percy swept his hat off his head, allowing for them to angle their faces and slot their mouths together better. They were inhaling each other, lips moving in a familiar, forbidden dance. Percy gripped Jason’s waist as their tongues tangled together. Eyes closed, surrounded by nothing but the forest, the two imagined they were in a world of their own, a world where they were allowed to be together.

When they pulled apart, the forest was considerably darker.

“How was your day?” Jason asked, leaning his forehead against Percy’s and stroking his face, soaking up every bit of the boy’s warmth that he could. Their precious time that they had together was trickling between his fingers and Jason was determined to make the most of it.


Jason smiled. As tough and hard as Percy’s job was at the farm he loved the animals, especially Bess, the old cow he had taken care of for two years.

“You must have loved that. I need to go to the market tomorrow,” Jason said, “Care to come with me?”

Percy’s expression went soft and melancholic, “Any chance to be with you is worth it, mister,” he said the last part playfully, wriggling his eyebrows, and both the boys giggled as Jason swooped down to steal yet another kiss. These moments full of sweetness and love was what he lived for, worked for, and starved for every day. It wasn’t an easy life that the two of them had but being together, even briefly, seemed to make everything bearable.
“I think my father has gotten suspicious,” Percy admitted, “He asks where I go after work.”

Jason frowned. “What did you tell him?”

“That I meet a girl,” Percy shrugged, “He wasn’t all that pleased but more pleased than if he knew who the girl was,” he brushed a strand of Jason’s hair from his forehead. The blond caught his hand and kissed it.

“Walk with me to the river,” he said. Percy nodded, not caring that it was getting dark. He slipped his hand into Jason’s as they picked their way through the roots of the trees, “Tell me about what it’s going to be like,” Percy asked softly.

They could hear the river running close by when Jason started to speak, “When we save up enough gold, we will leave this town forever. We will build a cottage in the woods, with a thatched roof and flowers in the windows,” they reached the creak, a silvery stream cutting through the forest, and when grass gave way to pebbles, Jason’s hand tightened on Percy’s, “Inside we will have a fireplace, and it will be cozy and warm, even in the winter. And we will have one bed, a big one, so we can sleep comfortably but so we can sleep together,” Percy smiled at Jason, his face illuminated by the last rays of setting sun, “So we can properly be together. I will have my own forge, and you will have your animals in the pens behind the garden.”

“Chickens, and cows,” Percy continued, “So they’ll make us milk. We’ll have food.”

“Yes, we will,” Jason agreed, “and every night you will fall asleep by my side, and every morning you’ll wake up with me, whether you want it or not-”

“Of course I want it, silly,” Percy smacked his arm playfully. He had put his straw hat back on.

“And maybe people will think we died, but it won’t matter, because we’ll be free. Your father won’t question you, and nobody will look at us weird wondering if we’re getting up to anything.”

Percy stopped walking, but held Jason’s hand, “That sounds perfect, I can’t wait.”

“Me neither,” Jason said, and sank to one knee. Percy’s eyes widened, and both of their hearts pounded.

“W-What are you doing?” Percy whispered, and Jason just squeezed his hand.

“I have another addition to our story,” he said, “When we have enough gold to get our cottage, I will be able to save up and buy you a ring. Probably nothing much, though I know you don’t care about that anyway. But right now,” he picked up a nice, little pebble that he had spotted as they walked, nervous and planning his proposal. It was blue, and Percy smiled when Jason put it in his palm, even if everything was blurry because of the tears in his eyes, “But right now all I can give you is a pebble and yes, I know it’s stupid, and it in no way reflects the amount of love I have for you,” the stones of the river-bed dug into Jason’s knee but he didn’t care, “If I could I would buy you a palace, but alas right now all I can offer you is a pebble, and my heart, so Percy, marry me.”

“God,” Percy choked out, curling his fingers around the stone, “Y-You always want to make me cry, don’t you?” he asked as tears tumbled down his cheeks. Jason kissed the hand he was holding.

“Is that a yes?”

“Of course it’s a yes. Even if we can’t l-legally get married I want to be yours,” Percy tugged Jason to his feet and placed the hand holding the pebble over his heart, “I want to be your husband, even if you’re the only one who knows that I am.”
“You make me so insanely happy,” Jason whispered, then held Percy’s face and kissed him. Darkness fell and they continued to kiss, forgetting for the moment about what their parents wanted. The moon and the trees bore testimony to their engagement, and to their love, and that was enough for them.
Leo comes back after his "dead" phase and once he and the Argo crash into camp and everyone is done hitting / hugging him senseless Nico walks up and just kisses him in front of everyone before shadow travelling to bunker 9 to scold him / thank him for coming back. (you can come up with a reason why he didn’t take caly back maybe she was fucking a different demigod that crashed there)

for Kattie

Honestly Leo had hoped that everyone would be happy to see him, that the few months he had spent on the secluded island in the Caribbean with the lovely natives, repairing Festus enough to get him up in the air, hadn’t been long enough to have people forget about him. But this – he did not expect this.

Percy had organised the whole ‘hit Leo for dying’ escapade, big surprise there, and now Leo was sitting in the middle of the dining pavilion on a chair, Annabeth and Apollo – or Lester he supposed - flanking his sides. He swallowed and Annabeth waved her hand at the crowd of excited Demigods that had gathered in front of them.

“Guys get in a line!” she yelled, “I know we’re not Romans and we don’t know battle formations but a line isn’t that hard!”

Grumbling, whispering and jostling, the Demigods somehow managed to get into a semi-acceptable line, with a very eager Miranda Gardiner at the head. She had pulled the number ‘1’ out of the hat, and Leo already knew it was going to hurt.

“Hi,” he said as Miranda strolled over to his chair confidently. Panicked, Leo glanced at Annabeth, “is this really necessary?” he asked.

“Yes,” Miranda replied for Annabeth, then punched Leo in the arm.

“Ow,” Leo said, even though it didn’t actually hurt, and rubbed the spot. He was surprised when Miranda suddenly threw her arms around him and placed a wet, big, welcome kiss on his cheek.

“You’re a jerk, and we all hate you,” she said, sounding a little choked up, “If you ever disappear like that again, we’ll line up to kill you.”

“Okay, okay!” Leo laughed, secretly pleased at the display of affection. He didn’t know Miranda cared so much about him...that anybody did really. It was like his death proved how many people actually appreciated him, which was all Leo could ask for, even though it came with two dozen hits.
Afterwards came Nyssa, who assaulted Leo with both kisses and hits, and one of the Stoll’s (Leo could never tell them apart), who hit Leo hard.

Then Percy approached, having lined up despite already seeing Leo. Subconsciously the Latino glanced around him, hoping to catch a glimpse of Nico – someone incredibly important to him – and yet the son of Hades was nowhere to be seen. Leo tried not to be disappointed, which was easy when Percy pulled him into a hug instead of hitting him.

“I can’t believe it,” he whispered. “Six months—”

“I told you,” Leo said, patting his back. Percy pulled away, a little misty eyed, and moved to the side as Alice Miyazawa approached, “I tried sending Iris messages. I tried direct message through Festus, dream visions, phone calls. Nothing worked.—Ow! Hey, Alice, how you doing?—Anyway, we ran into one crisis after another.”

“Sounds about Demigod,” Percy shook his head.

“Okay, who’s next, folks?!” Annabeth yelled, “One line. Oi, Malcolm I know you can fucking count, one li—”

She cut off because suddenly the crowd parted and none other than Nico di Angelo walked through. Leo’s breath caught in his throat and his skin tingled, as in that moment he realised that six months was a long, long time. Nico had grown, as had his hair, but his thunderous expression was the same. He stopped a few feet away from Leo, staring at him intensely. Between them hung the fact that Nico had visited Leo’s dreams the past few months, and had been the one who helped bargain with Hades for his soul. He was important to Leo, more than anyone.

“Hi,” Leo whispered. The Demigods around them were silent and tense, waiting for the other shoe to drop. And it did, because suddenly Nico was crossing the space between them. Leo flinched when he approached, expecting a hit, but instead Nico grabbed his wrist, pulled him forcefully to his feet, and kissed him.

Right there, in front of everyone. There was a collective gasp, and Leo’s eyes flew open. Nobody had ever showed him a public display of affection, nobody had ever kissed him. And yet now Nico, one of the coolest, scariest, bravest guys at camp, was kissing him. It was enough to make all of Leo’s insides melt.

“You’re a fucking idiot,” Nico growled, pulling away from a breathless Latino, and suddenly Leo’s world toppled sideways. He felt as if he had suddenly fallen into one of those swirly black and white things hypnotisers used, except everything was in colour.

And then he was standing by Nico’s bed in the Hades cabin, feeling a little queasy, the son of Hades still holding his hand.

“What...,” that was all Leo could manage in that moment.

“What the fuck were you thinking?!?” Nico demanded, letting go of Leo’s hand, “killing yourself like that! What the fuck Leo?!”

“I-I...,” Leo, for once, was at loss for words. Nico was so angry and intense it was kind of scary, and kind of hot.

“Do you know how worried everyone was? How worried I was?! I fucking had to go through my father to get you back and then you have the nerve to be gone for six months?!”
“I’m sorry,” Leo whispered, shocked at how much Nico cared.

“I had to bribe Hypnos, I basically became his shadowtravel taxi so he’d let me into your dreams, so I’d be able to know you were okay-“

“Nico-,” Leo stepped forward, but he was interrupted.

“All those fucking nights I spent trying to pinpoint your location, I thought Solace was going to kill me with all the shadow-travelling I did, all over the world, trying to fucking get to you but you were always out of reach-“

Hearing the pain in his voice was too much for Leo so he grabbed Nico’s face and kissed him, which effectively shut him up. The Latino felt Nico slumped against him, the tension leaving his body, but he only had a second to enjoy the Italian’s lips on his before the Latino pulled away, blushing.

“I’m sorry,” Leo said, “I didn’t mean to be gone so long,” he still held Nico’s face, amazed that he was even allowed to do that. The Italian pressed their foreheads together, eyes soft all of a sudden.

“Just promise never to sacrifice yourself again,” He whispered. Leo smiled, heart breaking.

“Isn’t that what you always do?”

“Leo promise me,” Nico begged, raw emotion in his voice. Leo swallowed and nodded.

“Promise,” he mumbled.

Chapter End Notes

40 more stories to go people!
Darling I was Made for You

Leo is sleeping with one of the canon couples from the Argo II (or if you want you can pair him up with anyone) and he thinks that to them he’s nothing more than a good fuck and a way to spice things up, even though he’s in love with both of them. In reality, they both like Leo and think he knows that because they are always taking him out to dinner and such. After a few months of this Leo begins pulling away because being with them hurts too much and the couple doesn’t know what to do. One night during sex Leo begins crying and finally tells them what he’s been feeling, and they comfort him and tell him all the reasons they love him. Bottom!Leo please.

For Guest

“Leo! Leo!” Piper burst into the forge and, unstopped by the heat in the room, made straight for Leo with a bright grin on her face. Leo pushed the metal mask on top of his head, and his heart started to pound. Piper got to him, all flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and she was so gorgeous that Leo couldn’t breathe for a moment.

“Hi,” he said, and the girl threw her arms around the shorter boy’s shoulders and pulled him close, kissing his cheek. To all the other Hephaestus kids this looked like a normal friendly embrace but to the two of them the connotations were obvious, because Piper and Leo were sleeping with each other.

“Jason’s back!” Piper said, buzzing with excitement. She took Leo’s hand in hers, intertwining their fingers, “I’m borrowing him!” she told the others and then pulled Leo out of the cabin. Leo’s heart pounded when she pulled him outside, into the sun-filled path of grass between the cabins, “I want us to be all together immediately!” Piper told Leo, and he could barely focus on her words, gripping her hand, afraid she’d let go, “Oh Gods I missed him so much, and I missed us three together.”

“Yeah,” Leo said weakly.

He had promised himself he wouldn’t do this anymore. He promised himself that the last time, when Jason was going to Camp Jupiter for a month, would be final, that he wouldn’t be involved with these two anymore, because it caused him too much pain, because he loved them but they didn’t love him. And yet now he was clinging onto Piper’s hand and letting her steer him towards the Zeus Cabin, and he wanted to go. He wanted to be with them again. One last time, he told himself, knowing it was a lie, and he and Piper skipped up the steps towards cabin one.

Jason was standing in front of the open closet, more tanned than he had been a month ago, his hair a little shorter than it had been last time. When he heard the two of them walk in, he turned to the door. Immediately his gorgeous face lit up with a smile.
“Jason!” Piper squealed and threw herself at him. Jason caught her, laughing, and then showered her face in kisses before connecting their mouths. Leo stood to the side, heart twisting, watching the two people he loved kiss each other passionately. He knew he didn’t belong with them, that this was just a way for them to spice up their love life, but right in that moment he wanted to wedge himself between the two of them and kiss them too.

“It’s so good to see you,” Jason pulled away from the kiss so he could stroke Piper’s face, looking at her like she was the most precious thing in the world. Leo took a tiny step backwards, toward the door, but then Jason’s eyes landed on him. He smiled.

“Hi Leo.”

“Hi Jas,” the Latino forced a smile, “Glad you decided to join us again.”

He knew why they were here, and so he started unbuttoning his short-sleeved shirt, but Jason lifted a hand, “Not yet,” he said, slipping an arm around Piper’s waist, “I thought we could go to dinner? Borrow the car from the Hermes cabin, go somewhere nice?”

Piper smiled up at him and leaned up to kiss his jaw, “That sounds lovely.”

“I’ll just see you guys later then,” Leo said with an awkward wave.

“Don’t be stupid,” the blond said, looking at Leo with fond exasperation, “You’re coming with us.”

He took Piper’s hand and made for Leo. He ruffled his hair lovingly, “What do you wanna eat? French? Mexican?”

Piper gave Leo a pointed look and rolled her eyes.

I wish you wouldn’t do this, Leo wanted to say even as warmth flooded his heart, I wish you weren’t kind. I know you only want me for sex, and I wish you didn’t try to cover it up. He didn’t say that out loud though, because secretly he loved this, he loved feeling like they were a couple, all three of them. He liked that they invited him to dinner, even if he knew he was an outsider. He’d always be an outsider – he was Leo Valdez for fuck’s sake, and nobody wanted him, not properly anyway.

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Jason was so goddamn happy. He liked being at Camp Jupiter, working with Reyna and other Romans, but here, with his two Greeks, he was the happiest. As he laid in bed with them, thrusting into Leo as he arched up, so beautiful and enticing, moaning into Piper’s soft mouth as they kissed, Jason was truly happy. He didn’t understand how he had scored the two of them.

“I love you,” he blurted, cock throbbing inside Leo. The Latino whined, turning away from Piper, his hand curling into the sheets of the bed, and the girl surged up, gripped Jason’s face in her hands and kissed him passionately. Jason thought he might come then, but he stopped himself, fingers of one hand digging into Leo’s hip while his other hand tangled in Piper’s soft hair.

“I love you too,” the girl gasped against his lips, then slid downwards, kissing down Jason’s chest before dipping down to Leo’s waist and taking his hard, leaking cock into her mouth. She sucked, and Jason didn’t know where to look – at her lips wantonly wrapped around the boy’s length, or at Leo himself, who was about to lose it.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he sobbed, whimpered, “O-Oh Gods I-I can’t, w-wait-“

Jason grabbed his leg and threw it over his shoulder, kissing his thigh lovingly because he couldn’t reach Leo’s mouth. The Latino came a few seconds later, and Piper swallowed all of it before

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climbing up his thin, shuddering body and kissing him the way Jason wanted. The blond started
thrusting harder, and Leo over-sensitive body clenched around him. Jason pulled out of him then,
pushed Piper onto her back, and thrust into her instead. She moaned, and grabbed Leo’s hand. Jason
was done in the next minute.

The three of them stayed on the bed, gasping for air, for some time. Leo rolled onto his side,
throwing his arm over his eyes. Piper smiled up at Jason, blissed out and playing with his fingers as
he went soft inside her. Eventually he pulled out of her.

“I missed this,” Jason murmured hoarsely. He leaned down and kissed Piper gently before turning to
Leo and peeling his arm back. The boy looked unsure and hesitant, but Jason just wanted him to
look happy. He kissed the boy he loved on the mouth and Leo melted into the kiss.

Jason collapsed between the two of them and immediately Piper curled into his side. She grabbed the
covers and threw them over the three of them before slipping her leg over Jason’s waist. She
snuggled against his neck, kissed it lovingly. Jason slipped an arm around Leo’s waist and forced the
boy to hug his side as well. Piper wrapped an arm around Jason’s waist and rested her hand on Leo’s
hip while Jason nuzzled his curls. This is all he ever wanted.

The blond fell asleep curled up with his two lovers however when he woke up at five in the
morning, with pale grey light falling in through the window, he was spooning Piper, and at his back
was a cold, empty space. Leo was gone, but that was normal. He never stayed long, and Jason
wished he did.

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It was by pure coincidence that Leo, Piper and Jason got put on a quest together, and right from the
start of their trip to Los Angeles despite enjoying the company of the two, Leo felt like he was third
wheeling and interrupting them. Sure enough they finished their quest in a day but because it was
late they used the Camp Half Blood credit card to book themselves a room at a really, really
nice
hotel. It was Piper’s idea.

“Woohoo, this is awesome!” the girl buzzed, rushing into their bedroom. Leo had to admit it was
beautiful, with a huge bed propped up against one wall, strewn with rose petals. Piper started
cackling when she saw that, “I knew the receptionist knew!”

Leo swallowed, eyes darting around as he tried to look for someplace he could sleep. He really
didn’t want to intrude on Piper and Jason. When the girl dashed to the bathroom, he felt Jason’s arm
slide around his shoulders and then the blond nuzzled his hair and kissed his temple. Subconsciously
Leo leaned into the touch.

“It’s nice, isn’t it?” Jason murmured, “Just us three.”

“Yes,” Leo said. He turned in Jason’s arms, just needing to be held in that moment, and Jason
wrapped his arms around him, chuckling. He hugged Leo to his chest and stroked his hair and back
and Leo felt himself unwind. He just wanted it to be like this forever, preferably with Piper there as
well.

“You tired?” Jason murmured gently, “We can go to sleep...”

But Leo knew what they wanted, knew that he only had limited worth – sex. So yes, he was tired,
but he was also horny, and he wanted to be useful. He stood on his tiptoes and kissed Jason. The
blond smiled into the kiss, and deepened it almost immediately, pushing his tongue past Leo’s lips.
He flipped off the light.
They stumbled to the bed in the darkness together and when they fell down, entangled in each other, Jason turned on the bedside lamp without breaking the kiss. His hands gripped the bottom of Leo’s t-shirt and he pulled it over the boy’s head before grinning down at him and plucking a petal from his hair.

“Mind if I join?” Piper asked from where she had been leaning against the wall and watching them. Leo glanced at her and saw a predatory look in her eyes, which kind of made him hard. Piper was generally the aggressive and rough one in bed while Jason was more gentle. Leo was always helplessly on the edge of an orgasm so it all worked nicely.

“Come here,” Jason said and Piper smirked before climbing into bed with them. Her and Jason kissed passionately, tongues dancing together as they discarded their clothes until Jason was just in boxers and Piper was just in her underwear. Seeing her in lacy lingerie made Leo’s dick throb so he reached out and trailed his hand down her side. Immediately she pounced on him, pinning him to the bed and reaching down with one hand to rub him through his shorts. Leo whined, grinding up against her hand.

“Hold him down, Jason,” Piper said. Jason did as he was told, taking both of Leo’s skinny wrists into his one hand and pinning them down above his head. A flood of heat went through Leo, and then Jason was kissing him as Piper made her way down his body. Jason’s kisses were more precise, shaking Leo to the core, while Piper’s ignited heat within him. Combined, they made Leo lose his mind.

Piper slipped off his shorts and underwear, leaving Leo naked and exposed. If he wasn’t so turned on he might’ve cared.

“F-Fuck!” Leo gasped, jerking when with no warning Piper took his entire cock into her mouth. The sudden wet heat that surrounded him made a litany of moans spill from his mouth.

“Keep your hands up,” Jason told him, before he also made his way down Leo’s body. The Latino felt dizzy even before Jason pulled his legs up and licked his hole. He shuddered as the blond slowly pushed the muscle inside him while Piper loudly sucked him off, slurping and licking. Leo’s world spun, his hips twitched. It was a lot to handle at once.

Heat crawled up into every little corner of Leo’s body until he was literally burning up with pleasure. Only a few minutes of ministrations from his lovers had him ready to come, but of course the two new that. They both withdrew from Leo’s body, leaving him whimpering for more. Piper disappeared somewhere and Jason climbed back up Leo’s body. He kissed him sweetly, looking in control while Leo was a flushed, panting mess.

“You good, baby?” Jason stroked his face.

Leo nodded feverishly, “S-So good,” he whispered. Jason kissed him again, deeply, and the bed shifted as Piper climbed back on. Leo heard the cap of a lube bottle open and he shivered in anticipation. He tried to reach up and wrap his arms around Jason as they kissed but the blond wasn’t having it, pushing his wrists back down.

Leo moaned when he felt a cold, wet finger push itself inside of him. He bit his lip and Jason started to kiss his neck, sucking hickeys into his skin. Leo looked down and saw Piper smirking at him while she gently fingered him.

“Piper...,” Leo moaned, helpless. The girl winked at him and suddenly Leo had three fingers inside of him with Piper thrusting them in roughly. His back arched off the bed and he cried out, pleasure sizzling up his spine, “A-Ah...f-fuck—“
Jason pulled away from his neck and slipped off his boxers, “C’mon, baby,” he said in a low, soft voice, “Suck me off.”

Leo turned his head and saw Jason’s hard cock only inches away. Desperate to somehow get rid of the energy inside him, he leaned forward and licked the erection before sucking it into his mouth the way he had countless times before. The weight and size of Jason’s cock were familiar on Leo’s tongue. He sucked the hot member sloppily as it muffled his moans of pleasure. Leo felt like he was intoxicated.

“Good boy,” Jason whispered, sliding his fingers into Leo’s hair, “So good...”

Leo looked up at him and saw that Jason’s face was full of pleasure, which just made him more aroused. Piper continued to finger him but she also suddenly grabbed his erection and started stroking him.

Jason’s cock flopped from Leo’s mouth as the boy let out a broken sob, “O-Oh my G-Gods,” he was shaking, “I-I can’t-”

“Shhh,” Jason was there suddenly, kissing him as Leo inched towards his orgasm. Where Piper fucked him with her fingers harder and stroked him faster, Jason was there with his soft kisses. It was all too much and Leo tumbled over the edge, pressing desperately into Jason.

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Piper walked into the Zeus cabin, that she had unofficially moved into, and saw Jason sitting on the edge of the bed. The sight after a tiring, harrowing day was welcome even if her other favourite boy was missing.

“Hey baby,” Piper said, closing the door. She toed off her shoes and padded across the floor, climbing onto the bed. She wrapped her arms around Jason’s broad shoulders from behind and kissed the side of his neck. He turned his head and Piper frowned because Jason looked upset. She smoothed back his hair, “What’s wrong?” she asked.

“It’s Leo,” Jason said sadly, and Piper’s heart twisted.

“Yeah, he didn’t come to dinner last week,” she said, stroking her boyfriend’s cheek, “and he hasn’t slept round for a while. I miss him too.”

“He’s avoiding us,” Jason said.

“No, he’s not,” Piper said softly, “He says he’s busy-“

“He’s not,” Jason said bluntly, “he’s just avoiding us.”

Piper kissed Jason’s forehead, “Maybe he’s not satisfied. I know we’ve done everything we could, but maybe we need to make it clearer to him how much we love him? Maybe we were too rough with him last time?”

“What if he just doesn’t want us?” Jason asked, biting his lip, “He never said he loves us.”

“Okay we’ll just make sure he knows how much we love him,” Piper said, trying to remain optimistic. Jason nodded, and she pressed their mouths together. She always thought she got more than she deserved – one big love in the form of Jason was already more than most people got, and yet she was here, trying desperately to have a second love. She loved Jason and Leo equally, and yet she knew that what they had wasn’t...ideal. But she wanted to try, at least once more, before she
gave up on the three of them.

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Leo approached the Zeus cabin with a heavy heart. It had been two months since Jason came back and despite his futile promises, Leo was still involved with the couple. He just couldn’t seem to stay away which meant he was always anxiously awaiting the day that Piper and Jason discard him and continue their perfect life together. They would start a family, buy a house, and Leo was scared that the second he wasn’t needed in their sex life he wouldn’t be needed at all and they wouldn’t even be friends anymore.

*Live in the moment,* he tried to tell himself as he opened the door to the cabin, but it was hard. He had declined the last few invites from the couple but there was only so much ‘avoiding’ he could do before he’d have to tell them the truth.

His doubts disappeared for a moment when he walked into the cabin because what he saw threw him off-guard. The cabin had been transformed; a table had been set up in the middle with three chairs and three sets of plates, as well as a shitload of food. Candles were strewn around the room, providing a gentle, intimate light. Piper and Jason stood by the table, smiling gentle.

“Hi,” Jason said.

“This is unnecessary,” Leo laughed, tucking a piece of his hair behind his ear anxiously, “We can just fuck, this whole thing,” he gestured at the table, shaking, “isn’t necessary.”

Jason and Piper exchanged a look and then the girl approached. She surprised Leo by taking his face into her hands, “We want to have dinner,” she said gently, pressing her forehead to Leo’s, “So come on. Jason cooked.”

As Leo sat down he felt anxious. Piper poured wine, they cracked jokes that Leo laughed along too and yet the Latino couldn’t help but feel that the only reason this was happening was because he had been distancing himself and now the two felt like they needed to work harder to get Leo to give them his ass. As much as Leo enjoyed the dinner, as much as it made him feel like he was really part of the couple, he knew it wasn’t real. He had to remind himself that this was an arrangement and not a relationship.

When they finished dinner and none of them got up, Leo finally broke, “Okay let’s just get on with it.”

Piper let out a sigh and Jason looked at him, “Leo,” he said, “We didn’t ask you round for sex, but if it’s-”

Leo stood up and walked over to Jason, sliding into his lap and cutting him off mid-sentence. The blond gaped up at him and Leo just took his face in his hands and kissed him passionately while grinding down on Jason’s lap.

The blond groaned and hesitated only for a second before giving in. He slid his arms around Leo’s waist and the Latino felt Jason get hard below him. He kissed the blond harder, trying to forget all his worries and insecurities. It wasn’t easy until Jason picked him up and carried him to the bed, dumping him on the soft covers. He slid between Leo’s legs, continued to kiss him passionately. Leo just wanted to drown himself in Jason and Piper and forget everything.

Piper climbed onto the bed and attached herself to Leo’s neck. The boy moaned. Jason broke their kiss and started undressing himself so Leo turned his head. Piper kissed him, but she was gentler than
usual, her kisses soft. She stroked Leo’s face and hair as she kissed him and he just burst into tears.

Piper and Jason both froze, staring at Leo in shock and the boy, embarrassed, rolled onto his side and buried his face in a pillow. He tried to control himself, but it seemed impossible. Tears just kept coming, rolling down his face over and over and the sobs bubbled up in his throat. For a moment, there was nothing, just him and all his emotions flooding him. And then there were hands, gentle and loving.

“Hey, hey baby,” Jason murmured, stroking Leo’s hip. Piper grasped his shoulder and rolled him back over. She curled into his side and nuzzled his wet cheek.

“Don’t cry.”

“What’s wrong?” Jason was looking down at him with soft, blue eyes, “Tell us what’s wrong.”

“I-I’m in love with you,” Leo sobbed out, unable to hold it back anymore, “I-I am so in fucking love with b-both of you a-and it will never work b-because I’m j-just here to s-spice up your sex life or some shit a-and doing this i-is...i-it’s killing me, I c-can’t do it-“

“What are you talking about?” Piper seemed puzzled. Jason grabbed Leo’s wrist and pulled him up into a sitting position. The couple crowded in around the Latino, their arms around him, cradling him between them, “You’re such an idiot,” the girl murmured, “we’re in love with you too.”

A shock went through Leo, “W-What?” he stuttered.

“You really are daft,” Jason smiled, pulling Leo so his back was against Jason’s chest. Piper kissed the confused boy’s forehead, “We have been in love with you from the start.”

“But...what...why?” Leo didn’t understand.

“Because you’re beautiful,” Piper murmured, “absolutely stunning. We love your curls, your eyes, and yeah, your body too.”

“But we love so much more,” Jason murmured, “Your smiles, your corny jokes. We love how kind you are, how brave. We’re just so, so in love with you.”

Piper kissed Leo, and the boy shivered, “You’re not...,” he swallowed, “You’re not lying.”

“Of course not,” Piper murmured, “we are so in love with you, stupid.”

Leo didn’t know what to do, or if he believed them but Jason re-arranged the pillows and the three of them curled up on the bed together, with Leo between them. Piper and Jason kept kissing him, everywhere, and Leo fell asleep between them.

For the first time he woke up with them too. He was awake first and looked from Piper’s to Jason’s faces in the soft morning sunlight. Their expressions were soft and relaxed as they slept and all Leo could think about was all the love he had for them. He could only hope that they were serious about the love they had for him too.
**Cooler Than Me**

**Vampire! Nico x Leo**
Where Nico is a vampire that develops a crush on Jason or Percy but as a antisocial vampire from a different time period he decides to get help from his only human friend Leo on how to be “cool” and they fall for each other in the process. If you could end it with smut that’d be great, I don’t care who tops!

For AlisaPapir

Nico di Angelo was curled up in Leo’s bed in his dorm, buried under multiple blankets, when the owner of the room – and the bed- walked in. Leo Valdez was a nineteen-year old, happy go lucky engineering student, who was currently too hyper for the ungodly hour of the night. In one hand he had a McDonald’s bag, in the other he had a plastic bag.

“You still alive?” Leo asked, then giggled, “obviously not alive, but y’know what I mean-“

“Stop. Talking.” Nico growled from under the covers. He stuck his head above the covers and in that moment he looked more like a vampire than ever before, all pale skin and dark circles under his eyes which were so dark they were almost black.

Leo grinned and plopped down on the floor right by his best friend. Nico groaned in pain and rolled away, the smell of Leo – all sweet and salty – was making his already starving body ache in agony. Leo was human, delicious, hot, and human. Nico didn’t usually feel attracted to Leo – usually he was in love with Percy Jackson, a fellow vampire - but he hadn’t eaten in three days and Leo smelled amazing, just like every other human.

“You know,” Leo pulled out a blood bag he stole from the hospital out of the plastic bag. He had long ago stopped getting grossed out by the sight of it. Nico snatched it from his hand, “This was really unnecessary. You could’ve just fed from me.”

Nico sat up and ripped open the bag of blood, eagerly sucking the life-giving substance. It felt thick and delicious against his perched throat and Leo watched him, a little fond. When Nico finished half the bag he stopped for a moment to wipe his mouth. His eyes blazed red as they did every time they fed. His fangs were elongated, poking out from his top lip which was all smeared with blood. Usually Nico was very calm and collected and Leo liked these rare moments where he saw his best friend lose control.

“No, you know I’m never going to drink from you,” Nico said, voice hoarse. Leo’s shoulders slumped a little.

“Would you drink from Percy?”
Nico made a face, “No,” he said, “Vampire blood tastes like crap.” If Percy had been human that would’ve been a different story – Nico was in love with him, had been for centuries, and even though it was a one-sided love Nico couldn’t feel any other way. Drinking from a human could be one of two things; something brutal, done in dark alleyways to feed the carnal desire within every vampire, or it could be something intimate and full of love where a human willingly submitted themselves to a vampire and allowed them to feed. Nico couldn’t do either with Percy, and he didn’t want that connection with Leo. No matter how brightly his best friend burned, Nico knew that in a few short centuries he’d fade away just like everyone else had.

“You know, I think he’d accept you if you confessed,” Leo said, pulling out a cheeseburger out of his own bag as Nico continued to drink, “he seems pretty oblivious though so you might need to spell it out for him.”

“He would never go for me,” Nico grumbled, finishing his meal, “I’m too old-school, he always says I’m stuck in my ways. He’s more... ‘with the times’ as you’d say it,” he rolled his eyes.

“Aww you sawin you’we not cool enuuf for hwim?” Leo asked with his mouth full.

“What?” Nico asked, already feeling a little better. He put his empty blood bag back into the plastic bag as Leo swallowed.

“I said – are you saying you’re not cool enough for him?” he repeated. Nico shook his head and sighed, exasperated. Leo was like an overexcited kid, practically buzzing over his cheeseburger. Nico leaned over and wiped a crumb from the corner of the human’s mouth, the centuries between them weighing down on him. They might’ve looked the same, but Nico could’ve been Leo’s great-great-great-grandfather.

“I don’t know, I just know Percy would never feel the same,” Nico said, “But honestly I don’t want to talk about it. I should go back to my dorm.”

Leo really, really didn’t want that – he liked having Nico around, a little too much probably.

“Hey,” he said, scrambling to his feet when Nico gracefully got off the bed. He was only a couple of inches taller than Leo, but he seemed a lot more powerful – probably because he was, “You don’t have to go yet.”

“I already spent too much time here,” Nico said, sighing, “Percy will be wondering where I am. Besides,” he smiled a gentle smile at Leo, the one he only had for the Latino, “I feel like I’m just causing you trouble.”

“You’re not,” Leo blurted, then cleared his throat, hating how over-eager he sounded, “But yeah, uh, it’s quite late actually. I could catch some sleep before tomorrow’s lecture. But if you really want Percy to like you I can teach you how to be ‘cool’ or whatever.”

Nico shook his head, “No, I don’t care about that,” he grumbled, then walked to the door and picked up the long, black trench coat he wore everywhere. When he put it on he looked like a real, stereotypical vampire, “I’ll see you later.”

“Bye,” Leo gave him a little wave and watched the vampire go. When the door closed behind him, Leo collapsed onto his bed and stared up at his dark ceiling. He picked a fry out of the packet and ate it slowly while thinking through how he had become best friends with an almost three-hundred year old vampire.

He had found out on accident during one of the first weeks of university when he accidentally saw
Nico sucking blood from some girl in an alley. Nico tried to do this juju thing where he hypnotised Leo into forgetting but for some reason it didn’t work on the Latino. Since then Leo stuck to Nico like glue until the Vampire opened up to him and they ended being what they were now – bizarre best friends. Despite their close friendship Leo still knew relatively little about Nico’s long lifespan; the Vampire had been born in the 1720s in Italy and was turned at nineteen by some vampire in Venice. Nico ran away from said Vampire pretty quickly, and met Percy in England. Since then they had been together, and Leo had to admit that he was jealous. Jealous of the long-lasting bond Percy had with Nico. He wished that Nico cared about him as much as he did about the other Vampire.

Frustrated, Leo rolled onto his side and even though he tried to sleep, it was impossible. His mind was full of Nico, over thinking everything and making it hard for Leo to switch off.

As Leo tossed and turned in his bed, Nico walked across the dark, cold campus alone, hurrying towards his and Percy’s shared dorm-room in a different building. Percy and Nico had enrolled in this college as a joke, for the third time. The first time had been in 1843, and they both became alumni’s of Cambridge, though naturally they couldn’t show their outdated paperwork to anyone anymore. They went again in 1909 to the Saratov University in Russia, where Nico though that he first fell in love with Percy. Soon after, however, the political situation in Russia grew...tense, and the two had to relocate. Nico ‘died’ at nineteen, Percy at twenty, so they always felt like they fit in the best with college kids. Percy liked the ‘culture,’ the binge drinking, partying with hot chicks and trying drugs he had already tried a hundred times. Nico enjoyed the lack of responsibility and the fact that his pale face and half-dead look weren’t so horribly out of place at University. Which was why in 2018 he and his long-time crush once again enrolled in college, this time in Columbia university, where Nico met Leo, almost two years ago.

Nico liked Leo, a lot. Leo was so lovely and human, and Nico felt protective over him. Still, right now all he could think about was the stress that he was going to get when he walked into his and Percy’s dorm room. The other Vampire’s oblivion really grated on Nico’s nerves; he wasn’t brave enough to say it out loud, and he needed a push from Percy. Except Percy didn’t push because he didn’t even know about Nico’s feelings, which was really, really fucking irritating.

Nico climbed up the stairs to his dorm and walked down the empty corridors, dragging his feet. He felt a lot better after feeding but the weight of his crush on Percy felt like it was pressing down on him. The Vampire opened the door and took two steps into the room before freezing.

Percy was at it in his bed, fucking some blonde girl on his bed. Nico stared at them in shock, at the man he loved making love to someone else. He felt hollow inside. Percy realise he was there and stopped, looking up. He blinked.

“Oh shit,” he said, “Hi Nico. Didn’t think you’d be back tonight.”

“Don’t worry,” Nico gritted his teeth, “I’m not.”

He turned on his heel and slammed the door shut.

Leo was still tossing and turning when Nico burst into his room, scaring the living shit out of him.

“Jesus Christ!” Leo sat up, heart pounding. When he saw Nico in his doorway he collapsed backwards on his bed, rubbing a hand down his face, “Don’t burst in like that.”

Nico walked into the room and closed the room, “Percy is sleeping with some whore.”

“Hey!” Leo propped himself up on his elbow, “You can’t call girls that, remember?”
“Right,” Nico rolled his eyes and shrugged his trench coat off, “Well, regardless, I can’t go there tonight, not when he’s with her....” he made a face, though he was more disgusted than hurt. Leo sighed.

“Sorry. I know how much it must suck,” he said gently, heart breaking for Nico. The Italian shook his head.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said, shoving off his shoes, “It’s not your burden,” he pulled the covers off of Leo, who blinked in surprise when the Vampire climbed into the bed with him, “I hope you don’t mind,” the immortal said, laying next to Leo, who could just stare at him in surprise, “We’re friends, aren’t we? So this is alright?”

“Yeah, yeah, of course,” Leo scooted up his bed as Nico settled next to him. He could see Leo perfectly in the dark thank to his Vampire sight, but Leo had more trouble though he had to admit he felt a lot more relaxed with Nico next to him even though the boy was technically dead.

“You’re really warm,” the Vampire muttered. He didn’t reach out and touch Leo, even though for some reason he really wanted to. Leo was the only person, save for Percy, who Nico felt comfortable being close to. Apart from the two of them he hated physical contact.

“Yeah, well, maybe you’re just really cold,” the human replied teasingly, fighting the urge to snuggle up to Nico.

“Watch it or I might get peckish,” the Italian muttered. Leo giggled.

“Well they do say I’m a snack,” he winked at Nico, knowing the Vampire would see it in the dark, “Night, Neeks,” he murmured.

“Goodnight, Leo,” Nico said, watching with a little disappointment as Leo rolled over onto his side. Although sleep wasn’t required for Vampires, it was a stupid habit Nico was unable to shake, and so he found himself laying on his side and listening to Leo breathe, before his already dead body shut off for the night.

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Nico came out of the changing room, self-conscious, and Leo slapped a hand over his mouth so he wouldn’t start laughing, but Nico knew he looked ridiculous anyway.

“This is stupid,” he grumbled, crossing his arms over his chest. Leo snickered, taking Nico in.

“No, no I just...,” he giggled, “I don’t think Hawaiian shorts suit you, that’s all.”

Sure enough Nico was standing in front of Leo in shorts that exposed his very, very pale legs, and a bright t-shirt that clashes with the whole vampire aesthetic. Still, to get Nico to be ‘cool’ and fit in with the new generation this was necessary. Nico himself had asked for this, and he had nobody to blame for this humiliating shopping trip but himself.

“Right, onto the next outfit,” Nico sighed, walking back into the dressing room. He stripped out of the shorts and t-shirts that Leo had stupidly picked out for him, and picked out the next set. Nico’s normal clothing was made up of black turtle-necks and dress pants, paired with his trench coat regardless of what season it was. Now he pulled on a pair of black skinny jeans, then pulled a soft, cotton, grey t-shirt over his head, finishing the look off with a leather jacket. He didn’t look at himself in the mirror, instead pulling on his boots that he had during the French revolution, that he refused to switch out. He walked out of the dressing room.
Leo was struck speechless. He always thought Nico was handsome, with his high cheekbones, dark hair and the brooding, mysterious look. But seeing him dressed so casually was new, and different, and it made his stomach feel all weird and tingly. Nico looked hot.

“O-Oh,” Leo squeaked. Nico didn’t understand why Leo was looking at him like he was one of the wonders of the world.

“Is that a good ‘oh’ or...?” Nico asked, putting his hands in his pockets. He felt weird, and he wanted Leo to desperately like the way he looked. Which made him self conscious.

“Definitely a good ‘oh,’” Leo grinned, filling Nico’s chest with warmth, “You are buying those clothes ASAP.”

“What does that mean again?” Nico asked.

“As soon as possible,” Leo rolled his eyes, “God, I forget you’re from the eighteenth century sometimes.”

Nico bared his fangs at Leo, more as a teasing gesture than a threat, and Leo grinned, sitting on the bench by the changing room and swinging his legs. They finished up their shopping and then Leo dragged Nico to a little cafe where Leo ate a croissant and drank a milkshake, and Nico sipped on bitter black coffee.

“Social media is important,” Leo tried to explain to Nico, though the Vampire seemed more interested in watching the rainy street outside. Leo snapped his fingers in front of Nico’s face, “Oi, I’m serious! If you want to fit into this century and have Percy think you’re cool you’re going to have to get Instagram, Twitter, Snapchat, the whole shebang, maybe even Facebook.”

“You could be speaking Mandarin for all I can understand,” Nico said dryly, crossing his arms over his new t-shirt. Leo blinked.

“I thought you can speak Mandarin.”

Nico sighed, “I can speak Cantonese. It’s different.”

“Right, besides the point,” Leo waved him off, “Percy has all the social media, so you should get it too.”

“How do you know he has it?” Nico frowned. Leo shrugged.

“I have him on everything,” he pulled Nico’s phone from his bag, “Okay let’s start with downloading some apps.”

Nico could feel a headache coming on, “Is this really necessary?” he asked, “Why do I have to have this ‘social media’ to be cool.”

“Dude, everyone has it. It’s a great way to communicate. Look,” he shoved his own phone into Nico’s hand and the Vampire saw himself looking at a screen full of Leo’s pictures. He blinked, “What is this?” he asked.

“My Instagram,” Leo said proudly, downloading more stuff onto Nico’s virtually empty phone. He didn’t like using it, and it’s only purpose was to call Leo, Percy, and occasionally the kebab place around the corner.
“Riiiight,” Nico gingerly put Leo’s phone on the table and finished his coffee.

“Hmmm, we need to think of a username,” Leo said, more to himself than to Nico, “it’s best if it’s the same for all platforms – it will be easier for people to follow you...hmmm...what about Death Boy?”

“Death Boy?” Nico wrinkled his nose.

Leo stared at the street, “Err, never mind, it’s taken. Let’s do...Death-underscore-boy...what year were we born again?”

“1722.”


“Um, yeah, sure.”

Leo nodded and, grinning, lifted Nico’s phone, “Smile for a picture!” he said and then managed to get a brilliant candid shot of Nico, looking a little frightened, sitting in the cute cafe with the rainy window on one side, “Perfect! Let’s caption it...hmmm...how about – Rainy days and coffee?”


“It’s a caption, that goes below the picture,” Leo showed him the phone, “See?”

“But why rainy days and coffee?” Nico didn’t understand, “It doesn’t mean anything, it’s just a list of things.”

“It’s mysterious,” Leo rolled his eyes.

“But I don’t.” Nico didn’t understand, “I love few things in life. I loved my mother, and I loved the village I grew up with, and I love Percy-“

Leo’s heart twisted, “Right, right, gotcha.”

Nico sighed and flopped down in his chair, “Let’s just do the rainy days and coffee. You’re giving me a headache.”

“Right,” Leo muttered. At times like these he wished Nico wasn’t so cold. He posted the picture than quickly looked up his own profile on Nico’s phone and gave himself a follow. Then, hesitating and a little unhappy to have to do it, he also followed MrJackson_, before handing the phone back to Nico, “Done. I made you a Snapchat, Twitter and Facebook too,” he said, and Nico could see that something was wrong. It was like all the energy had seeped out of Leo.

“Hey,” the Vampire poked him with his foot under the table, “Don’t get angry.”

“I’m not angry.”

“You’re annoyed,” Nico pointed out, “I didn’t mean it, you’re not giving me a headache.”

“Right,” Leo was even more annoyed because his annoyance was showing. He stood up, “I need to finish a project for Monday so I’m going to get going.”
“What about the whole ‘Get Cool’ plan?” Nico asked. Leo shrugged.

“Go to your room, take a couple of selfies with Percy-“

“Selfies?” Nico blinked.

“Add them to your story-“

“What story?” Nico was baffled.

“Ask Percy,” Leo snapped, even though he didn’t mean to snap. He caught Nico off-guard; the Vampire wasn’t used to Leo being in a mood and yet it was clear that in that moment he was unhappy.

“Fine,” Nico was never one to comfort, “I’ll ask him.”

“Yeah, bye,” Leo threw and then all but stormed out of the cafe. A part of him wished that Nico would run after him as he walked out into the freezing rain but naturally he Vampire didn’t. He never did what Leo wanted.

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“Are you sure you want to do this?” Leo double-checked. He and Nico were sitting on the balcony attached to Percy’s and Nico’s dorm-room. It was a nice, warm evening, one of the first in the spring, and the two were just in hoodies. In Leo’s lap was a packet of tobacco, a grinder and a little baggie of weed. He was in the process of rolling a joint and Nico was mesmerized by the quick, graceful movement of his fingers.

“Yes,” Nico replied, “Substances never work on me anyway...or at least alcohol doesn’t. This might. And it’ll make me cool, right?” he rolled his eyes. Leo shrugged.

“I dunno, but I know Percy smokes.”

“I’ve wanted to try if anyway.”

“Okay,” Leo finished rolling and put the blunt into his mouth. Nico watched as Leo burned the end. For once he didn’t look like a hyper kid, he looked mysterious and kind of gorgeous...which was something Nico never thought about. He looked away, feeling weird, but Leo was too focused on the blunt to pay attention. Nico sneakily watched him as he let big billows of white smoke from between his lips. There was something obscene about him in that moment, and it made Nico uncomfortable and a little aroused.

Fuck, he thought, and tried to think about something else. His brain fell on Percy, because Percy was the reason he was doing this. Subconsciously Nico tugged on the drawstrings of his hoodie. He liked hoodies, he found, they were more comfortable than shirts and coats.

“Here,” Leo leaned over with the blunt between his fingers. The air smelled weird and Nico hesitantly took it from his best friend’s hand, before sticking it into his mouth and hesitantly sucking. Smoke filled his mouth and he quickly let it out.

Leo laughed, “You’re doing it wrong!”

“What do you mean?” Nico asked, “How do you do it right?”

“You need to inhale it,” Leo said, “Like if you’re taking a deep breath.”
Nico followed his instructions and seconds later harsh smoke was scratching his throat. He started coughing violently, feeling like his lungs were on fire. Leo laughed.

“Well look at that! You have human reactions!”

“Fuck,” Nico croaked, and when he straightened up the world seemed a little fuzzy, “Woah...”

“There you go,” Leo grinned and took the blunt, taking two more puffs before offering it to the Vampire once more. Nico shook his head.

“I don’t think I can, it kind of hurts.”

“Okay, I have a way for it to go down easier,” Leo said. He was feeling nice and warm and soft, and so he didn’t think too much about what he did next. He slid forward until he was leaning over Nico, who looking up at him in surprise. Leo took a mouthful of smoke and then leaned down, pressing his mouth to Nico’s.

Nico froze, lips parting in shock and giving Leo opportunity to blow the smoke into his mouth. It slid down his throat gently and Leo remained pressed into Nico a little longer than necessary. Then he leaned away, cackling like a gremlin and pretending the ‘kiss’ didn’t make his heart pound.


“Y-Yeah,” he said, for a moment feeling hot and alive. Then the moment passed and the high descended on him.

“We should take a selfie,” Leo offered, “So Percy can see it.”

He climbed in next to Nico, so they were shoulder to shoulder, and pulled out his phone, “Smile!” he said happily and Nico saw on the screen the two of them. They looked good together, eyes a little unfocused, smiles a little dopey. Leo was like a ray of sunshine pressed into his side. He took the picture, “Perfect!” he cooed, “That’s going on my Story!”

Nico didn’t listen to his ramblings and leaned his spinning head on the human’s shoulder. Leo’s heart started to pound.


“Want a drink?” Leo laughed, only half-joking. He had wanted Nico to bite him for a while. But the Vampire just shook his head.

“I’m not that high,” he murmured, though he was very, very tempted.

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Nico watched with worry as Leo tossed down drink after drink. Even though Nico was drinking with him he was a Vampire and he had long ago found that the simple pleasure of intoxication was taken away from him alongside his life. It was a small price to pay for immortality but it meant Nico now had to watch his best friend get smashed. Leo, for his part, was trying to drink away his worries and the feelings he was harbouring for his best friend.

He had been attracted to Nico...well, since the start. But the past few weeks had made those feelings grow, which was problematic since Nico was very openly in love with Percy...which was precisely why they were in this club.
“Are you okay?” Nico asked, leaning in close to Leo.

“I’m fiiiiine,” the Latino slurred, “I’m gonna dance.”

He needed to get away from Nico and so he eagerly slipped into the crowd full of sweaty, drunk party-goers. Nico watched him go and he sighed, turning back to the bar and glaring down at his whiskey glass. A part of him wanted to go dance – working with Leo the past few weeks to be ‘cool’ had gotten Nico to step out of his shell, though not enough that he was confident to go dancing. He knew how to ballroom dance, but he doubted he could just wrap his arm around Leo’s waist and start spinning them around...

Wait. Why did he want to slow-dance with Leo?!

“Hi!” Percy appeared in front of Nico, startling the other Vampire. Drinking with Leo made him completely forget that Percy was at this club too.


“What’s with the style change?”

Nico shrugged, “Dunno, just need to get with the times, don’t I?”

“It suits you,” Percy smirked, “By the way are you and Leo like a thing or something?”

“What?” Nico frowned, “No, of course not. Why would you think that?”

“You seem to always be together, and you were taking selfies together...”

Leo looked at Nico and Percy from the crowd. He was grinding between a guy and a girl and all he could think about was how badly he wanted to rip the two apart. Percy didn’t deserve Nico – the Italian was way too good for him.

Their eyes met suddenly, and for a second Leo thought that his eyes flashed red. Then, for some reason, Nico clenched his jaw and looked determinedly at Percy.

“I’m in love with you,” Nico interrupted Percy mid-word. “No, wait, correction. I was in love with you.”

Nico didn’t know where all of this was coming from, but he was just fed up. Percy was just rambling at him, as irritatingly oblivious as always, and Leo was across the dance-floor, dancing with people and looking at Nico, and for the first time in centuries the Vampire felt confused. All he knew was that he needed to get this off his chest, but he also knew that he no longer had feelings for Percy...actually, he hadn’t had feelings for him for a while. He realised that when he got high – that he had been clinging onto his ‘love’ for Percy because it was safe and familiar. Granted, Nico didn’t know if this meant that he had fallen for Leo, but he just knew he couldn’t continue this way.

“I...uh...what...,” Percy choked out, looking like a college kid and not a very old Vampire.

“You heard me,” Nico crossed his arms over his chest.

“S-So you don’t love me anymore,” Percy said.

“No,” Nico said, “Not anymore.”

“Because I love Annabeth,” Percy whispered, “I’m sorry-“
“Didn’t you hear me?” Nico snapped, “I’m over you.”

“O-Okay,” Percy stuttered. Nico rolled his eyes. Percy was like a child sometimes, and Nico didn’t want to deal with him, or anyone else for the matter. He shook his head and then stormed off, out of the club. Leo watched him go, worried, but too drunk to follow. They both needed space.

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“You need to get out of bed,” Leo whispered, fingers carding through Nico’s hair. Stop that, Nico thought, body hurting, stop touching me, “You need to get out of my bed and go to your dorm and face Percy.”

“I don’t want to,” Nico said hoarsely. He had come here two nights ago, after the club, because he didn’t want to look at Percy. Drunk Leo just climbed into bed with him and plastered himself to Nico’s back and fallen asleep. But it was the second night now and Leo was perched on the side. He didn’t want Nico to go, honestly, but he also knew that he needed to sort his life out.

“Come on, Neeks,” Leo said, “You can’t just live here.”

“Leo,” Nico whispered, squeezing his eyes shut, “You need to stop touching me.”

Leo snatched his hand away, “What? Why?”

“I haven’t eaten in three days,” Nico admitted in a small voice. And you smell intoxicating.

“Fuck, Nico,” Leo panicked, “Why didn’t you tell me?!”

He brushed his hair back and a wave of his smell hit Nico. He could smell his blood, pulsing and fresh, and he groaned, “F-Fuck,” the Vampire stuttered, and his body moved by itself. Suddenly he had Leo on his back, pushing him down onto the boy’s own bed. The human looked at him, all tousled curls and wide, scared eyes.

“N-Nico,” he choked out.

“I want to bite you,” Nico growled, driven only by his carnal desires. How did he get here? How did he allow himself to get to this state? Leo made him drop his guard way too much and now Nico was starving and full of conflicting feelings, but for once he wasn’t hesitating – he suddenly knew what he wanted, and that something was right there, laying underneath him, trembling.

Leo gasped. Nico hovered him like a sexy, dark...well, Vampire. His eyes were like two dark pits, filling Leo with heat. The Latino bit his lip, feeling like he was burning beneath Nico’s intense, hungry gaze. He should’ve been scared, but he wasn’t.

“Do it,” he said, voice coming out helplessly breathless.

Nico grabbed his legs and using his inhuman strength he hauled Leo closer, pushing his thighs apart so he could settle between them. Leo gasped again when Nico pressed his cold mouth to his neck, inhaling the Latino’s intoxicating scent. Nico could feel his pulse, thrumming wildly, and his mouth tingled with the promise of the boy’s delicious blood. He gripped Leo’s hip and licked a strip up his neck, over his pulse. Leo surprised both of them by letting out a little moan. So many times Nico had told him that blood-drinking was intimate and special, and Leo wanted it. He wanted to be special to Nico, the way Percy was. A part of him knew that Nico was using him as a rebound; whatever happened in the club, something changed in the dynamic of the two Vampires. But if all Leo could be was sloppy seconds then he would be, just as long as he could have Nico, if only for one night.
“Please,” he whimpered, body shaking with anticipation. The human dug his fingers into Nico’s shoulders as the Vampire continued to lick his neck, tasting the sweat on his skin, “*Neeks.*”

Nico couldn’t not give into the human’s pleas. He had never had anyone *ask* to be bitten and the submission of the Latino made him feel dizzy. His fangs slid out on their own accord his starving body demanding he feed. Nico gently dragged his teeth over Leo’s pulse, eliciting another gasp from the boy. He could see how listening to the human’s sounds could be addicting.

The Vampire didn’t give Leo a warning, suddenly sinking his fangs into the boy’s neck. Leo cried out, slapping a hand over his mouth. At first he felt pain, intense and shocking, making his vision go blurry. And then came the pleasure, so intense it was paralyzing. It washed over Leo in waves, each one hotter than before. It didn’t feel like anything he thought it would; it was like he and Nico were suddenly connected, and all Leo could feel was the pleasure and Nico’s wet, cold mouth on his neck.

Nico, on the other hand, was going through a bit of his own epiphany. He had fed directly from the source before, and never before had it felt this good. Usually all he could focus on was drinking and the life-giving blood. This time, he was painfully aware of Leo. He could feel his heart racing as if it was in his own chest, hear every little moan and whimper. His hands moved on their own, touching Leo’s stomach and hips, feeling the amazing heat of his skin. His blood tasted like heaven, but it was more than just that. Nico was more focused on Leo, than the drinking, that’s why it shocked him when he suddenly felt Leo’s arms wrap around his shoulders. The human cradled Nico’s head into his neck.

“I’m okay,” he gasped, legs subconsciously wrapping around Nico’s waist, “*T-Take as much as you need.*”

*I need to stop drinking,* Nico realised. Leo was lightheaded with pleasure at that point, almost delirious, and Nico had to force himself to stop drinking. His hunger might’ve been sated, but he wasn’t. He licked at the punctures on Leo’s neck until they stopped bleeding, but he couldn’t stop himself from continuing to lick and kiss.

When Leo’s mind stopped spinning he became aware of this, of Nico’s mouth all up on his neck, kissing and sucking. He moaned.

“*N-Neeks-*”

Nico pulled away and looked down at Leo, eyes all blazing red. The human shivered.

“I really want to kiss you right now,” Nico whispered, voice borderline a growl. Blood rushed south for Leo and he realised his legs were still wrapped around Nico. He didn’t unwrap them, instead reaching up to wrap his arms around Nico’s shoulders, slowly dragging the Vampire down.

“Do it,” he whispered.

Nico crashed their mouths together. The kiss was blood and sweat and heat and passion. Leo thought he was going to explode while Nico felt the last of his control slipping away. In that moment, when his and Leo’s tongues tangled together sloppily, he knew he had to have the Latino.

Nico wasn’t really sure who started to move first but suddenly they were scrambling to get their clothes off, acting like a pair of horny teenagers. In all fairness Leo *was* a horny teenager, and even though Nico had millennia’s of experience this was...special. He felt almost human, like he and Leo shared the same passion.

“Oh my God,” Leo whispered as he pulled his trousers off, “I’m gonna get fucked by a Vampire.”
If Nico wasn’t so turned on he might’ve laughed but instead he climbed back on top of the human. Immediately they started to grind together, their naked bodies rubbing together in all the right ways. Nico kissed Leo, and the boy had trouble keeping it together. The pleasure he had been feeling when Nico fed wasn’t gone, making him harder by the second. He impatiently grinded up against Nico’s own erection and enjoyed watching the stoic Vampire lose control, becoming more wild every time they brushed together.

“Please,” Leo gasped, fingers digging into Nico’s back, “Please just fuck me.”

Nico liked to think he was a gentleman, so he did as he was told, pushing two of his fingers into Leo’s mouth. The boy sucked on them obscenely in a way that should’ve been illegal and Nico throbbed with the need to be inside of him. He pulled his digits free but Leo caught his hand.

“You don’t have to,” he said breathlessly, blushing, “I’m all ready down there.”

Nico frowned, then realization flooded him and he saw red. He pushed Leo down roughly, “Who fooled you?” he demanded with a shocking possessiveness. Leo stared up at him in surprise.

“Just some guy from engineering…”

Nico angrily pulled the boy’s legs over his shoulders and took his erection in hand, his anger only making him harder. Sure, he had been busy chasing Percy around but the thought of Leo having sex with someone else enraged him.

“From now on,” he growled, “You’re just mine.”

Normally Leo wasn’t down with the controlling bullshit but from Nico it was really, really hot, so he just nodded feverishly and then proceeded to completely lose it as Nico slid inside of him. It was as if he was being bitten again; he felt an intense connection between him and Nico, and Nico felt it too. He groaned in pleasure as Leo moaned desperately, “I-Is this w-what sex with a Vampire always feels like?” he gasped. Nico kissed him.

“Shut up, idiot,” he muttered, and bottomed out inside the Latino. For a moment they remained still, Nico fully sheathed inside of Leo. The Latino’s eyes were closed and when he opened them he saw Nico’s blood-red irises staring at him. Leo smiled gently and then brushed Nico’s messy hair from his forehead.

“I’m gonna shut up now.”

Nico shook his head, “Don’t. I was kidding.”

He pulled out and pushed back in almost straight away, his cock slamming into Leo. As hard as the human tried he couldn’t keep his promise and soon enough he was loud enough for the neighbours to hear. He moaned and gasped and whined as Nico shoved his prick inside him over and over, hitting Leo’s prostate each time as if he knew exactly where it was. It was easily the fiercest, hottest, most desperate sex of both their lives.

“Nico, Nico, Nico,” Leo kept moaning, like some own personal mantra. Nico soaked in the human’s pleasure, which only fuelled his own. He fucked Leo until the bed made dents in the wall, until the boy was just a sobbing mess, writhing beneath him. They orgasmed when the sky was lightening outside, simultaneously.

Leo had no recollection of what happened straight after he came because his world went temporarily white. When he did get his bearings again Nico was leaning over him, the wild, sex-crazy man who
had just fucked him into oblivion replaced by a worried Vampire.

“You okay?” Nico asked, tentatively touching Leo’s cheek, “I think I went to hard.”

His eyes slid over Leo’s body, decorated in bruises from where he gripped him. He forgot his own strength sometimes, but Leo didn’t seem to mind. He melted into the bed and smiled sleepily, closing his eyes.

“It’s fine,” he murmured. Nico felt a weight in his chest – he had to ensure that Leo knew how he felt, even if he faced another rejection.

“Look at me,” the Vampire whispered, cradling Leo’s face in his hands like he was something precious, “Look at me right now.”

Slowly, Leo opened his eyes and looked at Nico fondly, “Are you gonna try that hypnotising shit right now?”

“No,” Nico said, serious, “I need you to know that I love you. That I meant this, that this wasn’t some rebound,-” he stopped suddenly, because Leo was smiling up at him, “What?”

“I know,” the Latino said, “it was pretty clear this wasn’t just sex for you.”

Nico exhaled, “Oh thank God,” he pulled Leo into his arms. It just felt so right to have him there, all safe and relaxed in Nico’s arms, “You’re amazing.”

Leo laughed, then flopped back down when Nico released him, “What about Percy?” he asked. Nico just shook his head.

“I don’t feel anything for him anymore. Just fondness, and friendly love. But I think...,” he sighed, “I think I was using him to cover up the feelings I had for you all this time.”


“Shut up.”

The first rays of sunshine in the dorm room found Nico and Leo curled up together on the Latino’s narrow bed, with Nico listening to Leo breathe deeply before his own body shut off. Not that he needed to sleep anyway.
“Okay,” Annabeth silenced the over-excited group sitting on the floor of the Poseidon cabin by raising her hand, “So it’s normal truth or dare, but basically everyone answers the truths. Is that cool with everyone?”

“Sí,” Leo nodded solemnly. Frank rolled his eyes.

“Yes, let’s do it.”

“Okay, I’ll start,” Annabeth’s eyes scanned all of her best friends, sitting in a circle. They landed on her boyfriend and she smirked, “Perce, truth or dare?”

They did this every week; got together and played party games, but they hadn’t played truth or dare yet, surprisingly.

Percy smirked back at his girl, “Truth.”

“Pussy,” Annabeth said, then shook her head, “alright, to the group then – what would you do if...,” she thought for a moment, “You were the opposite sex for a month?”

“Look at my boobs,” Percy said, serious. Piper face-palmed but Frank nodded.

“Same,” Jason admitted.

“Me too,” Leo nodded. Nico made a face.

“Desperately search for a way to turn back,” he said like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“I’d look at my dick, then,” Annabeth crossed her arms over her chest.

“I’d look for a way to change back too,” Hazel was bright red.

“I’d probably go to a gay club or something,” Piper shrugged. Jason gave her a look, “What?” the
girl asked, “I always wanted to know what it’s like to top a guy.”

The group burst out laughing and Jason blushed, “Let her do it!” Leo cackled, “Jason, let her experiment!”

“Moving on!” Piper looked a little embarrassed, “Leo, truth or dare?”

The boy blinked in surprise, but almost immediately replied, “Dare.”

“Nice one,” Percy clapped.

“Okay,” Piper grinned, “I want you to play a song by slapping your butt cheeks till someone guesses the song.”

The group snickered and Leo smirked, “Okay,” he said, standing up. Everyone’s eyes trained on him as he reached behind himself and start smacking his butt to a rhythm. The sound was only a little inappropriate, but it still made Percy get the giggles. Frank, Nico and Annabeth were lost in concentration, trying to figure out what song Leo was ‘playing.’

“Got it!” Nico said suddenly, “It’s that Nicki Minaj song!”

“Anaconda!” Frank finished.

“Bravo!” Leo clapped, this time with his hands, “Unfortunately you don’t win anything, but Nico,” the Latino looked at Nico, full of glee, and Nico swallowed nervously, “Truth or dare?”

The Italian straightened up, “Dare,” he said proudly.

“Lick the floor,” Leo plopped back down. Nico gaped at him.

“You what?”

“What?” Leo asked, “It’s a normal dare!”

“Yeah, it could be worse,” Frank admitted, “Just lick the floor.”

“I hate all of you,” Nico grumbled, glaring at the group before standing up and walking a little way away to a piece of floor he thought might be a bit cleaner than the rest of the cabin. He knelt down, aware of people’s eyes on him, and then self-consciously leaned down. His tongue barely touched the floor before he was pulling away in disgust and everyone howled with laughter, “Not funny,” Nico said, wiping his tongue on his sleeve as he rejoined the group, “Leo, truth or dare?”

“I just went!” the Latino protested.

“I don’t care, you made me lick the floor,” Nico glared at him, “So truth or dare.”

“I’m too scared to ask for a dare, so truth,” Leo said. Nico rolled his eyes and looked at the whole group.

“Who have you loved that hasn’t loved you back?”

A tense atmosphere descended on the group and Leo’s smile melted off his face. He blinked, bit the inside of his cheek, and Nico felt a little bad for asking the question since several people looked uncomfortable.

“Pass,” Leo said quietly.
“Yeah, same,” Hazel mumbled.

“Okay, sorry, sorry,” Nico was red with embarrassment as everyone gave him pointed looks, “I’ll ask a different question. Uh- what’s the grossest thing you’ve had in your mouth?”

“Liquorice!” Hazel tried to fix the atmosphere. It seemingly worked.

“Ugh, me too,” Frank made a face and wrinkled his nose.

“Raw duck egg,” Percy paled a little, “Me and Jason did it for a dare.”

“Probably staples,” Jason said.

“Probably dick,” Leo said casually. Hazel choked on her drink.

“Probably same,” Annabeth nodded.

“Hey!” Percy protested and the girl poked him playfully.


“Gone off milk,” Piper offered, “Can I ask next?”

“Yeah, go on,” Annabeth allowed it. Piper turned to Frank excitedly.

“Frank, truth or dare?”

The son of Mars leaned back against the wall, “Dare.”

Piper’s smile widened, “Make every person in the group smile.”

“Are we supposed to make it hard or easy for him?” Percy asked.

Piper shrugged, “Up to you.”

Frank got up and went to Percy first, squatting in front of him, “My bro,” he held up a fist. Immediately Percy grinned and bumped his own fist against it.

“My bro.”

Annabeth shook her head, “Boys.”

Frank moved onto Piper, who was trying to keep a straight face, “You and Jason will have beautiful kids someday,” he told her sincerely. She seemed so startled by the nice comment that she smiled, as did Jason next to her, “Got two!”

“Fine,” Annabeth said.

Frank moved onto Hazel, and casually turned into a pug puppy in front of her. He wagged his tail first at her, then at Annabeth, and soon both the girls were grinning and petting him. Frank turned back, “That was easy.”

“That was cheating!” Piper protested, salty she didn’t get to touch the pug.

Frank moved onto Nico, who flinched and forced a smile, “Don’t try anything, Zhang.”

“Well you smiled,” Frank shrugged, moving on to Leo. The Latino’s jaw was clenched and he was
clearly making a point of not smiling. Frank leaned in very close, “Boo,” he whispered. Leo’s mouth twitched but he didn’t smile, “Oh c’mon,” Frank complained.

“Not happening, Frankie,” Leo told him, not even looking at Frank’s face. So Frank tried another tactic, leaning in even closer and then gently blowing air right on Leo’s neck. The other Demigods watched this closeness in surprise, but it worked since Leo let out a breath and then giggled, cringing away, “Fine, fine,” he pushed Frank away playfully, “You win!”

“Well then,” Percy cleared his throat, “Moving on.”

“Okay, Piper,” Frank decided, settling back in his space. “Truth or dare?”

“I’m taking the truth,” Piper said, “Which means everyone has to answer.”

“Alright so everyone – who has the nicest butt?” Frank asked.

“What kind of question is that?!” Hazel spluttered, fanning herself.

“Easy – Annabeth,” Percy said, putting an arm around his girlfriend. She batted his arm away.

“No, I agree – Leo,” Piper said.

“What?” the boy looked lost.

“No, I agree – Leo,” Frank mumbled, hoping nobody would notice.

“Well if I have to say, then yeah, Leo,” Hazel said, face red.


“I was going to say Hazel,” Leo said.

“Well, congratulations Leo; you win best butt award,” Percy grinned at him, then turned to Jason, “Jas, truth or dare?”

“Dare.”

“Kiss the person to your left.”

Hazel was to his left and so the blond leaned over and kissed her cheek.

“Boring!” Leo proclaimed.

“Shut up,” Hazel was red again.

“Okay so Hazel,” Leo said, “Truth or dare?”

The girl pouted, “Why me?”

“Truth or dare, Haze,” Jason said.
The girl sighed, “Truth.”

“Okay so everyone – have you ever made out with someone here?” Jason asked, “I know I have,” he smiled at Piper.

“Yes,” Piper said, and was echoed by virtually everyone in the room.

“I haven’t,” Nico said.

“Neither have I,” Leo held up his hand and Nico high-fived him with an impassive look on his face.

“Okay Nico then,” Annabeth said, “Truth or dare.”

“Dare.”

“I dare you to pick someone to slap you.”


“First the floor now this. Okay, Annabeth you slap me.”

The girl crawled across the floor and smacked him gently across the cheek. It was more of a caress. Nico smiled and Leo groaned.

“What was even the point?” he grumbled. Annabeth lifted a hand.

“You want a slap too, Valdez?”

“Anyway,” Hazel cleared her throat, “Frank, truth or dare?”

“Um...dare?” the son of Mars offered hesitantly. Hazel bit her lip.

“I...can’t think of anything.”

“I have it!” Percy said.

“Go on.”

The son of Poseidon got to his feet and ran to the fridge he had installed in the corner of the room. He pulled out an ice bag from the freezer and out of it he took one cube, before closing the freezer and returning to the group.

“Frank put the ice cube in your mouth,” the son of Poseidon said triumphantly, “And transfer it to the mouth of the person to your right.”

Everyone looked at Leo, who was to Frank’s right. The boy went as red as Hazel had been moments ago. Annabeth snickered and Frank was about to protest but Percy silenced him by putting the cube in his mouth.

“Just do it!” Nico said, smirking. Frank glared at the group and Leo rolled his eyes.

“Come on then,” he turned to Frank. Everyone watched, holding their breaths, as the two leaned close. Frank almost reached out to grab Leo but he didn’t in the end. They angled their heads and Leo opened his mouth. As calm and collected as he tried to seem, his flushed cheeks betrayed his nerves. Their lips barely brushed as the ice cube passed between them, but it was enough. They both broke apart, bright red, and the group cheered.
Leo started eating the ice cube.

“L-Leo!” Hazel gasped, “You can’t eat ice!”

The boy just shrugged and grinded the ice between his teeth, hoping the coldness and numbness spreading through his cheeks would make his blush go away.

“Okay, Percy truth of dare?” Hazel asked since neither Frank nor Leo looked willing to talk, both staring at the floor, embarrassed.

“Truth!”

“Alright so everyone go around and describe your ideal type,” Hazel said, “I’ll start – my most important thing is that they’re taller than me.”

“Haze, you’re tiny,” Piper giggled, “everyone’s taller than you.” She looked at Jason fondly, “I like blonds.”

“How sweet,” Jason grinned, “I like brunettes. I also like long hair and curves. I don’t like them too skinny.”

“I like dark hair,” Annabeth said, “an athletic build. I also like it when they’re really intelligent,” she looked at Percy and sighed, “Unfortunately you can’t have everything.”

The boy pouted, “I like gingers.”


“Just kidding. I don’t care about looks; I like smart, funny girls who aren’t afraid to kick my ass.”

“Okay, okay, we all know you’re all each other’s types,” Nico waved them off, “I’m interested about the singles.”

“Go on then,” Percy leaned his chin in his hand, “What’s your type.”

“Not you.”

The group snickered.

“Leo?” Percy asked, pretending he wasn’t offended. The boy shrugged.

“I like men, obviously,” he rolled his eyes, “I like tall guys, and kind of muscular. Actually I like if they’re really muscular. Dark hair, dark eyes, that kind of thing,” he shrugged, “I also like them kind of sassy and sarcastic, and they have to get my sense of humour.” Annabeth nodded.

“Fair play. Frank?”

“Uh...,” the boy looked unsure, “Well...someone beautiful, and funny, and kind, and smart.”

“That’s so vague,” Percy said, “I’m curious, give us more.”

“I like sarcasm,” Frank admitted, aware that everyone was staring at him, “I like loud people. I like when they’re kind of small so I can pick them up, and skinny, I have a thing for sticking out collarbones and hipbones.”

“That’s not even that weird,” Piper said.
“Also...big butts? That makes me sound like an asshole.”

“Hey, I like big butts too,” Percy said, playfully smacking Annabeth’s.

“I like when they’re tanned,” Frank continued, “and I like curls, and brown eyes because they remind me of chocolate. And if they look like trouble or are mischievous, and if they can have fun—“

“And if they’re called Leo Valdez?” Nico asked casually.

Frank and Leo might’ve as well been traffic lights, they were so red.

“What?” Leo gasped.

“N-No!” Frank protested.

“Well, you literally just described Leo,” Annabeth rolled her eyes. The Latino was looking at Frank, shocked.

“Y-Yeah, so what?” Frank couldn’t look at him, “Maybe he is my type, which doesn’t mean I like him!”

“You like him!” Piper teased, “Oh my Gods you fancy Leo!”

“S-Shut up!” Frank yelled, “That’s not true—“

He was silenced because suddenly he had two armfuls of Leo Valdez in his lap, kissing him fiercely, right in front of everyone. The group went wild, cheering and screaming and Leo just clung onto Frank, preventing him from pulling away. Frank was frozen, caught off guard.

Finally Leo pulled back, blushing, and whispered over the noise in the room; “It’s okay, you’re my type too.”
Malcolm x Percy fic (I love this couple thanks to you). Malcolm lives in the shadow of his smarter (he's smarter than an average person, but Annabeth's like genius squared), more sociable, more athletic and more popular sister Annabeth, so he develops a serious case of inferiority complex (but Annabeth doesn't know this, and Malcolm loves her too much to let her know it, fearing she may hate him for being a jealous brat). One day, as usual, he tries to stay in the shadow at school, but Percy comes, corners him and asks him out for a date. Malcolm agrees and has a good time, and shyly agrees to meet Percy again, but the next day, he finds out that Percy did that as a bet and a dare from some people (Octavian, looking at you right now). His newfound confidence is shattered and hides away, accidentally telling off his Annabeth and revealing his envy toward her, which causes him to become an even bigger mess. Percy finds out (painfully) from Annabeth, and comes to apologize and confess his feelings for Malcolm (secret crush or developed feelings after the date, your choice). They make up, and have a shy make-out session that ends with wandering hands (Malcolm's not ready for the next step yet).

For crazy4fics

Malcolm sleepily dragged himself to the bathroom where he stared at his reflection for a few minutes, still partially asleep and unable to get enough energy to actually move. Looking at himself wasn’t a pleasant experience though, eventually pushing Malcolm to reach for his toothbrush. He got toothpaste on it and shoved it into his mouth, just as his sister zombie-shuffled into the bathroom. Although just a year older and in the same state of sleepiness as Malcolm, Annabeth Chase looked much different than her brother.

“Morning,” she said, voice husky in a pleasant way from sleep. She reached for her toothbrush.

“Mowniwing,” Malcolm said, mouth full of toothpaste. They started to scrub their teeth in sync, and Malcolm couldn’t help but compare their reflections. It was pretty clear that Annabeth had inherited all the attractive genes from both of their parents, so there was barely anything left when Malcolm was born.

Although both blonde, Annabeth’s hair was lustrous and a perfect shade of gold, falling down her
shoulders in a waterfall. Even now, when she hasn’t brushed it, it looked artfully messy. Malcolm’s on the other hand were a few shades lighter and had the colour of something much less nice, like sand, or wheat. It also half-curled, which was infuriating. It lacked the spring of proper curls and yet it refused to lay flat, waving above Malcolm’s forehead in a less than attractive way. The siblings had the same grey eyes, but Annabeth’s were almond-shaped and pretty whereas Malcolm’s were hidden by his thick glasses, which was better since at least his dark eye bags weren’t all that visible. He always thought his eyelashes were much too long for a boy. Where Malcolm’s reflection was skinny and lanky, looking awkward in the too-big grey t-shirt he slept in, Annabeth looked like she walked out of a commercial; subtly muscled, with tanned skin, she looked ready to star in a morning on a TV show. Unlike Malcolm, who looked like death.

“Oh,” Annabeth snapped her fingers at Malcolm, “Wake up.”

He had been staring too much, silently hating himself.

“Sorry,” he mumbled. The two leaned over the sink together and spat out their toothpaste. Malcolm gloomily pondered his disgusting inferiority complex. He loved Annabeth, and yet he was constantly jealous of her to the point where it was pitiful. Not only was Annabeth a hundred times more attractive than him, she was also smarter, more likeable, she had more friends and was popular at school. Malcolm was an awkward loner, and to her nothing more than her baby brother. She didn’t know how he felt and why would she? Malcolm never told her how inferior he felt, and he knew he couldn’t because it would make Annie feel so, so bad. Or worse, it would make her hate Malcolm and think he was some jealous brat.

The worst part was that Malcolm had a stupidly obvious crush on Percy, one of Annabeth’s friends. It was so clear that even the girl herself encouraged Malcolm to make a move since Percy was openly bisexual – but to everyone it was clear that Percy liked Annabeth. It was painful and awkward for Malcolm, who tried not to let that fact dominate his world. He knew that he’d never have a shot with the Percy Jackson – Captain of the swimming team, nicest and kindest and hottest boy in school – even if Annabeth wasn’t his sister. He was just out of Malcolm’s league, but perfectly in Annabeth’s, which just made the whole thing worse.

“What lessons do you have today?” Annabeth asked, washing her face.

“Um...maths and biology,” Malcolm said.

“Biology with Percy?” She asked and sighed, “God, I can’t believe he failed it last year.”

“Y-Yeah,” Malcolm muttered. Annabeth did architecture and maths, and she didn’t know how hard biology actually was. Malcolm wouldn’t tell her though; to Annabeth it would probably be easy anyway since she was so smart.

“Anyway speaking of Percy he’s picking me up in like fifteen minutes. He passed his driving test – d’you want a lift?”

Malcolm blinked at his sister and then turned his face away, hoping she didn’t notice his blush, “Yeah, sure.”

Malcolm went back into the bedroom and carefully put on his uniform, taking extra care with his appearance since Percy would see him soon. Not that it changed much; even with his uniform perfect and his hair brushed, Malcolm was still wholly unattractive. Maybe he would’ve been okay-ish if he didn’t have to walk out of the house next to Annabeth, who looked stunning in their black and white sixth form uniform.
Percy was already waiting outside their house when the two stepped out, his window rolled down so he could enjoy the nice, chilly summer morning air. He looked as stunning as always, wearing a hoodie instead of the uniform jumper, not caring about stupid school rules. He grinned when he saw the siblings approaching.

“Hi Annie!” he said excitedly, then softer, “Hi Malcolm.”

“Hi,” Malcolm mumbled shyly but it was lost in Annabeth’s “Hi you prick!”

She slid gracefully into the passenger’s seat and Malcolm awkwardly clambered into the back, placing his backpack over his knees and doing up his seatbelt. His eyes met Percy’s by accident in the mirror, and the dark haired boy smiled at him.

“Have you done the biology homework?” he asked, pulling out of the Chase driveway as Annabeth fiddled with the radio.

“Yeah, did you?” Malcolm asked. Percy nodded, breaking their eye contact so he could focus on the road.

“Yup,” he said, “it was actually kind of hard.”


“Oi, by the way,” Annabeth interrupted, and she and Percy fell into easy conversation that Malcolm didn’t listen to. He nibbled on his bottom lip and played around with his key chain, trying to focus on something else than the cheerful laughter coming from the front of the car. They’re not flirting with each other, Malcolm kept trying to tell himself, and then, you’re so goddamn pathetic. A part of Malcolm wanted to jump out of the car and hurl himself into the street so he wouldn’t have to continue being so fucking miserable. But that was selfish, he was selfish. He wished he could be like Annabeth, not even caring how his sister felt. He was selfish and pathetic and miserable.

When they got to the school parking lot Malcolm hurriedly climbed from the car.

“Bye!” he said quickly, not looking at either Annabeth or Percy. As he hurried away he heard Percy shout –

“See you in biology!”

***

“It would be really funny,” Luke Castellan said in the locker-room after school, and Ethan Nakamura snickered next to him. Percy glared at them.

“It wouldn’t. It really fucking wouldn’t.”

“Oh come on Percy,” Michael Kahale was drying his hair from swimming practice and all the boys were still just in their swimming trunks, “It’s just a bit of fun. You’ve never turned down a dare before.”

“Because they were usually funny!” the Captain objected, “asking someone out on a fake date is not funny.”

“It’s not a fake date,” Ethan interjected, “You’ll really be taking him out.”

“Anyway who cares?” Luke rolled his eyes, “Malcolm Chase is just some nerdy kid. It’s not like it
will be so important, it’s just one stupid little date that will prove my point that he does, in fact, like you.”

Percy’s shoulders slumped. God, how I wished that were true, he thought bitterly, “He doesn’t like me,” he mumbled.

“Okay, then ask him out,” Luke crossed his arms over his chest, “Prove me wrong.”

Percy glared at his ‘friends’ but what was he supposed to do? They had a point – if he backed out he’d be admitting that Malcolm did like him, which wasn’t true. It was just a dare, and Malcolm would undoubtedly turn Percy down. And Percy had always done all of his dares, which was why teammates such as Luke respected him. He sighed.

“Fine,” he grumbled, “I’ll ask Malcolm out on a date, but he’ll say no.”

“We’ll see about that,” Luke smirked.

“But you have to do it tomorrow,” Ethan was buzzing with the prospect of mischief, as always. Percy just shook his head, not wanting to listen to their shit talk anymore. He put on his clothes, said his brisk goodbyes and then left the school. He got into his car and drove home in the pretty summer afternoon.

Sure, he wanted to ask Malcolm out on a date. He had wanted to ask him out since he was fifteen and first figured out that he was gay and that his best friend’s younger brother was very, very cute. He fantasised for hours about how nice it would be if he and Malcolm were boyfriends...but that was before all these expectations about being cool were dumped on Percy and Malcolm made it clear that he didn’t like Percy to any extent. He avoided seeing the boy whenever Percy came round Annabeth’s, didn’t engage in conversations and barely even looked at Percy. It made the older boy think there was something wrong with him because no matter how hard he tried to get close to Malcolm, the blond always pushed him away. And now people were starting to think it was Annabeth he liked, when that wasn’t the case. What he couldn’t comprehend was how someone as sweet and lovely as Malcolm stuck to the shadows so much. So yeah, he had an attractive, popular sister, but that didn’t make him any less desirable. To Percy Malcolm had always stole the show and so as he drove home a little part of him hoped against everything that Malcolm might actually say yes to him.

Wishful thinking.

***

Annabeth had invited him to eat lunch with her and her friends in the dining room – it was obvious she was concerned about Malcolm’s lack of friends – but he had politely declined. He didn’t want to bother her or her friends, didn’t want to be ‘Annabeth’s brother’ that hang around her and that she brought along out of pity. He was happy to live in her shadow. Okay, maybe not happy...content. Good enough.

He opted instead to sit in an empty classroom and read a book. So he sat at a window table, the third Game of Thrones book open in front of him. He lost himself in the world of Ice and Fire for a while, immersed in the exciting lives of fictional characters that allowed him to break away from his depressing reality. That was until he was interrupted by the door to the classroom opening. Startled, the boy looked up and saw that Percy had come into the sun-filled classroom. Malcolm’s heart started to pound wildly.

“Hi,” he said, voice a pitch higher than normal, sure that Percy had made a mistake and was looking
for someone. Maybe Annabeth. But no, the dark haired boy smiled dazzlingly and closed the door behind him.

“There you are,” he said and walked over to where Malcolm was sitting. The blond was sure he was bright red in the face by the time Percy dragged over his chair and sat next to him, and Malcolm had a vague idea as to why Percy might want to talk to him.

“If this is about Annabeth I can’t help you,” the blond blurted, “She would know straight away if I was to put in a good word about you, but she appreciates straightforwardness so if you want to ask her out, you just need to do it—“

Percy started laughing, interrupting Malcolm’s mini-ramble, “This isn’t about Annabeth,” the older boy ensured Malcolm, grinning, “This is about you.”

“Me?” Malcolm blinked in surprise. Percy looked a bit nervous, which wasn’t normal for him. He grinned sheepishly at Malcolm.

“So this might seem a bit weird and maybe out of the blue but I was just wondering if you’d like to go out with me tomorrow night.”

“I don’t want to cause trouble,” Malcolm said, understanding that Annabeth had sent Percy to try and persuade him to go out with the group since the girl knew about Malcolm’s feelings, “Annabeth keeps wanting to get me involved, but I don’t want to ruin her time—“

“Malcolm,” Percy interrupted him and, to Malcolm’s great shock, reached out and took the blond’s hand in his own. Percy’s skin was warm, and his touch simultaneously comforting and unnerving, “This isn’t about Annabeth,” Percy said, looking directly into Malcolm’s eyes as if he needed to enforce the point.

Malcolm’s hand started trembling in Percy’s, “R-Right.”

“Annabeth isn’t going out with me tomorrow,” Percy continued calmly, “I didn’t ask her. I’m asking you – do you want to go on a date with me tomorrow night?”

“W-What?” it was too much for Malcolm to comprehend, but instead of getting annoyed at his incompetence, Percy just smiled gently and squeezed his hand.

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to freak you out or anything. I understand if you don’t want to—,” he started to pull his hand away, and he looked weirdly sad, and in that moment Malcolm understood that somehow the universe was giving him a chance, and he was about to lose it. He jerked forward and grabbed Percy’s hand with both of his.

“No!” he exclaimed, bright red, “N-No, I...,” he swallowed past the lump in his throat, “I-I would love to go on a date with you b-but...but...,” he stared at Percy helplessly, “But are you serious?” he whispered, letting go of Percy’s hand.

“Yeah,” Percy smiled, suddenly looking like the weight of the world had been lifted off his shoulders, “Yeah, I’m serious.”

“O-Okay,” Malcolm stared at his feet, torn between being elated and being really, really nervous. He had never been on a date.

The bell ringing signalled the end of their little conversation. Percy stood up, “I’ll come pick you up tomorrow around eight and we can get dinner, okay?”
“Y-Yeah, sure,” Malcolm swallowed, and when he looked up Percy was already gone.

***

Malcolm already knew he was pathetic, to the extent where he pulled out all the clothes in his wardrobe in a desperate attempt to find something suitable to wear to the date, and it wasn’t until Annabeth came that he calmed down. He didn’t want to tell her about the date in case it went bad, but the girl found out anywhere. She was ecstatic and immediately helped Malcolm pick out an outfit – dark blue jeans and a stripy white and navy shirt. It was casual, but still nice, and Malcolm felt like he was dreaming when he went outside to wait for Percy.

For a while he thought it might’ve been a joke, and that thought didn’t disappear until Percy pulled up in their driveway. When Malcolm saw his car his palms started to sweat and his heart pounded and before he knew it Percy was in front of it, gorgeous and grinning. He also wore a blue t-shirt, with dark trousers and a jean jacket over top. In his hands he had a bouquet of roses.

Malcolm’s stomach twisted with nerves.


“So do you,” Malcolm stuttered. Percy offered him the flowers.

“They’re for you. I didn’t know what flowers you like so I opted for the safe option. Hope you like them.”

Malcolm shakily took the roses, dumbfounded as to why Percy would get him flowers. It only hit him then that this was a date. Warmth spread through his body, “T-Thankyou,” he whispered, “They’re lovely.”

“You’re lovely,” Percy murmured and leaned down, kissing Malcolm’s cheek quickly. The blond thought he might die right there and then.

“I need to put these in water,” he squeaked and ran back into the house. Annabeth was hovering on the stairs, and she smiled brightly when she saw the roses.

“I’ll take those!” she snatched them from Malcolm’s hands, “I’ll find a vase. You go! Have fun!”


“Just be you. You know Percy,” she shooed him away and Malcolm somehow made it back to Percy’s car without tripping over his feet. The dark haired boy was ready, opening the passenger’s door for Malcolm.

“Thanks,” the blond mumbled, ducking into the car. Percy closed the door and Malcolm had a few seconds alone. He did up his seatbelt and took a deep, calming breath. It’s just Percy, he told himself. The other boy slid into the driver’s seat.

“Thanks,” the blond mumbled, ducking into the car. Percy closed the door and Malcolm had a few seconds alone. He did up his seatbelt and took a deep, calming breath. It’s just Percy, he told himself. The other boy slid into the driver’s seat.

“I have to admit,” Percy said as he did up his own seatbelt and checked all the mirrors, “I’m nervous as hell,” he grinned at Malcolm and started the engine. That made the blond feel a little better and he smiled faintly.

“Me too,” he admitted.

“Feel free to put on the radio,” Percy said, pulling out of the Chase driveway. Malcolm turned on the radio and some generic pop music started to play. Malcolm decided to leave it and leaned back in his
“Uh...so where are we going?” he asked, looking out of the window at the sun setting over the
motorway. It was really pretty.

“This little Italian restaurant,” Percy said, glancing at him, “I hope you like Italian.”

“Yeah, yeah, Italian’s nice,” Malcolm said quickly.

***

Percy first thought that he might’ve actually fallen in love when he said something stupid and
Malcolm started laughing so hard he choked on his coke and started coughing. As he sat there,
opposite Percy, red in the face and half-coughing, half-giggling, Percy thought that he never wanted
their date to end. Seeing Malcolm like this, finally relaxed and letting himself be anything else but
perfect was amazing.

“S-Sorry,” the blond said after his coughing-fit finished. Percy was grinning.

“No worries, that was pretty entertaining.”

Malcolm shook his head, and pushed his glasses up so he could wipe away the tears of laughter from
his cheeks, “Jesus, you’re stupid.”

“Don’t say Jesus is stupid!” Percy gasped. Malcolm rolled his eyes but smiled. They had finished
their meal, almost finished their drinks. It was almost ten. There was little more to do, and yet neither
made a move to get up, “Should we get desert?” Percy asked.

Malcolm puffed out his cheeks, “I’m so stuffed I don’t think I can fit one in.”

“We can share one?” Percy offered, hoping against everything that Malcolm would say yes. The
blond didn’t disappoint, smiling at Percy and giving him a little nod. Moments later the two had a
huge bowl of multi-flavoured ice-cream in front of them, “Yum!” Percy said happily and dug in as
Malcolm anxiously looked at the desert.

“That is a lot of ice cream.”

“Good thing we’re sharing then.” Percy grinned and scooped some mango ice cream onto his spoon.
He stuck it across the table, “Open up.”

For a moment Malcolm looked appalled, then he glanced around as if scared someone was going to
judge them, then he blushed and leaned forward, letting Percy feed him the ice cream. Just sitting
there and sharing a desert with Malcolm made Percy so inexplicably happy. He had long ago
forgotten that he was doing it for a dare; to him the dare was to ask Malcolm out, and this date...this
dare wasn’t part of it. Out of the dozens of dates Percy had gone on, this one was by far the best.

When the waitress brought their check, Malcolm reached for his bag.

“Don’t you dare,” Percy warned, and Malcolm froze, looking at him in surprise, “I asked you out, so
let me pay.”

“Percy,” Malcolm said pointedly.

“Shhh, shut up,” Percy smiled at him and was pleased when Malcolm gave up and let him pay for
the bill. Then Percy cracked another joke and the two of them laughed all the way to the dark haired
boy’s car. When they got in Malcolm put the radio on, but turned it down so the music was just background noise. Percy liked that.

“So, was that the best date of your life?” the dark haired boy asked teasingly as they hit the motorway, which looked really nice – London spread out on either side, a bunch of glimmering lights in the night.

“That was the only date in my life,” Malcolm said. Percy glanced at him. Malcolm looked so beautiful sitting in Percy’s car, all blond waves and uncertain grey eyes behind glasses. Percy reached out and poked Malcolm in the thigh playfully.

“Well, it’s gonna be the best one you’ll ever have,” he said. Malcolm smiled and poked Percy back with a little giggle, so Percy drove with one hand and poked him again. The blond surprised both of them by grabbing Percy’s hand and holding it in his lap, both of his hands anxiously holding onto Percy’s. The boy turned his flushed face to the window, and Percy smiled, glancing over at him. He squeezed Malcolm’s hands comfortingly.

They didn’t speak for the rest of the car ride home, just sitting in a comfortable silence, holding hands. Percy couldn’t wipe the smile off his face until he parked in Malcolm’s driveway. A little hopeful, he switched off the engine but stayed sitting. Malcolm didn’t move either.

“I had fun today,” he eventually said in a quiet voice. Percy turned to face him,

“Me too,” he admitted, “I want to do it again. Are you free on Saturday?”

Malcolm smiled beautifully, “Yeah. Yeah, I’m free.”

“We should go to the amusement park or something,” Percy said. Malcolm nodded, biting his lip.

“That’d be nice.”

They looked at each other for a silent moment, and then Percy leaned forward and kissed him gently on the lips. It was the sweetest kiss of his life, and much too short for his liking. Malcolm pulled away, red, with a little smile on the mouth Percy had just kissed.

“See you tomorrow?” he asked.

Percy nodded, “See you tomorrow.”

He watched Malcolm jump out of his car and rush into his house. It wasn’t until he got to the front door, turned and waved at Percy, and disappeared inside that Percy switched the engine back on and drove himself home, grinning the whole time.

***

Malcolm gathered up his courage the next day at lunchtime and walked to the table where Annabeth’s and Percy’s friendship group hung out. He had to cross the playground to do so since they liked to hang out outside.

“Hi,” he said as he approached, trying to spot Percy among the heads around the table. He wasn’t there, but Annabeth was, and she brightened up.

“Malkie!” she exclaimed, scooting up the bench, “Come, sit down with us.”

“Well, well, well,” Luke, one of the scarier older guys, grinned at Malcolm like a predator, “If it isn’t
“How was what?” Malcolm asked in puzzlement, disappointed that Percy wasn’t with the group. He had wanted to see him so badly.


“Percy told you about it already?” Annabeth asked. The boys all snickered.

“Told us about it? More like we told him about it,” Michael Kahale said proudly. Malcolm didn’t understand but the looks on the boys’ faces made his stomach drop. Something wasn’t right.

“What do you mean?” Annabeth asked carefully.

“Oh come on Annie,” Luke rolled his eyes, “It was all a bit of a joke. We dared him to ask Malcolm out,” he looked at the younger boy, who felt frozen, “No offense man. It was just for a laugh, hope we didn’t hurt your feelings.”

He genuinely seemed ignorant to the growing pit of agony in Malcolm’s body. Of course. He should’ve known. He pushed aside his nausea and forced a smile, “Yeah. No, no worries,” he laughed fakely even though he wanted to cry, “I should’ve known.”

“See!” Michael exclaimed, “I told you he wouldn’t care.”

But Annabeth knew, and she looked pissed, “You are all a bunch of cunts,” she growled.

“Oh come on Annie-,” Luke started, but Malcolm stood up abruptly.

“Sorry, I-,” his voice sounded weird even to himself, “I-I, uh, have to sort something out in the biology lab. E-Excuse me.”

He dashed off, knowing full well that it was an obvious admission that he was, in fact, hurt. Actually hurt didn’t even cover it. Malcolm ran blindly through the playground and then through the school until he got to the empty classroom he spent most of his lunches in. The same room where Percy had asked him out two days ago.

Malcolm collapsed in a chair and burst into tears. His heart felt like it was being squeezed by an iron fist. He buried his face in his hands, wetting them with his tears as he sobbed. He had liked Percy for so long and especially after yesterday’s date, when Malcolm felt so happy and free, this felt like an agonising betrayal.

“Malkie?” Annabeth’s tentative voice was the last thing Malcolm wanted to hear right now.

“G-Go away,” he sat up straight and wiped his face furiously, “This i-is all my fault, I shouldn’t have fallen for it.”

“It’s not your fault,” Annabeth said softly, walking into the classroom, “It’s Percy’s for being an asshole.”

Malcolm sniffled, “He bought me roses,” he said pathetically. Annabeth tried to hug him but he pushed her away, “No,” he whispered, “Don’t touch me.”

“Malcolm-,” Annabeth sighed.

“Y-You know I still think he likes you,” Malcolm laughed bitterly, “I d-don’t know what his play is but...but...”
“Malcolm, that’s not true,” Annabeth said softly.

“Yes, it is,” Malcolm’s voice cracked and his eyes welled with tears. He couldn’t take it anymore, “You’re a-always better, everything you do. I’m a-always getting compared to you. M-Maybe Percy thought since you’re too hard to get t-then he’ll go for your worse little brother s-since I’m o-obviously easier, s-since I’m u-ugly and n-nobody likes me-,” he started crying again.

“How would you know?” Malcolm snapped, lashing out at his sister even though it was Percy he wanted to hurt. “You were always the pretty one, the popular one, the smarter one! You don’t get what it’s like living in your shadow! I wish I was you!” Annabeth looked shocked by his words, “A-And I let myself hope, just this one time, that maybe I-I could get something n-nice for once, t-that Percy might actually like me o-over you,” he shook his head and turned away, “Obviously not,” he whispered.

“Malcolm...,” Annabeth didn’t know what to say.

“I’m sorry,” Malcolm squeezed his eyes shut, “P-Please leave me alone.”

So she did.

***

Percy was by the swimming pool, ensuring everything was clean and ready for afterschool practice, when Annabeth stormed in. Percy looked up at her.

“Hey, you can’t wear your shoes in here!” he said. The girl didn’t care, heading straight for Percy. By the time he saw the fury in her eyes, it was too late. She got all close and personal to him, and then simply punched him in the face. It wasn’t even a slap, no, it was a full-blown punch that sent Percy stumbling backwards and into the wall, “W-What the-“

“Do you think this is funny?!” Annabeth boomed. Percy stared at her in shock, and his jaw ached where she had hit him, “Is this some sick joke to you and your mates?!”

“What are you talking about?!” Percy didn’t understand.

“You asking Malcolm out!” Annabeth hissed, “The boys told him it was all a fucking dare.”

Percy’s heart clenched, “Oh no, no, it wasn’t-“

“Shut up,” Annabeth snapped, “Do you know how heartbroken he is? He was sitting in the empty classroom and crying because of you.” Her hand twitched and Percy would’ve been scared she’d hit him again if he wasn’t too busy thinking about Malcolm crying. It was his fault, and that was heartbreaking.

“I like him.”

“Yeah right, you-,” Annabeth blinked, processing the information, “Wait, what?”

“I like him,” Percy’s shoulders slumped, “The boys dared me to ask him out because they thought it’d be funny when he said no. But I’ve liked him for ages, I...,” he straightened up, “I need to talk to him. I need to apologise.”

“Fix this,” Annabeth fumed, “Or I swear to God I’ll re-arrange your ribs.”
Malcolm didn’t go into school the next day, scared that when he’d see Percy he’d burst into tears. So he stayed in the house by himself, curled up on the sofa, watching the TV. That was, until he heard the doorbell ring.

Malcolm somehow dragged himself off the sofa, dressed in sweatpants and an oversized t-shirt, and went to the door. When he opened it he expected the mailman, or some Jehovah Witnesses, or something. What he saw instead was Percy, dressed in his own clothes. Malcolm was shocked.

“You should be at school,” he choked out.

“So should you,” Percy looked tired and sad, “Can I come in?”

“N-No,” Malcolm stuttered, the pain from before flooding him again.

“Malcolm, please,” Percy said helplessly, “I need to talk to you.”

There was something about him that made Malcolm hesitate, before he reluctantly let Percy into the house, closing the door behind him. The dark haired boy walked to the living room and looked down at the sofa with an unreadable expression. Malcolm hovered in the doorway, unsure of what to do.

“What do you want?” he asked eventually, voice hoarse. Percy’s hands clenched and unclenched at his sides.

“I wanted to apologise.”

Malcolm didn’t want to hear it, “Who hit you?”

“Annabeth,” Percy turned to look at Malcolm, his gaze desperate, “Malkie, you have to know that this was more than a dare to me.”

“Have to?” Malcolm asked softly, “Why would I? It seemed like nothing more than a joke to you.”

“It wasn’t,” Percy said helplessly, taking a step towards Malcolm, “Yes, I accepted the dare because I thought you’d never say yes, and I needed the push-“

“Shut up,” Malcolm whispered, feeling tears brimming inside him again, “Just shut up. It was a stupid date, it didn’t mean anything.”

Percy looked like he got punched, “Yes it did,” he breathed, “I...It was the best date I ever had,” he admitted, “I don’t just buy flowers for anyone, y’know.”

“Of course not,” Malcolm crossed his arms over his chest and looked at the floor since looking at Percy was too hard, “You buy flowers for the brother of the girl you’re trying to woo.”

“What?” Percy frowned, “Wait, you don’t think I like Annabeth, do you?”

“Well, what else am I supposed to think?” Malcolm demanded, then shook his head, “You know what? Forget it. It’s pretty clear to me that this whole thing was a misunderstanding. That’s my fault – I should’ve known better, I should’ve known a popular guy like you wouldn’t actually like me when you can have my sister whose a hundred times better, and so I’m the only one to blame-“

“I’m in love with you,” Percy interrupted.

A beat of silence passed between them. Malcolm stared at Percy, open-mouthed, and the boy looked...
back determinedly.

“S-Say that again,” Malcolm choked out eventually.

“I’m in love with you, Malcolm,” Percy said softly, taking a step towards the blond, “I love you. I
liked you since I was fifteen, but ever since our date...,” he stopped in front of the boy, hesitating, “I
love you. You, not Annabeth, not anyone else.”

“B-But,” Malcolm stuttered, “She’s so much better-“

“No, she’s not,” Percy whispered, “Not to me anyway.”

“If this is some cruel joke,” Malcolm warned. Percy shook his head.

“It’s not, and I know you know it’s not.”

He was right. Malcolm knew Percy wasn’t inherently bad, and that he hadn’t meant to hurt him.
Therefore this...this had to be real.

“So what now?” he asked quietly, looking at Percy uncertainly.

“Now I kiss you,” Percy said, but his tone was questioning. Malcolm nodded, wringing his hands
gether in nervousness.

“O-Okay.”

Percy closed the space between them in a way that suggested that he had wanted to do it for ages. He
gathered Malcolm up in his arms easily as if he had done it a dozen times before, and then leaned
down to capture the boy’s lips.

At first Malcolm was stiff. Where their car kiss had been soft and gentle this one was hungry and
nged with desperation. Percy’s arms were wrapped around the blond almost too tight, his mouth
ving against Malcolm’s fiercely as if he was afraid that the blond would disappear. Shyly
Malcolm reached up and curled his fingers in Percy’s t-shirt, relaxing in his arms enough that the
dark haired boy could fit him against the wall. The kiss deepened – Percy licked at the seam of
Malcolm’s lips and on instinct the blond parted them, allowing for Percy’s tongue to explore every
ch of his mouth. The dark haired boy took full advantage to that, rubbing his tongue against
Malcolm’s until the blond responded.

He could understand why people enjoyed kissing so much. When Percy turned his head to the side
nd fitted their mouths together better, it became exhilarating. Malcolm felt hot and shaky, wrapping
arms around Percy’s shoulders. The older boy made him feel safe, and aroused, which was kind
af scary. Still, the kiss continued, hot and passionate, until they were both gasping into each other’s
ths and Malcolm grew afraid that he’d make a weird noise.

What made things better were Percy’s hands. They seemed unable to stay still as they kissed; they
arted on Malcolm’s waist, then travelled up his back, then back down. Percy groped Malcolm’s
 and, weirdly, the blond didn’t mind, leaning into his touch and kissing the boy harder. It wasn’t
until Percy reached for his belt that Malcolm nudged him away.

“No,” he whispered, breathless, scared that he’d have to explain that he wasn’t ready. But Percy just
iled and nodded, pressing their foreheads together, his hands returning to Malcolm’s hips.

“So you forgive me?” he whispered.
“If you promise it was real,” Malcolm murmured, “That it wasn’t a joke, or a dare.”

“It wasn’t,” Percy said, tucking a strand of Malcolm’s hair behind his ear, “You were always who I wanted. I love you. You’re so gorgeous, and to me you’re the smartest, kindest, loveliest person.”

“That’s good,” Malcolm exhaled, “Because we have a date on Saturday.”

Percy buried his face in the blond’s neck to hide his laughter, holding the younger boy close.
I Wouldn't Mind

Nico always wanted a potted plant but because every plant he's around dies, so he kind of just gave up (and the Demeter kids won't let him near their garden or cabin). Will finds this out and thinks that if he can find a plant for Nico, Nico will like him. Will asks the Demeter kids if there's a plant that can withstand Nico's aura and the Demeter kids just give him a cacti. Will chickens out telling Nico his feelings and giving him the plant. So Will kind of becomes Nico's secret admirer, giving Nico a different kid of cacti every week paired with a poem or note. Nico find out because he's tired one day and doesn't go train so he just stays in his cabin and sees Will come in and place a new cacti and note.

For TheGrinch

Okay, ten year old Nico di Angelo thought to himself, carefully placing the flowerpot onto the windowsill of the Hades Cabin. He had always wanted this; his own corner. But the Hades cabin...well, it was less than welcoming, all dark and gloomy and honestly with Bianca gone on her Quest Nico felt lonely and scared. But this plant, that he had picked from the woods, all pretty and different shades of pink, seemed to light the room up. Nico had been very careful with it, asking Miranda, a girl he was told was into botany, for a pot and then filling it with soil before placing the plant inside. He watered it, and showered it with love, and now he smiled at it as he settled it on the windowsill.

With the flower it didn’t seem quite so lonely.

Smiling, the kid climbed into his new bed and pulled the covers all the way up to his chin. It had been an eventful day, and before he knew it, he was falling quickly into a sleep plagued with familiar, vivid dreams.

That morning when Nico awoke he found his potted plant completely dead, the flower dried and hanging limply over the side. It was a bitter introduction to the thing that would always accompany him; death. And yet twelve year old Nico didn’t know that yet. His sister was still alive. He was still full of hope.

***

The disgruntled and depressed son of Hades walked through his father’s underworld palace with the flower pot in his hands as a sign of his own failure. You’d think that after two years he would’ve given up his desperation to grow a goddamn flower in his room but no, Nico was determined, and his determination always led to this – disappointment. Because once again Nico awoke to the flower he had sneakily picked from Persephone’s garden the night before being completely and utterly dead.

“Nico!” the happy voice echoing off the high ceilings made the boy paused, and he half-turned,
seeing Bob, the Titan-made-servant, running towards him with a bit grin. Bob waved, “Nico!”


“It died,” he whispered, heartbroken. Nico smiled at him comfortably.

“I know. It was a shame, such a pretty flower too.”

“I have seeds for you!” Bob brightened up almost immediately. Nico wished he could do the same. The Titan pulled out a little packet from his pocket and offered it to Nico on his huge hand, “Maybe if you grow it yourself it’ll live!”

The childish enthusiasm of the Titan made it impossible for Nico to decline, so he plucked the packet from Bob’s hands, “That is so kind of you, Bob. Thank you so much.”

“No problem!” Bob grinned, “I hope it works! I have to go back to work.”

“I’ll talk to you later,” Nico gave Bob a little wave and watched the Titan rush off to dust some floor. The Italian’s shoulders slumped and he sighed, clutching the packet in his hand. He knew full well it wouldn’t work – flowers seemed to hate him, just like animals and every other living thing. And yet he had to try, for Bob.

***

After the war with Gaia, when Nico semi-permanently settled down at Camp Half Blood (mostly because of a little crush he was developing on a certain blond son of Apollo), he walked past the Demeter Cabin a hundred times, and each time he couldn’t help but admire the flowers growing in their front yard. There were so many of them, all different colours and shapes, and Nico was inexplicably drawn to them.

He wanted one, just one. He was pretty sure there was a fairytale that warned not to do what he did and yet one afternoon the fourteen-year old found himself walking into the garden. It wasn’t private or anything and he knew a lot of the campers took flowers from it, especially the Aphrodite cabin. So he didn’t really see the problem as he knelt down by a patch of pretty yellow and white Cosmos flowers. He had a pot ready and he tentatively dug out the flower by the roots, hoping against hope that maybe with Gaia asleep and the world at peace he’d be able to have one fucking potted plant in his room.

The boy got it in, took it back to his cabin, watered it and then forgot all about it. It wasn’t until the next morning when he realised how badly he fucked up. Naturally the flower had died overnight, but Nico wasn’t as upset about it as normal because Will was standing outside his front door, waiting to walk with Nico to the dining pavilion so they could continue their conversation about their favourite superheroes that they had started the night before.

“Hi,” Nico said, heart pounding when he saw Will.

“Hi,” the gorgeous blond smiled back. Before they could say anything else, a group of very pissed off Demeter kids climbed up the steps to the Hades cabin and shoved a confused Nico up against the door.

“What the-“

“What have you done?!” Billie Ng exploded, all up in Nico’s personal space, “Our garden is ruined!”
“What? I-I didn’t do anything,” Nico stuttered, anxiety flooding his body. Will was standing behind the Demeter lot, shocked.

“Don’t lie,” a boy whose name Nico didn’t know hissed, “I saw you yesterday picking some Cosmos from our garden!”

“I thought we were allowed to take flowers,” Nico said in a small voice, wanting more than anything to just shadowtravel out of there.

“Yes but not when it causes all of the other fucking flowers to die!” Billie yelled. Nico flinched. He turned his head and saw the nearby cabin. His stomach dropped. The front yard looked like it had been victim to a small fire – the plants were all wilted and dead to the point where they were grey. Nico wanted to vomit.

“Gods, you kids of Hades,” Katie shook her head as the other Demeter kids looked at Nico in disgust and started to walk away, “Always messing with our stuff. Why don’t you stay the hell away from our garden before you fuck it all up.”

Nico watched them go, partially shocked and partially upset.

“What the hell was that about?” Will asked after a moment of tense silence. The fact that he witnessed that made Nico incredibly embarrassed, “How was the destruction of their garden your fault?”

“It’s always my fault,” Nico whispered, “Flowers always die around me.”

“What?” Will asked.

For some reason, Nico told him everything, about how since he was ten he had wanted to have a potted plant. By the end of his little story he realised how pathetic he was, whining about some fucking room decoration. But Will didn’t ridicule him for it, and he didn’t pity him either.

“Oh man,” he said when Nico finished, “That sucks so much. But hey, I have a few flowers you could try out?” his calming voice made Nico feel a little better. He forced a smile.

“Thanks, but it always ends the same.”

“Who knows,” Will smiled sweetly, “Maybe this time it’ll be different.”


***

Looking back he was an idiot because when the next morning he found a little cactus in a pot in front of his door, he didn’t think it was Will. There was a stupid little quote attached to it;

*Sometimes love is like a flower, you have to wait for it to bloom.*

He assumed it was the Demeter’s lot way of apologising, but that didn’t matter because the cactus died anyway, though Nico appreciated the gesture nonetheless.

However there was a fresh one waiting for him the next morning.

***

Nico soon knew everything he could about cactuses since each week he got a new one. It would
wait for him innocently on the front steps of the Hades cabin – Nico had no idea who kept leaving them, but they always did it just when Nico was gone.

The day after his fifteenth birthday Nico came back from dinner to find a special cactus on his front steps. It was intricate, with huge gorgeous pink flowers sprouting from all sides. Nico knew immediately it was a Schlumbergera cactus. He took the pot into his hands and held it gently, before plopping down on the steps and reading the attached note. This one was longer than normal and Nico read it eagerly.

**Dear Nico.**

*Happy birthday. I wish I had enough courage to give this to you in person. I know you're probably tired of these cacti, since they keep dying, but I am sure that eventually I'll find one that you can keep alive.*

*With love,*

*You secret admirer.*

Nico couldn’t bite back his grin no matter how much he tried and before he knew it he was cradling the note to his chest like some stupid love struck teen. For the past year he had gotten pots upon pots of cacti from this ‘secret admirer,’ though it was only a few months ago that they started signing the notes off in that way. Everyone at camp knew about the cacti, and they knew that they died each time, which didn’t deter Nico’s ‘secret admirer.’ As persistent as it was, the gifts were so incredibly endearing and Nico couldn’t understand why someone cared enough to keep giving it to him. Still, he appreciated each and every plant he got, cherishing them for one night before chucking them away with a broken heart the next morning.

He suspected that Will had let out that Nico wanted a plant and that someone had latched onto the idea. He liked the gesture, and couldn’t help but feel intense affection for the admirer, struggling with it while also battling his continued crush for Will.

“Hi,” *speak of the devil and he shall appear,* Nico though, looking up to see none other than the son of Apollo standing in front of him, hands in his pockets. He was smiling. “The cactus man strikes again?”

“Yup,” Nico showed him his gift.

“Hah,” Will peered at it, “That’s a pretty one.”

“I know,” Nico stroked the pot fondly, “Not that it matters, it’ll die anyway.”

“How do you know?” Will asked, “It might be different.”

Nico rolled his eyes, “Gods, you sound like this ‘secret admirer.’”

Will tensed, as if even the thought of liking Nico made him uncomfortable. He muttered something about having to go and then scurried off. Nico’s shoulders slumped and his good mood disappeared. He looked down at his cactus.

“I wish you were from Will,” he whispered, then stood up and went to his cabin.

In the morning he was greeted by a dead Schlumbergera.
“We should go to train,” Percy said cheerfully.

Nico glared at him. He was exhausted since he and Percy had just finished the washing up duty that they were on since their ‘team of two’ lost the last Capture the Flag. It was embarrassing and now Nico felt like he was ready to collapse.

“Nah,” he said. Percy pouted.

“But we always train in Thursday nights!” he protested. Nico shrugged.

“I’m too tired, go without me.”

“Fine,” Percy grumbled and walked off while Nico headed for his cabin, dreaming of a hot shower and his bed. The path between the cabins was deserted as most people were out doing activities, that’s why Will stood out so much.

Nico froze when he saw him, because the son of Apollo was heading right for the Hades cabin. Nico watched him, heart pounding, feeling like he was witnessing something private. It wasn’t until the blond put down a little potted cacti on Nico’s front steps that everything clicked into place.


Will jerked up and stared at Nico in shock, obviously having not noticed that the boy was there, “Oh...,” he whispered, eyes wide. A blush crept across his cheeks and Nico swallowed.

“S-So you’re...you’re the secret admirer.”

“I...I...,” Will took a deep breath, “Yeah. Yup.”

“But...,” Nico didn’t understand, “Why?”

“I,” Will bit his lip and shoved his hands into his pockets, “After you told me about the whole plant thing I went to the Demeter lot and they suggested that maybe cacti will live around you,” he shrugged, “So since then I’ve been finding one for you each week. Sorry if it’s weird.”

It made sense then. Will did feel sorry for Nico after all...the cacti, the notes, they were all so Nico felt special and liked and not alone. Will didn’t mean any of it. The Italian swallowed and sighed, trying not to show Will how heartbroken he really was.

“I wanted it to be you, but not like this...”

He walked past Will and to the front door, scooping the cacti up, “A Parodia,” he said, looking at the little cactus with fondness. On the top it had a single lemon yellow flower. It was cute.

“Will, it’ll just die,” Nico replied.

“No, it won’t,” Will said.

“Yes, it will,” Nico could feel himself getting irritated, “As soon as I wake up tomorrow morning it’ll just be a bunch of dried weeds. It’s a waste of a lovely flower. You should give it to a nice girl or something...,” he mentally scolded himself for sounding bitter. To his utter surprise, Will snatched the Parodia from him and barged past him and into the cabin, “Will!” Nico protested.

The son of Apollo passively aggressively slammed the pot onto Nico’s windowsill, where almost five years ago he had put his first flower, “I’m staying here tonight,” Will said, “To see for myself, and to be here to see your face when this flower survives.”
Nico gaped at him, “Will you c-can’t!” he protested, blushing just at the thought.

“I’ll sleep on the floor,” the son of Apollo seemed pretty determined, “and I’m dead set on proving you wrong.”

Nico exhaled, “Fine, if you want to see it for yourself so badly.”

In truth Nico was embarrassed. Will was the literal embodiment of light and the sun and the infirmary was always full of flowers. They seemed so drawn to him, like he was a Demeter kid. And he was about to see how much Nico couldn’t grow something. It was stupid, but it would serve as a reminder that Nico’s powers were cold and dead, and that he would never be right for Will, no matter how much he wanted to be...

What am I thinking, Nico shook his head.

***

Nico couldn’t sleep. He laid on his back in his bed and stared at the ceiling, aware that just by him on the floor was Will, breathing shallowly enough that Nico knew he was also awake. On the windowsill above them was the Parodia, probably already wilting.

“Will?” Nico whispered, “You awake?”

“Yeah,” the blond whispered back. He paused for a moment, and then, “Look, I’m sorry about this. I basically forced you to let me sleep here.”

“No,” Nico murmured, “It’s fine, it’s...,” he almost said ‘nice’ but that sounded weird.

“I know this whole thing was kinda creepy,” Will continued in a sleepy whisper, “But I just wanted it to work so bad. I wanted to be the one to find the perfect plant for you.”

Nico’s heart twisted and it took everything inside him not to read too far into Will’s words. He was just being a good friend, “Thank you,” Nico said, “It meant a lot, even if they all died.”

Silence settled over the two. Nico closed his eyes and felt sleep creep up on him. He focused on the sadness inside of him not to read too far into Will’s words. He was just being a good friend. “Thank you,” Nico said, “It meant a lot, even if they all died.”

Nico closed his eyes and felt sleep creep up on him. He focused on the sadness inside of him. Maybe the flowers were a metaphor for his life – he had no place here, among the living. Like his father he was unable to be at peace with nature, which was why he tried so hard to be. Hades had kidnapped Persephone to bring some life into his dead, cold world and Nico was trying to do the same.

“Nico?” Will’s soft voice broke Nico out of his miserable thoughts. Will was his Persephone, his ray of sunshine. But Nico was never going to be good enough for him.

“Yeah?” he whispered back anyway.

“Stick your hand over the side.”

Nico wanted to question it, but suddenly he felt tired, crushed by his sadness, so he just did as he was told. His arm curled limply over the side of the bed as he rolled onto his side. Seconds later he felt Nico’s fingers sliding between his. He gasped inaudibly when the warmth of Will’s skin seeped through his.

“Goodnight,” the blond whispered. Nico wished he could see him. He didn’t know why Will was holding his hand. He didn’t know why he had signed off as ‘secret admirer.’ It was all too much. Nico squeezed his eyes shut hoping the world would make more sense tomorrow.
“Goodnight.”

***

“Nico, Nico wake up.”

The warm, excited voice wasn’t familiar to Nico as it broke through the haze of his dreams. He grumbled in his sleep and then allowed his eyes to open enough to see his surroundings. It was morning, the Hades cabin filled with sunshine, and above him was the sun himself. Will leaned over Nico, all curls and sleepy eyes, grinning.

“You need to see this,” he said.

“What?” Nico mumbled, only half-awake. Will grabbed his hand and pulled him into a sitting position. Nico rubbed his eyes and yawned.

“Come on, come on,” Will said impatiently, pushing at Nico’s shoulders in an effort to get him to turn.

“Okay, okay,” Nico grumbled and turned on his bed.

For a second he was confused and disoriented, not understanding what he was seeing. There was his windowsill, a little dusty, and there was the little reddish-orange pot he had gotten from the Big House. And inside the pot was the Parodia Will had given him, and on top of the Parodia were two yellow flowers.

“Huh,” Nico said curiously, “There was only one yesterday.”

And that was when his sleepy brain finally comprehended what he was seeing. The cacti was...alive. Nico’s eyes widened.

“O-Oh my Gods,” he gasped.

“I know!” Will thrummed with excitement next to him, “Isn’t it amazing? I did it! I found the perfect flower for you—”

Nico tackled Will into a hug and because the blond wasn’t expecting it he fell backwards against the bed. Nico laid on top of him and if he had been any heavier he would’ve crushed the son of Apollo. He squeezed the other boy desperately.


His heart felt too big for his chest. Will laughed and hugged him back, somehow getting them back into a sitting position. When Nico pulled away, Will’s smile melted from his face.

“So did I do it then?” Will asked quietly, pulling Nico’s arms from his face. The son of Hades gave him a puzzled, puffy-eye look, “Did I make you like me?”

Nico frowned, “I like you regardless.”
“That’s not what I mean,” Will shook his head, then took a deep breath as if trying to steady himself, “I was going to tell you with the first cactus. I was going to come up to you and confess but...well, I was never one of the brave ones. The past year I kept thinking that if I could find you the right flower you’d like me,” he laughed awkwardly, and looked at Nico with his big, open blue eyes, “Stupid right?”

“No,” Nico whispered, scared his heart might stop, “No, it’s not stupid at all.”

He realised he was still in Will’s lap. The blond looked away, “Read the note on the Parodia.”

As if in a trance, Nico climbed off the son of Apollo and walked over to the windowsill. He was incredibly careful when he picked up the cactus, scared it would turn to dust in his hands. But it didn’t, remaining solid. With one hand, Nico opened the attached note.

It was shorter than the ones before.

Dear Nico,

I love you.

Your secret admirer,

Will.

He was shaking so badly that he almost dropped the cactus but thankfully that was when he felt Will’s strong arms snake around his body. The blond pulled Nico up against his chest and rested his chin on the top of the Italian’s head as the son of Hades stared out of the window in shock.

“I hope you don’t mind,” Will whispered.

“M-Mind what?” Nico mumbled.

“That I love you.”

The boy squeezed his eyes shut and clutched the cactus to his chest, thinking that he could never be more happy than he was in that moment, “Of course I don’t mind, you idiot.”
I Got to Take Care of You

A Freo thing where Frank and Leo are secretly dating and Leo is really embarrassed, not about the gay part, but about the fact that he’s actually extremely inexperienced in anything relationship-wise or sexual. So one time, they get really sexual and Leo’s SO embarrassed (hiding his face, stifling his moans, etc.) but Frank coaxes him through the whole thing, taking care of and pleasuring Leo as best he can for anon

Leo swallowed nervously as he walked among the beds in the Hephaestus cabin, feeling the eyes of his siblings following him and Frank, who walked behind him with a blanket and a pillow tucked under his arm. Leo clutched a bowl of popcorn in his trembling eyes, focusing only on his bed, moved aside to allow him access to his private room under the cabin. Just act natural, you’ve done this a dozen times, he told himself, just act natural...

“Another sleepover?” Beckendorf asked casually from his bed. Leo’s palms sweated, and he forced a smile.

“Yup,” he said, “We need to finish watching Power.”

Beckendorf looked at him for a moment, dark eyes fixated and seeming to see right through the Latino. He’ll know, Leo panicked, he’ll know. Then his brother just shrugged, “Cool. Have fun. Don’t stay up too late.”

“Gotcha,” Frank said, calm and collected.

Leo let out the breath he was holding only when they got to his private room and the door closed behind them. Frank dropped the extra covers on Leo’s bed, plucked the popcorn bowl out of his hands, placed it on the bedside table and kissed the Latino.

Leo nudged him away, blushing, “I think Beck knows,” he whispered, “I think they all know that I...that we...”

“I don’t see why you care so much,” Frank murmured, used to Leo acting like this. He ducked his head and kissed his boyfriend’s neck slowly, drawing him close. Leo’s eyes fluttered shut, “I’m really starting to think you’re ashamed of me.”

Leo smacked his back, “You know that’s not it.”

“I know,” Frank smiled and pressed their mouths together again. Leo melted into the kiss. They had been doing this – dating in secret – for the past two months. They decided to keep their relationship on the down low because both of their sets of siblings were a bit...er...protective, so they thought it
better to not tell them. Still, having Frank over on their ‘sleepovers’ always filled Leo with anxiety since he was scared they’d get caught. Frank was ready to come clean but Leo had a new fear now; a fear that he wasn’t good enough for Frank and that people would tell him that if they knew the two of them were together.

Leo hadn’t even known that he was gay until during one capture the flag Frank cornered him in the forest and they started fighting, and then Frank was suddenly kissing him. Leo had zero relationship experience; Frank was his first everything – first kiss, first boyfriend, first person Leo cuddled with and held hand with and left hiccups on. They hadn’t done more than that, mostly because he was too embarrassed. He didn’t mind that Frank was a boy, but Leo had always been told he was unattractive all his life and so he didn’t want to turn Frank off by being...well, himself.

Which was why when he felt a moan climbing up his throat that Frank was kissing, he pushed the boy away. He was bright red and shaking and he wanted to do more, but he was too shy and scared he’d fuck up and let out a weird noise or something.

“Let’s watch the show,” Leo whispered. Frank looked a little disappointed but he didn’t push, leaning down and kissing Leo’s cheek sweetly before nuzzling the side of his head.

“Okay.”

They climbed onto the bed together and arranged themselves the way they usually did; Frank was partially laying down on a mountain of pillows on his back, facing the TV on Leo’s wall and selecting the new episode of ‘Power.’ Leo was curled between Frank and the wall, on his side with a leg thrown over Frank’s, cuddling into his side.

As the episode started playing Frank’s fingers found Leo’s curls and he started stroking them. Leo smiled into the bigger boy’s chest. They watched the episode and every few minutes the son of Mars leaned down and gave Leo a small kiss on the mouth until Leo started leaning up himself in search of his boyfriend’s lips. Their kisses grew longer, more drawn out and more frequent very quickly and soon enough the two were making out passionately, tangled up in each other, the show forgotten. Frank’s hands wandered over Leo’s body, at first simply gently sliding over his curves but quickly turning rough. Soon enough Frank’s tongue was exploring Leo’s mouth and his hands were groping his ass. Leo’s head spun.

He tried to pull away when his cock twitched into semi-erection, but Frank pulled him closer, so close that Leo was sure he could feel his crotch against him. Blood rushed to his face and he turned away.

“Hey,” Frank nudged Leo’s nose with his own, hands brushing over Leo’s thighs, “We’re just kissing.”

“It’s...,” Leo bit his lip.

“I’m sorry, I can’t stop myself sometimes,” Frank smiled faintly. He stared into Leo’s eyes for a moment, then one of his hands started stroking Leo’s cheek, “You’re so beautiful.”

Leo looked away, heart pounding. Frank captured his mouth again. If Leo was stronger he would’ve said no because he knew they were entering the danger zone, but the thing was he wanted to keep kissing. It felt good to have Frank hold him because even when he was being rough Leo felt safe with him. Safe and loved.

The son of Mars dragged him closer and slotted their bodies together so their erections were pressed together. The fact that Frank was hard too filled Leo with excitement and the feeling of having him
pressed up against Leo’s dick felt so good that Leo gasped.

“F-Frank,” he whispered, unsure of what to do. He placed his hand on Frank’s chest and just left it there, not pushing him away. Frank took his hand and kissed it, surprising Leo with his sudden tenderness. Then he reached down and slipped his hand under Leo’s t-shirt. The Latino shivered at the feeling of Frank’s fingers dancing over his skin, “Your hands are cold,” he whispered.

“They’ll warm up soon enough,” Frank smiled and connected their mouths again. He was right – Leo felt like he was on fire already just from little touches. When Frank twisted his nipple gently and shock of pleasure went through the boy and he let out a startled, helpless moan. Immediately he slapped a hand over his mouth, embarrassed, “Oi, don’t do that,” Frank murmured, pulling Leo’s hand from his face. He brushed his fingers over Leo’s other nipple but the Latino grabbed his hand through the t-shirt.

“D-Don’t...I...,” he was breathing hard, dizzy.

“Gods, you’re so sensitive,” Frank whispered, sliding an arm under Leo and curling it all the way around Leo’s waist.

“I-I’m sorry,” Leo stuttered.

“Hey, don’t apologise. It’s cute,” Frank told him, and then reached down to cup Leo through his shorts. The boy cried out.

“Frank!” he moaned, and buried his face in the man’s shoulder, clinging onto his shirt. Frank didn’t let go, stroking Leo through the material, “O-Oh my God,” Leo tried to stifle his moans in Frank’s shoulder as pleasure sizzled up his spine. Nobody had ever touched him there and it felt...really fucking good.

“It’s okay,” Frank whispered, his hand stopping, “What’s wrong?” he asked, nudging Leo from his shoulder. The boy refused to move, too embarrassed to show his face.

“I just...I just...,” he stuttered, “It feels g-good and I don’t...I’ve never...d-done anything like this...”

“That’s okay,” Frank kissed the side of his head.

He let go of the Latino so he could roll on top of him. Leo didn’t mind; having Frank on top of him not only felt intimate, but also safe, like Frank was blocking the world out.

The son of Mars pushed Leo’s curls from his forehead before kissing it, and then slowly slid Leo’s shorts off, giving the boy the chance to stop him. But Leo didn’t, throwing an arm over his face to hide it instead.

“You’re gorgeous, you know that, right?” Frank murmured, making Leo shiver. When Frank slipped his hand into Leo’s underwear and curled his fingers around the Latino’s hard cock, Leo whimpered.

“O-Oh my Gods,” he gasped, biting his bottom lip to keep the sounds at bay. Frank started to stroke him slowly, then kissed every inch of Leo’s skin that wasn’t covered by his arm – his chin, his jaw, his forehead, his lips, “I love you,” he whispered heatedly, “Leo, I love you.”

Leo peeked at Frank over his arm, heart twisting in pleasure, “I love y-ah!” he didn’t get to finish because suddenly Frank was stroking him fast and hard, making Leo’s toes curl, “fuck!”

Frank pushed his arm away from his face, pining it down above Leo’s head and not stopping his movements, “Let me look at you,” he whispered hotly, eyes dancing over Leo’s flushed face, “Fuck,
you’re so beautiful, I love the sounds you make.”

“S-Shut up,” Leo whined, shaking. He tried to cover his mouth with his other hand but Frank pinned that one down too, holding both of them in one of his big hands. Leo thought he was going to lose his mind; Frank’s fingers were rough and calloused as they touched him, causing heat to pool in Leo’s stomach. He started to get desperate as he felt his climax approaching, writhing and gasping and moaning, and Frank just watched him hungrily and soaked up every little sound Leo made.

“F-Frank,” Leo moaned, thinking he was going go crazy from the pleasure. It was literally only a handjob but it felt amazing, and Frank was so close that Leo never wanted him to pull away, “F-Frank, Frankie, I-I’m close...I-I’m really close-“

Frank kissed him and let go of his hands. Leo immediately curled them around Frank’s neck, clinging onto him.

“That’s okay,” the son of Mars murmured, “Come, baby. You’re perfect, every inch of you,” he kissed Leo everywhere feverishly and the world went white for the Latino as his back arched off the bed and come spurted all over Frank’s hand.

It was the most intense orgasm he had ever had and the boy collapsed helplessly on the bed, shivering from the aftershock. His ears were ringing, his eyes felt too heavy to open. He just laid there, gasping for air and half-naked, his cock soft against his stomach. Then he felt the gentle touch of a wet towel and somehow managed to open his eyes.

Frank was wiping him down with care, his free hand stroking Leo’s thigh comfortingly. Their eyes met and the bigger boy smiled, “You okay?” he asked, squeezing Leo’s thigh, “I’m sorry if I pushed you.”

Leo sat up with some difficulty and then climbed into Frank’s lap, craving his warmth. He wrapped his arms around the Asian’s shoulders and clung onto him like a little kitty.

“I love you so much,” he whispered. Frank enveloped him in his arms.

“I love you too,” he murmured.
We Don't Need to Talk About this Now

Alpha! Jason and Omega! Percy are happily dating, but Percy is really nervous about his approaching heat. He is asexual and doesn't experience heats like other Omegas. He doesn't crave sex, instead he has cramps and just wants to be cuddled and wrapped in fluffy blankets and being fed chocolate and ice cream. But Jason doesn't know about his asexuality yet, and Percy is afraid that his heat is the point, where their relationship will fall apart. In the past, his asexuality was always a deal breaker for his partners, either they would go the moment they would learn about it or they would play along in the assumption that they get to fuck him during his heat, and would break up as soon as they learn that Percy doesn't let himself get fucked by them. So Percy postponed telling Jason, because he wanted to enjoy their relationship as long as possible, but his heat sets a time limit to that. But when his heat hits, Jason surprises Percy in being nothing else than understanding and he just wants to care for his Omega and make him feel safe and happy so they just snuggle in bed together with lots of comfort food and it's the best heat Percy had ever. (Optionally also with a bit of relationship negotiation, where Jason asks Percy what he is comfortable with (like, Percy likes kissing und cuddling but no touching under the belt,...) and Percy reassuring a worried Jason that they haven't done anything yet what would have made him uncomfortable.)

for SilentCookie

Percy’s first heat hit when he was fifteen, which was quite a normal time for Omegas to experience it for the first time. But that was where the ‘normality’ of Percy’s heat ended. Before it appeared he had researched like crazy, afraid of what it would entail. The internet told him that heats were excruciatingly painful and that the Omega’s body would be completely overtaken by lust. It was hard for Percy to comprehend that; he was not a sexual person at all, and had only masturbated a handful of times in his life to experiment. He didn’t like it, so he didn’t do it. He didn’t get aroused, and the thought that suddenly he could, and would be unable to control it, worried him to no end.

So when Percy’s heat hit the Omega didn’t realise for a while that it was happening because it wasn’t like what all those sites said. At first Percy’s stomach started hurting but naturally the fifteen year old didn’t tie it to his heat. He was walking home from school. It was a warm, summer day. The cramps in his gut caused Percy’s discomfort…then mild pain. The boy ended up running home and surprised himself by immediately changing into his comfiest clothes, climbing into bed and wrapping himself up in blankets. Despite the warm weather he was cold, trembling. He sat in his fort, confused. He put on a movie. He got chocolate. He felt a desperate need that something was missing, someone’s warm arms wrapped around him…
That’s when he realised two things. One, he was in heat and two, he was not like other Omegas. Percy Jackson was asexual.

***

Michael was a bust. Percy had fallen in love with him quickly and intensely as seventeen year olds do. Michael was a year above him at school, smoked cigarettes and rode motorcycles. He was an Alpha that made Percy feel safe...until he didn’t.

They were at a house party and Michael had Percy up against the wall in some dark corridor. They were both drunk and making out and Percy enjoyed it. His Omega was happy that an Alpha was pressed against him, kissing him. Sure, it was a bit rough for Percy’s liking, but he wasn’t complaining. Until Michael’s hand slid under his trousers.

Percy grabbed his wrist and flinched away, “Don’t,” he whispered. Michael loomed in closer, smelling like cigarettes smoke.

“C’mon,” he whispered, kissing Percy’s neck, “Don’t play hard to get.”

“I-I don’t want to have sex,” Percy said.

“Why?” Michael seemed vaguely annoyed, “We can do it on a bed if you like. Is this because you’re drunk?”

“No,” Percy said. He felt almost sober now that his instincts kicked in. He pushed Michael away, “No, I just don’t want to have sex. Like ever.”

He wanted to tell Michael before but he was scared of the Alphas reaction and also he didn’t think it was relevant. They were young and Percy didn’t think Michael would push for sex so early...they had only been dating for three weeks after all. But now the Alpha seemed pissed as if Percy owed him something.

“So you’re telling me you’re an Omega that doesn’t want sex?”


“C’mon now. You’re taking the piss.”

“I’m asexual,” Percy whispered, biting his lip and, hoping against hope, that maybe Michael would accept him. Instead someone called his name down the hall and so Michael just shook his head.

“You’re asexual,” he repeated, “And we’re done.”

That was Percy’s first breakup.

***

After Michael, Percy was scared, but Luke seemed perfect. Their first date was at a lovely little burger joint and Percy told the gorgeous blond the truth over curly fries.

“I’m asexual,” he said, “If that’s a deal breaker for you then let’s not continue this.”

But Luke had just blinked at him, “Asexual as in...?”

“I don’t want sex.”
“Ah,” Luke nodded, then smiled, “Yeah that’s fine by me.”

Percy thought it was some miracle. After Michael he was single for two years in which he made out with loads of Alphas who quickly abandoned him after learning of his predicament. Luke was as if heaven-sent, understanding Percy perfectly. Things went really well for four weeks until suddenly Percy found his heat hitting when he was staying over at the older man’s flat.

“Luke,” he said, crawling into the blond’s bed, “My heat’s hit.”

All he wanted was cuddles, to put on a stupid movie and eat ice cream. He was shaking and freezing and the Alpha smelled delightful. That was until he suddenly pinned Percy down and started grinding on him. Percy’s whole body flinched away from him and his skin crawled. He tried futilely to push Luke away.

“No, s-stop,” his stomach churned in disgust, his flaccid penis an obvious indicator that Percy didn’t want this.

“Let me take care of you,” Luke cooed at him, like he was a baby.

“I don’t want to have sex,” Percy said, trying to keep calm. This was Luke, his boyfriend, who would never hurt him.

“I know you’re asexual,” Luke growled, “But you’re also an Omega. You’re supposed to turn into a slut, so do it,” he leaned down and bit Percy’s earlobe as the boy laid there in shock, “Come on let me see you change into a whore. I’ve wanted to see that innocent facade of yours crumple away for weeks, let me see what you really are-“

Percy kneed him in the crotch, and Luke reeled back with a howl, allowing the Omega to scramble off the bed. He grabbed his shoes, his bag and sprinted from the flat with Luke yelling insults after him. Percy walked all the way home for half an hour, shoe-laces untied, crying helplessly as his body rebelled against him.

That was the moment he realised that nobody would ever truly want him.

***

Anxiously Percy padded across his bedroom to his calendar hanging on the wall and swallowed. A week from today’s date, on the 14th of January, the word heat was scribbled into the little square. Those four letters alone was enough to make Percy want to be sick.

He had fucked up royally, and now he didn’t know what to do. At the heart of the twenty four year old’s dilemma was the dreaded 14th of January, as well as a certain blond Alpha called Jason Grace.

Percy met Jason accidentally. Or rather, not. They took the train together back from work. They both lived downtown but Percy didn’t know that the first few weeks as he knew Jason only as the gorgeous blond from the train. Their eyes constantly met as they sat opposite each other, and flitting glances turned to little smiles and eventually Jason started talking to Percy on the train. They found that they lived close. It became a habit to go home from work together, and Percy’s day was full of excitement at the prospect of seeing Jason. And then the blond kissed him and even though Percy promised himself after Luke that he was done with Alphas, he kissed back. And when Jason asked him out Percy said yes.

They had been dating for two months now, and Jason was everything Percy ever wanted; kind, funny, caring. They liked the same TV shows and when they bickered Jason didn’t try and
intimidate Percy like the other Alphas did. There was a great level of mutual respect and love in their relationship and Percy didn’t want to lose it. Which was why despite Jason’s delicate offers of help Percy spent his first heat while in the relationship alone, curled up in his bed, crying and yearning for his Alphas arms. He trusted Jason, but not enough to allow him to be with Percy during his heat. The boy still too-vividly remembered the forcefulness of Michael and Luke and everyone in-between, how terrifying it had been. He didn’t want a repeat, but at the same time he knew that he was deceiving Jason. Surely the Alpha, no matter how kind, would abandon Percy the moment sex was off the table. The thought of losing Jason and the happiness he brought was unbearable to Percy.

Which was why he didn’t know how he should handle the 14th – should he confess the truth to Jason and accept what he had long ago knew, that happiness with an Alpha wasn’t meant for him, or should he suffer through another heat alone and give himself another amazing month with Jason? Percy didn’t know.

***

Percy sat on the counter at Jason’s apartment, swinging his legs. It was the 13th of January and fat snowflakes fell outside the window. The kitchen was filled with warm light, like a protective bubble that held the cold outside. Jason was standing by the sink, the sleeves of his flannel rolled up to his elbows as he washed the dishes. Percy watched him silently, comfortable, the radio turned on and providing a comforting background noise.

This is nice, Percy thought with an aching heart. He wished he could have this forever. As he watched Jason’s broad back he wondered if maybe he could force himself to have sex with Jason. Just once a month didn’t seem so bad, plus Percy knew that Jason would be gentle and kind. He was the first Alpha Percy ever considered doing this for and yet he still felt uncomfortable.

He slipped off the counter and came up behind Jason, wrapping his arms around the Alpha’s waist and burying his face between the man’s shoulder blades. Jason chuckled.

“You okay there?” he asked, and Percy felt his muscles ripple beneath his cheek, “Turned into a koala, have you?”

“Exactly.”

Jason shut off the water and turned around. He wiped his hands on a cloth and then leaned down to kiss Percy. It started off slow, a smile on Jason’s mouth. But very quickly the kiss turned passionate and hungry. Jason pressed Percy up against the counter the boy had just been sitting on, and the Omega wrapped his arms around the blond’s neck, keeping him close. Mine, his inner Omega told him, he’s mine. Percy tried not to stress and add not for long to the end of that though, instead just clutching Jason and focusing on the feeling of the man’s tongue inside his mouth.

That’s when the first cramp made him tense up. The boy pulled away, frowning, and the familiar, unwanted feeling of a heat descended on him.

“Oh no,” he whispered, then pulled himself out of Jason’s arms and ran upstairs.

“Percy!” Jason called after him, panicking. Percy barely made it to the bathroom; he slammed and locked the door behind himself and then collapsed on the floor, shaking and gasping for air. He was supposed to have one more day but clearly being close to Jason had triggered his heat early.

The boy groaned as waves of hot pain washed over him. His muscles started to ache and he knew it’d only get worse. He started shivering, and hugged himself. He needed to get out of there before Jason realised what was happening. When the boy tried to find his phone he remembered he left it
downstairs. Tears welled up in his eyes; he buried his face in his hands and took shaky breaths trying to desperately calm down. The fact that the whole bathroom smelled like Jason wasn’t helping because it made Percy want to just crawl into his arms and be held. *Why can’t I be normal?* He thought bitterly as a sob bubbled up in his throat.

A gentle knock came on the door, “Perce?” Jason asked softly. When there was no response the blond continued, “Are you in heat?”


“I know you are, I can smell it.”

Percy winced, “Can you c-call me a taxi please?”

“I’ll drop you home,” Jason murmured. It was hard for Percy to stay in the cold bathroom when the man he loved was right outside. The boy stood up shakily and looked at himself in the mirror; his pupils were dilated, his cheeks flushed. He looked a mess and he didn’t want Jason to see him like this. Even though minutes ago he contemplated sex now the thought of doing it repulsed him, even with Jason.

“I can’t look at you right now.”

“Percy,” Jason said gently, “I know you’re scared, and I know you don’t want me to be here during this heat, otherwise you’d ask me to be-“

“That’s not it,” Percy whined. He leaned against the door, hoping that somehow he could feel Jason’s heat through it.

“I’m not going to do anything,” Jason said, “I promise. I can control myself. But I need to see you and make sure you’re okay so please just come out of there. I won’t touch you, I swear.”

He seemed so calm and collected that Percy believed him. The problem was he didn’t want Jason to not touch him, he just didn’t want Jason to touch him like that.

Slowly the dejected Omega opened the door with a trembling hand.

Jason stood a few feet away, brows furrowed. When he saw Percy for a split second his eyes flashed red and Percy flinched away in fear, taking a step back into the bathroom. Jason blinked, and frowned. Percy’s reactions weren’t normal. If an Omega was in heat they craved Alphas, and because Percy loved Jason he should’ve thrown himself at the blond despite his better judgements. But he didn’t, revealing that he wasn’t like other Omegas.

“You smell good,” Jason said softly, catching Percy off-guard. The other Alphas told him his heat smelled abnormal, not as sweet as the heats of other Omegas, not as alluring. Percy assumed Jason only said it to make him feel more relaxed, he was just so kind. In that moment Percy knew that he couldn’t deceive him any longer.

“I’m asexual,” he whispered, and Jason’s eyes widened. Percy winced as a painful cramp went through him and curled his arms around his stomach, “I don’t...I don’t want to have sex with you, ever,” he whimpered and leaned against the wall, “I’m so sorry,” there were tears in his eyes again, “I didn’t...I don’t mean to make it sound harsh or t-to hurt you. I-I’m not normal, I’m all fucked up inside, and I-I understand if you want to end this. There is nothing I-I can give you.”

“Of course there is,” Jason said, sounding shocked, “You’ve given me all of you. Yes, we didn’t fuck but...,” he exhaled, “Percy, you know I’m in love with you, right?”
Percy’s eyes snapped to the blond, “Well...no, actually. I didn’t know that.”

Jason smiled gently, “Well, I am. I love you. All of you, no matter how you are,” he took a tentative step towards Percy and the boy didn’t back away, “I had my suspicion that you might not want sex and honestly it’s not important to me. You’re not the one who has nothing to give – it’s me. If I can’t take care of you during your heat then I’ve failed as an Alpha, as your Alpha.”

He looked upset and Percy’s heart twisted. He didn’t trust Jason’s words, honestly. He thought that any moment the Alpha would pounce on him or expect Percy to change his mind. But he just stood there.

“You can stay here if you want,” Jason said, “You’re in no condition to go home and I’m not putting you in a taxi in case some other Alpha smells you and hurts you. I’ll stay in the living room if you’d like but my bed is all yours if you just want to lie down.”

“A-Are you sure?” Percy breathed, not believing that this was real. The thought of leaving Jason’s flat was unbearable. The blond nodded and went over to the bed, fluffing the pillows and getting it nice and ready for Percy. The Omega thought his legs would give out.

“I can change the sheets if you’d like.”

“No,” Percy blurted, flushing, “N-No, I want them to smell like you...”

Jason stared at him, then visibly swallowed. Percy imagined this situation was hard for him too, and he hated it. The Alpha kept his distance as Percy climbed into bed, sliding into the warmth of the covers until just his head was poking out. He felt like shit. Outside it snowed. Jason turned off the bedside lamp and turned off the main light before going on his laptop.

“I’ll put a movie on for you, unless you want to sleep.”

“A movie sounds great,” Percy mumbled. He liked this, Jason taking care of him and yet he wanted the blond here, in bed with him...except Percy didn’t know how to ask, “Can you put on something funny please?”

“Yeah, sure,” Jason smiled at Percy fondly, “How about legally blonde?”

Percy nodded, surprised that Jason knew exactly what he needed, “I’ll get you some hot chocolate and snacks,” the blond said, putting the laptop down so Percy could see the screen as the movie started playing.

The moment Jason left the room Percy felt awfully lonely and he almost called the Alpha back, but he didn’t want to be selfish or a burden. He buried himself further in the covers and inhaled Jason’s comforting smell. As unusual and pleasant as this was, and as much as it made Percy feel better, the Omega knew better than to hope that Jason accepted him. Undoubtedly the moment the heat ended they’d have a serious talk in which Jason would apologise and break up with him. At least he’d let Percy down gently.

Jason came back with the snacks a few minutes later, “Here’s the hot chocolate,” he put everything on the bedside table, “and normal chocolate, and some cookies and-“

Percy’s hand shot out and grabbed Jason’s. The Alpha looked down at him in shock but Percy didn’t let go. He just wanted his Alpha, goddammit. The blond shifted closer.

“Hey,” he whispered as Percy clung onto his hand, heart pounding in fear and anxiety. Both those feelings disappeared when Jason suddenly carded his fingers through Percy’s hair. There was so
much gentleness and love in that gesture that Percy shivered, “It’s okay. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Stay with me please,” Percy whispered pathetically.

“In the bed?” Jason asked. Percy nodded.

“Okay baby,” Jason carefully pried Percy’s fingers off him and then climbed into the bed and under the covers. He laid behind the Omega and carefully slipped his arms around Percy’s waist, giving him ample opportunity to push him away if he wanted. Instead the moment he felt the closeness of his Alpha, Percy whirled around and pressed his face into Jason’s chest, hugging him fiercely.

“Hold me,” he whimpered, “Please just hold me.”

All around him was Jason’s lovely smell, and the Alpha wrapped his arms around Percy and held him like the Omega asked. He placed a kiss on top of Percy’s head and pulled him closer until they were smooshed together. Percy closed his eyes. The movie played and for the first time in all his heats he was happy.

It was only after a few minutes in which Percy’s muscles relaxed and his cramps went away that he realised how hard this must be for Jason. He pulled away.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, “I’m being so selfish right now.”

“No, no you’re not,” Jason’s hands found Percy’s flushed face and he held it before ducking down and kissing his mouth. Percy melted into the gentle kiss, “Your smell...it doesn’t turn me on,” Jason winced, “Sorry that sounded bad. It’s not to say I’m not attracted to you because I am...,” his expression softened and he cradled Percy’s cheek. The Omega happily nuzzled his palm, “God,” Jason choked out, “I’m so attracted to you. But you smell...it makes me want to protect you, to make you feel safe and ensure you’re happy.”

“I am,” Percy whispered, “I’m so fucking happy right now.”

Jason pecked him quickly on the mouth, “I’m so, so glad.”

“Kiss me properly,” Percy asked hesitantly. Jason nodded,

“Oh. Tell me if you want to stop,” he tucked a piece of Percy’s hair behind his ear and then leaned in.

Their kiss was deep, their tongues tangling together in a hungry dance. Percy’s arms wrapped around Jason’s neck and the blond stroked his back, exploring every inch of Percy that he could reach with his tongue. The Omega moaned softly in pleasure, his body trembling in Jason’s arms. The blond just kissed him harder, and Percy enjoyed their lips sliding together immensely. He felt Jason’s warm hands slip under his shirt and he shivered in pleasure at the sudden warmth.

Jason pulled back quickly, “Oh my God,” he panicked, trying to pull his hands out, “I’m sorry, I didn’t ask-“

Percy grabbed his hands and shoved them back under his t-shirt, “It’s fine,” he said, smiling, “I like it. Just...,” he bit his lip, “Just don’t touch me below the belt please.”

Jason searched his face with his eyes, then nodded, “Okay. You tell if you’re in pain or anything, okay baby?” he pulled Percy close, “I’m going to take care of you, I promise,” Percy soaked his words up eagerly; he had always wanted to hear them. Jason kissed his forehead, “You’re my Omega, Perce, and I’m going to take care of you today, and your next heat, and the heat after that,
and all the heats for the rest of your life and all the days in between. Percy’s heart pounded and he suddenly felt as light as a feather, “I love you, so, so much.”

“I love you too,” Percy whispered, “But don’t make these p-promises to me I...I know I’m not normal, all the other Alphas gave up on me.”

“I’m not like them,” Jason said firmly, looking right into Percy’s eyes, “I don’t care about sex. Yes, you’re hot. Yes, I would enjoy having sex with you. But it’s not a priority. I enjoy cuddling you, taking care of you. I like how comfortable you look right now and I would never do anything to cause you discomfort.”

“Jason...,” Percy was choked up with emotion.

“I’m going to kiss you again now,” Jason said. Percy nodded eagerly. Their lips met, the kiss was long and passionate.

Despite Percy’s doubts, the morning of the 17th, when his heat ended, didn’t start with a serious conversation. It started with Jason bringing him pancakes to bed and then driving him home. The conversation didn’t come the next day, or the day after that. It never came, really. The next heat the couple spent in the same fashion, tucked up in bed with Jason stroking Percy’s stomach until his cramps eased up and kissing him everywhere he could reach.

And that’s how they lived through every other heat after, and all the days in-between.
I Just Stutter, Stutter, Stutter

High school AU w/ Nico/Stutter! Leo. Leo has a pretty bad stutter and Nico is always teasing him about it and doesn’t realize that Leo is actually really sad about it. He finds out the toll he has on Leo (Leo crying please) and apologizes about all the teasing. Fluff and reassurance please.

For LoveDon’tHate

Eleven-year old Leo swallowed past the tightness in his throat. This was cruelty. This was exactly what he had feared when he had first come to high school; a sea of bored and sneering faces looking at him from the desks as his teacher impatiently tapped his pen on his desk.

“Well?” Mr D prompted, “I’m falling asleep here, Valdez. Read the passage.”

The Latino looked at the book in his hands and swallowed again, but his voice refused to come out. He looked up helplessly, trying to find someone he knew in the class. But school had only been on for a week and Leo had only been in this English class once before. He had a few friends, and none of them were here. Instead there were other eleven-year olds, rolling their eyes and groaning.

“Mr Valdez,” Mr D hissed, “Read the passage or you will have detention with me.”

“I...” Leo whispered, voice like a mouse.

The boy who was sitting next to him – dark hair and dark eyes – poked him in the thigh painfully under the desk. Leo flinched and looked at him in shock. The name on the boy’s book read ‘Nico.’

“Just read,” the boy grumbled. Leo swallowed for the third time, his mouth dry. I don’t want to, he wanted to cry, not read. He knew what would come – there’d be laughter, and then there’d be pity.

“Mr Valdez!” Mr D boomed.

“Read,” Nico hissed.

“R-R-Rattles-s-snakes,” Leo barely managed to get the word out. Someone giggled and the boy briefly squeezed his eyes shut, fingers tightening on the pages. He forced himself to continue, burning with embarrassment, “w-would be a-a-a,” he took a deep breath and tried to control his voice but it was impossible; nervousness always made it worse and right now Leo was a whole lot of nervous, “lot m-more d-d-dangerous-s if...if...if t-t-they didn’t h-have the rattle-

“Alright Mr Valdez,” Mr D interrupted the painful ordeal, prompting more giggles. Leo wanted the ground to swallow him up, “Let’s have another reader...”

Someone else started to read but Leo couldn’t concentrate on it. He had been teased a little at his old school for his stutter, and he had wanted this time to be different. Sometimes when he
concentrated very, very hard he could control his stutter enough that it wasn’t so obvious...but today he had ruined it. By making him read in front of the whole class, Mr D destroyed his chances of being popular.

“Hey,” Nico whispered next to him and Leo looked at him shyly, ashamed. The dark-haired boy looked at him with big eyes and for a second Leo though he’d say something nice to make him feel better. Instead Nico pinched his thigh under the table again.

“W-What was t-that for?” Leo gasped, shocked.

“S-S-Sorry,” Nico pouted, imitating the boy’s stutter, “You talk funny.” Leo went beetroot red and turned away, hiding his face behind his curls. He was so embarrassed he could die. His hands trembled. Some kids looked at him and snickered, but Leo refused to return their looks. He never wanted to speak again.

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Fifteen year old Leo was a lot happier than he had been that first year of highschool – turned out that people didn’t actually not want to be friends with him because of his stutter and he ended up with quite a good group, which was more than he could’ve ever asked for.

For example tonight they were all going to see the new Star Wars movie, which everyone was pretty excited about. Leo had been looking forward to the outing all day, especially when he was in school. It made him somehow survive Nico di Angelo’s bullying. Ever since that day when Leo had to read the book out loud, the Italian hadn’t given him a break, constantly teasing and picking Leo about the way he spoke. Today he had made a ‘joke’ in history about how Leo is like the subject because he repeats himself. Everyone found it funny.

It wasn’t bullying – at least that’s what Leo’s friends said. Sure, Nico said mean things but he didn’t intend for them to actually hurt the Latino. That was hard for the curly haired boy to believe, since Nico’s comments were always so biting and cruel. He had spent many nights in his bed, crying over them, but naturally nobody knew that, or how much the things Nico said hurt Leo and his already low self-esteem.

He tried to forget the negative thoughts now as he approached the group outside the cinema. Annabeth’s blonde hair and Piper’s iconic bright yellow hat alerted him to the fact that the group was, in fact, his friends...except there was someone else with them. Leo’s step faltered and he stared in shock at...Nico di Angelo. Laughing with Percy and Jason.

“W-What’s he d-doing here?” Leo demanded, voice coming out breathy and stuttery. Everyone turned to look at him.

“Leo!” Hazel exclaimed happily and hugged the boy. Leo didn’t react to her, glaring at Nico, who in turn just smirked at him, easy-going and handsome as always. Leo hated his guts.

“I asked Nico to come out,” Percy said sheepishly, “Hope you don’t mind.”

“I-I d-do a-a-actually,” Leo growled, hands clenching. He hated that he had to defend himself, and that just Nico’s presence made his stutter so much worse.

“Aw,” Nico pouted, “C’mon, Stammer, don’t hurt my feelings.”

“D-Don’t c-c-call me t-that,” Leo was red. Hazel saw this and took his hand.

“It’s okay, let’s just all go to see the movie.”
Everyone rushed in, talking over each other. Leo hung his head and let Hazel pull him along; even if he wanted to he wouldn’t have been heard over the noise of the group anyway. His best shot was to enjoy the movie and stay as far away from Nico as possible.

What people didn’t realise was that Leo really liked to talk. He had so much to say, so many thoughts, and yet he could never get them out in a coherent way; if he spoke too fast people lost track of what he was saying pretty quickly because of his stutter. Right now, as his bully cracked jokes with Leo’s best friends, the boy felt like his voice had been stifled.

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“That was so good!” Jason said as they walked out of the cinema and into the cold night.

“Y-Yeah!” Leo agreed excitedly, buzzing from the movie, “I-I love t-t-the part w-where-“

“Shut up,” Nico interrupted, grinning. Percy giggled but Annabeth hit him upside the head.

“Hey, leave him alone.”

“I’m just teasing,” Nico said. Everyone continued the conversation, taking it as a light-hearted comment, and yet it weaselled its way into Leo’s heart the way all of Nico’s other comments had. Stupid. What’s wrong with you? Why do you talk like that, Stammer? O-Oh I-I’m s-so s-sorry S-Stammer. They weighed him down, and made him shove his hands into his pockets and...well, shut up. He didn’t want to be treated like shit by Nico and he wished that the boy had just not come tonight. He felt horrible. Tears pricked the corners of his eyes.

Why do I have to be like this? He thought, Why does he have to be like this? He didn’t understand how his friends weren’t defending him. Was it really funny to them, all the bullying?

“Oi, we should get pizza,” Percy said.

“Yes,” Nico agreed, “I’m starving. Stammer, you coming?”

Leo could feel the eyes of the others on him but he couldn’t bear to look at them. He didn’t want them to see him so upset, “N-No...I-I...need t-t-to...to...“

“To what, Stammer?” Nico asked impatiently. Leo wanted to hit him, or cry, or both.

“G-Go,” he finished weakly even though it wasn’t what he wanted to say. He turned on his heel and hurried towards the bus-stop, a sob building up in his throat.

“What’s with him?” he heard Frank ask.

“Fuck knows,” Annabeth replied, “Let’s go.”

Their matter-of-factness just hurt Leo more. He hurried his step but instead of heading for the bus stop he turned into a random alley behind the cinema and collapsed against the wall. He felt like he was in a movie, except the pain in his chest was real. The boy started to cry, ugly, loud sobs spilling from his mouth as tears raced down his cheeks. He was frustrated, hurt and upset. He felt betrayed by his friends.

“Oi,” the voice of Nico made Leo look up abruptly. He saw the other boy, hands in pockets, looking down at him with vague worry, “You okay? I got worried when you didn’t go to the bus stop.”

“F-F-Fuck o-off,” Leo stuttered out with some difficulty, wiping his cheeks. It was already bad that
he was crying over Nico, but of course the Italian had to actually witness it too. *Just let me die already...*

“Woah!” Nico laughed, “No need for the harsh words!”

“G-G-Go a-a-away,” Leo whispered, hugging himself. Getting the words out was a struggle, especially since another sob spilled from his mouth, “I-I h-h-hate...h-hate you.”

Nico was silent for a moment as a new wave of tears washed down Leo’s face, and then he squatted next to him. He had a genuine look of concern on his face, “Hey,” he said softly, and then reached out to touch Leo. The Latino slapped his hand away roughly.

“W-What t-t-t-the f-fuck is w-w-wrong w-w-with you?”

Nico frowned, “What’s wrong with *me*? What’s wrong with you? Why are you mad at me?”

Leo gaped at him in shock. Was Nico that ignorant, or was this just another joke?

“Y-You c-call m-m-me Stammer,” Leo shouted, “a-and c-con..c-constantly-y b-bully me-“

“Bully!?” Nico demanded, “I was just teasing-“

“F-For t-three f-f-fucking y-years?!” Leo asked, hysterical. He was shaking badly, “Y-You t-t-think t-t-this is funny?! T-That i-it d-doesn’t h-h-hurt my f-f-f-f-,” he had to take deep breaths, unable to continue. Nico looked like he had been slapped.

“Leo,” he said weakly, “I didn’t...I never...”

“I-I h-hate y-you,” Leo sniffled.

Nico’s expression fell, “No. No, please don’t say that.”

He seemed genuinely upset, and that made Leo happy. He wanted to hurt Nico the way the Italian always hurt him.

“I-I...,” Leo took a deep breath and then worked carefully to get the words out without a stutter, “I hate you.”

Nico flinched and when he opened his mouth to say something, Leo jumped to his feet. He didn’t want to be there anymore, he wanted to go home and cry into his pillow and hopefully never see Nico’s face again. But the Italian had other ideas; he grabbed Leo’s arm and slammed him into the brick wall.

“I didn’t want to hurt you,” he said with sudden desperation, looming in close and caging Leo with his arms. The Latino was perplexed by his behaviour, “I was just teasing, just playing around. I liked your reactions...they were so vivid and intense. I liked you getting mad at me, that’s why I did it, I-” his shoulders slumped, “The reason I picked on you was because it made you pay attention to me.”

The confession was something so cliché and so painfully innocent, that Leo lifted his hand. He slapped Nico across the face. Nico hugged him in response.

“I-Let g-g-go,” Leo stuttered, heart pounding as Nico clutched him to his chest.

“I’m sorry,” he said.
“I-I hate you.”

“I’m sorry,” Nico repeated, tightening his arms around Leo, “I’m so, so sorry. I wanted you to look at me, and to like me back.”

Leo couldn’t believe what he was hearing, “N-Nico...”

“I like your stutter,” the boy continued passionately, clutching onto Leo, “I like the way you read out loud, and the way your words all spill together when you get excited. It’s so fucking cute.”

“You made me so miserable,” Leo whispered weakly, tears pooling in his eyes. Nico let go of him only to press their foreheads together and suddenly he was so close that Leo couldn’t breathe, much less speak.

“I won’t do it again,” Nico whispered, his eyes serious, “I’ll protect you, I won’t tease you anymore, I’m gonna take proper care of you, so just...” his eyes fluttered to Leo’s mouth and he leaned in. Leo turned his head away.

“T-This isn’t some movie,” he stuttered, heart pounding, cheeks red, “I-I’m not gonna forgive you all the times you made me cry,” Nico looked dejected, “Not straight away anyway.”

Nico nodded, “As long as you give me a shot. I’ll try really hard.” Leo looked at him for a moment, then nodded and slipped from Nico’s arms even though it felt nice to be held by him. His head was a mess, “I’m sorry, though. I like you.”

“O-Okay,” Leo stuttered, and walked out of the alley. Nico followed a little distance behind him, ensuring Leo got to the bus stop safely.
It was a hot, summer night, a perfect night to be married. The newlyweds new bedchamber in the East wing of their country house had been prepared by the servants for the consumption of their marriage; candles were strewn around the room, providing adequate albeit soft light, romantic and intimate. The fire buzzed in the fireplace, the windows open to allow the cool breeze and moonlight inside. The room smelled of sweet roses, bunches together in beautiful vases. The house was silent now, lethargic, the guests having returned to their hotels or manors after a night of celebrations.

Ethan Nakamura, the youngest son of a Japanese lord, laid in the soft bed, watching the moon right outside the window. He had been waiting for what seemed like hours, having slipped away from the party early to have the maids prepare him for the wedding night. Now he was alone, and anxious.

The boy was merely eighteen, and already married. He wasn’t unhappy though – the man he had married was one dear to his heart, who Ethan had known all his life. Luke Castellan, the young Duke of York, had been Ethan’s playmate when the boy was first sent to England. They were at the court of Queen Victoria together as young lads, training and learning side by side. They had been the closest friends since childhood and arranged to be married from a young age. And now the day was finally here, or rather past. Midnight had come and gone. Upon the morrow they were due to begin their honeymoon tour; first France, then Italy, and then Japan. Ethan had yearned all his life to return to his home country and to show Luke its beauties; the blossoming cherry trees, the gorgeous lakes and mountains.

But before that there was another matter that Ethan could not ignore – the consummation. He’d be lying if he said in his long years of knowing Luke he never thought about sharing a bed with him, but now that it was happening Ethan was scared. They barely had time to exchange words the whole day since the preparations had been so hectic. In the morning Luke was not allowed to see Ethan, and vice versa, as Ethan’s Japanese cousins and sisters prepared him in his black and grey kimono, the traditional outfit of the Japanese groom. He saw Luke at midday, at the altar. The sight of the blond made the nausea and nerves plaguing Ethan the whole morning dissipate, and when they stood, hands held, as the priest read their vows to them, Ethan felt happy. Luke was as handsome as ever, his mischievously sparkling eyes soft for ones, filling Ethan with warmth and comfort. His hands were warm in Ethan’s, squeezing his trembling fingers every so often as if to remind the boy that Luke was there.

The following celebrations were magnificent, hosted right here, in Luke and Ethan’s new countryside house. The garden and drawing room bustled with guests through the afternoon and into
the sunset. Wine and champagne was poured, the band playing sweet tunes as Luke swept Ethan around the room gracefully in their first dance. Ethan had had the loveliest time with friends and family and Luke, naturally, but he wished throughout the day that he and Luke could sneak off somewhere, just the two of them. There had been eyes on them all day.

As Ethan laid there, impatiently awaiting his husband, his fingers subconsciously brushed against his lower lip. He smiled. He remembered all the hot nights he spent tangled in his sheets back in the Castellan’s London home where he was a guest, imagining Luke touching and kissing him. They had had their first kiss today at the altar, a simple brush of the lips, cordial and a little cold, but it still made Ethan happy. He had affection for Luke all his life but they never truly spoke about their feelings – they both simply accepted that one day they’d be married. Luke kissed other girls, Ethan didn’t, it was normal. So Ethan didn’t know how Luke felt about the situation but the kiss made him hopeful that he and Luke could be a happy marriage, even if it was arranged.

Ethan felt impatient suddenly. He roused from the bed and walked to the window, peeling back the curtains and looking out at the darkened courtyard. A few stragglers were being helped into carriages, but Ethan couldn’t see his new husband among them. Where is he? He thought impatiently, immediately pushing away the thought that maybe Luke had ran, or worse. It wasn’t uncommon for men to fuck prostitutes on their wedding nights, or to come to bed so piss-drunk that they could not even stand. Ethan bit his lip and stepped away from the window. No, Luke wasn’t like that.

The Asian walked to the mirror in the corner of the room and looked at his reflection one more time, paranoid. He straightened out his kimono – this one was different from his wedding one; it was white and gold, prettier and lighter. Ethan exhaled and smoothed down his overgrown black hair, pushing it over the eye patch on his eye in an attempt to hide it. It made no sense since Luke knew perfectly well what Ethan looked like.

Restlessly the groom climbed back into bed and laid on his back, staring gloomily at the canopy overhead. It was normal to wait for your partner but how long would it take? The candles flickered in the room and Ethan’s eye felt heavy suddenly. Perhaps he’d take a nap and when he woke, Luke would be there...

It seemed that Ethan had just blinked, but he must’ve fallen asleep because indeed, Luke was suddenly in the room. Groggy and confused, unsure of whether he had actually slept, Ethan blinked up at the man hovering above him.

“Luke?” he asked, even though he could see his husband’s face clearly, every gorgeous inch of it. Luke was on top of him, legs on either side of Ethan’s, arms resting on the sides of his head. The blond smiled a soft, private smile when Ethan woke.

“Hey,” he whispered, “I’m sorry for taking so long, I wanted to ensure all the guests got home alive.”

His words were sweet, and gentle. Luke tended to be intense, rough, mischievous. But now he was different. Ethan blinked the last of his sleep away, the relaxed against the bed.

“It’s fine,” he said, voice a little hoarse, “I’m just happy you’re finally here.”

Luke leaned down and pressed his lips to Ethan’s forehead in a heartbreakingly lovely gesture. Luke had never been one for easy affection, and yet now he was giving it out.

“No. Why? Do I seem it?”

Ethan shook his head and returned Luke’s smile tentatively, “No. Not at all, actually,” he tried to sit up, “Shall we-

Luke pushed back down onto the pillows abruptly and Ethan blinked up at him in surprise, “We have all night,” Luke said softly, looking at Ethan with eyes that seemed darker than before, “There’s no need to rush. Let me just look at you.”

Blood rushed to Ethan’s face and he fought the urge to pull his kimono tighter around himself – it had come a little undone when he slept, revealing too much of his chest and shoulders than he would’ve liked.

“W-Why do you want to look at me?” the Asian asked, voice trembling on the first word. Luke touched his flushed cheek with his fingertips.

“You’re my husband,” he said, “Am I not permitted to simply look at you?”

Shyly Ethan averted his gaze but didn’t cover himself. He swore he could physically feel Luke’s eyes sliding over him, and his skin felt hotter wherever the blond looked. Timidly Ethan allowed himself to look at Luke too; he wore a three piece suit, a black blazer over a dark grey waistcoat that had matched Ethan’s earlier kimono, underneath which was a white shirt. As dashing as Luke looked, Ethan wanted the clothes off.

“Can I kiss you?”

The question caught Ethan off-guard and his eyes snapped up to look at the blond. Luke was staring at him. Ethan swallowed, then nodded, fingers tingling with apprehension. He knew this would happen, but his heart pounded nonetheless. Slowly, slowly, Luke leaned down.

Their second kiss was much like their first, a shy press of the mouths. Ethan felt Luke’s warmth, an appropriate way away, and he hated how controlled everything was. It felt so rehearsed, so...arranged. Ethan’s heart twisted. There was nobody looking at them now, and yet they were still behaving as if they were being watched.

Frustrated, Ethan decided to take the first step. He reached up and grabbed Luke’s face, pushing upwards to kiss him properly. He wasn’t altogether sure what he was doing but he moved his lips against Luke’s the way he saw other people do at parties, gripping his surprised husband’s face.

To Ethan’s shock and dismay, Luke pushed him away, gripping Ethan’s hands and pulling them away from his face, “Ethan,” he said, staring at the Asian with wide eyes. Disappointed, Ethan flopped back down on the pillows, hands limp in Luke’s grip.

“I’m sorry,” the boy looked away.

Luke leaned down and brushed his nose against the line of Ethan’s jaw as if in apology, while gently pushing the boy’s hands down and pining them to the mattress. He intertwined their fingers and then began to press kisses into Ethan’s neck and cheek. The Asian’s eye fluttered shut and he melted beneath Luke. Then the blond stopped, and released Ethan’s hands. When he didn’t say or do anything more, Ethan turned his head and looked at the blond. Luke looked crestfallen, biting his bottom lip and pushing his hair out of his forehead in frustration.

“Luke?” Ethan asked tentatively, reaching out. He wanted to touch Luke, but he didn’t know if his husband wanted to be touched by him, so he stopped himself. And then Luke surprised him by asking;
“Do you really want this?”

Ethan frowned, “What?”

“Do you want to have sex with me?” Luke demanded, and Ethan shivered at such an outright and improper question. He swallowed, but before he had the chance to reply, Luke continued, “I don’t want to force you. I know we’re married but I will not force you into doing this with me, I’ll wait, as long as you need, so-“

“I want this,” Ethan interrupted him, blushing at how confident he sounded. God, don’t let him think I’m some slut...,” he added, more soft. Luke gaped at him, the air between them sizzled with tension, and then suddenly the blond was on top of Ethan, kissing him.

Their third kiss was much, much different from their previous two. Luke kissed Ethan with raw desperation, crushing him between his hot, hard body and the bed, gripping Ethan’s face in his hands. The boy let out a noise, partly out of shock and partly because of the surge of heat and pleasure that suddenly went through him at being touched by Luke properly. His husband kissed him passionately, and when his tongue slid into Ethan’s mouth the boy gasped.

He didn’t know much about kissing and he weakly tried to imitate the way that Luke was moving his lips against his, though he feared he might pass out. He wasn’t breathing, but that wasn’t important – what was important was Luke’s mouth on his, his wet, hot tongue sliding around in Ethan’s mouth and making him feel hot and antsy. They were pressed so close together that the world outside ceased to exist and Ethan’s mind was filled completely with Luke, and only Luke. His hands twisted into the man’s shirt on their own accord as Ethan felt the need to hold onto something, anything, at all.

When the men pulled apart, Ethan greedily gulped air but Luke didn’t go far. He licked just below Ethan’s ear, kissed his temples and forehead.

“C-Christ,” Ethan whispered, helplessly out of breath.

“I have been in love with you for so long,” Luke said suddenly, desperately, and Ethan’s newly acquired breath died in his throat, “I’ve wanted to touch you so badly, and now I can, because you’re mine. Please tell me you’re happy.”

Ethan had never seen him like this, so out of control and helpless. This was not the calm, collected Luke that Ethan knew. This was Luke who was passionately declaring his love for Ethan. The boy thought that he might just positively die.

“I’m happy,” he whispered.

Luke’s shoulders slumped with relief, “I am so glad,” he kissed the corner of Ethan’s mouth, making the boy tingle with pleasure, “Shall we undress?”

Ethan flushed, bit his lip and nodded.

Undressing was easier said than done, at least in Luke’s case. It took the two boys a good few minutes to get the blond’s various layers off, but neither minded as they giggled and kissed throughout.

Finally Luke was there in all his naked glory, his tanned, muscled body in full display for Ethan. The Asian couldn’t stop staring, greedily taking in every inch of his husband’s body and committing it to memory. And Luke was not shy, grinning as Ethan stared at him, and chuckling when the boy blushed red upon seeing his impressive erection.
“I want to look at you too,” the blond said eventually. Ethan nodded and stood, pushing aside his embarrassment. *It’s just Luke. He loves me,* he told himself as he stood in front of his husband and slowly undid his kimono. He let it slide down his body and pool around his feet, and then he was standing in front of Luke, completely bare.

His skin looked like porcelain in the moonlight and Luke reached out his hand. Ethan took it tentatively, letting the blond pull him close.

“You are too beautiful for words,” the blond whispered with a feverishness in his voice that ensured Ethan he was telling the truth. The boy shivered in pleasure and stood on his tiptoes, kissing his husband.

They tumbled back onto the bed in a tangle of limbs. Ethan had expected a lot more nerves and anxiety as he had lain in this bed before, but there was none or too little to notice. Luke made him feel loved, and safe, and Ethan was so happy to be married to him.

He enjoyed the way their bodies pressed together, how Luke’s hard abs pressed against Ethan’s flat stomach, and how something else hard of his made its home between Ethan’s milky white thighs.

Luke dragged his mouth over Ethan’s shoulder, “Do you know how many nights I fantasised about having you like this?” Luke asked. Ethan smiled.

“Probably as many as I did,” he admitted, running his fingers through Luke’s blond locks. The man caught his hand and kissed his wrist before nuzzling his palm. Ethan watched him in fascination.


“I love you too,” he whispered, “So...please...,” he was too embarrassed to ask out loud, but Luke knew what he wanted.

“I need to prepare you,” he said. Ethan shook his head.

“No, it’s fine,” he said, a little over-eager, “I did it before you arrived as my maids urged me too.”


“Just...my fingers, and some oil, so it’s fine to-“

Luke kissed him heatedly, thrusting his tongue into Ethan’s mouth. The boy moaned in an embarrassing fashion, and Luke just gripped his hips tighter. Ethan hoped there’d be bruises.

“So can I...can I just...?” Luke asked in-between the kisses. Ethan wrapped his arms around his shoulders and nodded feverishly, desperately.

When Luke lifted Ethan’s legs over his shoulders the Asian yelped in surprise, and that yelp turned to a breathy moan when he felt Luke’s hardness press up against his most intimate part. The blond broke the kiss in order to simply look down at Ethan with dark, hungry eyes.

“I’m going to make you mine,” the blond said, and Ethan felt the blunt head of his erection press up against his wet entrance. His breath came out stuttery.

“I-I’m already yours.”

It hurt when Luke pushed it inside of him, but Ethan knew it would so he squeezed his eyes shut and
clenched his jaw and took it. Luke sank into him, inch by inch, and it felt like he was splitting him open. Ethan tried to concentrate on the positives though, on the fact that Luke was actually inside him, on the pulsing heat going through his body.

“Ethan, Ethan,” the blond moaned his name into Ethan’s thigh, clearly lost in pleasure, his brow scrunched up and eyes closed, “Ethan, baby, fuck.”

Ethan shivered, tears springing to his eyes, gripping the sheets beneath him. Finally there seemed to be no more of Luke to put inside him, and the boy felt so full he could’ve cried...which wasn’t necessarily a bad thing. His breathing wouldn’t even out no matter how much he tried, and when Luke opened his eyes he panicked.

“Oh my God,” he whispered, “Shit, I’m sorry, I was so lost in how good you are that-“

Ethan smiled up at him, shutting him up, “It’s fine,” he whispered as the pain ebbed away, “I’m getting used to it.”

Luke stroked his face lovingly, which helped, “I love you. I love you so much. You are absolutely amazing.”

He continued to praise Ethan until his husband had melted into the bed and his muscles had relaxed enough for Luke to pull out a little, and then push back in. Ethan winced. Luke kissed him, then tried again. This time behind the pain was a feeling that made Ethan’s stomach knot.

He bit his lip and nodded, and Luke thrust into him gently once more, then again, and again. The pain began to disappear, replaced instead by pleasure that made Ethan sink his teeth into his bottom lip to stop embarrassing sounds from escaping. Sweat beaded on Luke’s forehead as he gripped Ethan’s ankles and tried to control his thrusting. Ethan appreciated that.

“It’s okay,” he said after a little bit. The candles were burning low, “It’s fine, you can move faster.”

“Are you sure?” Luke frowned, “I don’t want to hurt you.”

Ethan just nodded. Luke kissed his ankle, and then slowly started to speed up his thrusts. He pulled more of his erection out, only to slide it back inside Ethan. He went faster, harder, increasing slowly but surely until Ethan was gasping and trembling. His harsh breaths soon turned to little grunts and moans that were impossible to hold back.

And then Luke’s cock inside of him scraped something that made Ethan’s world flip over. The boy cried out and Luke froze.

“Eth-“


Uncertainly the blond thrust into Ethan the same way he had before. The boy’s back arched as pleasure shot up his spine. He couldn’t bring himself to care about his noises anymore as a litany of curses and moans spilled from his mouth. Luke grinned down at him.

“Ah, so that’s a good thing then?” he asked, and his confirmation was a spurt of precum that dribbled onto Ethan’s stomach after the next thrust.

They had sex until the fireplace burned out and it dawned outside. By the end they were both sticky and sweaty; Luke was completely spent and Ethan’s muscles hurt. Luke’s back was covered in scratches, Ethan’s neck was covered in love bites, and they were both covered in semen.
“You know,” Luke said hoarsely when the sky outside started turning pink, “We’ll have to get up in some hours to catch the train to Paris.”

Ethan was curled up into his side, naked and unashamed, one leg thrown over his husband. He was exhausted, “Mhmmm,” he murmured. Luke kissed his forehead, smiling.

“I love you,” he said, “You are the most exquisite person.”

Ethan smiled and sleepily kissed his shoulder, “I love you too.”

The train to Paris came much too early.
“Alright,” Malcolm’s and Annabeth’s dad said as they all walked into the little wooden hut that they had rented for two weeks by the sunny lakeside in Oregon, “Annabeth your room is to the left, boys your room is to the right and Percy,” he gave the dark haired boy a pointed look, “I will have no sneaking into Annabeth’s room.”

“Dad!” the girl blushed a deep red, “How many times do I have to tell you?! We’re just friends!”

“That’s right,” Percy confirmed, unfazed.

Malcolm rolled his eyes. It was obvious to the sixteen year old that his one year older sister and her ‘best friend’ Percy Jackson were screwing each other; that was the only explanation as to why she’d bring that annoying prick on their family vacation. Malcolm knew he should’ve been the defensive big brother but he knew Annabeth could handle herself, besides he was a lot smaller than Percy so it wasn’t like he could be intimidating. If the two wanted to fuck the summer away there was nothing he could do.

The reason he was pissed and even cared about Percy even being on the trip was because Malcolm was now forced to share one of the rooms in the hut with him, something he was not pleased about. He had known Percy for years, and he didn’t like him one bit; the boy was too confident and cocky and Malcolm was the opposite.

“Alright so now that the ground rules are laid down let’s all head down to the beach!” Malcolm’s dad said cheerfully. Annoyed, Malcolm grabbed his bag and stalked to his and Percy’s bedroom.

It was small with walls made of rounded wooden beams. It had a nice, old feel to it; there was a big wooden wardrobe in one corner and two twin beds separated only by a little bedside table between them. The beds were narrow but the covers and duvets seemed fresh. There was a window above
them with a floral curtain, showing the view of the lake and the surrounding forest. It was wonderful, and peaceful, and would’ve been perfect if seconds later Percy hadn’t lumbered into the room, much too happy, and thrown his bag onto one of the beds before collapsing on top of it.

“Ah,” the boy exhaled, folding his arms behind his head, “This is nice.”

Malcolm glared at him subtly.

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They got back to the bedroom hours later after an exhausting day by the lake that Annabeth and Percy spent running around in the water, splashing each other and generally having fun. Malcolm sat on the shore and read a book, declining their invitations to join them in the water – he was scared he’d lose his glasses, and he also didn’t want to take his shirt off. He was content just sitting by...except he wasn’t really. He wished Percy wasn’t there; Malcolm felt the stupid urge to impress the older boy and so it was impossible for him to relax.

“Today was nice,” Percy said as he and Malcolm got into the pyjamas.

“Mhmm,” the blond boy replied, not wanting to engage into conversation. Percy didn’t get the hint because he continued to try.

“The water was really nice, not as cold as I expected. You should swim with us tomorrow.”

“No thanks,” Malcolm said coolly. He thought he heard Percy’s sigh.

“Suit yourself,” the older boy seemed annoyed now. He flipped off the light before Malcolm finished pulling on his t-shirt, “Just try not to be such a killjoy next time.”

Malcolm’s stomach clenched and he gritted his teeth but he didn’t say anything, knowing Percy was just trying to provoke him. He climbed into his bed angry. How dare Percy say that he was the killjoy when it was Percy who was ruining the family holiday Malcolm had been looking forward to for so long! Annabeth had barely spoken two words to Malcolm all day and she was his sister, not Percy’s! The blond was furious. He wished Percy would just disappear and stop bothering him.

Instead, the dark haired boy seemed to make a point of pissing Malcolm off. He kept tossing and turning in his bed, only a few feet away, and it was grating on Malcolm’s nerves since it prevented him from falling asleep.

“Can you stop that?” he asked after an hour.

“Sorry,” Percy’s voice replied in the darkness, and the boy went still, “I can’t get comfortable. I’m horny.”

Blood rushed to Malcolm’s face, “W-What the hell is wrong with you?!” he spluttered, pulling his duvet up to his chin even though Percy couldn’t see him anyway. His heart pounded, “D-Don’t say stupid things like that!”

Percy sat up and sighed, “Are you horny?”

“NO!”

“Shhhh, shut up, you’ll wake up your dad and Annie.”

Malcolm sat up too, shoving on his glasses and glaring at Percy. In the moonlight falling through the
window he could just about make out the boy’s facial expression, “If you’re horny go to the bathroom,” the boy hissed, ignoring the fact that his own stomach felt a bit weird. Percy gave him a look.

“It’s no fun doing it by myself.”

Malcolm’s eyes narrowed, “Don’t even think about going to Annabeth’s room-“

Percy snickered, “Idiot, that’s not what I meant.”

“Then what...” the blond trailed off because Percy was staring at him. Everything clicked into place and Malcolm felt some of that blood in his face rush down south. He shifted uncomfortably, “Y-You don’t...y-you don’t mean t-that me...t-that you...”

“Come on, Malkie,” Percy grinned, “It’s just a bit of fun. Don’t tell me you’ve never messed around with a guy.”

“I-I’m sixteen!” Malcolm was outraged. Sure, he had questioned his sexuality probably more often than he should, but that didn’t mean anything.

“And I’m seventeen, so what?” Percy rolled his eyes.

“I’ve never even kissed anyone,” Malcolm hissed.

Percy made a face, “Yeah, I’m not kissing you, that’s gay. I was thinking more of a handjob or something.”

“Y-You want me to give you a handjob?” the blond asked, shocked.

“Yes,” Percy shrugged, so casual it was mystifying, “Boys help each other out like that sometimes. It doesn’t mean anything, as long as you say no homo before. Like...it’s just a helping hand.”

Malcolm swallowed. He had to admit that a part of him was intrigued, and another part thought that Percy right now – hair all tousled, in just a t-shirt and boxers – was kind of hot. He shifted uncomfortably, feeling himself start to get hard.

“But...isn’t it weird?” Malcolm asked quietly, “Since you and Annabeth...”

“For the last time,” Percy sighed in frustration, “There is nothing between me and Annabeth.”

He shoved his covers aside and climbed out of bed, making it across the room. He climbed into Malcolm’s bed and the blond couldn’t find it in himself to protest.

“It’s easy,” Percy said, pushing on Malcolm’s shoulder. They both flopped down onto the bed on their sides, facing each other. Malcolm felt nervous, fingers twitching, but Percy’s confidence calmed him.

“Have you done this before?” he whispered.

“Yeah, with a couple mates,” Percy replied, his breath brushing against Malcolm’s lips in a way that caused a shiver to run up his spine. The secrecy and dirtiness of actually talking about this out loud made Malcolm excited.

“S-So what do I do?” he asked, not seeing how he could even turn Percy down at this point. The older boy smirked.
“All you have to do is jerk me off,” he pushed his boxers down a little and then pulled his cock out. Malcolm stared at it, open mouthed. It was big, and hard, and oh God, Malcolm had never been so close to someone else’s dick before. His hand reached out on its own accord and he hesitantly touched Percy’s prick, “Yeah, c’mon. Just stroke it.”

Malcolm bit his lip and wrapped his fingers around the length. It was hot and hard in his hand, almost pulsing. Heat coiled in his own stomach and anticipation made him hard. He couldn’t look at Percy as he slowly gave his erection a stroke. Percy let out a low hiss which Malcolm took as a good sign and so he stroked the dick again, more confidently. Percy’s face was just inches away, and his breath started to grow uneven as Malcolm jerked him off. It was different than wanking himself off; Percy’s dick was bigger, and Malcolm felt kind of mesmerized by the precum beading at the top. Still, his hand felt awkward and after just one minute his wrist started to cramp. He switched hands but his left wasn’t much better. There was nothing graceful or sexy about it.

“You’re so clumsy,” Percy snickered. Malcolm looked up to glare at him, saw how close Percy was, and looked away again.

“S-Shut up,” he mumbled, “I’ve never j-jerked anyone off before.”

“No homo,” Percy said teasingly, then pushed Malcolm’s hand away, “Let’s try something else. Have you ever gotten a blowjob?”

Malcolm’s ears flushed red, “No,” he squeaked. Percy smirked, and when Malcolm looked at him he saw there was something dangerously sexy about the other boy.

“Want me to give you one?” the seventeen year old asked. Malcolm swallowed. No.

“Yes.”

Before he could re-consider this idea and decide that it was undoubtedly a bad one, Percy pounced on him. In seconds he had Malcolm on his back and was between his legs. When he pulled off the boy’s shorts, Malcolm hid his face in his hands.

“This is so embarrassing,” he whispered.


“P-Please shut up,” Malcolm peered down at Percy through his fingers. The boy was looking at Malcolm’s cock which was both embarrassing and kind of hot.

“No worries, we’re teenage boys – this is normal.”

He took Malcolm’s cock into his hand and gave it one, long stroke. The blond shuddered, biting his lip and feeling a little inkling of pleasure go through his body. Percy leaned down as if sucking dick was a normal pastime, and then gave Malcolm’s head a little lick.

The boy jerked, a loud breath escaping his mouth. Percy smirked and licked again and Malcolm shied away from his touch – the small caress made his skin tingle. When he pressed his thighs together shyly, Percy easily pushed them back apart.

“Relax, it’s just head,” he said, and ducked down again. This time he licked from the bottom of Malcolm’s cock to the top. The blond let out a choked off sound that was really unattractive but he couldn’t help it – it was as if there were electric shocks of pleasure running through his body. He let out a quiet whimper, hands falling from his face.
Percy swallowed him up with no warning and suddenly Malcolm found himself engulfed in wet heat that made his whole body buck upwards.

“O-Oh,” he cried out, part in surprise, part in shock at the wave of heat that went through him. He looked down and saw Percy hollow out his cheeks as he took about three-quarters of Malcolm’s cock into his mouth before coming back up and releasing it. Malcolm stared at him.

“What?” Percy asked innocently, “No homo.”

He delved back in as if Malcolm was some meal he was trying to devour. The feeling of being in Percy’s mouth was foreign, but incredible. The older boy started to expertly bob his head up and down, which in turn made sparks climb up Malcolm’s spine. Malcolm’s breath came out fast and hard, his hands clenched in the sheets, but somehow he managed to control himself...until Percy decided to use his tongue, swirling it around the head of Malcolm’s cock.

“Ohfuck-,” the boy gasped, back arching. He bit his bottom lip hard, but Percy didn’t stop. His pace increased and he wrapped his hand around the part of Malcolm’s dick that he couldn’t fit in his mouth. He stroked that part in time with his sucking, driving Malcolm crazy. His thighs were shaking, toes curling. His breath hitched helplessly when Percy pushed his tongue into the slit at the top of his dick. It felt like there were knots being tied in Malcolm’s gut, “Percy,” he whined, not sure if it was a plea or a question.

The older boy released the cock from his mouth, a line of saliva connecting his lips to the head. He grinned at Malcolm, “You good?” he asked. The blond’s cock twitched in response and a bead of precum run down the side. Malcolm was sure he looked like a mess but he was past caring – he was dizzy for it.

“Please,” he whispered, “I-I wanna come.”

“God, you are so responsive,” Percy grinned before swallowing Malcolm back up.

The blond felt desperate as Percy sucked him, little moans falling from his mouth. Percy looked like a devil between his legs, sucking and hollowing out his cheeks, lips swollen around Malcolm’s length. The blond sank his fingers into Percy’s soft hair, needing to hold onto something, and without meaning to pushed Percy further down on his dick.

“F-Fuck, nghhh, Percy...o-oh Jesus...ah...”

He wasn’t even embarrassed at the sounds he was letting out. He shuddered as Percy continued to give him head sloppily; the room filled with Malcolm’s erratic breath and moans and the slurping sounds Percy made as he sucked him off. It was intense, and hot, and Malcolm could barely hold himself together as his stomach tightened and it all became too much.

“P-Percy I’m g-gonna-,” he stuttered out and then with a helpless moan he came, gripping Percy’s hair. To his utter shock the older boy didn’t pull away, holding Malcolm’s thighs in his hands. Malcolm, through his orgasmic haze, could see the obscene way Percy’s throat moved as he swallowed his come.

Cold air hit Malcolm’s dick when Percy let it out of his mouth but the boy barely had time to feel his post-orgasmic bliss before Percy was on top of him. He shoved their hips together and Malcolm gave him a lost, blissed-out look.

“I’m close,” Percy said, not looking cocky anymore. He gripped Malcolm’s hips and started grinding down on him. The blond cried out at the over-sensitivity he felt, and then, God knows why, he
wrapped his legs around Percy’s waist and pulled him close. He clung onto him as Percy thrust against his cock erratically. Nothing about the embrace screamed ‘no homo’ but Malcolm didn’t care. He held onto Percy and buried his face in the boy’s shoulder, arching up against him and feeling turned on all over again by the frantic way Percy was rutting against him, like a rabbit in heat.

“P-Percy,” Malcolm moaned, and Percy wrapped his arms around his waist and clutched him close, “Percy...”

Percy came first, and as he tensed and shuddered and let out a groan, Malcolm continued to grind up against him until his second orgasm hit. He hid his face in Percy’s shoulder and sobbed as pleasure washed over him for the second time in the space of ten minutes. Percy held onto him.

When they finally broke apart Malcolm’s glasses were askew and Percy’s hair was a mess. They were both still breathing a little hard, their t-shirts wet with each other’s come. They stared at each other, and then slowly Percy reached down and plucked Malcolm’s glasses off his face, putting them on the bedside table with a shaky hand.

“No homo,” he said hoarsely, and then he leaned down and kissed Malcolm.
When I Saw You In That Dress, Looking so Beautiful...

Could you do Nico x Percy where Nico likes to wear girls stuff like skirts dresses, panties etc. but doesn’t want to get bullied for it so Percy takes him out to go shopping and does his hair and stuff and helps him become more confident wearing them in public, but also ends up falling for him hard. Smut with bottom Nico if you don’t mind.

For CAZ

“Nico come on!” Piper said, shoving a bowl of nachos into her friend’s arms impatiently, “The guests are gonna start showing up any minute now! Put this on the snacks table.”

“Relax,” Nico mumbled under his breath but did as he was told. It was a big day for Piper after all, her eighteenth birthday party. She wanted everything to be perfect. Already her big, villa-like house was decorated with balloons and flowers, with alcohol set up on one table and snacks on the other. Nico went to the latter and put the bowl down as Annabeth dutifully calmed their friend down.

“I’m going to go change,” Nico told the two girls and climbed up the stairs of the familiar house, slipping into Piper’s bedroom where he had left his bag. He was to sleep over and Piper’s parents didn’t mind since he was openly gay.

He closed the door behind himself now and exhaled, enjoying the peace and quiet of the bedroom that contrasted the chaotic excitement downstairs. Outside the window the last of the sun was disappearing behind the neighbouring houses; in a few minutes a stream of teenagers would enter the house to get absolutely trashed and Nico needed a moment of silence to prepare himself for that. He wasn’t the most social person which was a problem since his best friend was one of the most popular girls in school.

The boy sat down on her big, queen-sized bed and pulled off his sweatpants and t-shirt, stained with salsa from where he was preparing snacks earlier. For a moment he just sat on the bed in his underwear, listening to the muffled, excited voices downstairs as the first guests arrived. Then Nico sighed and looked down at himself.

He thought the crimson lacy panties he chose for today contrasted his skin nicely. He brushed his fingers over the lace that pressed up against his protruding hip-bones. He wished he could just go out in them, which was a bizarre thought since Nico hated his naked body. However covered in just this one garment, he felt more confident than fully dressed.

Nico did not want to be a girl, which was what he established pretty early, but there was something about the pretty, delicate clothing for girls that made him feel sexy, and attractive, something that he didn’t normally feel.

Feeling a little guilty, Nico walked to Piper’s closet and pulled out a body-hugging black dress. He
smiled and felt the material between his fingers; it was soft and silky the way men’s clothing never was. Just for a minute, Nico told himself as music began to boom from the speakers in the garden. He bit his lower lip and then slowly pulled the dress over his head.

It hugged him nicely, though undoubtedly the dress looked nicer on Piper since she had curves. Still, Nico looked at himself in the mirror and smiled. The jet black of the dress complimented Nico’s raven hair. He smoothed his hands over the dress on his stomach and turned to the side. Even his bum looked good in it, the way it never did in trousers. Maybe if Nico could wear this without being judged a boy would actually find him attractive. What a nice thought...

The door to the bedroom opened so abruptly that Nico whirled around and his heart jumped so violently he thought it might’ve flopped right out of his chest. For a moment, Nico felt nothing, staring in shock at the person who had walked into the bedroom.

Percy Jackson, easily the most popular boy in the school and someone Nico always felt intimidated by, stared right back. They were silent for a second, Percy’s mouth open in mid-word. Then his eyes slid over Nico’s body in the dress and blood-cooling horror and panic settled in Nico’s bones. This was it, he was finished.

“P-Percy,” he stuttered.

“Nico,” Percy replied evenly. He blinked, then frowned, “What are you wearing?”

“Nothing!” Nico spluttered and in an act of panic pulled the dress over his head and chucked it aside. Only when Percy’s eyes widened did he realise his mistake; now Percy had a clear view of a naked Nico, covered only by the very obviously women’s underwear. The boy squeaked and ducked for the bed, ripping the duvet from it and covering himself, “I-It’s not w-what you think!” he exclaimed stupidly.

Footsteps sounded up the stairs and Percy quickly pushed the door shut. Nico didn’t know whether to cry or...well, cry. It was too late to deny everything.

“P-Please don’t tell anyone,” he whispered, “Please d-don’t.”

Percy looked at him as if unsure of what to make of the whole situation, “Right. No, um, I won’t. Don’t worry.”


“If you don’t want me to mention...,” he gestured vaguely at Nico, “This whole thing, then I won’t. Naturally. I would never intentionally tell someone’s secret.”

Nico didn’t know Percy but a part of him had assumed that he was an asshole. Now he was quickly finding out that he wasn’t. Honesty shone from Percy’s face, and he didn’t look disgusted or thrown off. He looked a little confused, but mostly he just looked kind.

“Piper asked me to go get you.”

“R-Right,” Nico stuttered. His face was red and he was still covering himself with the duvet, “I...I’m not a-a pervert. I-It’s not like a kink t-thing,” he was embarrassing himself even more by trying to explain. But Percy just smiled and took a step towards Nico.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said, then cocked his head, “But I am a little curious – if it’s not a kink then why are you wearing a dress and lingerie?”
Nico swallowed, “It...It makes me feel confident.” Saying it makes me feel hot sounded really, really stupid especially since Percy was so gorgeous. Nico felt like an idiot. Percy just nodded though.

“Okay, why don’t you put the dress back on and come downstairs. I’m pretty sure Piper wouldn’t mind.”


“No, why?”

“I-can’t just come out in a dress!” Nico yelled, not knowing if Percy was teasing him or if he was really so clueless. It must’ve been the latter because Percy shrugged.

“Why? You looked really nice in the dress, and you said you feel confident.”

Blood rushed to Nico’s face. He thinks I looked nice..., “Are you making fun of me?” he asked in a whisper.

“No! God, no,” Percy said quickly, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you or anything. I just...,” his shoulders slumped, “If someone feels comfortable doing something then they should do it, right?”

Nico looked down, “Everyone would laugh,” he muttered, “and then I’d get bullied. I’d get called a sissy and a faggot...again.”

“That’s horrible,” Percy winced. Then he stuck his hand out, “I know this is stupid and we’ve been at the same school for years but we never properly met. I’m Percy.”

Nico couldn’t help but smile. Shyly he stuck his hand out, holding onto the duvet with his free one. He took Percy’s hand and shook it, “I’m Nico.”

Percy smiled, “Well, Nico, do you want to put on whatever clothes you choose and come downstairs? I could use a drink.”

“Y-Yeah,” Nico swallowed, “Sure...can you...,” he glanced at the door.

“Ah! Right,” Percy nodded and quickly left the bedroom. Nico collapsed on the bed, heart pounding, mind reeling. What had just happened? Did Percy Jackson, the hottest, most popular boy in school just encourage him to wear a dress...? It seemed impossible, like a dream. Nico pinched himself and winced at the pain. No, he was definitely awake.

What if he was lying? He thought suddenly, and he’s downstairs telling everyone?

Panicked, Nico leaped from the bed and shoved his actual party clothes on; black skinny jeans and a black t-shirt, bland and boring and unflattering, not like Piper’s dress. He opened the bedroom door violently and stumbled out...right into Percy.

“There you are!” the taller boy beamed at a surprised Nico.

“Were you waiting for me?” the Italian asked in surprise. Percy nodded.

“Of course,” he looked over Nico, “You look nice.”

Nico flushed, not understanding what Percy was playing at, “T-Thanks,” he squeaked.

4 months later.
Nico hovered near the section of the shop that held all the skirts. He glanced around nervously, ensuring nobody was around to judge him, and then reached out to touch a pretty, flowy white skirt. It felt soft between his fingers. Nico smiled, his heart aching for it.

“You like that one?” Percy asked, leaning over his shoulder. Nico flinched, startled, and guiltily released the skirt.

“No,” he lied. Percy grinned down at him mischievously.

“Sure you do,” he casually snatched the skirt up and pushed it into Nico’s basket, “Buy it.”

“N-No!” Nico stuttered, flushing red, “It’s awkward!”

Percy rolled his eyes and randomly snatched up a matching white crop top. He put it in his own basket, “There,” he said, “Better?”

Nico looked at him, then smiled gratefully, “Yeah. Thanks.”

He didn’t know how his and Percy’s relationship had grown into this but ever since Piper’s party the popular boy had made it his life’s mission to get Nico comfortable with ‘embracing himself’ as he called it – namely wearing women’s clothing in public. At first Nico thought that Percy had some confusing hidden agenda, but over time he realised that the boy was genuinely doing it out of a good heart.

Today, for example, he was wasting his Saturday by going out shopping with Nico so the boy could buy a skirt and was later dragging him out to the club. Even Nico’s friends didn’t know his dirty little secret and yet this boy – who had somehow become the closest person to Nico – did. Nico watched Percy as he walked around the shop happily, so painfully immune to the judgement Nico would be subjected to if anybody ever found out his hobby.

“Do you want to buy some underwear too?” Percy asked innocently. Nico turned away abruptly, red.

“S-Shut up,” he hissed, “I-I don’t.”

Percy ruffled his hair fondly, “It’s nothing to be ashamed of, Neeks.”

Nico hurried towards the cash register.

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“Relax,” he said, “Nobody from school comes to this club.”

He was right; he had dragged Nico out of London to some dodgy area with this huge, booming club that was so loud that the ground shook outside as Percy and Nico waited in the queue. Somehow – Nico himself wasn’t really sure how – Percy had persuaded him to actually wear the clothes he bought out so now Nico was here, in the white skirt and the white crop top, a hairclip keeping back his overlong fringe. It felt weird but at the same time nice to be dressed like this; Nico wouldn’t do it every day but these clothes made him comfortable with having his legs and stomach out, which was something he’d never normally do.

“Do I look like a girl?” Nico asked quietly as he and Percy approached the front of the queue. Percy gave him a once-over, his face unreadable.
“You look androgynous,” he said finally. Nico exhaled and nodded, pleased. Despite his pounding heart and nervousness he and Percy were let into the club without a problem and soon enough the two boys were enveloped in a cloud of loud music, flashing lights, and the stench of body odour. It was like a whole different world to Nico.

“Don’t get lost,” Percy told him, grabbing his hand as they weaved through the dancing crowd and made for the bar. Nico’s heart pounded almost so loud that he couldn’t hear the music. Subconsciously his fingers clenched on Percy’s warm hand. The bar was already crowded when they got there, so Percy put an arm around Nico’s waist and pulled the surprised boy close, leaning down to his ear so Nico could hear him over the booming music, “What do you want to drink?”

Nico half-hid his face in Percy’s shoulder so the boy wouldn’t see his blush, “A-Anything.”

He expected Percy to let go of him, but he didn’t. He kept Nico close as the crowd shifted and finally ordered their drinks. They kept it simple; vodka and coke. They both had two each, practically chugging them until Nico felt light-headed. Percy’s arm around his waist felt warm and strong.

“We should dance!” Percy shouted into Nico’s ear. Immediately the boy shook his head frantically, clutching Percy’s arms.

“No! I can’t dance!” he said, panicking. Percy smiled at him softly and then leaned down and kissed his forehead. Nico tensed, completely shocked. He wanted to scream I’m not a girl at Percy because clearly the other boy was forgetting himself, but before he could, Percy took his hand again.

“I need to go pee, come on,” he said and headed for the bathroom. Dejected, Nico followed him, his mind a mess. He didn’t know what to do with himself and the way Percy was acting, all cute, lovey-dovey and accepting, was giving him mixed signals. Nico knew Percy was straight and that even if he wasn’t he wouldn’t be into Nico, but a part of him still wondered...

It wasn’t until they were right outside the bathroom that Nico remembered. He tugged on Percy’s hand and stopped him from entering, “I can’t go in,” he said quickly, “Not like this.”

Percy looked over him, “I don’t want to leave you out here alone.”

Nico rolled his eyes and let go of Percy’s hand, leaning on a nearby wall, “Go. I’ll wait.”

Percy hesitated, and then hurried into the bathroom. Not even fifteen seconds later a group of about four guys walked into the bathroom and as they did, they noticed Nico. One of them whistled, the others eyed Nico up and down. The Italian gaped after them in shock, but they went in before he could flip them off. Nervous and kind of freaked out, Nico hugged himself and waited impatiently for Percy. Thankfully he didn’t have to wait long because moments later Percy practically ran out of the bathroom.

He exhaled in relief when he saw Nico and headed straight for him, “Thank God,” he said and pulled the boy into his arms. Nico was caught off guard.

“Did something happen?”

“Yeah, some guys just walked into the bathroom and started talking about how there’s a cute girl outside alone,” Percy’s expression darkened, “If they had touched you—”

“I’m fine,” Nico squeezed Percy’s arm and forced a smile. He expected Percy to pull away but instead the boy put his hands on either side of Nico’s head, caging him in. He leaned his body all close up and personal against Nico, and the Italian didn’t understand until he saw the same group of guys exit the bathroom, throwing dark looks at the two of them. Percy’s protectiveness was sweet.
“Thanks,” Nico smiled up at him but once again Percy surprised him. He didn’t look amused, or even angry, instead he was staring at Nico intensely.

“I didn’t get to tell you before,” he said, leaning in close and smelling of alcohol and his lovely cologne, “but you look really beautiful.”

Nico’s stomach clenched. He looked away and tucked a stray piece of hair behind his ear, “T-

“I’m serious,” Percy continued, “The clothes really suit you.”

Nico thought he would’ve liked to hear that, that the clothes that made him feel comfortable also flattered him. However now he felt...hollow. Why was Percy being weird and saying things like that? Was it because he was drunk and Nico vaguely resembled a girl? Because he wasn’t one, and he didn’t want Percy to think that he was...

“I’m a guy,” Nico said, a little coldly, “No matter what I wear.”

Percy frowned, “Yeah, I know that.”

Nico pushed himself off the wall and past Percy, “I’m calling a taxi, I want to go home.”

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There was a commotion in the hallway and Percy, leaning on the locker belonging to his best friend, Jason, contemplated whether to go over or not but when the whispering and jostling crowd continued to grow, he decided it might be a good idea.

“Come on,” he told Jason, “Let’s check it out.”

The two boys headed towards the crowd. There were still a few more minutes until the bell rang for Tudor, which was why Percy allowed himself to indulge in his curiosity. He pushed through the crowd, and then froze dead in his tracks.

A few feet away from the gathered students, pretending not to notice them, was Nico, putting his books in his locker. Nico...who was wearing a skirt. No, not just a skirt. He had on the regular school shirt, tucked into the little, black, pleated skirt, underneath which he wore knee-high stockings that looked so good on him they made Percy dizzy. Everyone was staring and Nico was pretending not to notice, even though his cheeks flushed red.

Percy couldn’t stand it. He shoved past the crowd and strode right up to Nico, who looked up at him, startled.

“Hi, Percy-,” he started, but Percy didn’t let him finish. He seized the boy’s hand and pulled him along. Nico yelped when he dropped his bag and the whispers grew more insistent as Percy literally dragged Nico away from the commotion. They rounded a corner and Percy’s eyes landed on a storage closet. It was perfect, “Percy, what’s going on?!” Nico didn’t understand.

Percy shoved open the door, practically threw Nico inside, and slammed it behind them. Nico’s eyes were wide in the semi-darkness of the closet. He swallowed uneasily as Percy’s eyes hungrily slid over every inch of him.

“Percy what...”

Percy slammed Nico up against the wall, lifting him up in the process so in the space of a few
seconds Nico’s feet were off the ground, legs hanging loosely around Percy’s hips.

“Percy!” he gasped. Percy silenced him with a hot, hard kiss. God, he had wanted to kiss him for months. He tried to convey his feelings to the boy through said kiss; his arousal, his protectiveness. He at once loved Nico’s confidence at wearing the skirt, and hated it, because it meant other boys got to look at his Nico.

“P-Percy,” the boy tried to push Percy away as he kissed down Nico’s neck, “Percy I...P-Percy...Percy...,” the protests transformed into breathy moans and suddenly Nico’s hands were gripping Percy’s shirt and pulling him closer instead of attempting to push him away. His fingers curled in the material and he whimpered when Percy sucked a vicious hickey into his neck and his legs wrapped tightly around the boy’s waist, much to Percy’s pleasure.

“You should’ve told me,” the taller boy growled, pulling away from Nico’s neck to press their foreheads together. Nico looked a little dazed, his cheeks flushed.

“What are you saying?” Nico whispered. He looked so gorgeous then, a little lost, flushed. Percy kissed him passionately, sliding his hands under the skirt and gripping Nico’s ass. He couldn’t stop himself from touching the boy.

“I want you,” Percy licked at Nico’s bottom lip. The Italian moaned and to Percy’s surprise pulled him closer.

“You’re so beautiful.”

The Italian opened his eyes and looked at Percy like...well, like he didn’t believe him. The taller boy
kissed the corner of his mouth and shifted closer, staring to slowly caress Nico’s member under his skirt. He saw the boy trembling.

“I mean it,” Percy whispered, nudging his nose lovingly against Nico’s, “You are so beautiful to me.”

They kissed, slow and sweet, and Nico frowned into the kiss as Percy continued to stroke him, gasping between their kisses. Percy hoped he was feeling good, because he himself felt good just from holding the boy. He had wanted him so badly.

“I love you,” he whispered against his lips, and froze. Nico’s eyes flew open in shock and Percy stared at him in equal shock. He had not meant to say that, it had just come out…which didn’t mean he didn’t mean it.

Nico looked at him for a moment, then crashed their mouths together in a fiercely passionate kiss. Percy stumbled back, letting go of Nico. The boy slid back down to his feet and pulled Percy down so they could continued to kiss.

“Fuck it,” he growled suddenly, turning around. Percy looked at the place where his skirt met his thighs, and how slender his legs looked in the black stockings, “Fuck me. Fuck me right now.”

Percy could barely contain himself, arousal making him dizzy. He plastered himself against Nico’s back and started kissing his neck as the boy hurriedly undid the buttons on his shirt, shoving it off to his elbows so Percy could kiss his shoulders and back. When the Italian arched his back and pressed his ass against Percy’s crotch, the taller boy groaned.

“Shit,” he whispered. Nico reached behind himself, grasped Percy’s head and pulled him into a kiss.

“I love you too,” he whispered. Percy pushed his underwear aside and slid into him just as the bell rang.

***

Nico had been so nervous that first day he wore a skirt to school that he almost vomited four separate times. However on Monday morning when he strode down the corridors, holding the hand of his now-boyfriend, he felt much better.

Sure, people still stared, but Nico found it hard to care when Percy didn’t. He leaned against the locker next to Nico’s as the boy took his books out, and kept a hand on the boy’s waist, stroking his hip protectively and reminding Nico he was there for him. Nico loved him for it.

Drew Tanaka randomly came up to them, and Nico tensed. Like Percy, she was popular, and kind of a bitch. She didn’t look bitchy now though, a smile on her face.

“Nico,” she said ceremoniously, “I just wanted to tell you that you look lovely.”

She said this even as people stared at her in surprise. A small, shy smile bloomed on Nico’s lips, “Thanks.”

“And also,” Drew glanced at Percy, “You two are cute.”

She skipped off before Nico could say anything. Percy giggled and threw an arm around his boyfriend’s shoulders, pulling him close and kissing his forehead. It seemed everything would be okay after all, skirt or no skirt.
Nico looked at himself in the mirror as his fingers carefully threaded in between the silky locks of his hair. It was still damp from Nico’s earlier shower where he had spent over an hour putting conditioners and masks into his hair. Now he was meticulously braiding it with great precision and concentration. He needed his hair to look good tomorrow.

Nico had a bit of an obsession when it came to his hair since it was one of the few aspects of his appearance that he could control. Initially his obsession started as an attempt to become more attractive to woo Percy but over time it became a mania, and a way for Nico to look nice for Will, whose attention he was desperate for.

He exhaled when he put the last band into his hair. He looked ridiculous right now with his overlong hair French-braided, coming up just beneath his ears. If the other campers saw him like that he’d be unable to live it down. It might’ve looked bad then but in the morning Nico’s normally dead-straight hair would have a nice, alluring curl to it, as well as looking lustrous and healthy thanks to the new conditioner he bought when in Italy.

Happy with how neat his braids were, Nico smiled at his reflection.

That’s when the emergency alarm sounded, wailing through the Hades cabin.

“Shit,” Nico swore, eyes widening in panic. He could hear Demigods pouring outside and he cursed himself; he had completely forgotten that today was a drill, “Fuck, fuck, fuck,” the boy muttered but ultimately he decided to just not show up. It wasn’t a real drill anyway.

A strand of hair had come undone and with a frustrated sigh Nico undid his left braid and started redoing it. The annoying, ear-grating alarm finally shut off. Nico patted down his hair when it was finished and gave himself a short, curt nod in the mirror before turning on his heel and walking into the main room of the cabin.

He smacked right into Will’s chest.
“There you are!” the son of Apollo exclaimed while Nico stumbled back, shocked. Horror descended on him precisely when Will frowned, “What’s with the hair-style?”

“Don’t look!” Nico panicked, folding his arms over his head like an idiot as blood rushed to his face.

Will’s frown deepened, “I was worried, you didn’t show up to the drill-“

Nico turned his back on Will. He wanted to cry, “P-Please leave.”

“Nico?” Will asked tentatively, confused, “Is everything okay?”

Nico felt the blond’s shy touch on his shoulder and he almost shivered, “I-I’m just...this is so...I-I look s-so stupid r-right now.”

“Is that how you get your hair so nice and wavy?” Will asked gently.

“Yes,” Nico squeaked and allowed Will to turn him around. There was no point hiding now. The Italian looked up at his crush, “Please don’t laugh,” he said in a small voice. Will didn’t look like he was laughing, instead he pulled Nico’s arms from his head and looked at his braids. He smiled softly.

“They’re cute,” he said, and Nico’s heart beat a little bit faster, “Who are you doing them for?”

“No-one.”

“Right,” Will nodded, letting go of Nico’s hands, “Well there’s nothing to be embarrassed about. You look absolutely adorable.” Nico was scared if he blushed any harder he’d spontaneously combust like Leo. He swallowed, “Come on,” Will said, turning around, “We need to get to the meeting point-“

“They’re for you,” Nico blurted. Will looked at him and blinked.

“Huh?”

Nico stared stubbornly at the ground, “I-I take care of m-my hair because I want t-to look nice for...,” he looked up at Will shyly, “For you.”

Will strode across the room and took Nico’s face in his hands before kissing him quickly. He was blushing too, “Well you look very very nice. All the time.”

He turned around and walked out hurriedly and Nico...Nico just stood there, touching his braids and smiling like an idiot.
What about one where Will and the seven travel to an alternate universe where everyone is their opposite personality. So Nico is super cheerful and bubbly and openly affectionate which shocks Will because Nico what you hate pda. He even dresses opposite in really light colours in neat sweaters and button downs. His boyfriend Will is really possessive but also high strung and tense? Idk just the opposite of normally relaxed Will. They get back to their own universe and Will tells his boyfriend what his other self was like for RainyDayKid

What greeted the Seven on the other side of the mysterious portal that had appeared just outside camp borders that they had just jumped through, was a snowy, grey day.

“What the...?”

Will looked around and shivered. He kicked the snow in annoyance. He was not dressed for this weather...he glanced at himself and frowned. Actually he was dressed in completely different clothes than he had been wearing only moments ago. The black turtle-neck and black skinny jeans paired with heavy black boots were definitely not something he would wear...but actually Will liked it. He felt like in that moment the clothes reflected his mood, as did the weather, because he felt very, very gloomy.

“Oh my Gods, snow!” Jason exclaimed giddily, dashing off and plopping down in the white puff, waving his arms around to make a snow angel and grinning like a child. He laughed and stuck his tongue out, catching snowflakes with it. Weird, Will though. Normally Jason was calm, collected and didn’t let his guard down. He also didn’t normally wear a Batman onesie.

Will’s shock was deepened throughout when out of everyone there it was his own boyfriend that joined Jason in his fuckery. He was dressed completely differently to what he normally wore – in a pair of slacks and a light button down shirt with a navy sweater over top. His hair was slicked down. Ignoring the biting cold Nico giggled, scooped snow up and made a snowball that he chucked into unsuspecting-Jason’s face.

“Hey!” Jason protested, then jumped to his feet and started chasing Nico, who laughed cheerfully,
cheeks flushed from the cold and happiness. It was a bizarre look. Will found himself glaring at
Jason; why was he chasing Will’s boyfriend around?

“Stop it,” Frank barked suddenly, and he looked angry, arms crossed over his chest, “Get your shit
together you two.”

“Yeah,” Will agreed, “Seriously, you’re both acting like children,” Jason and Nico stopped running,
giggling and out of breath. Will reached out and grabbed his boyfriend’s wrist, pulling him closer
protectively, away from Jason. He didn’t know why he was feeling so protective and annoyed and
tense, “C’mon Nico you’re going to catch a cold.”

“Aw, Will,” Nico threw his arms around Will’s shoulders, stood on his tiptoes and kissed his cheek,
“Since when are you such a killjoy?”

The Seven stared at them in shock – Nico was never openly affectionate in public. Never. Piper
squealed.

“Guys,” Annabeth said, her voice small, “Guys, I’m scared. Where the hell are we? How the hell do
we get back to Camp? I wanna go home...”

Will gaped at her. Annabeth Chase – the Annabeth Chase – had tears in her eyes. She sniffled and
looked around fearfully.

“Ew,” Piper lifted a foot out of the snow. On it was a fashionable and completely soaked Ugg boot,
“This snow is ruining my shoes! And it’s cold! I agree with Annabeth,” she stuck her nose in the air,
“I want to go somewhere warm and sunny. Ugh, I hate the cold!” she dusted the snow off the
shoulder of her expensive looking fur coat.

Jason frowned at her, “Pipes, since when do you care?”

“Since I want to look good,” Piper said, a bit snobbishly. Will got distracted when Nico snuggled up
to him, hugging him around the chest.

“I’m cold,” he said, pouting, pressing his red nose against Will’s collarbone, “Cuddle me.”

“Nico, what is wrong with you?” Will asked, frustrated. Nico just squeezed him harder, “There is
something very wrong here,” Will looked around the Seven.

“Is there?” Jason asked dopily.

“For Gods’ sake we’re wasting time,” Frank snapped, “we need to figure out what this world is
and-“

“You’re so hot when you’re bossy,” Hazel purred next to him. Will’s eyes widened when he saw
her, dressed the most skimpily out of all of them. She had on a black bra and a short black skirt and,
like Jason, seemed not to feel the cold. She had heavy makeup on and was looking up at Frank with
lust-filled eyes. Her boyfriend seemed caught off guard.

Nico kissed Will on the mouth, “You’re hot too,” he whispered so only Will heard. He winked. Will
nudged him away.

“Stop it,” he hissed, “Not in front of everyone.”

He was getting more and more annoyed.
“Guys seriously, I want to go back,” Annabeth whined, hugging herself.

“Percy what should we do?” Will asked, because Percy was kind of the leader. But the boy had been silent and was staring at the snow, a light blush on his cheeks.

“Dunno,” he mumbled, not meeting anyone’s eyes.

“I think we should take a quick break,” Hazel seductively ran her finger down Frank’s chest, “For some fun.”

“I think we should get the hell out of here,” Piper said, annoyed, “Before my clothes are completely ruined!”

“I think you should all shut up,” Will grumbled.

“Why are you so mean?” Nico asked, looking hurt. Will felt bad. He tugged his boyfriend close and Nico wriggled his freezing hands underneath his turtleneck.

“Just let’s figure this out,” Will said, loosely wrapping an arm around Nico’s waist.

The Seven started to head through the forest and soon they found themselves up on Thalia’s hill, looking down at what was Camp Half Blood...but not. Instead of being in a horseshoe shape, the cabins were in a line, and they were deserted.

“I don’t want to go down,” Annabeth whimpered. Percy shyly took her hand.

“Me neither,” Piper crossed her arms over her chest, “The snow looks deep and my shoes are already soaked.”


“I could use one of those cabins,” she winked at him. Jason was already wadding down the hill without thinking twice.

“Fine,” Frank said, “Annabeth, Piper, Percy, you stay up here. Everyone else split up into two’s and figure out what the hell this place is.”

Immediately Nico grabbed Will’s cold hand, intertwining their fingers, “Can we go together?” he asked adorably. Will nodded and pulled him down the hill. He just wanted to get away from the chaotic confusion of the group because everything had turned upside down. Will knew that this place was messing with all of them but he couldn’t remember what he was like before; he couldn’t remember being cheerful, but he also knew that Nico was acting off.

Will’s eyes scanned the cabins and they were all wrong – the Ares cabin had flowers outside while the Demeter cabin was surrounded with barbed wire. To Will’s surprise Nico clearly didn’t want to do as Frank had commanded; instead of checking this universe out he pulled Will between two cabins. The fresh snow crunched under their feet.

“Nico,” Will said, as warning, “We’re supposed to be-“

“I don’t care,” Nico leaned against the wall of one of the cabins and pulled Will close, wrapping his arms around the blond’s shoulders.

“Nico,” Will was getting annoyed, “You’re acting childish-“

“I love you,” Nico said sweetly. Will’s heart clenched.
“Do you? You seemed pretty friendly with Jason.”

Nico grinned, “William Solace, are you jealous?”

“Maybe.”

Nico pulled Will flush against him and the blond couldn’t keep his hands to himself, putting them on Nico’s hips. The Italian nuzzled his neck.

“You know I love you,” he kissed the corner of Will’s mouth, “Only you.”

Will gave in and kissed him though he was aware that the rest of the Seven were nearby. Nico’s mouth was soft and sweet. It was nice, Will had to admit, to have Nico be so affectionate and cute when usually he was so moody and reserved. Still, Will knew this wasn’t normal.

He ended the kiss, “Come on, let’s go.”

“I don’t like you like this,” Nico pouted, letting go of the blond.

“I don’t like you like this either,” Will said and kissed Nico quickly.

“GUILTY!” Frank roared suddenly and on instinct Will jerked away from Nico, embarrassed. The boys walked out of their little alleyway saw that at the other end of the line the cabins, and everything around them, were crumbling away.

“Whoops,” Jason said sheepishly, poking his head out of the Zeus cabin.

“RUN!” Frank bellowed.

They all took off. Will grabbed Nico’s hand and pulled him through the snow and up the hill where Piper was screaming. Annabeth had already dashed back through the portal and Percy just stood there, pale and frozen as the world crumbled around them. As he ran Will grabbed him by the elbow and dragged him back into the portal.

The Seven landed in a heap back on the sunny hillside at the real Camp Half Blood and in a flash the portal closed behind them.

“Fuck,” Annabeth crawled out from the bottom, “What the fuck?”

Will sat up, head spinning. He was still in the black clothing but the moody, tense person he had been moments ago was gone. He felt relaxed and cheerful again. He laughed.

“What’s so funny?” Nico snapped at him. He was still in his clothes from before, but his hair was messy now. He looked down at himself, “What the fuck am I wearing?”


“Will,” he hissed, but then bit his lip to hide his smile.

“I love you,” Will whispered, so only Nico heard.
Chapter Notes

Just for reference the 78th Infantry Division was a real division but it was a British division that didn't take part in D Day, so technically the American Infantry Division that was in Normandy is made up. Similarly, King George's Second Parachute Battalion isn't a real Battalion.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Freo ww2 au where franks platoon is on a mission to save a different platoon that had been taken prisoner. They rescue the prisoners but frank hears something so he checks it out and finds Leo tied to a table with almost nothing on, frank frees him and gives him his jacket. When they get out of the building franks platoon had already left. Frank and Leo get far from the base before pitching a makeshift campsite in the woods, over the course of a couple of weeks they develop feelings for each other, the ending could be whatever you want but they eventually get saved by a passing battalion for Hyunjinlove.

April 17th, 1945

Normandy, Occupied France.

Frank thought that he would never be rid of the sound of bombs exploding, of the screams of dying men, of the sound of guns blazing. Even in the brief silent moments in which his platoon uselessly tried to catch some sleep first in the French trenches and then in the little coastal town they had re-taken after D Day, the silence was always filled with the sounds of war. Frank, like many of his comrades, slept in full uniform, his boots laced, his Winchester M1897 shotgun cradled protectively to his chest. He wanted the war to end, but he couldn’t remember a life before it. How could they possibly get over this? How could he return to the States after the atrocities he had witnessed?

Frank’s days were filled mostly with boredom. Idly sitting by, he felt minutes crawl by at an agonizingly slow pace. A constant fear accompanied him but after three years in the army the twenty year old was so used to it he barely acknowledged it anymore. Moments of battle brought adrenaline, and cold-hearted murder, before the world around him returned to its sleepy state. Frank’s division hadn’t landed in Normandy on the 6th of June, when the real hard-fought battles took place. Yes, his life was full of danger still, but as a member of the 78th Infantry Division he didn’t see as much
action as he’d perhaps have liked to see.

The summer was sunny in France. It made his mind wander.

On the breezy morning of April 17th, everything changed.

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Major General Gleeson M. Hedge glared thunderously at dozen of the best fighters of in platoon, gathered in an abandoned apartment that he had claimed as the new base for operations while the 78th Division occupied the French town that Frank couldn’t pronounce. Maybe ‘occupied’ wasn’t the right word since the Americans had won back the town from the Nazis and were more than willing to return it to the French once the fighting was done.

“So,” Major Hedge boomed, staring at his men, “It seems that some of ours are in deep water.”

“Aren’t we all in deep water?” Percy Jackson, one of Frank’s friends, joked. Hedge glared at him.

“This is not a light-hearted matter, Private,” he barked, and immediately Percy apologised. The Major General continued, “As it stands we have gotten word that a British parachute Battalion had landed over enemy lines further in occupied France and have been captured by the Germans. It seems that over two dozen men from King George’s Second Parachute Battalion are being held captive and it is our job to rescue them.”

He put his arms behind his back and puffed out his chest proudly. Although he was not a large man, Frank had great respect for his General.

“It will be your job to get them back,” Hedge said, “I want this operation to rely on stealth hence why I am sending only twelve of you. I want you in and out as quickly as possible with as few casualties on our side as can be. Understood?”

“Yes-sir!” the twelve replied in unison. Frank could hear his heart pounding in his head. Finally something was happening.

Hedge produced a map and laid it on the table in front of them. He pointed at a little dot in France, “This is the town of Rouan, just North-West of Paris and a day’s drive from here. I will be expecting you all back by tomorrow morning, or evening at latest. We can’t afford to lose these men, gentlemen.”

The twelve walked out into the grey morning a little dazed.

“How do you land in the wrong place?” Luke Castellan complained, folding his arms behind his head. They were to leave in an hour.

“Shut up, Castellan,” Jason Grace snapped, shoving his hands into his pockets, “You don’t know what it’s like up there.”

Frank looked at him. Jason had been part of an Airborne division before he joined the 78th and he said he much preferred being down on land than up in the air. At least you have somewhere to duck, he used to joke when the men hid in the trenches with bullets from the enemy raining down on them. Frank couldn’t imagine it – being stuck up in the air with explosions going off around him, the chance of spiralling out of the sky higher than ever landing a plane again. It seemed terrifying.

“We know what our job is,” Frank said evenly, “Get the men and get out.”
“And shoot some Heinie’s while we’re at it,” Luke grinned. Next to him, Ethan Nakamura shook his head. He was a newcomer to the 78th and although he was a great sniper many in the Division didn’t trust him because of his Japanese roots though he proclaimed far and wide that he was American and had a passport that supported his claims. Frank didn’t care; he himself had been ostracized at first because of his oriental look but by now his Division knew he was a real American, born and raised in Boston, though many other Divisions still referred to him as the ‘Big Chinese.’ He didn’t care about that either, nicknames were common in the army and there were worse atrocities to get offended about.

“Whatever,” Percy sighed, “let’s get something to eat and head out. I could do with a little excitement,” he kicked a stone on the footpath.

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April 15th, 1945 (2 days earlier)

Rouen, Occupied France.

Leo knew something was very, very wrong the moment his feet touched the ground and the parachute fell around him, like a warm, comforting blanket. A part of Leo wanted to stay underneath it, the stupid child’s belief that if you can’t see them, they can’t see you either coming to mind. But Leo wasn’t a child; he was nineteen, he was part of King George’s Second Parachute Battalion, and he had just landed in Normandy to help the Allies fight back the Fascists. His parachute would be visible to anyone with a flashlight.

Leo clambered out from beneath it and hurriedly folded it like he had been taught in training, before shoving it under a bush. It was dark, and he was glad for that because even though it was scarier to be alone at night in an unknown country, at least the Germans wouldn’t see him. Leo chalked down the pounding of his heart and the rise of his nerves to adrenaline and fear and the fact that he had lost his gun during his jump. He was unarmed, save for a pocket knife, and that scared him.

But something else was wrong and as much as he tried to push the feeling down, it wouldn’t disappear. He had landed at the edge of a forest, with thick trees behind him, thinning out in front of him. He couldn’t see any lights, the only sounds he could hear were distant bombs still exploding overhead though much fewer than moments ago when Leo had been in his plane. He looked up, but he couldn’t see any more machines. Either they were all down, or they had dropped what needed to be dropped and had turned back. Leo hoped the latter was true.

He listened intently to the forest, but all he heard was cicadas. Unnerved and spooked, Leo retreated into the forest, hoping to take cover there until he was reunited with the other Paratroopers. A stupid thought entered his head; what if I’m the only one who made it down? But it was ridiculous since Leo had seen the others jump before him, Will and Travis and Lee...they had to be here somewhere.

Granted, it was not what Leo expected; he had thought Normandy would be crawling with Allies and tanks and just generally be loud and bright. The silence of the forest and the fields surrounding it made Leo put two and two together and pretty quickly he realised that they were in the wrong place. It wasn’t uncommon – sometimes a plane spat its Paratroopers out before a destination because it was on fire, or needed to turn back. And sometimes a plane lost its way in the confusion of bombs exploding. Leo needed to get his bearings but that would be impossible in the darkness. He’d have to wait until dawn.

“Flash!” the hissy whisper came from the shrubbery and Leo’s heart pounded. For a second he fumbled, his tongue useless in his mouth, before he managed to get the response out-
“Thunder!”

Will Solace walked out from behind a tree, looking relieved, his face streaked olive and black to help him blend into the surroundings. He smiled when he saw Leo, “Thank God.”

“I’m so glad to see you,” Leo shook his head and grinned, relief flooding him, “You have your gun?”

“Yup,” Will patted the rifle at his back. Even though he originally joined the army as a medic, he was now actively taking part in the operations and was a welcomed member of King George’s.

“I lost mine somewhere,” Leo said, “You’re the first person I’ve seen.”

“Yeah, me too,” Will frowned, “I think we got dropped at the wrong spot.”

“I’ve realised that too,” Leo said, glancing around. Save for the trees closest to him he couldn’t see much, “We need to find the others and then figure out where we are, before making out way-“

“Einfrieren!” the angry German shout made Leo’s blood run cold. Will stared at him, wide eyed and terrified as German soldiers slipped from between the trees, weapons raised. Will didn’t even have time to reach for his weapon, not that he’d even get the chance with so many barrels pointed at him and Leo. The Latino swallowed and then slowly, slowly raised his hands up.

This was not happening.

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April 17th 1945

Rouen, Occupied France.

In the cover of the night the mission went more smoothly than Frank anticipated, or hoped. King George’s was being held in a bunker built next to an old farmhouse devoid of any Frenchmen or animals. The 78th had been swift, quiet and effective. In intense, adrenaline-filled minutes they had shot dead the twenty seven Nazi officers that had been stationed there and then swallowed bitter disappointment when they only found eight members of King George’s still alive, huddled in the corner, dirty and terrified. Nakamura had taken a shot to the leg but apart from that there had been no American casualties.

Frank circled the bunker with Percy, it’s metal walls and rough wooden tables made it seem far from homely. Or maybe it was the corpses strew around.

“I think they’re all dead,” Percy lowered his gun and smiled faintly at Frank. His uniform was stained with blood, “Let’s go.”

He ducked out of the bunker and Frank didn’t blame him. It stank of unwashed bodies and death and he yearned to be back outside and breathe in the fresh air of the night. He turned to the door to follow Percy, but then he heard a noise that made him freeze.

Frank whirled around, gun pointed at the wall. Except it wasn’t a wall, but a door. Slumped against it was the body of a Nazi. Frank swallowed, wondering if he was imagining things, and then slowly crept closer, his Winchester trained on the door. If his voice hadn’t died in his throat he would’ve called for backup but his body moved by itself. He pushed the corpse aside and with a weirdly stable hand opened the door.
Inside was a table, and not much else. A gas lamp burned in the corner. Frank barely registered any of this because he was too focused staring at the man – no, the boy – tied to the table. A litter of questions went through Frank’s head; who is he? Is he alive? Is he German or British or French? Enemy or ally? Do I shoot? Why is he here? Why is he tied down? Where are his clothes?

Shouts and bullets ricocheting off the bunker made Frank flinch. He had wasted too much time staring and now there were enemies outside, undoubtedly attacking his battalion. Shit, what if this was an ambush?

A tiny, pathetic whimper came out of the boy’s mouth alerting Frank to the fact that he was, in fact, still alive.

“Fuck,” Frank cursed and threw all rules of war out of the window. He didn’t ask questions when he rushed to the table; the boy was tied down, for fuck’s sake, and unarmed. Even if he was a German, Frank couldn’t just leave him there.

As he leaned over the boy and went about untying the rough rope his wrists and ankles were tied with, he registered a few things about the kid; he looked very young, too young to be there, maybe seventeen. He was almost naked save for a pair of underwear, and his skin was dirty with mud, dirt and – oh God – blood. His eyes were barely open, quiet breaths coming from between his cracked, dry lips. It was very clear he was a prisoner.

“It’s okay,” Frank found himself saying, tuning out the sound of the fighting outside and hoping nobody would get into the bunker since his hands were busy. His fingers trembled as he untied the boy, “It’s alright, you’re safe now, I’ll get you out of here.”

The boy gave no indication that he had heard Frank and the soldier tried not to wince when he saw the raw, bloodied skin beneath the ropes where they had undoubtedly dug in when the boy still had the strength to struggle. The sight made him hate the Nazis even more.

“Can you stand?” he asked as calmly as he could when he the boy was freed. The kid’s eyelids fluttered and his eyes opened a little. He made a move to sit, but was clearly too weak. He looked awfully skinny, “It’s okay,” Frank said, “I’ll help you up, you’re safe now.”

He kept saying that – you’re safe now – but that wasn’t true; they were in the middle of enemy territory, they wouldn’t be safe for a long, long time. Still, Frank gingerly slipped an arm behind the boy’s back and pulled him up into a sitting position. The kid was surprisingly warm. The boy slumped uselessly against Frank with another quiet noise of pain that made Frank’s heart twist. He knew in that moment that he would save this boy, no matter what.

Frank shrugged off his jacket and pulled it over the boy’s narrow shoulders, clumsily buttoning it up. Then he hoisted the boy up into his arms and threw him over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. He didn’t have the time to be gentle. From his waistband he wrestled his trusted Colt M1911A1 pistol, which was easier to operate when he was carrying someone. Frank took a deep breath and then dashed from the hidden room, past the bodies of the Nazis strewn in the main area of the bunker. At the door he hesitated, heart pounding so fast that all he could hear was his blood rushing in his brain. He slowly peered around the edge of the door...

What came first was confusion, then disbelief.

The fight was over, the only movement in the dark field was smoke curling into the sky. It was silent. When had it gone silent? Frank had been so pre-occupied he hadn’t noticed. Among the dust settling and the numerous bodies sprawled in the fields he tried to locate his friends, but it was very clear that they were gone.
Deciding that it was somewhat safe, Frank set the kid down and then circled the new battlefield, taking in damages. He saw many Nazi bodies and it was clear they had come in the mercedes-benz truck parked nearby. Fearfully Frank checked the faces of the killed but recognised none of them. When the relief of knowing his friends were fine descended on him, Frank realised the harsh truth; he had been left behind. Maybe in the confusion his friends had forgotten about him, or maybe they thought he was dead, but regardless they and the trucks they came here in were long gone and Frank was alone with a half-dead boy.

“Fuck,” he kicked the ground uselessly. He couldn’t panic, panicking got you killed. So far he wasn’t in any immediate danger but that could change very fast. Frank looked at the bunker, then at the German truck, “Fuck it,” he said to himself. He went back to where he had dropped the kid – fully unconscious now – and hauled him up. He shoved him into the back of the truck where, to his delight, he found a lot of supplies. The reinforcements had undoubtedly come to bring their comrades food. It was mostly potatoes and radishes, though there was some beer, eggs and smoked meats as well – the men in this bunker must’ve been important.

Frank ensured the kid he found was somewhat comfortable before returning to the bunker and giving it one last scout. He came out with flour and sugar. He shoved it in the back and then got behind the wheel. He had no compass or map and he had no idea which way to get back to the American camp. At night everything looked the same so Frank picked a random forest road and headed down it, praying it was the right one.

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April 18th 1945

Rouen, Occupied France.

Leo had been awake for what felt like hours, sitting in the back of what he figured out was a truck with his heart on his shoulder. He was being transported, but where? The last thing he remembered were all those Nazi officers spitting their questions at him and ripping off layers of clothes off him. He didn’t want to know what happened when he had no clothes left but he feared he might’ve been flayed alive or something equally excruciating. But now he was here – at the back of a German truck. He knew it was German because he couldn’t read any of the names on the boxes even though he tried. He found some radishes and bread though. As stale as it was, he ate it greedily.

His wrist ached; it was twisted. His body was covered in painful cuts and bruises from the numerous beatings he had received, his wrists raw from the ropes. He was in pain, but at least he was still alive. The food made him feel better, stronger. He sat tensely as the truck bumped along the road, waiting for his fate. He found the biggest potato he could, and held it in his hand. It was the most pathetic weapon of the war.

After hours of being alone in the semi-darkness with his thoughts Leo managed to figure out a timeline; when he was unconscious a truck had come for him and now he was probably going to be transported to a prison where he could be properly tortured, or maybe worse…the one piece of the puzzle he couldn’t understand was the jacket that someone had thrown over him.

It was much too big, at least four sizes, and it was American. It was olive green with a bald eagle on one arm and the surname ZHANG etched into the breast. Leo didn’t know who Zhang was, but he was almost positive he was dead and that some sympathetic German had thrown it over his otherwise almost naked body out of pity. Thank God it’s summer, Leo thought, but shivered anyway.

The truck began to bump and jump more than normal, then it swayed. Leo, having been a mechanic at a point, knew that it was running out of gas. The engine sounded like it was choking and finally it
came to an inevitable stop.

“Fuck,” Leo heard someone swear and jumped in surprise. He thought it was English, but he told himself his exhausted and scared mind was playing tricks on him. When he heard heavy boots heading for the back of the truck, adrenaline exploded through him. He clutched the jacket to his chest protectively with one hand as if somehow it was going to save him from bullets, and lifted the potato in the other hand. He clenched his jaw and fixated his eyes on the back doors, ready to fight.

When they opened Leo’s eyes were hit with intense, bright light that was so painful he had to squeeze his eyes shut, at the same time blindly throwing the potato. He knew it hit its target when he heard a grunt of pain.

“Did you just throw a potato at me?” the gruff voice seemed annoyed and very obviously American. Leo squinted past the light and saw a large man standing outside the truck. As Leo got used to the brightness he could make out his features; sharp jaw, strong nose, frowny eye-brows, short-cropped black hair. He was definitely not German.

Leo shoulders slumped in relief, “A-Are you Zhang?” he asked shakily, voice hoarse. The man frowned deeper.

“How do you know?”

“I-It’s on your jacket,” Leo said. Zhang nodded.

“Right. Who are you?”

“M-My name is Leo Valdez,” Leo said, feeling a little dizzy and unable to comprehend that he was no longer in German hands, “I’m a member of King George’s Second Parachute Battalion...or rather, I was.”

“Don’t worry,” Zhang said, “Members of your Battalion are still alive, my friends took them back to the American base in Normandy.”

Leo’s eyes widened and hope filled him, “Really?” he breathed. Zhang nodded.

“Unfortunately that’s where the good news end,” he said, “There was another fight and my battalion left, so now we’re alone, and I don’t know which way my base is except that it took us about two hours to get to you,” he patted the truck, “this thing just broke down so-“

“It didn’t break down,” Leo said, “It ran out of gas.”

“Oh...,” Zhang looked like he wanted to ask more questions but he stopped himself, “There’s still around thirteen hours ahead of us on foot, if we’re even going in the right direction.”

Leo couldn’t care less about the American base; the past days in the captivity of the Germans felt like years and he had been so afraid that right now being free from them was the only thing he cared about. He tried hard to keep himself together as he shrugged on the jacket Zhang gave him. On shaky legs he climbed from the truck and landed on the grass next to Zhang. He barely reached the Americans shoulder.

“Are you alright?” Zhang asked. Leo gave a shaky nod even though his wrists hurt like hell. Overhead the sun shone down cheerfully, “I’m Frank,” the man stuck his hand out suddenly, surprising Leo, “From the 78th Division.”

“Leo,” the younger boy replied and slipped his hand into Frank’s larger one. He could feel the man’s
eyes burning into the bloodied skin on his wrists.

“We need to get going,” Frank let go of Leo’s hand without saying anything about his wounds.

The next few minutes the two of them spent rummaging through the back of the truck that they both knew they’d have to abandon soon. Leo was dirty and tired but he knew Frank was right; they couldn’t let their guard down. They found empty backpacks in the truck and loaded them with as much food as they could. However apart from ammunition there were no weapons in the back so Frank gave Leo his Colt. Leo felt better with a gun in his hand, and he felt even better when he found a German uniform that somewhat fit him. He reluctantly returned Frank’s jacket to him.

They had to leave behind a load of supplies simply because they couldn’t carry them, and soon they delved into the forest together. They walked in silence for a while, both tense and afraid, eyes trained on the mottled shadows cast by the sun breaking through the greenery overhead. If Leo wasn’t still somewhat in shock he could’ve appreciated the beauty.

“So,” Frank said after about thirty minutes of walking in a random direction through the same scenery, “How old are you anyway? You look a bit young to be in the army.”

“I’m nineteen, thank you very much,” Leo huffed, offended, “I know I look like a child but I’m not.”

Frank glanced at him over his shoulder, “Damn, only a year younger than me.”

They lapsed back into silence.

***

Frank was tired but he could only imagine how Leo was feeling. For the past few hours the boy had dragged his feet, his shoulders slumped. Frank wanted to offer to carry him again but he didn’t know if he had the strength. The light was turning amber and they were still in the forest; Frank feared they were not even heading in the right direction and he had hoped to see someone that would point them towards Normandy. So far he and Leo were alone though.

Frank stopped walking eventually, “We can’t walk through the night, we need to rest.”

“Yeah,” Leo mumbled. He had a sweet English accent.

He was barely awake. Honestly Frank worried about him; the boy had been through a lot and Frank didn’t know how deep his wounds were or how badly hurt he was. He didn’t want to ask though and Leo didn’t complain.

Through a half-asleep state Frank told Leo to sit by a tree with their packs and then gathered enough wood for a fire. He knew it wasn’t wise, but it was getting very dark and cold and Frank kept the fire as small as he could. Finally he sat by it, feeling like every muscle in his body hurt.

“Let me see your wrists,” Frank said. The only sound was the crickets in the forest and the crackling of wood as it burned. Without a word Leo stuck his wrists out. Frank pulled out bandages from his backpack and bandaged Leo’s wrists. He was so, so tired, he hadn’t slept for over twenty four hours which had been filled with fear, adrenaline and exertion. He just wanted to sleep but he knew Leo needed it more; he had slumped against Frank’s shoulder as the American treated his wounds and now looked to be asleep.

Frank didn’t move him. He forced his eyes to remain open and kept his gun in his lap as his eyes scanned the dark tree line. He could hear nightlife about him, owls hooting, crickets playing their tunes. It seemed like he and Leo were alone in the world.
April 19th, 1945

Near the Seine river, Occupied France.

Noon the next day found Leo and Frank at the banks of a river.

“I think it’s the Seine,” Frank said from the bank-side as Leo wadded waist deep into the water, scrubbing dry blood and mud off his skin, “At least I hope it is. If it is it means we’re going the right way.”

“It’s water!” Leo called back cheerfully, “I don’t care what it’s name is!”

That morning they had had a breakfast and after a relatively peaceful night and with stomachs full of food, the two soldiers felt quite a lot stronger than the previous day. Frank’s mind felt clearer and it was easier for him to think straight. He didn’t let his guard down – he and Leo were alone with limited ammo and limited weapons. Frank’s priorities were to get them both safely back to Omaha beach. It was hard to remember the war though, since the afternoon was so peaceful.

Frank sat by his tree, watching sunshine sparkle over the water that Leo was washing in. The boy was just in his underwear, as was Frank, their uniforms drying on the branches of a nearby tree. The warm, peaceful afternoon reminded Frank of home, of his blissful childhood. His eyes danced over the water and the forest and Leo’s tanned skin. The boy’s back was to him and Frank watched him, contemplating how he had somehow gotten the Brit as his partner. If only the 78th had waited...

But Frank wasn’t angry at them; they did what they had to do and finding the Seine made Frank hopeful that he and Leo were on the right track. He would be back with his platoon soon.

“Hey Princess!” Frank called to Leo, “Finish your swim, we need to get going.”

Leo glanced at Frank over his shoulder and stuck his tongue out at him like the kid he was. Frank couldn’t help but smile. This was nice. He closed his eyes and allowed the sun to warm his face, completely relaxed until he felt water drops on his leg. He opened his eyes and saw Leo standing over him, dripping wet and grinning. Frank blinked.

“Wow. You look different,” he said. Leo blinked and Frank cleared his throat, “Who knew you could clean up well?”

“Thanks?” Leo offered, unsure if it was a compliment. It definitely was. Until that moment Frank hadn’t realised that he didn’t know what Leo really looked like; without all the dirt on his face he appeared young, but his features were also really nice – he had a small nose and mischievous brown eyes. Seeing his ‘transformation’ made Frank’s stomach feel a little weird but he didn’t know why.

“Alright, let’s go,” he stood up and got dressed next to Leo. He refused to look at the other boy. Don’t, don’t, don’t...

Before the army Frank thought he liked women but that he simply hadn’t met the right one yet. In his small home town it wasn’t really an issue; he was young, he had time. However when he joined the army and was surrounded by loads and loads of men he realised who he was really attracted to. There were a few men like him, wanting to experiment, or simply frustrated. And now Frank realised that if he and Leo didn’t find Normandy soon he could get quite frustrated...no, I’m keeping my hands off him.
The boys continued to walk, talking easily to each other about their battalions and families back home. Where it had been awkward and quiet at first, now their voices filled the overpowering silence of the forest which, to Frank’s delight, started to thin out soon. If they didn’t talk Frank swore he could hear gunshots in the distance, but all Leo heard was silence. So he preferred to talk.

At sunset the clouds descended, covering the orange and pink sky and bringing darkness faster than Leo and Frank anticipated. By the time they finally reached a road, the sky was dark and grey. It started raining soon after.

“Fuck this,” Leo complained behind Frank. They were both soaked through and Frank’s teeth clattered. He wished they had stayed in the forest because at least the trees could’ve offered some cover. Here on the open road they were not only exposed to potential Nazis, but also to the spiteful weather.

When the farmhouse appeared out of the mist at first Frank thought it was a mirage, his mind playing tricks on him. But no, Leo saw it too. First came anxiety. The soldiers pulled out their weapons as they approached. There was a hut, and a stable next to it, and both dark.

“Let’s hope it’s frogs,” Frank said as they approached the barn. There were no cars around, and no signs of life. The barn proved empty of both people and animals, only a pile of hay welcoming the two soldiers. With no other options and the rain still coming down mercilessly, Leo and Frank went to the front door.

“Do we knock?” Leo asked. Frank shrugged. Leo knocked. There was no answer. They knocked again. Silence. Finally Frank mustered up the courage and opened the door – it was unlocked. The two scouted each dark room, sticking together, and very quickly realised that any inhabitants had long ago left. Everything was covered in a layer of dust.

“It seems safe enough,” Frank said.

“Honestly I just want to stay out of the rain,” Leo said, locking the front door after them. They picked the living room as their ‘base,’ since it had thick curtains in the windows. When the boys pulled them close it became safe to start the fireplace. The smoke wouldn’t be visible in the dark, stormy night. The rain pounded down on the house but the soldiers felt safe inside; they stripped off their freshly-washed uniforms and hung them in front of the fireplace to dry.

“This is nice,” Frank said after Leo had dragged the covers and pillows from all the rooms and laid them down on the floor. That was precisely when Leo sneezed, “Oh-oh,” Frank said. He sat on their ‘nest’ next to the boy and pressed a hand to his forehead. It was warm, “I think you’re getting a fever.”

Leo batted his hand away, “I’m fine.”

“Let me see your wrists.”

Like the night before Leo offered Frank his wrists, but this time he sat opposite the American. Frank unwrapped the bandages and then washed Leo’s wounds with water.

“They roughed you up, didn’t they?” he asked softly.

“Yeah,” Leo replied quietly. It was clear he didn’t want to talk about what happened.

“They’re all dead now,” Frank said, hoping it brought the boy some comfort. Gently he dressed his wrists again, “Fuckers.”
Leo smiled, “I like you, Zhang.”

Frank glanced up at him and smiled too, “You’re not so bad yourself, for a Limey.”

Leo punched him in the arm playfully. The life with the 78th seemed like it had belonged to someone else.

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When Leo woke up it was dark and the fireplace was reduced to embers, and the boy felt simultaneously burning and cold. Somewhere far away outside, bombs fell. Leo closed his eyes. He heard airplanes soar over the lone farmhouse, and the sounds of their engines reminded him of the night he jumped, before he was captured. It seemed like a lifetime away.

Leo exhaled and shivered. His body was cold despite the fact he had covers layered on top of him. Closeby in the dark was Frank’s body; the man had the covers pooled around his waist, his naked back to Leo. Subconsciously the Brit shifted closer, then closer again, seeking Frank’s body heat. Eventually he ended up just pressing his feverish forehead to Frank’s back. It felt nice and cool.

Every time Leo tried to close his eyes his fever-addled brain would make him remember jumping, which was not something he remembered pleasantly, so he just laid there with his eyes open, feeling like his head was going to explode. He didn’t want to be a burden with Frank, but he knew he was very sick. He had only known this man for two days, but he trusted him.

He slid his arms around Frank’s chest and hugged into him, still shaking. Frank woke up.

“Leo?” he sounded alarmed.

“’M sorry,” Leo whispered, knowing that this was overstepping many boundaries, “I’m just cold...like really cold, Frank.”

Frank turned around and without any word of protest wrapped his arms around Leo, pulling him close to his chest and wrapping his huge arms around Leo almost completely. The Brit snuggled into his heat.

“You’re going to be okay,” Frank sounded a little scared as he clutched Leo close, “I’ll warm you up and tomorrow I will get you medicine and...”

Leo drifted off.

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April 20th, 1945

Toutainville, Occupied France

The gun felt heavy in Frank’s pocket as he walked into the village. It was partially destroyed by air strikes and bombs and the houses that hadn’t crumbled to pieces were grey and scratched up, with anxious, pale faces peering out of dark windows. The French villagers gazed upon Frank with suspicion, unsure of what to make of one lonely American soldier walking into their village.

Frank paid them no mind, spurred on by fear and the terrible thought that if he did not hurry, Leo could die. That morning the boy had been pale, shaking and with a high fever and a harsh cough. No matter how close to the fire Frank put him, the Brit seemed unable to warm up. He had looked so tiny and vulnerable, his hand clutching onto Frank’s shirt. Leaving him was much harder than Frank
expected but he knew he had to delve back into the real world to get medicine for his friend before it was too late. It was the only way Leo would survive.

“Pharmacy?” Frank asked a random passerby, who flinched away from him violently and hurried by, head hung. Frank caught a woman’s arm, “Miss, please, doctor?”

She shook her head and fearfully scurried off. People avoiding Frank like he had the plague and just as his frustrations were beginning to grow, he saw a shop which looked to have bottles of medicine in the window. Hopeful, Frank rushed inside.

The shop was dusty and dark with a ratty-looking man in thick glasses behind a counter. Save for him the shop was deserted.

“Sir, please,” Frank hurried over and the ratty man backed away in fear, “I need medicine.”

“I-I can’t help you,” the pharmacist stuttered in heavily accented French. Frank wanted to scream.

“I’m American,” he showed the man his badge, “We’re allies, please, my friend has a very high fever.”

The pharmacist just shook his head, “I can’t help you,” he repeated.

Frank grabbed him by the shirt and hauled him over the counter, letting his anger get the best of him, “Why won’t you help me you fucking coward?!?” he demanded, “We’re here to save you, you fucking asshole, and you’re saying you can’t help me?!” he shoved the terrified man away, “Give me some fever medicine or I swear to God I’ll shoot you dead before the Germans do.”

He was bluffing, naturally, as much of a prick as the pharmacist was, Frank would never kill unless necessary. Still, it did the trick because the man scurried away to a shelf and with trembling, spider-like fingers pulled out a few different bottles, shoving them into Frank’s arms before retreating into the shadows.

Frank glared at him, packed the medicine away and left the shop. He didn’t have money to pay, besides he was in a huge hurry. He walked back through the village, then down the pathway through the fields. Soon enough he was running. It had been raining all day and by the time Frank got to the cottage he and Leo were occupying, he was soaked through.

“How’s he?” he asked, walking in. When he didn’t get an immediate response he panicked, shoving off his shoes and rushing into the living room. Leo was asleep on the floor, curled up and pale save for his flushed cheeks. Frank exhaled in relief and knelt next to the boy, touching his burning forehead gently.

Leo opened his eyes, “Frank?” he whispered, lips dry. Frank pushed his curls back.

“Yeah,” he said, throat tight for some reason, “It’s me. I brought you medicine.”

Leo reached out and touched his shoulder, “You’re wet.”

“I know, it’s still raining,” Frank replied, “Have you eaten?”

“I’m not hungry,” Leo closed his eyes.

Frank stripped himself off his clothes which he hung in front of the fireplace and then forced Leo to take the medicine before preparing some food for them. It wasn’t much but Leo could only keep down a few bites before he collapsed on the bed again, exhausted.
Frank didn’t know what to do.

“Please don’t die on me,” he murmured.

“I won’t,” Leo didn’t open his eyes. Frank watched him for a while, paranoid, ensuring that the boy was breathing. Then he climbed in next to him, turning his back to the Brit and contemplating the situation he was in. He had to find his friends as soon as Leo got better.

They were stuck in the cottage for three days, and they were the hardest three days of Frank’s life, waiting to see if Leo would die.

He didn’t.

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April 23rd, 1945

Somewhere between Rouen and Normandy, Occupied France.

“Are you sure this is the right way?” Leo asked for the eighth time that day, fully knowing that he was irritating Frank. He saw the bigger soldier’s back muscles tense in front of him and then Frank snapped at him-

“I don’t fucking know, shut up.”

Leo smiled. He was glad Frank was there; after being alone and surrounded by Germans he was glad to have a friend. Especially a friend who took care of him as much as Frank did, cuddling him and cooking him soup to make him get better...okay so maybe he and Frank were a little too close but Leo didn’t care. They were once again submerged in a forest and nobody was there to judge their relationship.

It had been a since they had been just over a week since they had been stuck together, but Leo wasn’t losing hope. In fact he was enjoying the break from the war. As he and Frank walked through the peaceful and once-again sunny forest in a comfortable silence he imagined what life would be like if they were the only two people in the world.

He imagined waking up next to Frank the way he had in the cottage, seeing Frank’s eyes open and look at him sleepily in the grey daylight before the man said good-morning in his hoarse, rough voice. He imagined cooking together and eating real meals. He imagined calm evenings in a little cottage by the sea, watching the sunset and not worrying if a bomb was going to fall on their heads. He imagined-

Leo’s foot got caught on a root of the tree that snagged out like a hand ready to get him, and suddenly the boy was tumbling forward. He felt a shot of agony in his foot as he landed, the breath knocked out of him.

“What the...,” he took a breath and then gasped as a pain-fuelled fire exploded in his left ankle, “F-Fuck,” he struggled to sit up but his foot wouldn’t cooperate.

“Shit,” Frank was by him in seconds, kneeling down next to the boy, “What did you do?!?”

“M-My ankle, it...,” Leo looked at his foot uselessly. Carefully but swiftly Frank rolled up the leg of the stolen German uniform. He touched the boy’s ankle and the boy gritted his teeth in pain. He wanted to cry.
“Shit,” Frank swore, “Can you move your foot?”

Leo moved his foot, then cried out in pain.

“It’s not broken,” Frank exhaled in relief, “Probably twisted.”

“Fuck,” Leo buried his face in his hands, “What is wrong with me? I have the most rotten luck...”

“Hey, c’mon,” Frank said, “You met me – that isn’t so bad is it?” Leo peered up at him, “You just need to pay attention where you’re going.

With a lot of help from Frank, Leo managed to stand up but the two were forced to hobble along together now, Leo’s hand around Frank’s shoulders, Frank’s arm around his waist. Their pace decreased and the position was awkward. Leo silently cursed himself for getting so distracted by his own stupid, naive thoughts.

The blessing in the form of the cave came as the light slipping between the leaves turned amber. Leo thanked God quietly because the prospect of spending a night out in the open, especially with his hurting ankle, was unbearable.

“Right, this could be perfect,” Frank said carefully. He laid Leo down by the cave and ventured inside. He dragged their backpacks in and Leo waited outside for several minutes, watching the slivers of pink sky between the tree-tops as Frank bustled around the cave. He went out, and came back with firewood, before disappearing back inside the cave. Finally he came out to help Leo get in.

The cave was big, and cold, with several tunnels branching off into darkness. To Leo’s surprise Frank took him to one so hidden in the shadows he almost missed it. At the end there was a small oval room, cosy and warmed by the little fire Frank had built. He had laid out their sleeping bags on the floor. It was almost homey.

“Wow, Zhang, you really outdid yourself.”

“Shut up and let me look at your foot.”

Leo watched Frank’s face as the American bandaged up his ankle. Frank’s expression was full of concentration, a deep frown between his brows. He’s really handsome, Leo thought in that moment. Frank’s fingers, despite being calloused, were surprisingly gentle on his foot.

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April 26th, 1945

Somewhere between Rouen and Normandy, Occupied France.

After the initial relief that Leo didn’t break his leg passed, Frank got pretty mad; because of Leo’s injury they wasted precious time and would be forced to stay in the cave for longer than they wished to. Leo was too proud to apologise, which only angered Frank more.

He wanted to know what became of his friends and if they ever made it back to camp. He also wished he knew which way he was going. So far he and Leo had been lucky – they met no soldiers, German or otherwise, but Frank knew that couldn’t last forever. While Leo stayed in the cave and waited for his ankle to heal, Frank went out on reconnaissance and he found that only a thirty minute walk from the cave the forest ended and the world once again became an entanglement of roads, bombed houses and people. Frank had seen a little town nearby and inside it were German tanks.
That’s why he enjoyed the peace of their cave as artificial as it was; he and Leo were both pretending that nothing could hurt them, and Frank wondered when that pretending would end.

Three days after Leo had twisted his ankle, Frank came in from the village. He found the boy sitting by their cave and using Frank’s knife to make a little model soldier out of wood. He looked up when he heard Frank approaching and smiled.

“Hey.”

“I could’ve been a German,” Frank said, the loaf of bread he had negotiated from a sympathetic French baker tucked under his arm, “You’re too relaxed.”

Leo rolled his eyes, “I haven’t seen a living soul in three days, of course it’d be you.”

“That’s not the point,” Frank was getting irritated, “your happy-go-lucky attitude is why we keep making our situation worse,” he was frustrated after days of idly sitting by, and frustrated because he didn’t know what would happen when they finally found people. Of one thing he was sure; he and Leo would part ways, and Frank would hate it, “you don’t pay attention and constantly get into shit.”

“Okay, stop being dramatic,” Leo struggled to his feet, wincing with pain at his ankle.

“I’m not!” Frank said, “Leo, for God’s sake you’ll get yourself killed! First the whole parachuting in the wrong place thing, then you catch a fucking cold and now this!”

Frank realised he might've gone a little too far. He saw Leo's jaw clench and his normally warm, chocolatey eyes went cold, “Sorry for being such a burden to you,” he said, voice tense, “Feel free to leave me any time you want. I don’t fucking need you.”

He hobbled into the cave and Frank groaned in frustration. He wanted to hit something to get the anger out of his body but instead he slumped against the cave wall and closed his eyes. He exhaled, calming down. Why was he like this? He had just obviously hurt the person that was, in that moment, most important to him. The weeks of being stuck with only each other were taking a toll on them, as was the war in general and the constant stress they were living in.

Frank sat down in the spot Leo had been moments ago and took out a slice of bread. He ate it slowly and contemplated everything that had happened. He lost the 78th, but he had gained someone special...someone special who he had now hurt. He remembered how tiny Leo felt in his arms when he was sick. It felt like a lifetime ago.

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Frank couldn’t sleep, not when he could feel the anger radiating off of Leo. They were back to back in the dark cave, huddled under their respective sleeping bags, ignoring each other. Leo had pretended to be asleep when Frank came in but the American knew he was awake even now, after an hour. He could sense how annoyed Leo was and as badly as he wanted to apologise for snapping at the younger boy, he felt too proud. Besides, maybe it was easier to distance themselves now so that their separation later wouldn’t be as painful.

Frank was just beginning to drift off when he heard it. A German voice, in the distance. He frowned and opened his eyes, and all he heard was silence. This was normal for him – he heard gunshots at random too. Frank closed his eyes and the voice came again – angry and foreign, joined by another one.

“Frank,” Leo whispered in the dark of the cave and the fear in his voice alarmed Frank. Suddenly he
realised that the voices were real. He sat up abruptly, heart pounding, and listened.

Sure enough he heard footsteps – men walking outside the cave. Germans.

_Fuck_, Frank swore in his head. He grabbed Leo and dragged him and his sleeping bag close. He climbed on top of the boy and leaned down so he could whisper in his ear.

“We have to be very, very quiet,” he said so quietly he barely heard himself. But Leo understood – he nodded. Adrenaline rushed through Frank especially when moments later the voices grew louder. The Germans were inside the cave. The fear in Leo’s eyes made it clear he knew it too; Frank could only imagine how the boy was feeling. He couldn’t walk by himself, he couldn’t fight. Stupidly the two had left their guns across the cave.

Frank wanted to apologise to Leo very badly but he was scared if he spoke the Germans would become alerted to their whereabouts. Both the soldiers heard them exchange remarks as they explored the cave system, the light of their flashlights lighting up the main cave but thankfully not falling into Frank’s and Leo’s one, which remained hidden...for now. But the voices were getting louder, the lights brighter. They would be found out.

Frank looked down at Leo and the boy looked back up at him fearfully.

_You’re safe now_. Frank remembered saying that to Leo when they first met, and he had meant it. Maybe it the Germans found him they wouldn’t go looking for Leo. Slowly Frank went to stand up. He was stopped, however, by Leo’s arms that suddenly shot out and wrapped around his neck. Leo pulled the caught-off-guard Frank down against him.

“Don’t you dare,” he whispered into his ear, clinging onto him. Frank could’ve easily tossed the smaller boy off, but he didn’t want to, “Don’t you fucking-“

Frank pressed his hand against Leo’s mouth, pushing him away a little, “Shhh.”

The boy glared at him over Frank’s hand, eyebrows drawn. There was pain in his eyes, like Frank had somehow betrayed him by just thinking of leaving him behind. The older boy kept his hand on the Brit’s mouth but with his free one he reassuringly brushed Leo’s curls from his forehead. The anger in Leo’s eyes disappeared. Frank smiled at him gently, hoping that Leo could understand him without words. _It’s fine, I’m here._

Leo’s hand came up and pressed against Frank’s much larger one. Hesitantly Frank removed his hand from the boy’s mouth but the imprint of his lips seemed to remain in his palm. Frank didn’t know what to do; the air between him and Leo seemed to crackle with electricity and Frank was scared if he tried to climb off he’d make a noise and alert the Germans. So he just stayed there, on top of Leo, frozen, staring down at the boy. Leo stared back with intensity.

_If I don’t do this now I might not get another chance._

Frank swooped down and kissed Leo. The Brit was ready though as if he had expected it, as if the tension between them had been as unbearable to him as it had been to Frank. When their lips slid together in a soft, sweet kiss and when Leo slid his fingers through Frank’s hair, which he had let grow out the past two weeks, the Germans stopped existing. In fact everything stopped existing except Leo, his gorgeous mouth and the sleeping bag separating their bodies.

Frank cradled Leo’s face in his hands and kissed the boy passionately and Leo parted his mouth, happy to let Frank have every inch of him – or so it seemed. They both knew, somewhere at the back of their heads, that if the Germans found them like this they would undoubtedly be shot on the
spot but neither cared. If they were to die, they wanted to do this at least once.

The kissing wasn’t enough though, at least not for Frank. Leo’s mouth was addictive; there was something about the danger of the situation and the fact that it was forbidden in the world they lived in that made it exhilarating, but Frank knew that deep down the reason why he enjoyed the kiss so much was because it was Leo, who, for some reason, he cared about so much.

He pulled away and looked down at Leo so he could remember his expression in that moment; eyes halfway-closed, lips swollen and parted, cheeks flushed. Frank’s heart clenched – under different circumstances he could’ve been so happy and yet now he knew that this boy who he was finally getting to touch would soon be ripped away from him.

“Frank,” Leo said quietly, “They’re gone.”

At first Frank didn’t get it, frowning, and then he realised that the cave was indeed silent. There were no more voices, no more footsteps. The Germans had completely missed their little cave. Relief flooded Frank and in seconds he had unzipped Leo’s sleeping bag and shoved it aside, fitting himself up against the boy.

They kissed again, hard and desperate. They both needed each other completely in that moment. In that cave, Leo gave himself completely to Frank. They chased away the coldness of the stones with the heat of their bodies, and when Frank slid into the trembling, gasping boy beneath him he knew that there was no way on earth that he was ever going to give him up.

“I love you,” Frank whispered against Leo’s skin as he thrust into him, Leo shaking in his arms and letting out little whimpery breaths, “I’m not letting you go.”

Leo kissed him back hard, hands sliding down Frank’s sweaty, muscular back, breaths mingling together. In that moment they might’ve as well been the last people in the world because everything and everyone outside the cave ceased to exist.

***

April 30th, 1945

Somewhere between Rouen and Normandy, Occupied France

After four more days Leo was strong enough that with Frank’s help he could somehow walk. Their supplies were running low and they knew they couldn’t stay in the cave forever, as much as they wanted to. So on April 27th they headed out and finally left the forest. They had no cover and were in open view of any Germans that passed. Frank hoped that they could make it into town and there find some mode of transport that would take them back to Omaha beach because he was sure that Leo could not walk there.

The way into town was hard; Frank was paranoid, Leo was afraid, there always seemed to be shapes moving in the swaying grasses of the fields. By God’s mercy the two made it into town without getting caught but that didn’t mean the danger was over; the German soldiers could still be there...

But they weren’t. They seemed to have abandoned the town completely. Instead Frank saw a familiar looking American tank parked by the entrance, with laughing American soldiers lounging around. When they saw Leo and Frank approaching, they lifted their guns.

“Halt!” one man yelled.
“I’m American,” Frank replied, and his English made the men relax, “Part of the 78th Infantry Division.”

“Oh hell,” one man said, putting his weapon down, “I’ve seen you around – you’re the Chinese guy.”

“Yes, that’s me,” Frank said. Someone laughed.

“Shit man, we thought you were dead for sure.”

“Whose this fella then?” someone else pointed at Leo.

“Leo Valdez,” he introduced himself, “From King George’s Second Parachute Battalion.”

“Oh shit, a Tommy!”

It felt weird to be surrounded by other soldiers. It had been almost two weeks in which Leo and Frank had been alone. Two weeks in which they fell in love. It felt like a lifetime. Still, the tank and the Americans offered safety.

“Come on then boys, join the party.”

“Why are we partying?” Leo asked.

“Haven’t you heard? The Germans are on the retreat, the war is almost over.”

Frank and Leo looked at each other, their faces close since Leo was still leaning on Frank. They smiled, a secret, private smile that to the other soldiers looked like two comrades elated because of the news but which in reality was a smile saying I love you.

8 days later, the war ended in Europe.

Chapter End Notes

S/O to ‘Me’ for pointing out my date mistakes which have now been fixed x
Whenever Leo is getting sexy he heats up and so he can’t really have sex without some major burns being applied to his partner. This is really unfortunate for Percy, his boyfriend, as he doesn’t know why Leo never lets it go any further than making out. Percy asks him about it (being considerate, not a dick) and finds out about the issue/Leo forgets to call a stop to the proceedings as he heats up. All is fine though because Percy has that convenient fire resistance that is literally only mentioned once in all the books. Nobody gets hurt and everybody is happy please.

For Mook21

“F-Fuck,” Leo whispered breathily and it was the only thing he managed to get out before Percy captured his lips again. He had shoved Leo into the wall five minutes ago when they started making out and now both their lips were swollen and they were getting more desperate by the second.

Percy slotted himself perfectly against his boyfriend so every part of their bodies was touching. Leo could feel his cock – hard – against his own which too was hard. Leo shivered at the delicious friction when Percy rubbed against him, holding his hips firmly to keep Leo exactly where he wanted him. His mouth was rough and demanding, his tongue exploring every inch of Leo’s wet mouth even though he knew it off by heart anyway.

“Perce...,” Leo bit his lip. Percy pulled away from his mouth to kiss his neck. He nibbled on Leo’s skin and sucked on it, even though the hiccups from last week hadn’t disappeared yet. Leo slid his fingers into Percy’s hair and bit his lip harder. The pleasure was thrumming through his body and it was getting a bit much...Just a little more...he thought and then moaned. Percy’s hand slid down to grab his ass. He squeezed it roughly and Leo shoved him away.

“T-That’s enough,” he gasped out.


Leo wanted to scream in frustration. It’s not that! He wanted to yell. He was ready, he was so fucking ready to go all the way with his boyfriend. He wanted Percy to fuck him so hard that he couldn’t breathe and every time they made out Leo just wanted it more. But he couldn’t.

He pretended he wasn’t ready.

“But...” Percy came closer again and cradled Leo’s face lovingly in his hands, “Is there a reason why you don’t want to? Do you just wanna wait or is it me, do I make you feel not ready or-“
Leo kissed him, “Shush. It’s not you. It’s just...me,” he finished lamely. Percy kissed his forehead.

“Okay baby,” he murmured, “I’ll wait for you as long as you need.”

Leo dragged him close and kissed him desperately. He wanted so much more and the frustration was getting to him but he could feel the heat in his body so he let Percy go.

“Thanks for understanding,” he said, while in his head he cursed the fact that he was the son of Hephaestus.

***

“Oh my God I’m so horny,” the guy – Rafael, who lived in Leo’s neighbourhood – grinned down at the smaller Latino who was hurriedly wriggling out of his pants.

“Me too,” the fifteen year old breathed out. If they were caught by his foster-mum they’d be fucked, but right now Leo didn’t care. It was a stuffy summer evening and he was hard. More than anything he wanted Rafael to fuck him, even if Leo didn’t even like him that much. The Mexican was nice to look at and flirting with him at school was fun, but that was that. Leo just wanted to lose his virginity, honestly.

“Fuck, fuck, c’mon,” Rafael’s insistence proved that he too only wanted sex, which was fine by Leo. Their town was homophobic so finding a time, human and place to screw was a miracle in itself.

Leo gasped when Rafael pulled his shorts off roughly because at the time it seemed like the sexiest thing ever. Leo wrapped his arms around the sixteen-year-olds shoulders and they kissed sloppily. Rafael was in the year above, he drove a car, and he tasted like cigarettes. It was all incredibly hot.

Rafael pulled off his t-shirt and Leo splayed his hands on the boy’s back as the Mexican pushed his legs apart. In retrospect neither knew what they were really doing but it didn’t matter because the moment Rafael pressed their clothed erections together, Leo felt his hands heat up.

It was a detached sort of heat, warm and fuzzy in his arms. It was not warm and fuzzy for Rafael who howled in pain suddenly and jumped off the bed. Leo gasped at him in shock as the boy ran to the bathroom, screaming. Leo heard the shower turn on and he sat up, shocked and confused. What just happened? He looked at his palms and found them glowing red like two hot stoves. His mouth fell open but when he pressed his hands to his naked thighs all he felt was the tingling warmth and fuzziness.

Rafael came out of the bathroom looking pissed, “What the fuck is wrong with you, you freak?!”

That was the first and last time Leo tried to have sex. A few weeks later he went to Wilderness school and found out that this ‘gift’ he had was courtesy of his dad who seemed insistent on ensuring Leo was an eternal virgin.

***

Percy had been dating Leo for six months. They were eighteen. And all they’ve done so far was snog.

At first Percy didn’t mind; Leo’s mouth was soft and full and kissing him was like sticking one foot into Elysium. Percy loved everything about it – the way Leo tasted, all caramely and warm, the way his hands would twist into Percy’s shirt as if he needed to hold onto him, or the way he’d wrap his skinny arms tightly around the son of Poseidon’s neck. As their makeout sessions got more and more heated Percy also found that he loved the sounds Leo made, breathy and sometimes helpless-
sounding moans that he’d murmur into Percy’s lips.

But now Percy was starting to think that Leo didn’t want to have sex with him specifically. The boy was plenty sexual, always rubbing up against Percy and moaning hotly, but for some reason the second Percy tried to put his hands down his pants, Leo would always push him away.

It was their six month anniversary and Percy and Leo were in the Poseidon cabin. Percy was sitting with his back against the headboard, Leo straddling his lap. They were in the heat of the moment, lips connected, hands wandering.

Leo was allowing Percy to do more than normal. He was grinding down on Percy’s hard cock, moaning and whimpering into his mouth as Percy fondled his ass with both hands, squeezing and running his fingers over the curves.

“Gods,” Percy whispered, licking Leo’s bottom lip, “You’re so hot. I love you.”

Leo giggled, pressing his forehead against Percy’s. They kissed slower. Leo was shivering in Percy’s arms and the boy decided to try it. Worst case he’d just get turned down again. He pushed his hands under Leo’s shirt. The boy shivered again. Percy kissed his neck.

“F-Fuck...Perce...,” he moaned, his thighs tightening around Percy’s. Percy touched his chest gently, then twisted his nipple between two fingers, feeling it harden between his digits. Leo’s back arched and he cried out, “Ah!”

Percy kissed his neck harder, grinding up and enjoying the delicious feel of Leo’s ass pressing against his erection. He bit Leo’s neck where it met his shoulder, trying to hold himself together somehow when all he wanted was to chuck Leo down on the bed and fuck him.

Percy was already shirtless and he pulled off Leo’s too. Leo pulled away and looked at him, a little dazed.

“Is this okay?” Percy asked, touching Leo’s naked stomach. The Latino bit his lip and nodded and when Percy leaned forward and took his nipple into his mouth the boy just whined and cradled his head into his chest.

“O-Oh Gods...”

“Leo please,” Percy groaned, “you’re killing me.”

“I-I want to, j-just...,” Leo’s words were lost in his moans but the simple fact he said he wanted to made Percy hopeful. He captured his boyfriend’s mouth in his again and pushed Leo backwards onto the bed, keeping the boy’s legs wrapped around his waist. He grinded down on him, so their dicks rubbed together, “Nghhh...”

“I want you,” Percy told Leo feverishly, “so badly Leo...,” he was still grinding against him, unable to stop. Leo’s head was thrown backwards, cheeks flushed, eyes closed. He looked so good.

“Percy,” Leo writhed in pleasure, “F-Fuck, P-Percy...Percy...N-No, wait, shit, shit, shit...”

His voice grew high-pitched and desperate and for a second Percy thought he was going to come but instead he was surprised because Leo’s hands burst into flames.

“Shit!” Leo rolled onto his side, which was hard since his thighs were still wrapped around Percy’s waist. He shoved his burning hands under his armpits, putting his flames out. Suddenly his blush seemed embarrassed and not aroused.
An awkward silence settled between the two of them. Percy gaped at Leo.

“I’m sorry,” the boy squeaked, not looking at Percy.

“Is this...is this the reason why you didn’t want to have sex?” Percy asked.

“Yes,” Leo mumbled, “When...I tried to have sex with a guy when I was fifteen...”

“With who?” Percy demanded. Leo flushed harder.

“A guy back home. Um...I gave him second degree burns...I just...,” he looked at his boyfriend, “I was scared I’d hurt you because it always happens when I get turned on, and you turn me on so much that I just-“

Percy pulled his hands free, grinning, and crashed their mouths together. Leo tried to wriggled free.

“Perce wait-“

“You idiot,” Percy growled, kissing down his boyfriend’s body and still holding his wrists, “You fucking idiot.”

He winked at Leo and then he pushed the boy’s legs over his shoulders and shot down, delving his tongue into the boy’s ass. He’d never done it before but he was so turned on that he didn’t even care if he knew what he was doing or not. He licked his way into Leo and it was totally worth it because Leo’s toes curled and he made the hottest, sweetest moan that Percy had ever heard.

“Fuck...oh fuck, oh fuck...,,” Leo gasped and his hands went on fire again, burning the sheets. Sure enough Percy didn’t feel the heat or even the flames when Leo started clawing at his back and sobbing in pleasure.

Percy went at Leo until his hole was wet, sloppy and open and the bedding was reduced to ashes. Then he climbed on top of Leo.

“Let me fuck you,” he whispered. Leo nodded feverishly.

“Yes, please.”

Percy had never gotten his dick out as fast before. When he started to push into Leo, he was surprised that the boy’s body gave way for him. Percy’s rimming must’ve relaxed him because Leo only made a small noise of pain and then melted into the bed. Percy slid all the way inside him and it was so, so amazing.

“Gods,” Leo whispered, smoke curling off his body.

“I know,” Percy kissed the corner of his mouth, “You’re beautiful. You’re so, so amazing.”

Leo moaned and a flame danced over his shoulder. Percy pressed his mouth to it and it disappeared. He pulled out of his boyfriend and then thrust back in. They both moaned. As Percy picked up his pace more flames burst across Leo’s body. When Percy hit his prostate the first time, Leo’s bottom half became completely engulfed. Percy just laughed and chased away the flames with his hands.
“I can’t believe,” he said as he fucked into the amazing heat of Leo’s body, “that all this time...you didn’t let me fuck you...because of this...”

“S-Shut up,” Leo whined, toes curling. Percy smirked and kissed him.

“Gods, I love you. You’re perfect.”

Leo clung onto him, panting, eyebrows drawn, “Fuck...f-fuck I might...I might come...”

Percy gripped his cock and started stroking Leo in time with his thrusting. When Leo came the room filled with smoke.

After three good fucks from Percy, Leo stopped bursting into flames when he got turned on. He still smoked sometimes though.
Sweet Child O Mine

Could you do one where Nico and Will adopt a baby? And Nico wakes up in the middle of the night because the baby's crying and he is just talking to the baby about how much he loves the baby and Will. And then Will wakes up and goes to see where Nico is and hears everything he's saying. Finally when the baby goes to sleep, Nico turns around to see Will right there and Will is like "I love you too" i just need some fluffy parent! Solangelo.

for lmaoihatemyself

“She’s finally asleep,” Will said, exhausted, walking into the bedroom. His boyfriend was lying on his side and watching him, half-asleep already. It had taken Will over an hour to put their newly adopted baby to sleep and even though his arms ached and he could fall asleep standing up, he knew it was worth it.

“Good,” Nico closed his eyes, “Now come here and cuddle me so I can fall asleep too.”

Will and Nico had wanted a family for so long. Nico and Will met in college when they were nineteen and fell in love almost instantly. They were perfect for each other in every way, even if they did bicker sometimes. They moved in with each other at twenty four, after they both finished university, and that’s when they first started fantasising about having a family. They were both men so at first it was just that; a fantasy. And then one night where they both couldn’t sleep and were just lying side by side in their shitty apartment in Brooklyn, Will said Maybe we could adopt. It was just a suggestion but four years later here they were after a long and hard process, their little daughter finally home.

She was called Ella, and she was beautiful. Nico fell in love with her the moment he saw her; he loved her fluffy ginger hair and big, blue eyes. Will didn’t think he had any love left since he loved Nico so much but when he met Ella he was proven very, very wrong.

She was only eight months old and now she was finally home.

Will climbed into bed next to Nico and the boy turned his back on him, snuggling back against Will’s chest. The blond folded his arms around the Italian and kissed his shoulder lovingly, stroking his arms.

“Goodnight, love.”

“Night Will,” Nico said. In moments the two men were fast asleep.

It felt like Will had closed his eyes for half a second when he was being woken again. Groggily the blond opened his eyes and saw Nico climb out of bed. In the distance he could hear wailing.
“What?” Will slurred, sitting up.

“Ella’s awake,” Nico whispered, “I’m going to go put her back to sleep. Don’t worry about it.”

He slipped out of the bedroom. Will flopped back down and closed his eyes but his sleep was chased away by his newly awoken state so after a few useless minutes in which Nico didn’t return, Will stood up and padded across the landing to the baby’s bedroom.

The sight that greeted him was worth waking up for.

Nico was by the window, illuminated by the moonlight falling in and the lamps on the street. He wore his favourite pj’s – a batman t-shirt two sizes too big and black shorts. He looked younger than twenty eight. Ella was cradled in his arms, a tiny little thing, blinking her big eyes slower and slower as Nico talked to her. The expression on his face was one Will hadn’t seen before; his eyes were sparkling, mouth pulled into the gentlest smile. He looked so unbearably happy that Will didn’t even want to ruin the moment by walking in. Instead he hovered in the shadows of the doorway and listened to Nico talk.

“I love you, my little baby,” he whispered to her, stroking the curls on top of her head. The girl watched him sleepily, “I’ve wanted to have you for so long and now you’re finally home. I’m so happy, even if you cry every day for the next two years and I have to put you back to sleep for hours and hours, I will still love you,” he kissed her forehead and Will’s heart twisted.

God, he thought, they’re both mine. My family.

“And I love your other dad too,” Nico continued, “You two make me so happy. I never thought I could be this happy,” he cradled her closer to his chest and Will thought his heart might actually not be able to handle the overpowering emotions he was feeling, “I thought I’d be alone and sad forever and now I have you, and I have him, and I love you both so, so much...,” he trailed off, smiling, because Ella had fallen asleep, her little fists curled to her chest.

Nico kissed her forehead delicately again and set her back down in the crib. When he turned around, his eyes landed on Will.

“Did you hear all that?” he asked, biting the inside of his cheek. He was obviously embarrassed. Will just smiled and opened his arms. Tentatively Nico stepped into them and the blond enveloped him in a hug, kissing the top of his head, then his cheek, and finally his mouth.

“I love you too,” he whispered, “Both of you. So much,” he stroked Nico’s cheeks. The Italian smiled at him, and the happiness he spoke about was visible in his eyes, “You’re a wonderful dad.”

“This is everything I ever wanted,” Nico admitted in a small, vulnerable voice.

Will tucked a strand of Nico’s dark hair behind his ear, “I know we’re doing this kind of backwards, but...will you marry me?”

The words came naturally to him, but they made Nico’s eyes widen. His mouth fell open. He choked on air.

“I...I...oh my God...”

“Shhh,” Will smiled, “You’ll wake El up.”

Nico kissed him feverishly, pressing himself so close to Will that the blond’s head spun.

“Yes, yes, of course,” he whispered desperately. Will smiled and kissed his fiancée again, in the doorway of their daughter’s bedroom.
Harry Potter AU where Percy is the new amazingly young defence professor, but too good at fighting dark spells to not have everyone want him, so Chiron let him teach his students. Everyone has a little crush on him, some are bolder in showing it. But Percy is a Muggleborn and when one of his last year students (Luke) fell in love with him and does crazy things to show it, he's scared because Muggles are against student/teacher relationships and are also homophobic, even tho in the magic community everything is okay, he struggles and tries to push Luke away. At this point everyone ships them, but Percy is too stubborn, but Luke is also too stubborn so it's the never ending story of chasing and running (plus blushing Percy is too gorgeous for most of the students, every time they have heart attack from his adorkableness). Happy ending in the end pls.

For Bon Jovi

Professor Percy Jackson, the new defence against the dark arts professor that had been working at Hogwarts for all of one month, walked into his classroom to find his desk filled with flowers and love notes. When he walked in, books tucked under his arm, black robes swirling, all heads turned to look at him. He felt the eyes of his students slide over him the same way he felt a blush rising to his cheeks. He heard giggles and sighed as his seventh year students admired his raven-black hair that swept artfully over his brow, his chiselled jaw and piercing green yes.

“Good morning, class,” Percy said, approaching his desk and not addressing the flowers which had been a common occurrence for the past two weeks; the reason for the unusual expressions of gratitude from students was Percy himself – he was incredibly good looking, as he was told from a lot of love notes, and young too, only twenty one which made him a mere three to four years older than his Seventh year class. It made it hard for the students to respect the ‘normal’ student-teacher boundaries.

“Good morning Professor,” the class echoed back to him in a lovely unison.

Percy pulled out his wand and with a silently cast accio he lifted the entirety of the gifts and moved them along the classroom and into the corner. He’d have to decide what to do with them later; he tended to keep all the love notes in a box out of pure respect for the people who wrote them – he couldn’t imagine ever ripping them up – but the flowers he mostly donated to Professor Demeter, the Herbology Professor, who planted them in her garden. The other gifts and trinkets he donated to charity shops.

Little giggles and whispers going through the class made Percy turn around anxiously. He felt his stomach clench when he saw that there was a letter on his desk that hadn’t been moved by the spell. It seemed to be glued to the desk and when Percy looked up the expressions on the faces of his students told him exactly who had left the note. The girls were smiling and hiding their grins behind their faces and one student looked particularly smug.
Luke Castellan, a smooth-voiced, Slytherin was leaning back in his chair. He oozed confidence tinged with arrogance which came from his popularity in Hogwarts as well as his all around good looks. Even the scar on his cheek couldn’t take away from his charm and the handsomeness of his blond, tousled hair and mischievously sparkling blue eyes. Right now those eyes were focused solely on Percy, a smirk on Luke’s face.

Percy glanced down at the note, and it just enforced the belief that it was from Castellan.

Professor Jackson.

You’re really hot. Come on a date with me x

;)  

Percy couldn’t control his blush and he knew everyone could see it because he heard more giggles. He shoved a book over the note and looked up at Luke, glaring at him. The student winked at him.


“Me, professor.”

“Do you think this is appropriate, Mr Castellan?” Percy tried to keep his cool. Luke shrugged.

“Well, it’s the truth.”

“Right, that’s a detention, Mr Castellan.”


“Calling your teacher ‘hot’ is inappropriate,” Percy said dryly, flushed. A group of girls giggled and someone ‘aww’ed.’ Percy didn’t know how to behave – he felt embarrassed and surrounded. Why did the kids think this was okay? He felt like Luke was bullying him, but how did that sound – a professor bullied by a student? It was ridiculous, “Let’s get on with the lesson,” Percy turned away from the class though he could still feel Castellan’s piercing eyes on his back, making it hard to concentrate.

***

“I just don’t understand,” Percy groaned in frustration, “It’s like he takes pleasure in constantly teasing me!”

“Have you thought that maybe he’s serious?” Demeter from Herbology asked, blowing into her tea, “He sounds serious. Love notes, flowers, open love confessions?”

“But he’s not some stuttering, blushing student!” Percy didn’t understand. He had hoped his fellow professors would help him figure the Castellan situation out but now, sitting in the staff room with them all looking at him, he felt lost all over again. He had come into the magic world late, when he was sixteen, and so he didn’t know about their culture, which was why he was so confused, “He’s all arrogant and annoying and overpowering. He’s taller than me, for Merlin’s sake!”

“Wow,” Aphrodite, the potions professor, smiled, “That’s romantic.”

“It’s not,” Percy’s shoulders sagged in disappointment.

“Seems like you’re very interested in this Castellan boy...,” Hermes, the flying Professor, said, matter-of-fact. Percy glared at him.
“I know what you’re suggesting, and you’re wrong,” he snapped, “I don’t reciprocate his...feelings or actions or whatever, in any way.”

Aphrodite rolled her eyes, “Merlin, Percy. I forget you’re from the Muggle world sometimes.”

Percy averted his eyes, feeling a little bit ashamed even though he knew he shouldn’t have; it wasn’t his fault his parents were Muggles. He was just glad that he himself was a Wizard, and a skilled one at that so even if he couldn’t attend Hogwarts for all the years he could at least still teach here. Defence against the Dark Arts was something he was incredibly good at which was why Headmaster Chiron had hired him in the first place...

“Look, Percy,” Aphrodite sighed, “We all know Muggles are bigots, but here in the Wizarding world such trivial things as someone being a teacher, or love between two men is not an issue. As long as both parties are eighteen and consenting-“

“Well I’m not consenting!” Percy said stubbornly.

“You’re so cute when you blush,” Aphrodite stood up.

“Didn’t you give him a detention?” Hermes asked.

“Yes.”

Hermes snickered, “Well that’s smart.”

“What do you mean?” Percy frowned, “He was mouthing me off.”

“And now you’re spending the evening with him. Alone.”

Percy swallowed, heart skipping a beat. He imagined him and Luke, all by themselves. That thought made him feel tingly and weird, “It...you don’t think he’d try anything do you?” he asked. Hermes shrugged innocently, but his expression was full of mischief.

***

Luke was patting his pen on the table and looking at Percy predatorily. The Professor tried to ignore him, marking the essays on Salamanders that his third years had submitted earlier that day. He didn’t know what was more irritating – Luke’s shameless staring or how fucking stupid the third years were.

Percy sighed in frustration and crossed out a whole paragraph, “Stupid kids,” he breathed to himself.

“You alright there?” Luke asked, “Sirrr?” he purred. Percy shivered but knew he had to stay strong; he glared at his student who was staring back, confident and arrogant.

“Do you think this is acceptable?” Percy demanded, squeezing his quill in his hand tightly. Luke was smirking, “What’s so funny, Mr Castellan?”

Luke shrugged, “Sorry, sir, but it’s just hard to take you seriously.”

Percy was fuming, he felt blood rush to his face, “How dare you?” he seethed, standing up, “I am your professor. I don’t care how small the age gap between us is, I will not have you disrespect me-“

He approached the table Luke was sitting at and towered over him. He knew if the blond chose to stand up he’d be taller though and Percy’s attempt at intimidation would fall flat. Thankfully Luke didn’t try to challenge him, instead lifting his hands up in surrender though the smile didn’t leave his
“Sorry, sorry,” he said, “I apologise, professor.”

He seemed sincere. Percy’s shoulders slumped and he returned to his desk, “You know why you’re here, don’t you, Mr Castellan?”


“Yes. Exactly. It’s inappropriate.”


“I am your teacher,” Percy thought he was going to go crazy. Why was everyone treating him like he was insane; Percy was supposed to be a guardian and a mentor to Luke, not some ridiculous love interest. Besides it was hard to take Luke seriously with his smirking and sarcasm, it seemed his interest in Percy was purely for attention and for a laugh.

“Why do you keep using that excuse?” Luke looked bored, “Why don’t you tell me the real reason why you’re rejecting me.”

“It’s the same reason why I reject everyone else in the class,” Percy angrily opened another essay, red-faced, “Because I’m your teacher.”

“But you only gave me detention,” Luke pointed out, “Tell me – are you rejecting me because you don’t find me attractive? Is it because you just don’t like me?”

“Yes,” Percy said.

“Bullshit.”

“Language!” Percy snapped at him. Luke was smiling softer now. How can I not like you? Percy thought helplessly. The blond leaned his chin in his hand,

“You’re so cute when you blush.”

Percy looked away, feeling like he was burning. A part of him felt all soft and squishy from the compliment and from the way Luke was looking at him – nobody had ever looked at him that way – and a part of him was angry. He felt powerless in this situation like Luke had all the control. Percy wished he could jinx him into a frog or something less charming.

“Get out.”

“Yes, professor,” Luke stood up and gathered his things. He walked past the desk, his robes swirling. He looked so good, all tall and muscular in robes that fit him perfectly. All the relationships Percy had been in before had been shitty, with older men who treated him like crap. He imagined what being with Luke could be like. He imagined what sex with him could be like...

The blond hesitated by the door, “Professor?”

“Yes?” Percy asked, heart pounding. A part of him wanted Luke to storm over and kiss him forcefully, so Percy could pretend he didn’t want it. Merlin, what am I thinking...?

“I’m sorry...if I made you feel uncomfortable,” Luke didn’t face him but there was something about his tone that made Percy’s heart twist.
“I-,” Percy started, but the Slytherin was gone. The Professor slumped against the desk and exhaled, trying to get his raging hormones under control. Yes, Luke was sexy, and charming, and attractive. But he was also a kid, barely eighteen, who saw Percy as a plaything. The professor could not risk everything and fall for him. He could not.

***

December had rolled around without Percy paying attention and before he knew it there was holly hanging from the ceiling and little angels floating around, handing out Christmas cards. The flowers on his desk turned to ice-sculptures and singing wreaths but Percy also noticed that there were less and less presents every day. At first he was confused but pretty quickly he figured out that the people in his class were giving up for Luke’s sake – his presents were always the most thought-out and the ones Percy paid the most attention to (not intentionally). Besides Aphrodite informed him that the whole class started rooting for Luke and Percy somewhere around mid-November.

Percy, for his part, remained strong in his convictions that getting with a student was wrong and inappropriate.

Until one day Percy walked into his classroom right before his last lesson with his Seventh year students before Christmas break, only to see Luke there...standing next to a huge tank.

“Mr Castellan...,” Percy tentatively shut the door, drawing out the boy’s name, “What did you do?”

“Nothing,” Luke grinned happily, “I got you a gift,” he patted the tank. Percy looked between him and the glass anxiously, which made Luke laugh, “Come on, they don’t bite. They might smoke you, but we have the glass for that.”

Curiosity got the better of Percy and he hurriedly approached the tank. He gasped. Inside it were six crab-like creatures with jewelled shells. Sure enough, smoke was curling off of them. Forgetting about self-control, Percy plastered himself against the glass, shoving his nose up against it, and stared at the creatures lazily walking across the sandy bottom.

“Oh Merlin, are those fire-crabs?” he asked, voice breathy with emotion, “They’re so wonderful! I haven’t seen them in person a-and,” his voice cracked, “Wow, this is amazing! I can use them for real-life shows for my Second years!” he turned to look at his student, “Wow, Luke, this is so thoughtful...,” he trailed off because Luke was looking at him weird, all wide-eyed and open-mouthed. Self-consciously Percy tucked a piece of hair behind his ear, “What?”

“N-Nothing,” Luke’s voice wasn’t as steady as normal, “it’s just...just now you...you looked so...and you called me by my first name and...and...”

The blond gave up trying to explain and instead grabbed Percy’s shoulders suddenly, shoving him up against the glass of the tank.

“Mr Castellan-“

“Oh is it Mr Castellan now? It was Luke a second ago,” the blond leaned into Percy’s personal space. He smelled like mint and snow. Percy couldn’t breathe. His student shifted his body up against Percy’s, like the forbidden fruit taunting him, “Let me get my present.”

He leaned in and at the last second Percy managed to turn his head, heart pounding. Luke kissed his neck and the professor shivered violently. He pressed his hands against Luke’s chest.

“L-Lu- Mr Castellan, don’t-,” he was trembling in the bigger student’s arms. Luke took no notice of him and kissed just underneath his ear.
“I want you.”

“Luke-“

“I’m serious...”

“Luke!”

Percy shoved him away just as the bell rang. He couldn’t ignore the hurt that flashed across Luke’s features. The boy’s jaw tensed and that was when Percy realised that he was serious and through his rejection Percy was hurting his feelings. Just then students started the flood into the classroom.

“Merry Christmas Professor Jackson!” they all said in unison, bright smiles on their faces. Percy cleared his throat awkwardly.

“M-Merry Christmas, class.”

“Professor,” Drew, one of the most confident Slytherin girls, faked surprise, “What’s that above your head?”

Instantly both Luke and Percy looked up, just in time to see a mistletoe bloom above their heads. Percy looked around the class, cheeks flushing, and saw Hazel Levesque shoving her wand away. His heart started to pound.

“Oh look!” Annabeth Chase grinned like a wolf, “It’s a mistletoe! Looks like Luke and Professor Jackson have to kiss!”

“It’s just a foolish Muggle belief,” Percy said with an awkward laugh, “Mr Castellan, get back to your seat-“

“Come on professor!” Drew cooed, eyes sparkling, “You have to kiss!”

“Yeah!” Leo Valdez, agreed, pretend-swooning, “I will be a-do-ra-ble!”

“It’s fine,” Luke said, voice so cold it shocked Percy, “I don’t think the professor wants a kiss anyway.”

The crowd all started nagging and cheering and staring at the two eagerly. When Percy looked at Luke – subconsciously searching for support – all he saw was Luke’s closed-off expression. The student wouldn’t meet Percy’s eyes and his jaw was tense, arms crossed over his chest. Did I really hurt him...? It was hard to believe. Still, Percy knew he had to do something because Luke was clearly done making first moves.

Red as a tomato the Professor walked up to Luke, stood on his tiptoes and pecked him on the lips. The class exploded into cheers and laughter and clapping and Percy wanted the ground to swallow him up...until Luke’s expression changed into one of awe and shock. And then he smiled, winked, and sauntered off to his table where he got pats on the back.

I shouldn’t have done that...Percy thought, at the same time fighting the urge to touch his lips and smile. Luke didn’t look away from him for the rest of the lesson but at the end Percy snuck off before he could catch him, fearing that if they were to be alone together again he might not be able to control himself.

***
Over Christmas break Percy laid in his bed in his flat in London, away from the Wizarding world, and read over the Christmas cards his students gave him. Okay, he started off by reading them and had spiralled into reading all the love notes Luke had left for him over the past four months. The September ones were quite meek.

Dear Professor.

You’re amazing. I have a crush on you, as does half this class...probably more than half. You know who I am – the hot blond ;) come on a date with me x

The October ones didn’t fail to make Percy blush.

Dear Professor.

You’re too gorgeous for words. I love the way you talk. And the way you squirm when I stare at you. Come on a date with me x

The November ones were wholly inappropriate

Dear Professor.

I like your ass in those trousers. You should come on a date with me x

The December ones made Percy’s stomach do flips.

Dear Professor.

I love you. I want to fuck you against that desk of yours. Please come on a date with me, I’m sure you’d like us to do it somewhere more private x

It was downright insolent and yet when Percy got the notes he never called Luke out on it. What was he meant to say, that Luke wanted to have sex with him in front of the whole class? He knew the blond wouldn’t be humiliated by it and worse, the class might actually encourage it.

Still, it was Percy guilty pleasure to read the notes. He had never had someone like him like that before and although Luke was crude and rough around the edges Percy kind of liked that. He hated flowery language and over-complicating things. Luke kept things short and simple – I love you, I want to fuck you. The problem was that his straightforwardness made Percy’s mind wander and more and more nights away from Hogwarts he found himself fantasising about his student. Which was wrong...

...right?

***

Percy was happy to be back in Hogwarts in January; the ‘normality’ of London had started to feel oppressing and he missed the magical beauty of the old castle, as well as his colleagues and the students.

Monday morning Percy was in his classroom super early – he had the Seventh years first and he wanted to prepare a cool lesson. If he had taken care with his appearance a little more than usual knowing that he’d see Luke for the first time in a few weeks then...well...

“Knock, knock,” the familiar, mischievous voice coming from the doorway as Percy rummaged through the essays he had marked over Christmas made butterflies explode in his stomach. The
wizard looked up and saw Luke leaning against the doorframe, grinning. He looked as gorgeous as ever with fresh snow in his hair – he must’ve been outside.

“Good morning, Mr Castellan,” Percy said courteously even as his heart pounded. Luke sauntered into the classroom and Percy chose to ignore the fact that the Slytherin casually pushed the door shut. It was still twenty minutes before the class began, “You’re down early.”

“I wanted to see you, Professor,” Luke smirked as he approached Percy’s desk. The Professor was glad that it was between them, like a barrier, “How was your Christmas break?”

“Uneventful,” Percy decided to keep his answers short but stay polite, “and yours?”

“Bearable,” Luke smirked. Then he did that thing with his eyes where he looked Percy up and down as if he was a delicious treat that he wanted to gobble up. It made Percy feel weirdly hot, “You look good.”

“Mr Castellan,” Percy said, like a reprimand.


“I know, I just...,” Luke squeezed his eyes shut, and then suddenly he dashed around the desk, grabbed Percy by the arms, hauled him up close and kissed him. Percy was in so much shock that he couldn’t even react, but Luke kept the kiss short though he remained close to Percy when he whispered, “Fuck, you’re so beautiful.”


“I’m sorry,” the blond said, “I just-,” he looked like he was having an internal battle and clearly common sense lost because he jerked forward and kissed Percy on the mouth again. The professor could feel his self control begin to slip. This time when he pressed his hand to Luke’s chest he hesitated a moment before nudging him away, allowing himself a second to enjoy the students warm, desperate lips on his own.


“No,” Luke said firmly, passionately. He wound his arms around Percy’s waist and pulled the surprise Professor flush against him, “No, I know you want this. Stop being so goddamn reserved.”

He kissed Percy again, rougher this time, his tongue forcing its way into Percy’s mouth. It was exactly what the Professor wanted; he wanted Luke to push him, so he didn’t feel guilty about finally giving in. When he let out a weak moan Luke just held him tighter. Percy’s back dug into the desk as Luke kissed him and the Professor almost kissed back.

“I can’t,” he gasped against Luke’s mouth, “L-Luke, I can’t...,” his protest was silenced by another kiss he didn’t fight, “I shouldn’t...”

“Then don’t,” Luke whispered heatedly against his neck, kissing Percy there. His hands slipped beneath Percy’s robes, “Let me do the work. Let me make you feel good. You just have to sit here.”

Luke lifted him so Percy could sit on the desk and when the Slytherin settled between the Professor’s legs and started to peel back his robes as he made a wet pathway of kisses down his neck, Percy
caved. He moaned quietly and wrapped his legs around Luke’s waist, pulling the student in closer. The second Luke felt him reciprocate, he crashed their mouths together.

It filled Percy with so much heat, just having Luke close. He sank his fingers into the Slytherin’s soft hair and kissed back feverishly, knowing full well that he was breaking every rule in his book...but no rule in Luke’s. The blond seemed to want to touch him everywhere, he kept hungrily alternating between Percy’s mouth and his neck as he wriggled his fingers underneath the many layers of Percy’s clothes in an attempt to touch bare skin. And Percy just let him, giving himself up to the student completely, moaning at every touch and leaning into every kiss. It was heavenly. Their mouths were numb, their members hard. Percy just wanted Luke closer, the months of sexual tension between them finally sizzling into this intoxicating moment.

And it all ended when the bell rang, so violently and abruptly jerking the two back into reality that Percy flinched. He looked at Luke in shock and Luke looked back and then they sprung apart just as students started to flood into the classroom, chattering excitedly. Percy exchanged another panicked look with Luke and then climbed behind his desk to hide his erection. When he looked up again the Slytherin was in his seat, hiding a grin.

“Good morning Mr Jackson!” the class echoed.

“G-Good morning, class,” Percy stuttered, blushing.

Luke winked at him and Percy’s heart skipped a beat. He couldn’t remember what had been so wrong about this, and he and Luke eagerly awaited the bell signalling the end of the lesson.
Leo was a healthy, hot-blooded nineteen year old and so asking him not to wank for forty-eight hours was a stretch. He came into the doctor’s office antsy and irritated. He wanted to masturbate badly and so he just wanted this exam to be over so he could go back to his dorm room and do so. He had never had one – a prostate exam, that is – but he wasn’t even nervous, his mind was mostly on the wonderful wank he was going to have when he got home.

The clinical smell of the clinic put him off a little. Leo sat on one of the uncomfortable, plastic chairs in the waiting room and swung his feet, anxiously awaiting his turn. He should’ve been at university but instead he was here, getting this stupid exam done. Okay, so maybe it wasn’t stupid, but it was still frustrating.

Leo’s eyes kept flitting to the board in front of him where people’s names would come up. The surnames filtered past and the minutes ticked by and finally there it was; Mr Leo Valdez. Room 9. Dr Zhang.

Leo jumped to his feet and speed-walked to room 9, eager for this whole ordeal to be over. He knocked, then opened the door, then froze.

He had, subconsciously, expected Dr Zhang to be some short, old Chinese woman and instead he found himself staring at the hottest doctor he had ever seen. As in, porn hot. The doctor stood and smiled. He towered Leo, a good head taller, and his shoulders were so broad that Leo wanted to swoon. He could see the man’s bulging muscles even beneath his white coat and he was pretty sure he could get grate cheese on the doctor’s sharp jaw line. Leo was aware he was staring, open-mouthed, but he couldn’t stop himself. Dr Zhang looked only a couple years older than him, and had the ‘I know I’m hot’ smile on his face. Shit, Leo thought, feeling his nether regions stirring.

Everything about Dr Zhang was sexy, from his dark hair and darker eyes to the stubble on his jaw and his-

Leo averted his eyes, “Hi.”

“What’s this?” the amusement that glinted in the doctor’s eyes told Leo that he had noticed the Latino checking him out. Leo blushed, a little embarrassed, and closed the door, “Here for your
“Yup,” Leo said awkwardly, shoving his hands into his pockets. *Jesus Christ he’s gonna put a finger inside me*, he realised in that moment. He swallowed hard while Dr Zhang noted something down.

“Okay, so just a few questions first, Mr Valdez,” Dr Zhang said casually, leaning on his desk. Obviously this was no big deal for him, “Are you alright with me performing this examination or would you prefer a nurse?”

Leo imagined an old Chinese lady, “You’re good.”

Dr Zhang smiled and reached for a glove box, “Would you like anyone in the room with you?”

Leo pulled a face, “No, thanks.”

He watched, mesmerized, as Dr Zhang put blue gloves on his big hands, “Please take your trousers and underwear off, Mr Valdez.”

Leo swallowed uneasily and then started to pull his trousers off as instructed. Thankfully Dr Zhang wasn’t looking at him, filling out a piece of paper on a clipboard as he asked his questions.

“Have you had any bleeding from your rectum?” he asked.

“My what?” Leo blinked, jumping up and down in an attempt to get his tight jeans off. Dr Zhang smiled.

“Your bottom.”

“O-Oh,” Leo laughed awkwardly, throwing his trousers at a chair, “Uh. No.”

“Have you had any pain down there?”

Leo thought about Luke Castellan shoving his fat dick inside him last week, “No.”

“Constipation?”

“Nope.”

Leo took a deep breath and pulled his underwear off, before quickly covering his semi-hard-on with his hand. Maybe a nurse was a better idea after all...Dr Zhang finally looked up from his clipboard but he had a perfect poker face and Leo had no idea what he was thinking.

“Okay, I’m gonna ask you to lie on the examination table on your back and pull your knees up to your chest.”

A blush crept up Leo’s face, “Uh...can’t I lie on my stomach?”

“Sure, if you’d prefer that. Your comfort is a priority.”

Leo scrambled onto the examination table and laid down, pressing his face into the chair. The position was embarrassing and his ass was fully exposed but at least he didn’t have to look Dr Zhang in the eye, and the doctor wouldn’t see his erection. *Getting hard at the doctor’s, I’m actually an idiot*, Leo thought.

“Relax,” Dr Zhang said and Leo heard the familiar sound of a lube bottle being opened, “It won’t
hurt though it might feel a little uncomfortable.”

Leo, having had much more than a finger up his ass before, was sure it wasn’t going to be uncomfortable. He shivered in anticipation and had to remind himself where he was. He flinched when he felt Dr Zhang touch his ass. T

he doctor laughed, “Relax. This should only take a minute.”

Leo shut his eyes and bit his lip as Dr Zhang touched his ass lightly, undoubtedly checking for bumps or abnormalities. To Leo it felt like a caress. He squeezed his hands into fists as Dr Zhang continued to touch him.

“Outside looks good,” he said.

*He means it in a medical way,* “G-Great,” Leo choked out.

“I’m going to put a finger inside of you now. Tell me if you feel any pain.”

Leo nodded, not trusting his shaky voice. The next moment he felt Dr Zhang’s wet digit pressing at his entrance. It slid in like butter and a shiver of pleasure went through Leo. Now he was definitely hard.

“Well that was easy,” Dr Zhang’s voice was teasing.

“Lots of practice,” Leo replied, he turned his head a little and caught Dr Zhang’s eye. The doctor was grinning. Leo looked away, telling himself that he was imagining the mischievous gleam in the other man’s eye. This was *just* an examination.

Dr Zhang wriggled his finger inside Leo a little, “Hmmm...”

He explored Leo’s walls, pressing up inside of him. It felt good. Leo tried to think of turn-off’s; his abuelita in underwear, vaginas and nuclear explosions but it wasn’t really working.

Suddenly Dr Zhang’s started moving inside of him more than Leo thought was normal. The exam as supposed to take only a minute...this was weird. The finger started going faster, rubbing his insides, and Leo’s hips started to shake a little. *Don’t make this weird, don’t make this weird,* he told himself.

“Hmmm, I’m not sure if everything’s okay,” Dr Frank said, “I might have to put another finger in.”

“Mhmmm,” Leo said, spreading his legs a little. He was pretty sure two fingers weren’t part of the exam but he didn’t want to read into it too much because...well, honestly he was enjoying himself. His mind was going in all sorts of directions and he remembered all the doctor-patient porn he watched, but to Dr Zhang this was probably just another examination. He was glad the doctor couldn’t see him because his face was flushed, “S-Sure, doc.”

He felt a second finger slide inside of him and *God* the doctor had thick fingers. Leo felt the digits stretching him out and he bit his lip hard to keep himself under control even as blood rushed south.

Dr Frank moved the fingers slowly inside Leo, feeling out his walls. Then they started moving faster and Leo just couldn’t. A little moan slipped out of his mouth.

“S-Shit, sorry,” he felt embarrassed.

“Don’t worry about it,” Dr Frank said, voice cool and even, “It’s normal.”

Leo was hard on the table, and he couldn’t believe that this was ‘normal.’
“Nghhh,” he moaned when Dr Frank’s fingers brushed over his prostate, “f-fu...t-this is normal y-yeah?” he asked with an awkward laugh that ended in a moan. He felt light-headed and as if his body was on fire.

“Yes, it’s normal,” Dr Frank twisted his fingers, pushing up against Leo’s prostate and making him see white for a second. He choked on a moan, hands clenching on the chair below him. He couldn’t stop himself from shifting up on his knees; his dick was completely hard and curved against his stomach but Dr Frank gave all of zero fucks as he continued to mercilessly abuse Leo’s prostate with gentle strokes and touches. “Okay, I just need to see how your body reacts to this one little things...,” Dr Frank said innocently...and then rammed three digits inside of Leo and started to finger his roughly.

“O-Oh my God!” the Latino gasped, thighs trembling so hard he thought his legs might give out. Moans were ripped from his throat as Dr Frank pounded his fingers into his prostate, over and over. Leo’s world started to spin, “F-Fuck...fuck...t-this...this is d-definitely-ah...n-not p-part of the...nghhh....e-exam...”

“Smart boy,” Dr Frank sounded amused as he withdrew his fingers. Leo let out a little disappointed mewl at the emptiness he felt and subconsciously arched his back. A dribble of pre-cum fell from his dick and onto the chair.

Dr Frank tut-tut-tut’ed at him, “Someone could come in,” he said evenly, “And see you in this state.”

“I-I don’t care,” Leo said, and it was true, “J-Just...f-fuck...,” he was too embarrassed to ask outright, a part of him still scared that this was normal and that he was making a fool of himself even though realistically he knew that this was exactly what he thought it was, “Please,” he whined.

Leo felt cold lube drizzle over his hole and he moaned, pushing back against it. That’s when he felt Dr Frank behind him...and the blunt head of something much bigger than his fingers pressing up against his wet entrance.

“S-Shit,” Leo dropped his head into his folded arms because everything was spinning, “A-Ah...”

“I really shouldn’t be doing this,” Dr Frank teased, “But I am very worried about your prostate. I think we should make sure it works properly, don’t you agree Leo?”

“Y-Yes,” Leo whimpered, practically begging. He didn’t care that someone could walk in, or that he was about to have sex on an examination table at a clinic. Actually...both those thoughts were kind of hot.

“Fuck!” Leo cried out when Dr Zhang unceremoniously shoved his prick inside the Latino. Leo felt stuffed. He moaned weakly and Dr Zhang wrapped a strong arm around his waist to stop him from falling against the table. Leo felt his warm mouth on the back of his neck and his shoulder, his stubble scraping against the Latino’s sensitive skin.

“Good boy,” the doctor hummed. Leo whined, and so Dr Zhang started to fuck him.

He pounded into Leo without any further teasing or foreplay. They didn’t have much time, which probably explained Dr Zhang’s rapid pace. It drove Leo crazy. In seconds he was writhing and sobbing against the examination desk, digging his fingers down into it.

“F-Fuck...oh God...p-please, harder...shit...”

He was babbling, completely out of control. He felt light headed and drunk, and the only thing he could feel was pleasure as Dr Zhang rammed his thick, hard cock into him over and over again. He
found his prostate quickly and every time his erection slammed into it Leo felt like passing out.

He came fast, stroking himself roughly in time with Dr Zhang’s strokes. Thankfully the doctor wasn’t far behind, pulling out of Leo and coming onto the small of his back with a groan.

They both gasped for air for a moment, then Dr Zhang passed Leo some tissue. He looked dishevelled and sexy, his white jacket open, gloves still on. Leo wiped himself down.

“You’re a doctor, shouldn’t you be advertising condoms?” he asked jokingly.

“You caught me off guard,” Dr Zhang buttoned up his jacket, “I’m sorry, that was unprofessional.”

“It was hot though,” Leo shrugged, and grinned despite feeling sore, “So, how’s my prostate?”

Dr Zhang grinned back, “It’s great, but I think you should come back tomorrow for another check up.”
Don’t talk to the Alphas. Don’t look at the Alphas. Avoid the Alphas. The small, dark-haired Omega repeated the mantra in his head as he entered the school yard, head hung low. Nico di Angelo’s fear of making eye-contact with an Alpha made him not look at anyone at all, his gaze fixated on his tattered red sneakers.

It was Nico’s first day of kindergarten and the five year old werewolf was terrified. Nobody had walked him here, he made the ten block journey all by himself, his hand-me-down backpack firmly on his back. His mother was already at work, heartbroken that she couldn’t take her son to his first day. She had left him with breakfast, Nico’s little sister Hazel on her hip as she rushed out. Nico wasn’t angry with her – they were poor and Nico knew his mom had to do a lot to keep her job. Besides, he was a big boy. The autumn morning was pleasant and the walk had been nice with Nico walking so his feet didn’t thread on any of the lines of the bricks on the pavement. But now that he was actually here he was terrified.

Don’t talk to the Alphas. Don’t look at the Alphas. Avoid the Alphas. He kept repeating it like it would keep all the bad things away. His mother had taught him those three rules since he was very, very little. To an Omega like him Alphas were bad. In the society they lived in it was the Alphas who had all the power, and Omegas were expected to be submissive to them. They were considered second-rate citizens. Nico’s whole family, save his father, were Omegas. His mom had married his father after he had bit her – non-consensually – at the back alley of a club. She had no other choice; the moment an Omega was bit by an Alpha they virtually belonged to them. She had three children with him before he disappeared without a trace. Nico and Hazel were both Omegas, and Bianca – Nico’s older sister – had been one too before she was murdered by a jealous Alpha whom she refused to allow to bite her. They found her body still in wolf form on the full moon a whole month after she was killed. It was a tragic story that Nico’s mom ensured was burned into her son’s mind; Alphas were evil, all of them, and he had to avoid them at all costs.

Except now he was at kindergarten, all alone, and he could smell the Alphas all around him.
Omegas tended to smell sweet and to Nico their scent brought comfort. It was like chocolate chip cookies and freshly washed sheets. Alphas smelled different, scary. They smelled like spices and the forest and like the air before a storm. It unnerved Nico as he walked through the yard, not making eye-contact with anyone, small, trembling hands clutching the straps of his backpack.

Undoubtedly Nico would’ve kept walking forever, right out of the school yard, if someone didn’t suddenly block his way. He saw new, green sneakers in front of him, attached to skinny legs dressed in cheerful yellow sweatpants. Nico gulped in fear because he could smell the boy in front of him – an obvious Alpha.

“Hi there!” a happy voice sounded.

“P-Please leave me alone,” Nico stuttered out, staring intensely at a bit of dirt at the tip of the Alpha’s sneaker, “I-I’m n-not supposed to talk to you.”

“Oh yeah,” the Alpha laughed – a innocent, twinkling laugh that made Nico pause – “My mom always tells me not to talk to strangers either but I think we’re going to be in the same class, so we won’t be strangers!” Before Nico could tell this peculiar boy that it wasn’t what he meant, there was a hand shoved out in front of him, “My name is Will! Well, it’s William. William Solace, but you can call me Will. I’m five!”

Seeing no other way out, Nico took Will’s hand. It felt warm in his and he let go quickly, “I-I’m Nico,” he said hesitantly, and finally mustered up enough courage to look up at Will. He was utterly shocked to see in front of him a smiling, golden-haired boy with curls and freckles and big, sparkling blue eyes. He was wearing a floral t-shirt and the brightest smile Nico had ever seen. Nothing about him screamed dangerous, or aggressive, or angry. He looked...nice. He smelled nice too; like forests and cinnamon and the air after a storm rather than before. He also kind of smelled like sunshine, and he looked like it too.

“Hi,” Nico breathed, all the tense muscles in his body relaxing. Will’s smile widened impossibly, “Hi, Nico. Do you want to be friends?”

**Thirteen Years Later**

Will had the pretty Omega underneath him, squirming. His name was...well, he couldn’t really remember his name. He had gone down to the college club earlier and picked him up and now they were here, in Will’s bed in his dorm room, tangled up in each other.

“Turn around,” the Alpha said softly. The Omega giggled and did so and Will found, with pleasure, that he had been right – from behind the boy looked like Nico. His hair was black and shaggy, his shoulders narrow, naked back pale. Will leaned over him and kissed down his spine. The Omega giggled again.

“Y’know,” he turned to look at Will over his shoulder and the blond was reminded that he was not, in fact, in bed with his best friend, “You’re super sweet for an Alpha.”

“Thanks,” Will smiled. He pressed his mouth to the dip in the Omega’s back.

He didn’t like one night stands but in his current...situation that was the only option. Will didn’t have the heart to get into a relationship with someone when he knew full well that he was in love with Nico. It just seemed cruel, but since Will couldn’t have Nico he had to settle for quick, easy sex with boys that looked like him.

Will first started liking Nico when he was thirteen. That’s when the wet dreams started. They were
pretty intense, but Will just thought that he found Nico attractive – he was an Omega after all, and he had the sweetest, loveliest scent that Will had ever smelled. It wasn’t until a year later when they went on their first hunt together in wolf form, just the two of them alone during the full moon, that Will realised that Nico was his mate. His smell had been intoxicating then, making Will feel dizzy. He was too young to indentity his urges, and all he knew was that he wanted Nico to be his and only his. They play-fought, nipping at each other and rubbing their noses in each other’s furs like pack-mates tended to do, and Will savoured every second of it. He felt guilty afterwards, and after every jerking-off session he had while imagining his best friend beneath him. He knew how scared Nico was of Alphas; Will was the only one he let near him. The blond couldn’t break the trust Nico had for him by confessing that he wanted to bite, scent and fuck him just like any other Alpha. Will also doubted that Nico would believe they were mates; he was always pretty sceptical about the idea of destined soulmates and had never indicated that he felt anything for Will so for the Alpha it was all pretty one-sided.

Which was why he currently had unnamed-Omega in his bed, squirming and letting out overdramatic moans as Will slipped off his underwear. The Alpha tuned him out and instead imagined what noises Nico would make – would he be loud? Quiet? Would he whisper Will’s name sweetly or dirty talk to him?

“O-Oh, fuck-,” the Omega beneath him whined when Will pressed his erection against the curve of his ass. However that’s where their fun ended because the door to Will’s room burst open.

“Jesus!” Nico slapped a hand over his eyes in shock and Will scrambled off the stranger, a blush flooding his cheeks. He pulled his jeans back on and looked at Nico. He was still shirtless.

“What are you doing here?” Will blurted. Nico peeked at him hesitantly through his fingers.

“This your boyfriend?” the Omega on the bed looked unimpressed.

“No!” Will and Nico said together. They didn’t look at each other.

“Look,” Will rubbed the bridge of his nose, “It’s best if you leave...”

The Omega’s jaw clenched, “You don’t remember my name do you? Fucking fantastic.” He angrily picked up his clothes and pulled his underwear back on before shoving past Will and the Nico, “Don’t bother calling!” he called before storming down the hallway. Will’s freckled shoulders slumped.

“Sorry,” Nico dropped his hand, “I didn’t mean to cockblock.”

“It’s fine, I wasn’t expecting you, I-,” Will paused and frowned, “Christ, you look like crap.”

He wasn’t lying – Nico usually looked like death anyway, pale and all in black, but tonight he looked particularly bad. His skin had a translucent look to it and there were dark bags underneath his eyes. His hair looked like a bird had taken up residence on his head and he was dressed in sweatpants and a loose t-shirt. He lived on the floor below and so he wasn’t wearing any shoes. The sickly sweet scent on his skin alerted Will to the fact that only a few hours ago, Nico’s heat had ended.

“Yeah,” the Omega walked into the room and shut the door, “It was pretty bad this time. And the suppressants make me feel like shit,” he admitted, then exhaled, “You smell good.”

Will smiled and walked over to him, enveloping his best friend in a hug. Nico felt cold to touch but the Alpha didn’t care, cradling him close to his chest, “Movie and snacks?” he murmured, resting his
cheek on top of Nico’s head. The Omega hugged back weakly.

“Yeah,” he whispered, voice hoarse.

Will wished he could’ve done more. His instincts wanted him to take care of Nico properly during his heats, to hold him down and fuck his brains out until the boy was a sobbing mess. Will wanted to knot him, then to bite him and claim him as his mate, to show the world Nico was his and that he was Nico’s. Instead he could only deal with the aftermath of Nico’s heats, which was still a privilege to him. To be able to hold the exhausted and weakened Omega in his arms, to stroke his hair and occasionally kiss his forehead, was amazing. Right after his heat was the only time Nico craved physical contact, which was why he always turned to Will. Also, the Alpha’s smell relaxed him after his heat and made him feel safe.

Will let go of his mate and went over to the mini-fridge in the corner of the room. He pulled out a cold coke for himself and put the kettle on to make Nico hot chocolate. He knew exactly what the Omega needed. Meanwhile Nico picked up one of Will’s t-shirts off the floor and put it on, tossing his own shirt on the floor before climbing into Will’s double bed and pulling the covers around him. As Will waited for the water to finish boiling he happily watched Nico in his bed, scrolling through Netflix. He looked safe and warm and adorable and Will’s inner wolf was more than happy to see him that way; it seemed, just for that moment, that Nico was Will’s, and that he accepted it. He even wore Will’s shirt for fuck’s sake.

“Here you go,” Will gave Nico his hot chocolate when it was ready, and climbed into bed next to him, “What are we watching?”

“Limitless,” Nico mumbled. He scooted close to Will and the blond automatically lifted an arm so Nico could settle against his side. He ignored the fact that they fit together like two puzzle pieces, Nico’s stomach snug against his side. The Omega slipped a leg over Will’s waist, completely oblivious to how much the gesture made Will’s heart pound.

The show started playing and Will curled one arm around Nico, stroking his back. The Omega sipped his chocolate, and he smelled happy. Will kept dropping little kisses on the top of his head. When Nico was done with his drink he curled one hand against his own chest and slipped the other one across Will’s. They cuddled like a couple.

“You know, you’re going to have to find yourself an Alpha sooner or later,” Will murmured, fiddling with Nico’s hair. The thought hurt him but he knew he had to do what was best for Nico. The Omega just hugged him harder, pressing his nose to Will’s chest so he could inhale his scent.

“You’re the only Alpha I like,” he grumbled.

Will kissed his forehead quickly, heart twisting. If only... he thought sadly.

***

The full moon shone brightly above them, a silver orb in the dark night sky. The two wolves silently padded through the forest, their paws soft on the shrubbery. Their muzzles were open, their nostrils flaring as they inhaled the spring scents of the woods – they smelled the leaves rustling in the trees over their heads, the sweet berries hidden in the bushes that brushed past their calves, the hot blood of the little animals scurrying away from them.

The golden-haired wolf paused suddenly and arched his head back. He closed his eyes and howled at the moon overhead. The smaller Omega wolf at his side immediately mimicked his position, his own sweet howl joining the Alpha’s. Across the woods, their pack answered, a chorus of howls
alerting the two wolfs as to where to go.

The dark wolf started forward but the golden one blocked his path. The dark wolf cocked his head to the side in question, and his Alpha simply approached him and pressed his nose into the dark wolf’s shoulder, earning himself a happy yip from the Omega and a playful bite on the ear. But the Alpha wasn’t in a playful mood; he moved his nose from the dark wolf’s shoulder to his neck and nuzzled him there, protectively inhaling his scent.

The Omega’s ears laid flat on his head and he let out a submissive whimper. That’s when the Alpha violently broke away and took off through the forest, running wildly. The Omega stumbled for a second, taken aback, and then shakily followed his Alpha.

***

Nico was sitting in second period when his skin started to itch. It felt like there were things crawling beneath it and the boy kept shifting on his chair, antsy and uncomfortable. At first he tried to ignore it and solve his maths questions but as the lesson dragged on he started feeling more out of it. His head started to throb and his whole body flushed with heat as if he had a fever. *It's not my heat,* he told himself, trying to remain calm as he swallowed past the dryness in his throat, *I still have two days, it's not my heat.*

When the bell rang for break, Nico dashed to the bathroom, shoving past everyone. His senses were heightened, he could smell everyone, feel them brushing past him. He felt nauseous by the time he exploded into the bathroom. He was assaulted by the overwhelming stench of piss.

Gasping, Nico slumped against the sinks, sweat beading on his forehead. When he looked in the mirror his reflection looked back, pale and shaking. He looked a mess, the only colour on his face coming from his flushed cheeks.

“F-Fuck,” he whispered weakly and rummaged through his bag desperately in search of suppressants. All he found was an empty packet. That’s when the panic set in, the helplessness crawling up Nico’s chest. He had never gotten a heat in school before without suppressants, and he was terrified. He knew what the laws were; if he were to be raped or claimed right now it’d be hard for him to take it to court as in society’s eye it was his own fault for coming to school in heat as Alphas found it hard to control themselves around Omegas in heat. Hard, but not impossible.

Nico pulled his phone out and dialled his mom but she didn’t pick up. A sob built up in his throat and he quickly picked another number in his phone. Will picked up on the second ring.

“Hey,” he said, and his voice sent a shot of heat through Nico. The boy bit his lip to hold back a moan as he slumped against the sinks and closed his eyes. Will’s voice was like honey, making him throb with desire, “I’m downstairs looking for you, where you at?”

“I-In the second floor b-bathroom,” Nico whispered shakily, barely able to hold the phone. He could feel slick pooling between his thighs and knew that in a few minutes he’d be a completely defenceless mess on the floor.


“I’m in heat,” Nico blurted. He opened his eyes and watched the bathroom door but so far nobody had come in, “I-I’m in h-heat and I’m scared and-“

“Okay. Okay, calm down Neeks,” Will said, and Nico let out a sob into the phone, “I’m coming up. I’ll be two minutes, just wait for me and don’t move.”
Nico’s phone slipped from his hand and into the sink as a wave of pain rushed over him as his body demanded that he get fucked by an Alpha. He groaned and curled his arms over his stomach, breathing hard. He heard the bathroom door open.

“Will-,” he looked up, relieved. But it wasn’t Will, and the relief disappeared instantly. It was two boys from the year above and by their glowing red eyes Nico could tell that they could smell his heat. Dread made his blood chill and for a second he forgot his pain.

“Well, well, well,” one of the Alphas drawled, his mouth curling into a smirk as he eyed Nico up and down, “What have we here? A defenceless little Omega in heat.”

“Fuck, he’s cute,” the other Alpha squeezed his erection through his trousers. Nico felt sick and tried to back up, but there was nowhere to go.

“G-Go away,” he stuttered. The smell of the Alphas made him terrified. He wanted to curl up and cry even as his body subconsciously yearned to be touched. Not by them, Nico thought helplessly, I don’t want them.

“Aw, c’mon,” the other Alpha said, “you did this on purpose didn’t you? You came to school in heat and without suppressants because you wanted to get fucked.

“N-No...”

The first Alpha was by Nico then and the boy flinched away when the boy grabbed him by the back of the head. He shoved his nose against Nico’s neck and the boy cringed away. The Alpha tightened his grip on his hair to the point where it was painful.

“Mhmmm,” he hummed, “You smell delightful.”

Nico tried to push him away but his arms were weak and trembling. The other Alpha crowded in against him too, reaching down between his legs and touching his soaked thighs. Another sob bubbled up inside Nico.

“P-Please d-don’t,” he whimpered, unable to defend himself. His muscles felt like they stopped working. All he wanted was his bed, away from these guys.

“Don’t worry little one,” the first Alpha whispered against Nico’s neck, “The bite won’t hurt.”

“The other part might though,” the second Alpha snickered.

Nico squeezed his eyes shut. This was really happening. He had saved himself all these years for someone special, suffered through his agonising heats alone, just to be fucked by two strangers in a school bathroom. Not only that, but one of them was going to undoubtedly bite him too. That meant nothing to them – they would just move on. But Nico would be marked forever, and no other Alpha would want him. Will wouldn’t want him. That thought was more painful than all the other ones.

“I swear to God,” the new, familiar voice echoing through the bathroom was so shocking that Nico thought he was imagining it for a second, “if you don’t let go of him right now I’ll rip you to shreds.”

The two guys moved away rapidly and Nico’s heated body was hit by cool air. He gasped and his legs gave out; he slid to the floor and looked up. Will was standing by the door, looking angrier than Nico had ever seen him. Furious. His face had morphed into part wolf, red eyes blazing, elongated teeth on show as his lips curled back into a snarl. His hands were tense by his sides, fingers ending in long, deadly claws. Nico had no doubt that he could kill the other two Alphas, and they had no doubts either.
They sprinted front the bathroom.

Nico buried his face in his hands and tried to take deep, calming breaths. It was useless; his heat was in full effect now, making it hard to breathe, and Nico’s anxiety wasn’t making it any better. He wanted to vomit, curl up on the floor and die.

“O-Oh my God,” he whimpered.

“Where the hell are your suppressants?!” Will demanded. Nico didn’t look at him, just curled in on himself more. Even angry, Will’s voice was arousing to him. Not just that, but the Alphas smell made him want to spread his legs and have Willfuck him right there on the dirty bathroom floor. Nico knew Will was his mate because he was the only Alpha that made him feel that way – aroused and safe at the same time – but Will didn’t know that.

“Hey,” the blond’s voice, suddenly impossibly soft, made Nico look up. The Alpha was kneeling right in front of him, his face back to normal, eyes a gentle blue. He touched Nico’s knee lightly, “It’s okay,” he smiled a little, “I’m here now, you’re safe. I’m sorry I got mad.”

Nico threw himself at the Alpha, and the cramping pain in his body eased a bit when he shoved his face into Will’s shoulder. His jumper was soft, and it smelled heavenly. Will curled his arms around Nico and held him in the comforting warmth of his arms. Somewhere far away the bell rang, signalling the end of break. Neither Will nor Nico moved. The latter was breathing hard, clinging onto the Alpha, head spinning.

“It hurts,” he whispered. Will squeezed him harder.

“I know,” he murmured, “I know, baby.”

The pet name, and the way Will said it, made Nico want to cry. The blond pushed him away gently and ran his fingers over Nico’s face, “Are you okay? Apart from the heat does anything else hurt?”

Nico opened his legs, pushing them on either side of Will. The Alpha either ignored it, or he didn’t notice at all.

“I-I’m fine, just s-scared.”

Will shifted closer to Nico, cradling his face in his hands, “I’m going to kill those bastards, I swear to God.”

“Will,” Nico whimpered. It was too much, he was too close and Nico wanted him.

“What is it, baby?”

Nico jerked forward and kissed him and God, it felt heavenly to finally be able to touch Will. Nico wrapped his arms tightly around the Alpha’s shoulders and kissed him feverishly, opening his mouth eagerly. His body felt like it was being set on fire.

But Will didn’t kiss back. Instead he pushed Nico away roughly, “Nico!”

The Omega slumped against the sink, weak, and Will scrambled to his feet. His eyes were red and he was breathing hard, hands in fists. It was almost impossible for an Alpha to resist an Omega in heat, and yet he was doing it. Nico’s stomach fell to the floor and tears pooled in his stomach.

“Nico, you’re not thinking straight.”
“I’m sorry,” the boy whimpered, pulling his legs up to his chest. Everything hurt. Will looked at him for a second, then took a step towards him. But Nico felt humiliated and rejected and he couldn’t do this.

“Will don’t,” he said, playing the whole thing off while he still could. It wasn’t his heat that made him kiss Will. Okay, to an extent it was. But Nico had wanted to do it for years now. He was in love with his best friend.

“Let me take you home,” Will said.

“No!” Nico shoved his hand out as if that was going to keep the Alpha away. It was hard to breathe, “D-Don’t come anywhere near me.”

“Right, right,” Will backed away, “I’m sorry, I-...I’m going to get the nurse, just wait here, okay? I’m sorry, okay...” he was obviously panicking too. He ran out of the bathroom and Nico was left with overwhelming loneliness and coldness. Pain rushed through him, lighting up every nerve. He was unable to hold the tears back any longer and they rushed down his cheeks. Nico started sobbing. Everything hurt, but what hurt most was the realisation, and the confirmation of Nico’s biggest fear.

*He doesn’t want me.*

***

“He doesn’t want me, Pipes.”

Nico was laying in his bed. He hadn’t showered in four days and there was a layer of sweat on him from his heat. Piper, a Beta in their pack, sat on the edge of his bed and stroked his hair.

“Yes, he does,” she seemed pretty adamant, “Neeks, I see how Will looks at you. He loves you.”

“Not like *that* though,” Nico closed his eyes. He was so tired.

“He just needs a push, a sign from you that you reciprocate his feelings,” the girl said. Nico sighed.

“I kissed him, Pipes. I fucking kissed him and he pushed me away. What bigger sign can I give him?”

The girl climbed in behind Nico and wrapped her arms around him, pulling him up against her chest. Nico closed his eyes. He liked when Piper cuddled him, it made him feel less alone. The Beta stroked his hair some more.

“You know what?” she said after a few minutes of comfortable silence, “You just need to make him jealous. You said he freaked out when those two Alphas cornered you—“

“That’s because he’s protective,” Nico interrupted, “I’m an Omega from his pack, of course he’d get pissed.”

“Well he didn’t react like that when he caught Annabeth with Percy. He accepted him into the pack.”

“Yeah, well...”

“Listen,” Piper sat up, “You need to make him jealous, trust me. Act like you found yourself an Alpha, or actively look for one. Either Will’s gonna react and confess, or you’ll actually find yourself an Alpha that loves you back.”

“But Will’s my mate,” Nico said weakly. Piper ruffled his hair.
“Then you need to seduce him.”

***

Ever since Nico kissed him, Will couldn’t sleep. He kept replaying it in his head over and over and beat himself up over the way he had reacted. His mother always told him that rejection was the worst for an Omega because they felt worthless afterwards, and even though Will knew the only reason Nico kissed him was because he was in heat and Will was the closest Alpha, he still felt bad for what he did. But he would’ve felt worse if he had given into his urges and claimed Nico there, in the bathroom, with the boy barely able to give consent.

Will was eager to see Nico after his heat and ensure that the boy was okay, which was why he was so excited to come to school on Tuesday since he knew from Piper that Nico’s heat ended and he’d be coming in. Will didn’t see his best friend for the first two periods and so during break he eagerly headed for the boy’s locker where he hoped the catch Nico and apologise for the way he acted.

And sure enough, Nico was there, pulling some books out. Will stopped a few feet away, mouth open.

“What are you wearing?” he asked. Nico glanced at him. He looked much better than he had on Friday, the colour having returned to his face. He was also in black shorts and an oversized black t-shirt that slid off one of his shoulder, tantalizingly revealing white skin. The boy also had thigh-high black stockings on which seemed very inappropriate for school. Or maybe that was just Will. To him, seeing Nico revealing even a little bit of skin was sexy as hell.

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“Are you my mom now?” Nico asked, shoving his locker closed. He didn’t look embarrassed about what happened on Friday, or even bothered honestly.

“N-No, no,” Will shook his head, “Right. Sorry.” He found it hard to look away from the little bit of milky thigh that Nico was showing, “I just...err, it’s cold outside. I don’t want you to get sick.”

“Okay, mom,” Nico rolled his eyes. Then he smiled, “Look, I’m sorry about Friday. I shouldn’t have kissed you but you know...,” he waved his hand, “The heat makes me crazy.”

Will swallowed. Even though he knew that had been the case it still hurt to have Nico say it out loud. He forced a smile, “Yeah,” he laughed fakely, “Sure, no worries. Just glad you’re okay now.”

Nico nodded. There was obvious awkwardness and tension between the two of them, “Yeah.”

“So anyway,” Will cleared his throat, “next full moon’s on Saturday and we’re all going hunting together as a pack.”

“Yeah, I’ll be there,” Nico nodded, “Uh...sorry, I have to get going.”

“Where?” Will frowned. He and Nico always hung out together, ever since they were five. They were best friends after all...and yet now Will watched as the Omega walked across the hall and settled next to Luke Castellan, an Alpha from their year. The blond grinned at Nico and casually slung an arm around his shoulders. Will watched them in shock – Nico had never done something like this before. He was terrified of Alphas and yet now he was all cutesy and smiling up at Luke, cuddling into his side too much for it to be just a friendly encounter.

After the shock came the sudden flood of red-hot jealousy. Will gritted his teeth. He was the only Alpha who Nico had cuddled like that, Luke had no fucking right to touch him. Calm down, he’s not yours, Will told himself and turned away from the two who started to walk down the hallway together. Whatever was going on, it was Nico’s business and he clearly didn’t want to confide in
Will. The Alpha closed his eyes and leaned his head against a locker in an attempt to calm down. If Nico had followed his earlier suggestions and finally found himself an Alpha...well, that was good. Except it wasn’t.

Will was so lost in his thoughts that he didn’t see Nico longingly glance over Luke’s shoulder at him.

***

The wolves were gathered around their Alpha, his golden fur glimmering silver in the moonlight. The air was tense and full of expectation as the wolves shifted and waited impatiently for the last Omega to join them. Finally he appeared, sliding from the shadows of the trees. But he was not alone – he had brought another wolf with him, another Alpha, with chestnut fur.

A low growl came from the Alphas throat. He was angry. His Betas picked up the growl and the chestnut wolf’s head twitched. The Alpha bared his teeth at him, furious. The pack knew that the dark Omega belonged to the Alpha, even if the Omega himself did not know that. To bring another Alpha into the pack was asking for trouble.

The Betas parted, allowing the Alpha to pass. He approached the dark wolf and the chestnut. The dark one stepped forward, shielding the Alpha. His eyes glowed yellow and seemed to be telling the Alpha to back off. But he was a mere Omega and it was the Alpha who had the power in the pack. He snarled at the Omega now, and the Omega growled back at him. The golden-furred wolf took a step towards him and the Omega’s ears flattened and he backed up. The chestnut stood there, expectantly.

The golden Alpha growled at him in threat. Leave my pack alone. But the chestnut didn’t budge, baring his teeth back. He was challenging the Alpha’s position, wanting to take it. With the position would come the dark Omega, and the Alpha would never allow that to happen.

He pounced on the chestnut, knocking him to the ground. The Betas circled them, snapping and yipping at them, urging their leader on. The chestnut struggled, scratching and biting at the golden Alpha, but he was stronger and more determined. The two wolves rolled over together, fighting for dominance, but ultimately it was the golden Alpha who came up triumphant, jaws inches from closing on the chestnut’s throat. It was the chestnut’s whimper of defeat that stopped the golden Alpha from killing him.

When he backed off, the chestnut struggled to his feet and dashed between the trees with his tail between his legs. The pack howled in joy.

The golden Alpha turned to his Omega and approached him. The smaller wolf glared at him when the golden one siddled up to him and dragged his nose across his fur. The dark Omega pushed the Alpha with his head. The Alpha growled and scented him again, angry at the thought of having his Omega taken from him. But the Omega was angry too, pushing the Alpha once more before suddenly turning and taking off into the woods.

But the Alpha wasn’t going to let him get away. He ran after him, chasing him through the woods. He was faster, and he got the Omega in a clearing, tackling him to the ground.

But suddenly the Omega was no longer a wolf, but an angry looking boy, naked and panting beneath the Alpha, glaring up at him. He had scratches on his face and leaves in his hair. The Alpha transformed too, back into his human form.

“Do you think this is funny?” Will demanded, climbing off of Nico. They were both butt-naked and the spring night was chilly, though Will’s anger was enough to keep him warm, “Bringing another
“Alpha to challenge me?”

“He wasn’t challenging you,” Nico got to his feet, “You challenged him!”

“Who was he anyway? Luke Castellan?” Will asked, fuming and pacing and trying not to stare at Nico’s naked body.

“No, it wasn’t actually,” Nico snapped, “I met that Alpha at the club.”

“Is that your thing now?” Will interrogated, “Are you suddenly not afraid of Alphas anymore?”

“Isn’t that what you wanted me to do?” Nico crossed his arms over his chest.

“I didn’t ask you to go and get yourself screwed by every Alpha in sight!” Will exploded. Nico’s jaw clenched.

“I’m still a virgin, thankyou very much.”

Will had to admit, that made him feel a little better, “Stop flaunting yourself in front of all those fucking Alphas,” he growled.

Nico faked-shock, “Language, Solace!”

“This isn’t a joke,” Will growled, eyes flashing red in warning. He approached Nico and the boy backed up, glaring.

“Is it not?” he asked, “Well, what if I want to be fucked by Luke? And that Alpha from tonight? And maybe while I’m at it I should give those two Alphas from the bathroom a call.”

Will blanched, “W-What?”

“Maybe,” Nico’s eyes were full of insolence and confidence. Will didn’t recognise his best friend, “I want their cocks shoved up inside of me, all of them at once, and maybe I want them to bite me-“

Will pushed him against the closest tree roughly, “Shut up,” his voice was tight and strained, “You don’t know what you’re saying. They’d fucking wreck you-“

“Maybe I want that.”

Will punched the tree next to Nico’s head and the boy flinched slightly. Will’s knuckles were bleeding, “Are you doing this on purpose? Are you trying to get me mad-“

“Why are you getting so mad?” Nico asked, then he laughed, “I don’t recall you getting this pissed when Pipes or Leo were sleeping around-“

Will kissed him. He needed to do it, or he thought he might lose his mind. He just needed to shut Nico up and get him to stop saying all those hurtful things. His mouth was heavenly, all soft and pliant, opened in a gasp.

Nico punched Will in the stomach, but the Alpha barely felt it. He slotted their naked bodies together, pushing Nico roughly into the tree. The boy made a noise of protest that Will silenced by shoving his tongue inside his mouth. When the Omega tried to push him away Will grabbed his hands and pinned them above his head with one of his, while with the other one he held Nico’s chin to ensure the boy didn’t turn his head away. Nico squirmed and tried to bite Will’s tongue, but the Alpha just kissed him harder, pushing Nico so hard into the tree that the Omega could barely move. He felt more confident when he felt Nico’s unmistakably hard cock pressing into his thigh.
Nico continued to protest, and Will continued to fuck his mouth, licking and biting until his whole body was burning with lust and his Alpha instincts had kicked in. He released Nico’s mouth in order to attack his neck.

“F-Fuck,” Nico was panting for air, “W-What the fuck is wrong with you, Will?! L-Let go of me, you idiot- nghh,” he moaned when Will started to suck a hickey just beneath his jaw. Turning his head away didn’t change the situation, “Y-You don’t want me,” Nico gasped helplessly, “S-So stop-“

Will had a million emotions going through him; he was furious with Nico’s behaviour, and angry at himself for acting the way he was, but jealousy and his instincts were pushing him forward. He was also somewhat confused and hurt by what Nico just said, and yet desperation stopped him from calming down and clearing his head. He suddenly knew what this whole thing and Nico’s sudden behaviour change were all about.

He pushed Nico to the ground, wrestling with the boy and managing to pin his wrists down to the grass. His body burned with want and Nico’s appeared to be reacting the same way; he was flushed, his cock hard between his legs.

“F-Fuck you,” he growled at Will.

“I know you want me,” the Alpha replied in a low, hoarse voice. Nico’s blush deepened and he pushed at Will’s chest, though the Alpha refused to budge. Will reached down between Nico’s thighs and his hand came away soaked, “Look at that,” he kissed Nico’s jaw and the bit his earlobe roughly, earning himself a moan from the boy. Nico’s struggling grew weaker and his thighs trembled, “You’re so fucking wet for me. Say you don’t want me and I’ll stop.”

“S-Screw you,” Nico hissed. When Will lifted his legs over his shoulders the Omega tried to futilely kick him.

“Say it,” Will growled, cock throbbing. He really hoped Nico wouldn’t say it, “Tell me you don’t want this and I’ll stop, I swear.”

Nico’s jaw clenched and he looked away, his pride making him angry. But he didn’t tell Will he didn’t want it and that filled the Alpha with happiness, even though it was clouded by lust and anger.

Will pulled Nico closer, so the boy’s hips fit snugly up against him. They fit so perfectly together. Will found Nico’s hole and pressed his hard cock against it. Nico cried out when Will started to push. Too late the Alpha remembered that Nico was a virgin, not that that seemed to matter; his body sucked Will in eagerly as slick gushed from the boy’s passage and wet the grass beneath him.

“O-Oh my God,” Nico gasped, and Will couldn’t even stop himself pushing. It felt too good, and he felt drunk. Nico’s body was hot, and wet, and tight and fucking perfect. Will grabbed his face and kissed him and Nico no longer tried to fight him. The blond let go of his wrists and pushed his tongue into Nico’s mouth as he bottomed out inside him, swallowing up the boy’s little moans and whimpers. Nico kissed him back weakly.

Will forced himself to wait a minute even thought the Alpha inside him was telling him to just plough Nico. He kissed the boy passionately, their tongues swirling together, and ran his hands up and down the boy’s warm sides. It wasn’t until he pulled away for air that he noticed that Nico was crying, tears racing down his cheeks. Will’s stomach flipped.

“Why are you crying?” the Alpha wiped Nico’s cheeks, “Are you in pain?”
“I—fucking love you, you asshole,” Nico sobbed out, curling his arms around Will’s neck, “I love you, and I hate you and—”

Will kissed him feverishly and Nico kissed back just as hard and desperate, clinging onto Will’s neck. His legs slipped to the blond’s hips and he curled them around his waist, pulling Will deeper inside of himself.

“Fuck me,” Nico whined, body burning up, “W-Will, please, please, please—“

Will pulled out and slammed right back into him. Nico’s back arched and he clawed at the ground, clinging onto grass as he let out the sweetest moan Will had ever heard. He gripped the boy’s hips and started to pound into him, rough and fast, and Nico’s body just took it like he was meant for Will. The Omega was completely relaxed against the grass, cheeks and shoulders flushed, writhing and moaning.

“Nghh...f-fuck, oh fuck, W-Will...shit...Will, Will...I-I love you...”

Will couldn’t believe this was happening. For some many years he imagined this moment and now it was actually real, Nico was really underneath him, sobbing his name and taking his cock – he actually wanted him, he really, really wanted Will. The Alpha was so insanely happy he felt like he was high.

“Did you think I didn’t want you?” he asked, looking down at Nico and trying to commemorate every inch of him into his memory, “in that bathroom? Do you know how you looked then?” he leaned down and bit Nico’s pulse point teasingly and the Omega moaned, fingernails digging into the Alpha’s back as Will continued to pound him, “You were all flushed and soft and goddamn defenceless and you were acting like you wanted me,” Will grabbed Nico’s chin again and forced the boy to look at him. Nico’s mouth was open, little moans and gasps spilling out from between his swollen lips, “You opened your legs for me for god’s sake,” Will thrust into Nico particularly hard and the boy cried out, more slick gushing out of him. The forest clearing filled with the sound of skin slapping against skin, and the wet, squelching sound Nico’s passage made every time Will pushed his cock inside, “and then you kissed me and I swear my self-control was hanging on by a thread. You have no idea what you do to me, heat or no heat, how fucking intoxicating you smell,” Will whispered, softly now, his thrusts slowing down. He cradled Nico’s face in his hands and brushed his thumb over the boy’s bottom lip, “I want to touch you ever second I’m with you. I want to make love to you, and kiss you, and just hold you,” he pressed their foreheads together.

“W-Will,” Nico whispered, sinking his fingers into the blond’s curls.

“I’m sorry I hurt you,” Will kissed the corner of his mouth, fucking him slow and deep. Nico exhaled shakily, “I’m sorry I pushed you away. I just...I didn’t want our first time to be in that goddamn bathroom.” The Alpha captured Nico’s mouth in a sweet kiss, “You’re my mate.”

“I know,” Nico whispered, shyly looking up at Will. He bit his lip, so Will just kissed him again.

“And I love you.”

Nico teared up, and suddenly he was whispering desperately, “I didn’t want those o-other Alphas, I-I promise. I-I just w-wanted to make you j-jealous and f-for you to want me a-and so I-I...”

“I know,” Will kissed him again, feeling like his heart might burst, “You’re mine now, just mine. I don’t care about those other Alphas.”

“I’m yours,” Nico nodded feverishly, “I love you. Please bite me.”
Will froze inside of the Omega, “Nico...”

“You said we’re mates,” Nico looked up at him helplessly, “You’ve already claimed me, so now mark me...,” doubt flitted in his eyes and Will knew what he was thinking – he was thinking that the Alpha didn’t want him, not forever. But of course Will did want him.

“You are,” he murmured, “So insanely beautiful.” Nico squirmed because of the compliment, “I’ve loved you for forever, I’ve dreamt about marking you,” he kissed Nico’s shoulder lovingly, “So if you’re sure – if you really want it...if you want me...then I’ll do it.”

“I do,” Nico breathed, “I love you, Will. Fuck, I’ve wanted you to love me back so badly,” he was crying again.

“I do, I do, shhh,” Will brushed their lips together, “Don’t cry baby, you’re mine now.”

Nico turned his head to the side, exposing his neck, “Please,” he whispered.

This time Will didn’t have the self-control to stop himself. He had never wanted anything as much as he wanted Nico. He bent his head, kissed his mate’s neck, and then sank his teeth into his soft skin.
MalErcy where Malcolm tasks himself to find Annabeth a boyfriend (for whatever major reason) and realizes that the only suitable one is Percy Jackson who had liked Annabeth not for her looks or status (and also an ugly geek with shaggy hair, poor fashion sense and no sense of self-care). So, like, Malcolm took Percy into a top class make-over and shit, he is actually very, very handsome and hot. All is according to plan until Percy exploded and kissed him and Malcolm almost hyperventilated like "Oh my god, srsly Perce, why can't u follow my damn instructions just this once. You're supposed to fall in love with Annabeth, look, I've already come as far as to planning your anniversary celebration, your wedding location, etc etc"

for Lilith

Malcolm gritted his teeth, hand clenching on the red solo cup in his hand. Fucking asshole, he thought, glaring across the dark room at Luke Castellan, who had Malcolm’s older sister up against the wall.

Annabeth had dragged Malcolm to a party someone from her class was throwing, but unlike her the boy was unsociable, awkward and nerdy so he hated the party from the get-go; in his hand was the solo cup that was still filled with beer – Malcolm had only had one sip and hated it. He also hated the couples snogging in the hallway and on the stairs, and the dark living room full of flashing lights and writhing, sweaty bodies. Everything reeked of sweat and vodka and Malcolm wanted to go home but he couldn’t leave his one-year older sister here, especially not with Luke Castellan – the biggest douche bag and fuckboy in school – cornering her.

Annabeth had a soft spot for Luke, which was a problem. Malcolm watched them like a hawk across the living room and noted how the boy’s eyes hungrily slid over his sister’s body, dressed in a tight black dress. His intentions were clear, even though Annabeth was smitten with him all Luke wanted was a fuck and he’d ditch her right after. Malcolm couldn’t stand for that to happen to his sister, which was why he was observing, pissed off. He thought Annabeth was smarter than to fall for Castellan’s smooth words. Malcolm started to think of backup plans; if things got too serious he’d pretend to be drunk and drag Annabeth away, and in the long-term...well, the only way he could think of ensuring Annie didn’t get hurt was by finding her a boyfriend. Except she didn’t like any of the boys in her class like that, except for Castellan. It was all incredibly frustrating.

Malcolm watched as his sister giggled when Castellan leaned in to whisper in her ear.

“Prick,” Malcolm mumbled under his breath.

“Isn’t he?” a voice sounded next to Malcolm, deep, and barely hearable over the music. Startled, the boy turned and saw that there was a guy leaning on the wall next to him. Malcolm blinked at him.

Everyone around him was dressed to impress, showing off body parts and muscles, so Malcolm felt
totally out of place in his button-up shirt with a beige jumper over top. The guy next to him looked very out of place too, which made Malcolm feel better.

He was wearing a tattered old hoodie with frayed sleeves, dirty sneakers and torn jeans. His dark hair was too long, hanging to his chin in a greasy, black curtain. The boy’s emo-like fringe covered half of his face, but Malcolm could still see the stubble on his jaw that made him look a little homeless.

“Um, do I know you?” Malcolm asked nervously, scared that the guy was a drug dealer about to inject him with heroin. But the boy just stuck his hand out.


“I’m Malcolm Chase.”

“Chase?” Percy frowned, “As in like Annabeth Chase?”

“Yeah, she’s my sister. I’m from the year below.”

“Oh,” Percy looked like he might’ve been smiling but in the dimness of the room it was hard to tell, “That explains why I’ve never seen you around before.”

“I’ve never seen you either,” Malcolm replied. Percy shrugged.

“Eh, parties aren’t really my thing. I’m here because my best friend dragged me,” he gestured to a tall, muscular Asian guy currently awkwardly dancing with a short girl with curly hair. Malcolm bit his lip and nodded, not sure how to continue the conversation.

“Right,” he nodded.

“Are you drinking that?” Percy asked, pointing to Malcolm’s cup.

“Oh, no,” the blond shoved it in Percy’s direction, “Feel free to finish it. I don’t like beer anyway.”

“Thanks,” Malcolm watched as Percy chugged the beer. He didn’t know what to make of this bizarre boy but he was easier to talk to than anyone else here. Plus, he didn’t seem drunk which was nice, “So,” Percy finished the drink, “You monitoring your sister?”

Malcolm sighed and glanced across the room. Luke and Annabeth were very close together, which irked him. Annabeth should know better, “Yeah. I don’t want her to do anything with that prick.”

“Luke Castellan?” Percy nodded, “Yeah, he’s a right asshole.”

“I don’t get what she sees in him,” Malcolm shook his head and fixed his classes.

“He’s hot,” Percy snorted, “And that’s what he sees in her too – just another piece of meat to add to his ‘bang’ list.”

“He has a ‘bang’ list?” Malcolm gaped at him.

“Probably. He doesn’t see that Annabeth is a smart, funny, charming girl. All he sees is her body and how pretty she is.”

“Yeaaaah,” Malcolm drawled out, peering closer at Percy. He didn’t remember seeing him around school but then again, he just kind of blended into the surroundings. Still, he was the first guy who Malcolm met that didn’t look at Annabeth sleazily and say your sister’s sexy, so that was something. If Malcolm had to choose between Castellan and Percy he’d definitely pick Percy, even if his
appearance was a little...questionable. Malcolm might’ve not been nearly as good looking as his sister, but he was smart, and a plan began to form in his head, “Hey, you wanna go for coffee sometime?”

Malcolm was on the shy side, but Percy’s appearance and laid-backness made it easy for him to ask him to go out. Overly confident people really stressed Malcolm out. He thought he saw Percy smile.

“Yeah. I’d love that.”

Malcolm grinned; he had just found Annabeth the perfect boyfriend...he just needed a little tweaking.

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Percy saw the guy standing all by himself, leaning against the wall. He was fucking adorable, all carefully combed blond hair and kind of pissed-off eyes. The nerdy look, complete with a jumper and glasses, really suited him. Percy hid in the corner and watched him, trying to get up the courage to go talk to him even though he knew the boy was way out of his league.

Just do it Jackson, he told himself and forced his feet to move. He crossed the dance floor, shoving past writhing bodies, and suddenly he wished he had worn a nicer hoodie. As Percy approached he saw that the blond was staring at a couple across the room – Annabeth and Luke - they were both in Percy’s chemistry class. Just as Percy was thinking of what he could say to woo this beauty he heard the kid mumble something angrily under his breath.

“Prick.”

“Isn’t he?” Percy improvised, leaning next to the boy on the wall and pretending he was relaxed. He startled the boy, who turned to look at him. He was a head shorter, and his eyes looked really pretty. Fuck, I should’ve washed my hair, Percy scolded himself mentally.

“Um, do I know you?” the boy asked, seeming nervous and a little scared – Percy understood that he looked a little like a drug dealer...okay, he looked a lot like a drug dealer. In an effort to be friendly he stuck his hand out and shouted over the music.

“I’m Percy. Percy Jackson.”

The boy took his hand. It was smaller than Percy’s, and soft, “I’m Malcolm Chase.”


“Yeah, she’s my sister. I’m from the year below.”


“I’ve never seen you either,” Malcolm replied. The fact that he hadn’t run away screaming yet was a good sign so Percy decided to try and carry on this conversation before Malcolm decided he was weird and fucked off.

“Eh, parties aren’t really my thing. I’m here because my best friend dragged me,” Percy pointed to his best friend, Frank, dancing with his girlfriend Hazel a few feet away. Malcolm nodded and looked away.

“Right.”
It was getting awkward, and Percy panicked. He didn’t like anybody else in the room and he really just wanted to have a chat with Malcolm. He was intriguing, different from the other teenagers in the room.

“Are you drinking that?” Percy asked in panic, pointing to Malcolm’s cup.

“Oh, no,” the boy offered it to Percy, “Feel free to finish it. I don’t like beer anyway.”

“Thanks,” Percy took the cup from him, their fingers skimming against each other, and then chugged the bitter liquid, hoping it would give him confidence. Malcolm watched him with a little smile playing on his lips, “So,” Percy finished the drink and fought a burp, “You monitoring your sister?”

Malcolm sighed and glared at the couple, “Yeah. I don’t want her to do anything with that prick.”

Percy was glad they had something in common, “Luke Castellan? Yeah, he’s a right asshole.”

“I don’t get what she sees in him,” Malcolm shook his head and pushed his glasses further up his button nose, a gesture Percy found really cute. It was as if Malcolm was completely unaware of his adorable he was.

“He’s hot. And that’s what he sees in her too – just another piece of meat to add to his ‘bang’ list.”

“He has a ‘bang’ list?” Malcolm gaped at him.

“Probably. He doesn’t see that Annabeth is a smart, funny, charming girl. All he sees is her body and how pretty she is.” Even as he said it, Percy’s eyes danced over Malcolm. He decided the boy was definitely prettier than his sister. Okay relax, he told himself, you don’t even know if he likes guys.

“Yeaaaah,” Malcolm looked at Percy weirdly and the boy feared that he had fucked up...but then Malcolm asked something really weird, “Hey, you wanna go for coffee tomorrow?”

Percy tried to conceal his shock, and he didn’t know how well he managed. He really had not expected for Malcolm to ask someone like him out,

“Yeah,” Percy managed to get out, “I’d love that.”

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“So...how’s Luke?” Malcolm asked the next morning while he and Annabeth were eating breakfast. The girl sipped her coffee and gave Malcolm a weird look.

“Since when do you care? I thought you hated his guts.”

She looked like shit – hangovers were bitches. Malcolm was really glad he didn’t drink last night. He cut into his egg so the yolk spilled over his plate, “I do,” he said casually, “That’s why I’m asking.”

“Relax,” Annie rolled her eyes, and the groaned in pain at her hangover-headache, “We’re just friends...that kiss occasionally.”

“He wants to have sex with you,” Malcolm said pointedly.

“So?”

The boy sighed, “Annie, you need to get yourself a boyfriend that gives a shit about you.”
“What do you know?” Annabeth glared at him, “Besides, don’t you have a date with some strange kid from my year?”

“It’s not a date,” Malcolm felt a blush rising to his cheeks.

“Sure.”

The boy shook his head and stood up, when all he wanted to do was tell Annabeth that he was doing this for her. He didn’t particularly want to go out with Percy – sure, the guy seemed nice and their conversation flowed, but it wasn’t like they would make good friends or anything. Percy was a weirdo, Malcolm was a nerd, it wouldn’t work. The blond’s aim was simply to ensure that Percy’s motivations were good and then get Annabeth to fall in love with him and be happy. So far everything seemed fine; Percy clearly liked Annabeth, and for more than her looks. Malcolm could already imagine the wedding day.

“I’m going,” he walked down the hallway and put on his shoes before grabbing his jacket, “I’ll see you later.”

“Bye!” Annabeth called after him, “Don’t go kissing that boy!”

Malcolm had exchanged numbers with Percy at the party and over text they decided to meet up at the coffee shop that was only a five minute walk from Malcolm’s house. When he showed up there, his shoes wet from the snow that lined the streets and nose red with cold, he found Percy already sitting inside by the window.

As Malcolm approached he had to admit that the guy looked much better in daylight. It looked like he had washed his hair and had switched out the tattered hoodie for a dark sweatshirt. His shoulders were broad and his eyes were blue and he smiled when he saw Malcolm.

“Hi!” he stood up when the blond approached and Malcolm’s stomach did a little flip. He didn’t have many friends so this was...nice.

“Hi,” he said. For a second he and Percy looked at each other awkwardly, unsure of how to greet each other. Then, to Malcolm’s surprise, Percy pulled him for a hug. The blond was too shock to even register it and Percy let go of him quickly before sitting down. Malcolm sat opposite him.

“So,” he unwound his scarf from around his neck, “it...um...snowed last night.”

Percy snickered, “We’re going to talk about the weather. Really?”

Malcolm grinned, “Yeah, okay, lame. How’s your hangover?”

“Nothing a little coffee can’t fix,” Percy’s eyes twinkled. Yup, Malcolm thought, he’d be great for Annie.

“I’m gonna get one. You want something?”

“Depends,” Malcolm said, “What are you having?”


“Wow, you really don’t seem like the type to drink that.”

“Eh, I know,” Percy shrugged.

“I’ll just have a black coffee please,” Malcolm said, pulling out his wallet. Percy looked at him.
“You don’t seem like the black coffee type either, honestly,” he admitted.

“Oh yeah? What type do I look like then?”


“Are you calling me cute?” he asked, feigning offence. Percy grinned.

“Yup. Like a marshmallow.”

“Asshole,” Malcolm said, but he couldn’t keep the smile off his face. This isn’t part of the plan, he reminded himself quickly and offered Percy the money. The boy waved him off.

“Nah, I’ll get it. My treat.”

Before Malcolm could protest Percy walked to the counter. The blond sighed and looked out of the window. It started to snow again. And a gentleman too...he had really scored the jackpot – if he could get Annie and Percy together it would be like a fairytale.

“Here you go,” Percy re-appeared and placed the coffee in front of Malcolm.

“Thanks,” the grateful boy took a sip as Percy settled opposite him. Then he cleared his throat, “Okay, so, I must admit that me asking you to meet me wasn’t completely free of an agenda,” he said.

Percy leaned forward, “I’m intrigued, go on.”

“So, I’ve been trying to figure out a way to get Castellan off my sisters back-“

“You want me to beat him up?” Percy asked. Malcolm gave him an exasperated look. It felt like he had known Percy for years.

“No...at least not yet. That can be plan B,” he said, and Percy nodded, “Plan A is that you date her.”

The boy blinked, “Huh?”

“You obviously like her,” Malcolm rolled his eyes, “But you’re different from all the other boys that wanna get in her pants. You seem to actually like her for who she is.”

“I-“

“So, I was thinking that with my brilliant help you could make her your girl,” Malcolm was getting hesitant, seeing the pure shock on Percy’s face, but he knew he had to press on for Annabeth’s sake, “You could come to our house under the pretence that you’re seeing me but actually you’d be able to woo her while I’d be your inside-man, putting in good words for you and reporting back to you what she thinks.”

Percy looked like he was mulling the idea over, “So...you want me to hang out with you...to woo Annabeth and save her from a dark fate with Luke Castellan?” he summarised. Malcolm nodded, flushed with excitement.

“Precisely.”


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Percy was so anxious about his meeting with Malcolm that he showed up half an hour late even though he knew that it wasn’t a date. Back when Percy used to do that – date, that is – it was always with stupid pretty girls who wanted to screw and have a hot boyfriend to show off. Since Percy stopped taking care of himself the dates he got decreased rapidly, though this was the first one in his life that he even cared about. But it wasn’t a date...obviously.

He had picked a window seat and sat there, nervously wringing out his hands and thinking of things he could say to Malcolm to charm him. He had put on his best sweatshirt for this.

“Hi!” the sound of Malcolm’s voice startled Percy and he looked up. His heart started to pound in his chest. Malcolm looked casually gorgeous in his blue jeans and a cream sweater, a blue and purple striped scarf around his neck and snow melting in his pale hair. His cute nose and cheeks were flushed from the cold.

“Hi,” Percy stood up and just stared at him. Holy shit, he thought, and he couldn’t stop thinking it.

How had he not seen this boy before? He ran over options in his head – should he shake his hand, or just sit down...or...Percy decided to just shoot his shot. He leaned forward and pulled Malcolm into a hug, enjoying the brief contact between them but letting go before it became weird. Malcolm looked a little taken aback.

Shit. Percy sat down in the armchair and Malcolm slid into the one opposite him. He started to unwind his scarf, revealing his pale neck.

“So...,” he started, “It...um...snowed last night.”

Percy snickered, he couldn’t help himself. It was such an awkward thing to say and yet Percy was glad Malcolm had said it because it meant he was as nervous as Percy, “We’re going to talk about the weather. Really?”

Malcolm grinned, “Yeah, okay, lame. How’s your hangover?”

“Nothing a little coffee can’t fix,” Percy smiled right back at the boy, “I’m gonna get one. You want something?”

“Depends. What are you having?”


“Wow, you really don’t seem like the type to drink that.”

“Eh, I know,” Percy shrugged – he got that a lot but he liked to defy expectations.

“I’ll just have a black coffee please,” Malcolm said. Clearly he liked defying expectations too.

“You don’t seem like the black coffee type either, honestly,” Percy said.

“Oh yeah? What type do I look like then?” Malcolm rummaged in his bag but he gave Percy a quickly, sly glance upward that made Percy’s heart beat faster. It’s not a date, it’s not a date...

“Uh...dunno. Something sweet and cutey,” Percy said teasingly. Malcolm gaped at him, and for a second Percy thought he fucked up and blew his cover. But then he saw the amusement sparkling in Malcolm’s grey eyes.

“Are you calling me cute?” the boy asked teasingly. Percy grinned, relieved that Malcolm didn’t find him weird.
“Yup. Like a marshmallow.”

“Asshole,” Malcolm said, smiling. Then he stuck out his hand, offering Percy money for the coffee. Even though Percy knew it wasn’t a date, a part of him wanted to pretend it was, so he waved the boy off.

“Nah, I’ll get it. My treat.”

He walked off before Malcolm could say anything, and was grinning as he placed their order. Malcolm seemed like a sweet, funny guy and Percy wondered why he had invited Percy out. They weren’t in the same year, they had different friends, yesterday was the first time they had met...Percy tried not to get his hopes up as he carried the coffees to the table. Malcolm was staring out of the window. I wonder who he’s thinking about...

“Here you go,” Percy put Malcolm’s coffee in front of him and sat back down. Malcolm gave him a little, sweet smile and took the cup in both of his hands. The sleeves of his sweater were pulled over his hands, making him seem smaller and cuter than he already was.

“Thanks,” he took a sip, and Percy took a sip too. Then Malcolm cleared his throat, “Okay, so, I must admit that me asking you to meet me wasn’t completely free of an agenda.”

Percy leaned forward, his heart pounding, “I’m intrigued, go on.”

“So, I’ve been trying to figure out a way to get Castellan off my sisters back-“

“You want me to beat him up?” Percy joked. Malcolm gave him a deadpan look.

“No...at least not yet. That can be plan B,” he said, and Percy nodded, pleased that Malcolm was entertaining him, “Plan A is that you date her.”

Percy felt like he had been slapped. He blinked, “Huh?”

“You obviously like her,” Malcolm rolled his eyes and Percy just stared at him in shock, “But you’re different from all the other boys that wanna get in her pants. You seem to actually like her for who she is.”

“I-“ Percy tried to interrupt, but then what would he have said? I like you, not your sister? That seemed weird, and creepy, and he didn’t know if Malcolm was gay or bi or straight or anything in between...he let the boy continue, trying to digest the information.

“So, I was thinking that with my brilliant help you could make her your girl,” Malcolm continued, a blush rising to his cheeks, “You could come to our house under the pretence that you’re seeing me but actually you’d be able to woo her while I’d be your inside-man, putting in good words for you and reporting back to you what she thinks.”

Percy thought. Okay, don’t...the radical part of his brain told him to end this new acquaintance quickly before he got into trouble. But another part of him really, really wanted to get to know Malcolm, and what he was offering – well, it was a chance to do just that. Even if Percy would have to pretend to like Annabeth, even if by the end Malcolm might not even like him...it was still a chance, “So...you want me to hang out with you...to woo Annabeth and save her from a dark fate with Luke Castellan?” he said, tasting the words. Malcolm looked excited.

“Precisely.”

Percy smiled, already knowing he was going to regret this, “Okay, kiddo. You’ve got yourself a
“Uh...any reason why Percy Jackson is joining us for a movie night?” Annabeth asked as Malcolm pulled popcorn out of the microwave.

“Yeah, we’re friends.”

“Friends?” Annabeth raised an eyebrow, “With an older boy from my class? Malkie, he’s a weirdo.”

“No, he’s nice,” Malcolm said, “Much nicer than some other dudes from your year anyway.”

Annabeth sighed, “It’s just that...it’s our thing. Thursday movie nights.”

“It’s just once,” Malcolm rolled his eyes, “Relax, Annie. It’ll be fun. Besides, we’re both scared of horror movies so it’s nice to have someone next to us that could defend us if anything.”

“Hey, I can defend myself.”

Malcolm raised his arm and flexed his non-existent bicep, “Good for you. I can’t,” he smiled at the girl, “Come on. It’s just a movie.”

He padded into the dark living room where Percy was already sat, flicking through horror movies on Netflix. He was sat in the middle of the couch. Perfect, Malcolm thought as he put the popcorn on the coffee table in front of the sofa, next to three cans of coke. He plopped down on Percy’s left, leaving Annabeth no choice but to sit on the boy’s right. She did so tentatively, offering Percy a tight smile before sliding down next to him. Malcolm bit back a smile. Sure, it would be awkward at first but soon enough Annabeth would find out how lovely, funny and interesting Percy was and then she’d forget all about that prick Castellan.


“We’ve seen it,” Annabeth said, opening her can of coke, “Let’s watch the new ‘IT.’”

“It’s not on Netflix,” Percy said.

“Hmmm...what about ‘The Purge?’”

“Seen it,” Percy said, “But we can see it again-“

“No, no,” Annabeth smiled, “Let’s find something we all haven’t seen so we can all be equally scared.”

Malcolm smiled to himself and didn’t get involved in the conversation, enjoying the easy-going banter between Percy and his sister as they tried to choose a movie. Everything seemed to be going to plan.

“Okay, so ‘Mama’ it is,” Percy proclaimed after a few more minutes of play-bickering with Annabeth. The boy turned to Malcolm, “You good with that?”

“Yeah, whatever you guys want,” Malcolm smiled at Percy and sipped his coke. The boy put the movie on and the trio all settled against the couch. At first Malcolm happily monitored Percy and Annabeth, giggling along with the funny remarks about the movie that Percy made. Somehow having him next to him made Malcolm less afraid of the movie.
However pretty quickly things got scary on-screen and with each jump-scare Annabeth and Malcolm would flinch violently until Percy started laughing, “God, you two are pussies,” he teased.

“Shut up, Jackson,” Annabeth grumbled. Malcolm grinned – if Annabeth called someone by their last name it meant she was fond of them. Malcolm’s grin disappeared when Mama appeared on-screen. He was embarrassed to say he let out a little scream and spilled some coke on himself.

“Jesus,” Percy snickered, “You two wanna cuddle? I’ll protect you from the big bad demons.”

Malcolm heard shifting on the other side of the couch and when he peeked around Percy he saw – pleased – that his sister had snuggled into Percy’s side and that he had his arm around her.

“If you tell anyone about this, Jackson, I’ll kill you.”

“I’m not gonna let out a peep,” Percy whispered, then turned to Malcolm with a smile. The blond wished Percy’s hair wasn’t in his face so he could properly study his expression, “You wanna cuddle too?” Percy lifted his arm.

Malcolm was about to say no since he didn’t want to ruin the moment between the two love-birds, but the movie was getting intense so he wiggled closer and curled up by Percy’s side. The boy put his arm around Malcolm and pulled him closer – the blond was honestly surprised at how strong Percy was. When the next jump-scare happened, Malcolm pressed his face into the boy’s shoulder. Percy’s cologne smelled nice. He put it on for Annabeth, Malcolm reminded himself but when he tried to pull away Annabeth reached across Percy’s chest and grabbed his hand.

“You are like two kids,” Percy said fondly.

Annabeth squeezed Malcolm’s hand every time something scary happened, and Malcolm spent the rest of the movie with his face half-hidden in Percy’s shoulder.

***

Percy sat awkwardly on the couch while Annabeth and Malcolm whispered about something in the kitchen. It was real awkward, and obvious that Annabeth didn’t want him there but Percy had promised Malcolm he’d try to ‘woo’ her so he couldn’t decline his movie night offer. Besides, it was a chance to spend time with Malcolm. After their coffee-date-not-date at which they spent four hours just laughing and talking Percy wanted to get to know him more...even if he had to pretend he was into his sister for it to happen.

Malcolm appeared and put the popcorn bowl down on the coffee table. He was in his pj’s – penguin patterned bottoms and a loose white t-shirt. Somehow he looked softer and younger. Percy had deliberately sat in the middle so Malcolm would have no choice but to sit next to him and that happened – the blond settled in by Percy’s side and moments later Annabeth joined them. She exchanged an awkward smile with Percy.

Since he had the remote, Percy started scrolling through the horror section of Netflix.

“What about ‘Before I Wake?’” he asked to break the tense silence.

“We’ve seen it,” Annabeth said, opening her can of coke, “Let’s watch the new ‘IT.’”

“It’s not on Netflix,” Percy said. Beside, it was scary and he didn’t want to watch it again though he’d never tell the siblings that; he wanted to impress Malcolm.

“Hmm...what about ‘The Purge?’” Annabeth asked.
“Seen it,” Percy said, then quickly added, “But we can see it again-“

“No, no,” Annabeth smiled, “Let’s find something we all haven’t seen so we can all be equally scared.”

“Good point,” Percy smiled at her. When she smiled back she seemed a little less cold – that was good. Percy wanted the sister of his crush to like him, “Maybe ‘Don’t Breathe?’ I heard it’s good.”

“Yeah, could do,” Annabeth said, popping a popcorn into her mouth, “But I kind of wanna check out something more...dunno...paranormal?”

“What about ‘Paranormal Activity?’”

“Eh, only the fourth one’s good,” Annabeth said.

Malcolm was being weirdly quiet. Percy glanced at him but the boy was just looking at the TV, smiling and sipping his coke. Percy continued to scroll.

“Hey!” Annabeth said suddenly, “‘Mama’ looks creepy!”

Percy had to agree, “Okay, so ‘Mama’ it is,” he looked at Malcolm again, “You good with that?”

“Yeah, whatever you guys want,” Malcolm smiled at Percy adorably. I could kiss you right now, Percy thought and looked away guiltily, putting the movie on.

As the movie started to play Percy ensured he wasn’t being weird or touching Malcolm or anything. He didn’t want the boy to think he was a freak and since he already looked like one, well...

In the end it turned out that watching the movie with the Chase’s was really fun, their reactions being particularly entertaining. At one point Annabeth jumped so hard she almost choked on a popcorn kernel.

“Jesus Christ,” Malcolm whimpered.

“God, you two are pussies,” Percy laughed. He was so hyper-aware of Malcolm, right next to him, that he couldn’t even focus on the movie.

“Shut up, Jackson,” Annabeth grumbled. Percy poked her with his elbow playfully. Then Malcolm let out a sudden scream.

“Jesus,” Percy snickered and looked at the boy who was frantically wiping spilled coke off his pyjama top. Feeling brave, Percy asked, “You two wanna cuddle? I’ll protect you from the big bad demons.”

To his surprise it was Annabeth who took him up on it first, sliding underneath his arm.

“If you tell anyone about this, Jackson, I’ll kill you,” she threatened.

“I’m not gonna let out a peep,” Percy whispered, then turned to Malcolm with a smile. He was the one Percy really wanted to hug, “You wanna cuddle too?” he asked, lifting his arm in a way he hoped was inviting. He had even put cologne on.

Malcolm looked hesitant, but as screams rang out on-screen he made a speed-decision and wriggled his way to Percy’s side. He was warm, tiny and soft, his hair tickling Percy’s neck. He was trembling when the older boy wrapped his arm around him. Subconsciously he tugged the blond closer, wanting to protect him. He also wanted to do other things like stroke his hair, or wrap his
arm around his waist, or kiss his forehead or something to comfort him. He stopped himself though. He and Malcolm were just friends.

“You are like two kids,” he said instead. A few seconds later Malcolm tried to pull away and Percy’s heart fell in disappointment. But Annabeth reached out and took her brother’s hand, keeping him there, almost as if she knew. Percy was thankful for that. Just until the end of the movie, Percy told himself, then I’ll let him go.

***

Malcolm and Annabeth walked, arm in arm, down the snow-covered street, trying not to slip on the iced-over puddles. It was dark and late but the streets were bustling with activity. Malcolm was happy – he had his sister with him and they were on their way to a diner to have dinner with Percy. Malcolm felt that after the last few times the boy came over to his house he and Annabeth really started to get along. It’s budding love, Malcolm thought happily as they walked, the signs from the shops colouring the snow a dozen colours. He could see it – Annabeth’s thank-you speech at the wedding, he could imagine their kids; dark haired like Percy, grey-eyed like Annabeth. They’d be beautiful.

“Hey, Malkie,” Annabeth said when the diner came into view, “I forgot to tell you about something...”

“Come on, we’ll be late,” Malcolm hurried his step, the chilly night air biting at his exposed cheeks, “Percy’s waiting.”

“Yeah, but-“

Annabeth didn’t get to finish because they walked into the diner, greeted by lovely warm air. Malcolm’s eyes eagerly scanned the diner for Percy and he saw him at one of the booths. He looked nicer than usual in a button-down, but his hair still covered too much of his face. I should take him to the hairdressers, Malcolm thought. Then he froze.

Percy looked annoyed, steely eyes on someone sitting opposite him.

“There they are,” Annabeth said sheepishly, “Hi boys!”

Percy looked at them, and his expression brightened up. Then his companion turned around and Malcolm’s blood chilled. His jaw clenched.

“What the hell is he doing here?” he hissed, digging his fingers into Annabeth’s arm.


“Well if it isn’t the Chase’s,” Luke turned to Annabeth and kissed her quickly on the mouth, “Hey sexy.”

Malcolm felt his blood boiling. He couldn’t believe Annabeth pulled this shit.


“Well if it isn’t the Chase’s,” Luke turned to Annabeth and kissed her quickly on the mouth, “Hey sexy.”

Malcolm felt his blood boiling. He couldn’t believe Annabeth pulled this shit.

“This your boyfriend?” Luke asked, pointing at Percy with his chin.

“No!” both the boy’s blurted. Malcolm felt himself blushing.

“Thought so,” Luke smirked, “I always knew you were a little sissy, Malcolm, but Percy...”
“Hey,” Annabeth punched Luke’s arm, “Behave yourself.” She gave Malcolm an *I’m sorry* smile, “Should we order?” she opened her menu hurriedly. Malcolm glared at Luke, who winked at him, and then glanced at Percy. The boy was submerged in his menu, barely paying attention. He didn’t look nearly as pissed as Malcolm expected him too – Annabeth had brought a different guy with her, why wasn’t he mad?! Maybe he felt confident enough in his and Annabeth’s budding romance that he didn’t feel threatened by Luke...? That thought relaxed Malcolm a bit, and he looked at his menu.


“Thanks, you too.”

Percy looked away, “Um, Annabeth looks really pretty too.”

“Yeah, she does,” Malcolm couldn’t decide between French fries or onion rings, “Sorry about the Luke thing. I didn’t know.”

“No worries,” Percy smiled at Malcolm, “Hey if you get fries and I get onion rings could we split?”

Malcolm beamed at him, “Yeah, sure.”

A waitress came over and the four of them placed their orders.

“So,” Luke fake-stretched so he could put an arm behind Annabeth. Malcolm narrowed his eyes at the two of them, “Since when are you two friends?”

“Since none of your business,” Malcolm snapped and Luke laughed as if Malcolm was some adorable, annoying little pest. Annabeth kicked him underneath the table and gave him a *behave or I’ll kill you* look. Malcolm glared at her. Luke’s presence ruined what could’ve been a perfectly lovely evening during which Malcolm was more than happy to third wheel.

“Since Piper’s party,” Percy answered the question, “What about you two, you guys a thing?” his voice was calm and collected. Malcolm was a little impressed by how cool he was being.

“Nah,” Luke smirked, “We don’t like labels.”

Annabeth bit her lip and looked away. It was exactly what Malcolm was trying to avoid for her; he didn’t want Luke to screw her over like he was doing now basically admitting that they weren’t anything important while Annabeth – secretly – swooned over him. Percy would be so much better for her because he seemed like he wouldn’t hurt a fly.

“Right, sure,” Malcolm rolled his eyes.

Okay, settle down kiddo, you wouldn’t want to get hurt,” Luke said.


“Aw, how cute, you’re defending your boyfriend.”

Malcolm stood up abruptly, “I’m going to the bathroom,” he said and then hurried off before he did something stupid like punching Luke in the face. He’d probably just break his knuckles. The boy got into the bathroom and, thankfully, it was empty. He turned the tap on and splashed his face with cold
water before looking at his reflection. The harsh overhead lights weren’t doing him any favours.


“What do you want?” he whirled around to face the blond. Luke held up his hands in surrender,

“Woah, relax babe,” he was grinning like the arrogant asshole he was, “Just making sure you’re not crying or nothing.”

“I’m not your babe,” Malcolm fumed.

“Are you not?” Luke raised an eyebrow and suddenly he was way too close. Malcolm backed up until his back hit the wall, but Luke just followed, towering over Malcolm. The boy was in shock when Luke put his hands on either side of his head, caging him in, “You know, you might not be as sexy as your sister but I bet you’re still a good fuck. Your boyfriend over there not giving you the vitamin D you need?”

“Excuse me?!” Malcolm gaped at him.

“Come on, babe,” Luke leaned in close so Malcolm could smell the alcohol on his breath. The fucker was drunk, “You wanna do it here, rough and dirty? We could pretend it never happened-“

Malcolm slapped him, outraged. The smile slipped off Luke’s mouth and suddenly he looked pissed. He grabbed Malcolm by the front of his shirt, “You little bitch-”

Percy hauled him backwards, and Luke managed to tear Malcolm’s shirt a little before letting go and stumbling back. Percy shoved him up against a stall, and he looked pissed. Although he was an inch shorter than Luke, he had the advantage in that moment.

“Touch him again and I’ll rip your fucking balls off,” he growled. Luke seemed completely shocked by Percy’s actions – usually he was relaxed and gentle.

“I-It was just a joke,” he managed to get out. Percy let go of him and Luke glared at both of them, “Whatever. Fuck both of you.” He stormed out of the bathroom.

Malcolm couldn’t believe what just happened. Percy rushed to him and suddenly he was as close as Luke had been, except Malcolm didn’t mind like...at all.

“Are you okay?” Percy demanded, hands touching Malcolm’s cheeks and face, “Fuck, that actual fucker, I should’ve punched him,” Percy’s fingers skimmed Malcolm’s throat and the boy shivered. His shirt hung loose on him, “Did he do anything to you?!?”

“N-No,” Malcolm managed to get out, “H-He just wanted me to...to...,” he swallowed and pulled his flannel shirt tightly around himself, “I’m fine.”

Percy’s expression was soft now. He bit his lip, then stepped back, “Okay,” he said.

“I’m sorry,” Malcolm looked away, “This was supposed to be a nice dinner for you and Annabeth to get to know each other better and-“

Percy pulled him into a hug, “It’s fine, don’t worry about it,” he murmured. Malcolm blinked, then melted into the embrace. It felt really good to be held in that moment. Percy stroked his back, “You’re okay now,” he whispered and – weirdly – it made Malcolm feel a whole load better.

“Hey,” he whispered, “I was thinking...do you want to come to the hairdressers with me?”
“I’m here for Annabeth,” Percy had said.

“I’m here for Annabeth, too,” Luke had replied.

It was the only thing they said to each other, spending the next ten minutes gritting their teeth and exchanging glares while passively-aggressively flexing their muscles. Percy was pissed that Luke was here, not because of Annabeth, but because he had wanted to get closer to Malcolm and the blond’s overpowering presence was going to make that harder.

“Hi boys!” Annabeth’s shout was a welcome distraction from the heated glare-battle Percy was having with Luke. He looked up and immediately felt better when he saw the Chase’s hurrying over. Malcolm looked as confused and pissed as Percy felt while still somehow managing to look cute as hell.

Well if it isn’t the Chase’s,” Luke said when Annabeth slid in next to him, then kissed her on the mouth, “Hey sexy.”  Percy had to fight the urge to pull Malcolm close and do the same. “This your boyfriend?” Luke asked Malcolm. The dark-haired boy’s heart started pounding and he wanted to, really badly, say yes but he knew that he couldn’t ruin his and Malcolm’s friendship so he shouted -

“No!” at the same time as Malcolm. It made his heart ache that Malcolm had said it so easily.

“Thought so,” Luke smirked, “I always knew you were a little sissy, Malcolm, but Percy…”

The dark-haired boy glared at him once more and snatched up the menu, pretending he was reading something on the page.

“Hey,” Annabeth punched Luke’s arm, “Behave yourself. Should we order?” Everyone opened their menus. Luke said something unfunny that Annabeth laughed about, and Percy risked a glance at Malcolm. The boy’s jaw was so tight he was scared the boy’s teeth might break so he leaned in a little closer.

“You look nice,” he dared to say. Malcolm blinked up at him.

“Thanks, you too,” he said, as innocent and naive as always. Can’t you see that I like you? Percy asked, and then continued on pretending he was going along with Malcolm’s matchmaking plan.

“Well, Annabeth looks really pretty too.”


“No worries,” Percy smiled at Malcolm. He saw his fingers dancing between the French fries and onion rings, “Hey if you get fries and I get onion rings could we split?”

Malcolm gave him the most beautiful smile, “Yeah, sure.”

“Hey guys,” a waitress appeared, “Can I take your orders?”

When she left, Luke fake-stretched and put his arm around Annabeth, “So, since when are you two friends?” he asked, eyes sliding slyly between Malcolm and Percy.

“Since none of your business,” Malcolm snapped. Percy hid his smile behind his hand and answered the question.

“Since Piper’s party. What about you two, you guys a thing?” he asked, looking between Luke and
Annabeth.

“Nah. We don’t like labels.”

“Right, sure,” Malcolm rolled his eyes.

“Okay, settle down kiddo, you wouldn’t want to get hurt,” Luke said. Percy wondered if that was a threat and if it meant he could beat Luke up.


“Hey, lay off him, Castellan,” Percy said, eyes narrowing. He was ready to punch the guy if he had to – Malcolm was small and weak, and Percy would never let Luke hurt him. Annabeth looked like she could hold her own.


Malcolm stood up abruptly, surprising everyone “I’m going to the bathroom,” he said and then hurried off.

“For God’s sake,” Annabeth looked annoyed, “You could be nicer to him.”


He got up and went after Malcolm, which unsettled Percy. He watched the blond saunter off with his jaw clenched.

“Okay, tell me what the hell is going on here,” Annabeth leaned forward. Percy blinked.

“Huh?”

“Don’t act dumb,” the girl raised an eyebrow, “You wouldn’t be hanging out with a younger boy unless you had a piece in all this so spill, what is it? Are you trying to get in his pants.”

Percy chuckled, “Jesus, you two are the same.”


“You’re as protective over him as he is of you,” the boy relaxed. He was tired of pretending and if Annabeth knew...well, maybe she’d help him with his dilemma. “He came up with a plan to have me date you since he doesn’t like Luke.”

“E-Excuse me?!” Annabeth demanded. The waitress brought their drinks and when she was gone the girl leaned forward, “What do you mean?! Are you trying to get with me?!”

“No,” Percy said calmly, “But I’m pretty sure I’m falling for Malcolm.”

Annabeth looked surprised, “Oh...well...,” she swallowed, “I think you should go for it. He likes guys you know, and you’re a really nice guy.”

“Speaking of nice guys,” Percy got a weird feeling in his gut, “I’m gonna go check up on them, okay?”

Annabeth nodded but by that time Percy was already halfway to the bathroom. Something was telling him he had to get to Malcolm, fast. He was glad he came the moment he opened the bathroom door and saw that Luke had Malcolm up against the wall, gripping his shirt. Malcolm
looked so small and scared. Percy saw red. He grabbed Luke by the shirt and hauled him backwards, slamming him into the wall. Luke groaned in pain and looked at Percy, disoriented. Don’t kill him, don’t kill him...

“Touch him again and I’ll rip your fucking balls off,” Percy snarled, his hands itching to hit Luke in his smug little face. But he didn’t look smug now – he looked kind of freaked out.

“I-it was just a joke,” he said, then collected himself somewhat, “Whatever. Fuck both of you.” He stormed out of the bathroom. The second he was gone all tension and adrenaline seeped out of Percy’s body and he turned to his priority, rushing to Malcolm.

“Are you okay?” he asked, panicking a little. Malcolm looked pale and Percy couldn’t hold his hands back as they caressed Malcolm’s face, subconsciously checking for invisible injuries, “Fuck, that actual fucker, I should’ve punched him,” Percy’s touched Malcolm’s throat gently and tried not to stare at his exposed chest too much – Luke had partly ripped his shirt, “Did he do anything to you?!”

“No,” Malcolm managed to get out, “He just wanted me to...to...I’m fine,” he pulled his flannel around himself tightly, hiding his ripped shirt. Percy felt like he had a lump in his throat and he wanted to just hold Malcolm and chase away any traces of Luke on his skin. Instead he stepped back.

“Okay.”

“I’m sorry,” Malcolm suddenly looked so heartbroken that Percy couldn’t take it, “This was supposed to be a nice dinner for you and Annabeth to get to know each other better and-“

Percy pulled Malcolm into his arms and held him tightly, pressing the small boy up against himself and just enjoying his warmth, “It’s fine, don’t worry about it,” he murmured, and happiness blossomed inside him when Malcolm leaned into the hug. “You’re okay now.”

Malcolm nodded weakly against his shoulder, then hugged Percy back quickly, “Hey. I was thinking...do you want to come to the hairdressers with me?”

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“I don’t know it’s a bit...flashy,” Percy admitted, awkwardly standing in front of Malcolm. They were out shopping together and after two hours they had only managed to buy one t-shirt and some beige shorts.

“Hmmm, agreed,” Malcolm said thoughtfully. The Hawaiian t-shirt didn’t suit Percy, “I’m sorry that I’m making you do this. I just...you’d have bigger chances with Annabeth if you dressed well. Is that really superficial of me?”

Percy sighed, “No, you’re right. I’ve really stopped giving a shit about my appearance,” he pushed his greasy fringe out of his face a little and gave Malcolm a shy smile. The blond’s heart twisted and a warm feeling crept up his chest. He refused to name it, even though he knew exactly what it was – he had had that feeling before, but he thought that maybe ignoring it would make it go away. This was about Annabeth, and he couldn’t ruin this for her because of his selfishness.

“Okay. So maybe that blue t-shirt with the black jeans?” Malcolm offered, averting his eyes from Percy’s broad shoulders. He could still remember how it felt to be held by those arms after Luke had freaked him out...actually he hadn’t been able to stop thinking about it for the past week...which was bad.
“Yeah, I’ll try that,” Percy disappeared back into the changing room. Malcolm bit his lip. He could not get a crush on the boy he was trying to set his sister up with. What would he say at their wedding? *Hi I’m very happy for you two except I want Percy to love me instead.* He buried his face in his hands, glasses digging into his face, and squeezed his eyes shut, willing the weird thoughts to disappear, “Malcolm, are you feeling okay?” Percy sounded concerned.

“Yeah I’m-,” Malcolm looked up and swallowed, “Fine,” he finished weakly, “You look...um...good. Really good.”

“Thanks,” Percy put his hands back into the pockets of his black jeans – by then Malcolm knew it was a habit he had when he was embarrassed. He couldn’t stop his eyes from taking the older boy in; the blue t-shirt matched his eyes and hugged his muscular torso while the dark trousers flattered his legs. It was an upgrade from sweatpants and hoodies, “Should we get it then?”

Malcolm nodded, a little speechless.

Percy stayed in the second outfit and paid for it before both the boys walked out of the shopping centre and towards the hairdressers where Percy had an appointment; he had voluntarily decided he wanted to cut his hair short again since it was too long for him to take care of it.

“So,” Percy said as Malcolm wrapped his scarf tight around his neck, blocking out the cold winter air. “How do I woo Annabeth from here?”

“Well you’ve done all you could,” Malcolm admitted, “You’re a lovely, sweet, charming, funny guy, plus you’re good looking-”

Percy snorted, “C’mon, Malkie.”

Malcolm shivered at the pet name, “I’m serious,” he said, hiding his blushing face in his scarf and playing it off as being flushed from the cold, “You’re attractive. Maybe not her type – she likes bad boys – but attractive nonetheless, so if she doesn’t see what a great guy you are she’s stupid.”

“Gee, Malkie, you’re making me blush,” Percy teased.

“Shut up,” they stopped in front of the hairdresser’s, “I’ll meet you back here in an hour?”

“Yup,” Percy smiled. Malcolm watched him walk into the shop, then sighed and continued on his walk. He had to clear his head.

He made it to a nearby park and brushed snow off a bench before sitting down. Nearby kids were building a snowman. Malcolm sighed and leaned back on the bench, looking up at the steely sky. *What to do...?* he was running out of parts to his plan and there were two things that could happen; either Annabeth fell madly in love with Percy after his makeover and they’d have a happy ever after, or she wouldn’t. There were pluses and minuses to both. If she fell in love with Percy then Malcolm’s plan would be a success; they could have a lovely wedding in Alaska, since Annabeth loves snow, and then go to the Canary Islands for their honeymoon since Percy loved the sea. They’d have pretty kids and Malcolm would be an uncle. The minus of this was...well, Malcolm had a feeling that this crush growing in his chest wouldn’t be so easy to get rid of. On the other hand if Annabeth rejected Percy then she’d probably end up getting her heart broken by Castellan but...well, maybe Malcolm would get a chance to see if Percy would ever give him a shot...no that was stupid and impossible...

How had he fallen for Percy? How could he have been so stupid as to sabotage his own plan...okay, so maybe it wasn’t his fault that Percy turned out to be funnier and kinder than he expected, and that
they liked the same movies and books, and that they could talk for hours...

After an hour Malcolm was so cold he was scared his nose would fall off so he picked himself up off
the bench and waddled back to the hairdressing salon. He was happy about the heat enveloping him
when he walked in, but then he frowned. In one of the chairs was a woman getting her hair dyed,
while on the other chair sat a very good-looking guy. But Percy was nowhere in sight.

“Um, excuse me,” Malcolm said uncertainly. Had Percy bailed on him? “Have you seen my friend?
Percy Jackson?”

“Malcolm,” the good-looking stranger turned to him, “Are you stupid? Clean your glasses, you idiot,
I’m right here.”

Malcolm blinked at the guy. Then he blinked again. Then his mouth fell open.

It was impossible. Malcolm found Percy attractive in the quirky, interesting, enamouring way that
made him want to weasel into his arms and kiss the visible corner of his mouth. But now...*holy shit.*
Percy looked like some kind of underwear model, his hair cut short at the sides and longer up top. It
swept artfully over his brow and both of his beautiful, sparkling blue eyes that Malcolm had yearned
to see for so long were visible.

“O-Oh shit.” Malcolm whispered. Percy smiled sheepishly, “You...you look...you’re...wow....,” he
couldn’t get a full sentence out.

“He looks good, doesn’t he?” the hairdresser asked proudly.

“Yeah...Annabeth’s going to love this,” Malcolm said, focusing on the task at hand. *He’s way too
gorgeous for me,* he realised, heart falling. Looking like that Percy could’ve easily beat Luke in a
hotness competition. Malcolm had to remind himself that it was the same Percy who was obsessed
with Greek mythology and ‘Happy Feet 2.’

“Hopefully,” Percy said, and his smile seemed a little dimmer.

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Percy looked at himself in the mirror awkwardly, turning around to see himself from all-angles.
Honestly the floral, Hawaiian t-shirt that he had picked for himself did him no favours and he really
didn’t want to go out and show himself to Malcolm since he wanted the boy to see the best sides of
him, but he kind of had to. He had agreed to this makeover for a reason; he hoped that Malcolm
would fall for him if he was more attractive.

“I don’t know it’s a bit...flashy,” Percy said, pushing the curtain aside. Malcolm looked up at him,
then pushed his glasses further up his nose.

“Hmmmm, agreed,” the boy bit his lip suddenly and looked a little lost, “I’m sorry,” he apologised,
“that I’m making you do this. I just...,” he looked up at Percy with his doe-like eyes and the older
boy’s heart clenched, “you’d have bigger chances with Annabeth if you dressed well. Is that really
superficial of me?”

“No,” Percy sighed. Why do you always have to bring her up? “you’re right. I’ve really stopped
giving a shit about my appearance.”

“Okay. So maybe that blue t-shirt with the black jeans?” Malcolm suggested shyly, looking away.
He seemed more awkward than normal, as if Percy was making him uncomfortable. The boy was
scared it was because of the over-protective way he had reacted when Luke had tried to get close to
Malcolm...but God, he had been so pissed.

“Yeah, I’ll try that,” Percy mumbled and pulled the curtain shut again. He glared at his reflection in the mirror – You’ve screwed it – before slipping off the Hawaiian t-shirt and picking up a blue one Malcolm had chosen. He shrugged it on, then pulled on some black jeans. He had to admit, he liked the clothes. Exhaling to calm his nerves, Percy walked out of the changing room. He was surprised to see Malcolm with his face in his hands. Worry crept up Percy’s throat, “Malcolm, are you feeling okay?”

“Yeah I’m-,” Malcolm looked up and seemed surprised. Percy tried not to fidget like an insecure thirteen year old girl, “Fine. You look...um...good. Really good.”

“Thanks,” Percy put his hands into his pockets and bit back a smile, “Should we get it then?”

Malcolm nodded. It was only when they were outside in the cold winter afternoon that Percy remembered that they weren’t just hanging out, but that they had a mission, “So,” he started, “How do I woo Annabeth from here?”

“Well you’ve done all you could,” Malcolm said, and then shocked Percy by continuing, “You’re a lovely, sweet, charming, funny guy, plus you’re good looking-“

Percy’s heart clenched, “C’mon, Malkie.”

“I’m serious,” Malcolm was flushed from the cold, and he looked adorable. Percy just found it hard to believe that Malcolm actually believed what he was saying; Percy deliberately didn’t care about his appearance and yet..., “You’re attractive. Maybe not her type – she likes bad boys – but attractive nonetheless, so if she doesn’t see what a great guy you are she’s stupid.”

“Gee, Malkie, you’re making me blush,” Percy said, and he just wanted Malcolm to shut up about his sister. What’s your type? He wanted to ask, Are you really gay? Would you want to give me a shot?

“Shut up,” Malcolm said when they got to the hairdresser’s, “I’ll meet you back here in an hour?”

“Yup,” Percy smiled, took a deep breath and went inside.

There was already a middle-aged woman in a chair with a hairdresser while another one swept hair off the floor, “Hello sweetie,” she said when she saw Percy, “You’ve got an appointment?”

“Um, yeah, Percy. Percy Jackson.”

“Ahh!” the hairdresser put down the broom and patted an empty seat, “Right here, darling,” Percy hesitantly sat down. He hadn’t been to a hairdressers in what felt like forever, “What do you have in mind today, sweetheart?” the woman asked.

“Uh...so I kind of want to cut my hair short. Long on top, shorter at the sides?” Percy asked nervously. The woman nodded.

“Yes. That would suit you. But first let’s clean that hair of yours.”

After an hour of pampering that Percy was not used to he could barely recognise himself in the mirror...okay, that was a lie. A year and a half before he had looked like that – like a stereotypical jock – he didn’t know if wanted to return to the look since he had been a bit of an asshole back then, but he also wanted Malcolm to like him more. He couldn’t always hide behind his hair.
“You like it, sweets?” the hairdresser asked, “You’re a dashing young lad.”

Percy smiled at her in the mirror, “Yes, it’s really nice, thankyou.”

The bell by the door rang and both Percy and the hairdresser looked up. Malcolm was standing by the door anxiously, snow in his pale hair, cheeks red. Percy’s heart twisted...what if he doesn’t like it?

“Um, excuse me,” Malcolm said shyly, “Have you seen my friend? Percy Jackson?”


Malcolm looked at him and for a moment he seemed not to register Percy at all. Then his mouth fell open. Please let that be good, Percy thought desperately.

“O-Oh shit.” Malcolm whispered.

Percy smiled, taking that as a good thing, “You...you look...you’re...wow...”

“He looks good, doesn’t he?” the hairdresser asked. Oh God, he likes it...Percy tried not to grin too much like an idiot. And then Malcolm went and ruined his mood.

“Yeah...Annabeth’s going to love this.”

Percy swallowed, unable to keep his smile genuine anymore. I don’t want her to love this, he wanted to shout, I want you to love it!

“Hopefully,” Percy managed to get out.

***

Malcolm came home from school late since he had been helping out with open evening – there was a huge snow-storm outside so one of the older students had dropped him home. His parents were away for the long weekend so he was surprised to hear laughter as he entered the house. Light spilled into the hallway from the living room and Malcolm heard two voices – one was definitely Annabeth’s. Please don’t let her have Luke over, the boy thought miserably as he shrugged off his coat and scarf and pulled off his boots. Shyly he padded into the living room, shivering from the cold outside.

“Oh, hi Malkie,” Annabeth grinned at him, sprawled on the couch, a glass of wine in her hand. Sitting in the armchair was...Percy. That surprised Malcolm. He had to take a double take – ever since the makeover last week he found it hard to remember what Percy looked like.

“Hi, Malkie,” Percy said. His smile was the same, filling Malcolm’s stomach with butterflies. He averted his gaze and tried to understand why instead of feeling ecstatic that Annabeth and Percy were hanging out without him he felt sick.

“Hi guys. What you doing here, Perce?”

“He got caught up in the storm,” Annabeth drained her glass, “You want some, Malkie?” she waved the bottle at him, but Malcolm just shook his head and perched on the edge of Percy’s armchair. Shit, he realised too late, should’ve sat somewhere else, “Percy’s gonna sleep round tonight since the storm’s not letting up,” Annabeth said.


“No, idiot. I’ll sleep in your room.”
Malcolm felt a blush rising in his cheeks, “B-But my b-bed’s too small!” he squeaked, embarrassed. The thought of Percy sleeping with him in the same bed...no, it was too much. Malcolm thought he might just die.

“Don’t be silly,” Annabeth laughed, “Percy can sleep on the floor.” She winked at her brother.

Malcolm stood up abruptly, “Bathroom,” he mumbled and dashed off. Once inside he locked the door and splashed cold water on his heated face before looking at his reflection. He looked miserable. Malcolm closed his eyes and tried to control himself.

Why was Percy here? Was he planning to sneak across the corridor in the middle of the night and sleep with Annabeth? Malcolm shuddered at the thought. God, why...he wanted to cry. He had fought the feeling in his chest so badly for weeks but this – this was too much. All of a sudden he realised that if Annabeth and Percy were to really get together it would break his heart. Why did I do this to myself? Tears gathered in his eyes and Malcolm couldn’t seem to will them away. His heart was in pain, like an invisible hand was twisting it in its fingers. Malcolm hugged a pillow and pressed his face to it, closing his eyes and letting out a quiet sob. I love him, he thought helplessly, I love him and he loves her. He should’ve been prepared – Annabeth was prettier, smarter. He had wanted this, hadn’t he? Percy was such a good guy and Annabeth would be so happy with him...

Annabeth poured herself another glass of wine and gave Percy a pointed look, “Is that enough evidence for you?” she asked and took a sip. Percy sighed and finished his first glass – he wasn’t planning to drink more.

“No.”

“He likes you, Perce,” Annabeth said, exasperated, “Look how blushy he got!”

“He always gets blushy,” Percy pointed out.

“Yeah, well. I know my brother. He’s fallen in love with you.”

“I can’t know that for sure,” Percy shook his head. Annabeth studied him for a moment.

“This whole situation is so ironic I could laugh...do you love him?”

Percy bit his bottom lip, “Yes...no...I don’t...,” he sighed, “I don’t know. It’s complicated. I don’t want to get my hopes up and he’s so...so...”

“God, you lovebirds,” Annabeth rolled her eyes, “You know normally I’d be against an older guy exploiting my little brother but the way you look at him,” she shook her head, “that’s love if I’ve ever seen it.”


Annabeth shrugged, “After what he did to Malcolm in the diner, we’re done.”

Percy nodded, “Good. You deserve better.”

Malcolm crept through the living room, feeling sick, “I’m gonna go bed,” he threw in the general direction of the ‘lovebirds,’ unable to even look at them. Annabeth and Percy exchanged worried looks.

“Don’t you wanna sit with us?” the girl asked. Malcolm bit his lip, but Annabeth looked so hopeful that he sighed and sat down next to her.
“Just for a little bit,” he mumbled. Then he cleared his throat. He couldn’t let his heartbreak show, “So...um...you guys a thing now or...?”

Percy looked at Annabeth, “For fuck’s sake,” he said helplessly. There was something about Malcolm and how goddamn sad he looked all of a sudden that spurred him on. Percy jumped to his feet and crossed the living room.

*Please don’t kiss in front of me,* Malcolm thought, shifting away from Annabeth. Percy shocked him by going directly to him, and not to Annabeth. Malcolm opened his mouth to ask a million questions piling up in his brain, but Percy leaned down, grabbed his face and kissed him.

Malcolm pulled away, gasping. Annabeth grinned into her glass and Percy looked down at him with serious eyes. He didn’t let go of Malcolm’s gorgeous, flushed face when he finally got up the courage to say:

“I’m in love with you, Malcolm.”


“I’m in love with you.”

The blond looked at Annabeth, then at Percy, then back at Annabeth, “B-But,” he stuttered, “But...oh my God no.” Percy’s heart twisted at his words, “No, but I’ve planned everything, your wedding in Alaska and honeymoon in the Canary Islands and you’re gonna have pretty kids and...” he was getting kind of panicky, short of breath, eyes teary, “Percy why can’t you follow instructions for once-”

Percy kissed him again, he just couldn’t bear to listen to the bullshit Malcolm was spewing. When Malcolm tried to pull away Percy just held him tighter. Annabeth put her glass down.

“That’s my cue to leave. No touching below the belt.”

When she left the living room, Percy ended the kiss. Malcolm felt dazed, staring at the boy in front of him in a mixture of shock and confusion.

“B-But...,” he swallowed past the dryness in his throat, “But you said Annabeth deserved better, and that there was more to her than her looks!”

“Well, yeah,” Percy shrugged, “Because that’s true. I think she’s beautiful, and her personality is amazing. But you...” his eyes softened, and he stroked Malcolm’s cheeks. *He didn’t push me away yet...* “You’re something else. You’re so unbelievably gorgeous.”

Malcolm’s face went red and he looked away, his shyness kicking in, “I-I...so then why did you go along with my plan?”

“It was a way to get close to you,” Percy admitted. He sat down on the couch and drew Malcolm nearer. The boy didn’t protest – of course he didn’t fucking protest, this was exactly what he wanted except now that it was happening he couldn’t really comprehend it, “Malcolm,” Percy said gently, “Look at me.”

Malcolm forced himself to meet Percy’s intense gaze. The older boy wanted to say more but seeing the completely desperate way that Malcolm was looking at him simply made him lean forward and kiss him again. His mouth was so soft. Malcolm leaned into the kiss and when Percy started moving his lips he copied him clumsily. Percy pulled him closer, then closer still until Malcolm slid into his mouth. His cold hands found Percy’s face and he held it gently as they kissed while Percy looped his
arms around his waist.

Malcolm turned his face away and fought a sob, “I-I didn’t mean to,” he whispered. Percy frowned and stroked his back.

“Didn’t mean to what?”

“T-To fall for you,” Malcolm sniffled, “Y-You’re so perfect and I wanted you for Annabeth-“

“And I want you,” Percy interrupted, heart pounding, “Are you going to say it back.”

Malcolm shook his head furiously, “I-I can’t,” he whispered, “I-I’m ruining everything, I’m being s-selfish-“

Percy kissed him, open-mouthed and hot, “Say it back,” he demanded, clutching Malcolm closer. The blond couldn’t fighting the feelings inside him.

“I l-love you too,” he whispered. Percy pushed him down onto the couch and kissed him feverishly, slipping his tongue into Malcolm’s mouth the way he had wanted to for weeks. Malcolm clung onto him, losing himself in the dizzying realisation that **Percy loves me.**

“Oi!” Annabeth’s voice made the two spring apart. She stood in the doorway, arms crossed over her chest, “Let’s keep this civil or Percy will be taking the couch,” she smirked, “I’m keeping an eye on your boys so **behave.**”

She left the living room and Malcolm and Percy looked at each other. Malcolm hurriedly and a little clumsily pecked Percy on the lips.

“You don’t have to sleep on the floor,” he whispered, blushing.

In the end the plan kind of worked. Annabeth found herself a nice, respectable boyfriend that wasn’t Luke Castellan, but that wasn’t Percy Jackson either.
Said I Love You Without Hesitation

Someone (god, monster, whatever) is into Nico and likes to mess with his and Will's relationship by flirting with Nico and taunting Will. One day this person disguises themselves as Nico to break up with Will. When the real Nico shows up he's all casual like "hey" and Will's all heartbroken like "hey?" wtf? The truth is revealed and idk the ending is up to you for RainyDayKid

“Come on,” Aphrodite twirled a piece of her lustrous hair around her finger, “It will be fun. Live a little.”

“It will not be fun,” Apollo scoffed, glaring at the goddess, “I won’t have you messing with my son’s precious and beautiful relationship!”

Aphrodite rolled her eyes, “But I’m bored. All the couples at Camp are too...stable and happy. I need drama!” she sighed and sprawled herself on her throne dramatically. It was just her and Apollo in the room, “I can’t touch Jackson again or Poseidon might have a fit, and if anything happens to Grace Hera will stab my eyes out while I’m having my beauty sleep – you know I can’t be the goddess of beauty without my eyes,” she said, as said eyes shifted colours.

“Maybe I’ll become the God of beauty,” Apollo said. Aphrodite snorted.

“Please. You sound like Narcissus. Anyway,” she waved her hand gracefully through the air, “Your son and that Hades kid are a perfect relationship to meddle with, the angst they had at the start made their love story so juicy,” she grasped her chest and sighed dramatically, “It was truly magnificent. But nothing has happened recently and I’m bored.”

“This isn’t a sitcom, you know,” Apollo shook his head. The goddess shrugged.

“I won’t kill either of them, I’m just going to spice their lives up a little.”

“Fine,” Apollo said, “But if you make my son sad for a long period of time I’ll write a haiku about how ugly you are.”

Aphrodite gasped in shock but the God of the sun was already gone before she could react. Then she smirked and leaned back in her throne. This would be so fun.

***

Will was having a nice, quiet evening in the infirmary which was a rarity since Greek Demigods had an affinity for hurting themselves. But, weirdly, for the past half an hour nobody had come in bleeding and screaming so Will sent Kayla off to take a nap since she had worked the night and was
in by himself. He was amusing himself by flipping through patient documents and watching the sun start to set outside.

He went through his friend’s folders even though he knew them off by heart already. Leonidas Valdez: car sickness, severe ADHD, nightmares. Perseus Jackson: migraines, nightmares. Annabeth Chase: anaemia, nightmares. Piper McLean: nightmares. When Will flipped the page he smiled, because it was Nico’s medical record, longer than any of the other Demigods. The blond smiled and brushed his fingers over the photo at the top, where Nico was glaring at the camera, then read over all his dragonesses. Under eating, depression, anxiety, insomnia, anaemia, exhaustion, nightmares.

Will closed the document, and his mind went out to his boyfriend, heart clenching. Nico was so strong that sometimes Will forgot how much shit he had gone through. He still loved him though, regardless. He couldn’t wait to finish his shift and go to the Hades cabin to curl up with his boyfriend, stroke his hair and tell him how much he loved him until Nico told him to shut up.

“Hey,” the voice of Will’s boyfriend was so sudden that the blond whirled around. He saw the Italian standing by the door, expression dark. Will brightened up.

“Hey! Look what the cat dragged in,” he grinned, “I was just thinking about you.”

“Does that make me the devil in this scenario?”

Will blinked, “Huh?”

“You know; think of the devil and he shall appear?”

“Nah, you’re my angel,” Will smiled and walked to his boyfriend. He reached out to hug Nico, but the boy pushed his hand away.

“Don’t be cheesy,” he snapped. Will frowned, the smile melting off his face. Only then he noticed the angry look in Nico’s eyes. Something felt off about him.

“Are you okay?” Will asked, “What’s wrong?”

“You,” Nico said.

“What?”

“You’re wrong,” Nico said, voice cold and impassive. Will didn’t understand.

“Wrong about what?” he laughed uneasily, “Neeks, is everything-“ he went to touch him again but Nico slapped his hand so roughly that it stung. Will stepped back, shocked.

“Don’t touch me,” his boyfriend hissed, glaring at Will, “Don’t ever touch me again.”

“D-Did I do something?” Will was starting to freak out. Nico laughed humourlessly.

“No, nothing specific, except you’re all wrong,” he said, and as he continued to talk Will’s heart sank closer and closer to the floor. “You’re too cheerful and immature, pathetic and weak. Literally look at me, I’m a fucking hero around here and you’re still just some lousy medic,” his words felt like ice daggers, digging into Will’s chest. He couldn’t believe those words were coming out of his boyfriend’s mouth, “I thought I wouldn’t mind but I do. I go and train all day and you still stay here like some weakling, bandaging people up. I need someone strong and dominant, Will, not a pussy like you,” he smirked and his face didn’t look like Nico’s for a second, “Maybe I should try again
with Percy. He’s all hot and strong—"

“Nico,” Will’s voice was faint and he felt sick. He took a shaky step towards the Italian, “If this is some joke, it’s really not funny.”

“Do I **look** like I’m joking?” Nico’s expression was so devoid of emotion that it made Will pause, “Look, bottom line, Solace, is that I’m just bored of you. You’re a goody-two-shoes and honestly it bores me to death – you haven’t changed at all since the war with Gaia and I hoped you would. So I’m breaking up with you. We’re over.”

“No, come on—,” pain started to bloom in Will’s chest. Agonising, helpless pain. He kept expecting Nico to break out into a smile and laugh at him for falling for it, but the boy didn’t, “We can sort it out—”

“No, we can’t,” Nico said, “Get your shit out of my cabin. I don’t want to see you anymore than I have to.”

He turned on his heel and left, slamming the door shut. Will weakly collapsed on the closest bed. The shock of what Nico had just said and done started to evaporate only after a few slow minutes in which his words replayed in Will’s head like some recording used to torture him. After the shock came the pain, so intense that for a second Will couldn’t breathe. He buried his face in his hands and took shallow breaths, trying to comprehend what just happened. *He broke up with me,* the blond told himself, *Nico doesn’t love me anymore, and he broke up with me, and he’s not mine anymore...*

He felt nauseous, like the world didn’t make sense anymore. That morning Will had woken up with Nico in his arms, smiling sleepily at him in the morning sunlight and now...what happened? Nothing made sense but Nico had been pretty clear about what he wanted, or rather what he didn’t want. He didn’t want Will.

The blond shakily stood up. Austin walked in to switch him out and frowned when he saw his brother, “Woah, you okay?”

“Yeah,” Will mumbled, barely intelligible, “Need to go.”

He brushed past his younger brother and went outside. The sky was almost dark by then and the fresh air helped to clear Will’s head a little, which only made his emotions more intense. Suddenly he wanted to just break down and sob but somehow he stumbled to the Hades cabin. He needed to take his stuff and go back to his own cabin for the night and hopefully in the morning Nico would be willing to talk...

The blond walked in, hands trembling, and was shocked to see that Nico was in bed, asleep. It was weird how quickly he could just fall asleep after what had just happened – Will could tell he would not sleep a wink tonight, or any other night probably. When he closed the door Nico stirred. *Don’t wake up,* Will thought desperately, walking towards the closet, *If you say any more cruel words I’ll start crying.*

He opened the closet and started pulling out his t-shirts.

“Will?” Nico asked, sleepy and confused. Will turned to look at him, heart feeling as if someone was continuously twisting it in their fingers, toying with it. Nico’s face was soft, his eyes sleepy, hair fluffy. He was sleeping in one of Will’s t-shirts, “What are you doing?” he asked, voice hoarse from sleep, and rubbed one of his eyes adorably. Will swallowed. He had to keep himself together.

“What you told me to,” he turned back to the closet, unable to continue looking at Nico. His whole
body felt heavy as he continued to pull out his clothes, forcing himself to stay calm. But it was impossible to do that when only moments later he felt Nico’s skinny arms slide around his chest as the boy hugged himself into Will’s back.

“What the hell is wrong with you?!” Will exploded, turning around and shoving Nico away. The boy stumbled back, eyes wide and confused.

“W-What the fuck?” he asked.

“Is this a fucking joke to you?!” Will demanded, tears gathering in his eyes, “Is this funny? You’re just toying with me at this point aren’t you?! I know you want to end it but fuck, at least have some decency and stop being so goddamn cruel!”

As Will shouted, Nico started to back away, hands curled to his chest in a protective manner. Will only stopped shouting when he saw the fear in Nico’s eyes, then he just stared at the boy helplessly.

A heavy silence settled over the two of them and Will quickly blinked his tears away.

“You want to break up?” Nico asked in a whisper. Will rubbed a hand over his eyes.

“This isn’t funny.”

“Will tell me what I did,” Nico rushed to him and grabbed Will’s hands, “Please I-I’m sorry if I did anything that hurt or upset you and I’ll fix it just please...” Will looked down at his boyfriend in surprise. Nico had tears in his eyes and he looked completely different to the cold-hearted bastard that had broken up with Will twenty minutes ago, “Don’t leave me,” Nico whispered. His cold fingers were wrapped around Will’s. He was shaking, and let out a shallow sob. Will felt frozen, “Please,” Nico whispered, then covered his mouth with his hand as another sob bubbled up his throat. Tears spilled down his cheeks, “P-Please don’t leave me, I-I love you so much I-I can’t stand it if you l-leave me...”

“Neeks,” Will whispered, dumbfounded.

“Please,” Nico pressed Will’s hands to his cheeks before standing up on his tiptoes and pressing their foreheads together, “I-I’ll do anything, anything you want,” he whispered feverishly, “Just don’t leave me, please, I love you, W-Will, I love you so much, you’re b-breaking my heart-”

Will kissed him, passionate and hard, and Nico sobbed into the kiss, clinging onto Will’s shirt.

Things were starting to click in the son of Apollo’s head – Nico was a horrible actor so he couldn’t have been pretending this well. As the relief crept up on him, his desperation grew. He kissed Nico until he was breathless and sniffling, then pulled away. The Italian was a mess, eyes and cheeks red, nose wet, hair messy. He looked gorgeous and devastated.

“You didn’t break up with me, did you?” Will asked. Nico looked at him helplessly.

“W-What? N-No, of course not. I-I would never b-break up with you.”

Will exhaled, the tension leaving his body, “Fucking Gods,” he brushed Nico’s wet cheeks with the backs of his hands but the boy still looked confused so Will explained, “Twenty minutes ago you – or who I thought was you – came into the infirmary and broke up with me. Whoever it was that was impersonating you told me that I’m too weak to be with you and that you need someone strong...like Percy.”

Nico’s face crumpled as if just the thought of that was painful, “No,” he whispered, wrapping his arms around Will’s shoulders, “No, no, no, I-I don’t want him. I want you, o-only you, Will. Y-You’re perfect for me, I’d never s-say that-”
“I know,” Will kissed him, feeling stupid for even falling for this whole thing in the first place. Nico wasn’t cruel; he had a hard exterior but he was soft and warm on the inside, and he’d never do anything to hurt Will even if he did stop loving him, “But Gods, it felt so real-“

“I love you,” Nico said desperately, “You’re my boyfriend, my everything, so tell me we’re still together.”

“We’re still together,” Will pressed their foreheads together, “I love you, more than anything, Neeks. I thought I was going to die back there, it hurt so much to lose you-“

“You didn’t lose me,” Nico whispered, stroking the hair at the nape of Will’s neck and fighting back his tears.

“I know. Gods, I’m so glad,” Will pulled Nico into his arms. They slid to the floor together, clinging onto each other, “I love you, okay? I’m sorry for scaring you.”

Nico nodded into Will’s shoulder, “Me too. I love you. So much.” He sniffled, “Fucking Aphrodite.”

***

“So?” Apollo asked. Aphrodite looked at him, twirling her hair.

“So?”

“Was it fun?” Apollo prompted. Aphrodite smirked.

“Yes. Lots and lots of fun.”

“Good,” the God of the sun looked away, “Don’t do it again.”
If I Had Handcuffs

Valgrace one where Leo has really bad nightmares about things like his old foster homes and living on the streets to the point where he avoids sleeping? And over time others get worried about him but he refuses to talk about his past until one night Jason literally throws him over their shoulder and brings him to Cabin One where he ties Leo to the bed, not in a sexual way but in a “don’t you dare get out of bed until you’ve slept” way. This leads to Leo having a nightmare about a similar situation with an abusive past foster parent or boyfriend. Ending up to you but bonus for cuddles!

For LeonidasnotLeonardo

Leo woke up, gasping for air, and sat up in his bed, heart pounding. On the bed next to him Nyssa made a vaguely annoyed noise and rolled over onto her side. Leo swallowed past the dryness in his throat. I’m at camp, he told himself, I’m safe. He curled his hand to his chest protectively and pressed his palm to his pounding heart, willing it to calm down. He was drenched in sweat. The room was filled with the sound of his sibling’s breathing. Someone was snoring. It was dark, shafts of moonlight falling in through messily closed curtains, illuminating a foot here, fingertips there. Leo’s covers were tangled around his body. He felt like he was going to be sick.

He freed himself from his sheets and slipped out of bed. It was a hot, humid summer night when Leo walked outside his cabin and sat down on the front porch. Camp was silent, the cabins around him dark. Every other Demigod was asleep. Leo shifted into the shadows when the patrolling harpies flew overhead, then he pulled his legs up to his chest, crossed his arms over his knees and rested his chin on top of them, looking out glumly at the cabins. How much longer until dawn? Leo’s body cried for sleep but his mind was too awake, too afraid to go back to bed. Besides, he didn’t want to wake his siblings up...again. If he tried to sleep in his underground room the nightmares got worse and he was hit by panic attacks when he woke up alone in the dark. It was best to just not sleep at all, or as little as possible.

Subconsciously Leo tried to remember what his nightmare had been about this time, but the harder he tried the faster it slipped from him. He remembered being in one of his foster homes – the one where his step-mom used to lock him in a cupboard when he was too loud – but apart from that all he could recall was an overwhelming sense of fear. It had been like this since he came back from the dead, every single night.

“Leo?”

Leo looked up, startled that someone was out at this time, and saw Jason walking towards him, sticking close to the cabins so he wouldn’t be spotted by the harpies. Immediately Leo sat up a bit straighter.
“Hey.”

“Hey,” Jason climbed onto the porch, “You look like crap, why aren’t you sleeping?”

“Just came out for some fresh air,” Leo lied and took a deep, exaggerated breath. Jason smiled. He was in his pj’s and glasses and he smelled like mint and lightning. Leo kind of wanted to crawl into his arms and fall asleep like a cat – if someone were to hold him he would definitely sleep better. “What about you? How comes you’re awake?”

Jason shrugged, “Dunno, couldn’t sleep today,” he sat down next to Leo, “just stuck my head out of my cabin and saw you sitting here...” he frowned and reached out, pressing his hand to Leo’s forehead, “You sure you’re okay? Your foreheads hot.”

“I’m a son of Hephaestus,” Leo rolled his eyes and batted Jason’s hand away, “I’m always hot,” he winked. Jason shook his head as if Leo was a simultaneously annoying and adorable puppy.

“Well,” Jason stood up, “I’m tired now so I’m gonna sleep. You should too.”

Leo scrambled to his feet, “Yeah,” he yawned. Jason looked at him for a second, then ruffled Leo’s hair fondly.

“You’d tell me if anything was up, right?”

Leo swallowed and forced a bright smile, “Yeah, ‘course.”

Jason surprised him by pulling Leo into a hug, “I know I’m being protective,” the blond whispered, holding Leo in his strong arms, “But I don’t want you to ever feel alone or left out again. I know there’s Seven of us but that doesn’t mean you’re the odd man out,” he squeezed Leo, “We all love you. So if you need to talk – about anything – I’m here.”

Leo was blushing wildly and he gently slipped from Jason’s arms, “I’m fine, Jas,” he said, smiling at his friend, “But thank you.”

Jason nodded, and climbed off the porch. Leo quietly slipped back into his cabin. Nothing had changed. He got into bed and lied down, but felt overwhelmed by the darkness. Please let it be day quickly, he thought as his eyes grew tired. He didn’t want to fall asleep...and then he remembered the warmth of Jason’s arms around him. He imagined that Jason was there with him, holding him and protecting him from all the horrible people Leo had met in his life. It was a stupid thing to think about, because it made Leo fall back asleep.

***

Jason swung his wooden sword at Leo and the Latino weakly lifted his own weapon. He felt exhausted and every muscle in his body hurt so he was unable to parry the strike successfully. The sword tumbled from his hand and Leo stumbled back.

“What’s with you?” Jason asked, pushing his hair out of his face.

“Nothing, sorry,” Leo bent down and picked up his sword. He swayed on his feet and blinked away the blurriness. The previous night he had woken up screaming because he had an incredibly vivid nightmare about one of his step-brothers from the house he was fostered in when he was ten locking him in the house and then setting it on fire. Leo was so loud that Harley woke up and started crying. The remains of that nightmare still pounded in Leo’s brain, making him afraid of going to sleep.

“You don’t look good,” Jason put his weapon down, “Are you coming down with something.”
Leo shook his head, “No, I’m fine.”

“Is it insomnia?” Jason asked, coming closer. When he touched Leo’s shoulder the boy subconsciously leaned into him. Jason made him feel so safe, “A lot of us can’t sleep after the war – I can ask Will to get you some sleeping pills.”

Leo shuddered, imagining what it would be like to be so drowsy that he was unable to fight back his nightmares and wake up, “No, I’m seriously fine,” he stepped away from Jason and swept up his sword, “Come on, let’s train.”

“No, you look too weak I could seriously injure you.”

Leo glared, “Don’t call me weak.”

“You know that’s not what I meant,” Jason sighed, “I just worry about you.”

“Well don’t,” Leo snapped. He tossed his sword aside, “If you don’t wanna train then there’s no point me being here.”

Jason watched Leo storm off, then sighed and rubbed his eyes. Why was Leo acting like this? He was isolating himself from everyone and acting...sad. Leo was always loud and bubbly and yet recently he looked exhausted and miserable and Jason really, really wanted to do something about it. Leo was always the closest person for him, apart from Piper but since their breakup...well, Jason would be lying if he said that he didn’t have a soft spot for the Latino. Seeing him in pain hurt him too.

Jason cleaned up the training pit then headed to the Zeus cabin where he showered before going down to the dining pavilion for dinner. The campers were already gathered, loud and rowdy as always. Two people on the Ares table was hand wrestling, at the Apollo table someone was strumming on the guitar while the Athena table was having a heated discussion. Jason’s table was empty – as per – but he didn’t care. However as he was heading for it he found himself stopping by the surprisingly quiet Hephaestus table.

Leo was sleeping on the table, arms folded, face shoved down into them. His siblings kept glancing at him uneasily.


“Not really – he doesn’t sleep at night.”

“Why?”

“Dunno, he just doesn’t. No matter how hard we try we can’t get him to sleep – he runs on like two hours of rest max; the kid’s exhausted – look at him, out like a light, but when it’s time for bed he’ll just stay up.”

“Is it some new project he’s working on?” Jason asked, looking down at Leo’s curly head and fighting the urge to ruffle his hair. Nyssa shook her head.

“No. I don’t really know what’s up he barely speaks to us.”

Jason bit his lip as a plan was beginning to form in his head. Leo seemed to be changing because of this sleep deprivation so the way to fix it was to get him to sleep.

“I’ll take care of him,” Jason told the Hephaestus kids, then picked Leo up. He was limp like a sack
of potatoes when Jason swung him up into his arms, bridal style. The boy barely weighed a thing, his brows furrowed in his sleep. He leaned into Jason’s chest the moment the blond held him. Jason smiled down at him and then headed off to Cabin one, ignoring the confused looks the other campers gave him.

***

Leo woke up groggily and the thing he noticed immediately was that his left wrist was handcuffed loosely to the bed he was laying on. What the...he wriggled and tried to free them but when that didn’t work he looked around. Fairly quickly he realised that he was in Jason’s bed in his cabin, only in his boxers and an oversized t-shirt that must’ve been the blond’s. Confused, Leo started rattling his handcuff.

“Jason!”

“Yeah?” the blond came out of the bathroom, toothbrush in his mouth.

“What the fuck is this?!” Leo demanded.

“You fell asleep at the table,” Jason said, “So I brought you here.”

“And tied me to the bed?!” Leo demanded. Jason shrugged.

“Whatever gets you to stay in it. Your siblings have told me you’re not sleeping at night.”

Leo gaped at him, unable to believe his friend would actually do this. Then the realisation that if Leo fell asleep here Jason would find out about his nightmares settled in. The blond was already over-protective about him and Leo didn’t want for Jason to see him as weak.

“Let me go,” he said, glaring at the blond.

“No can do,” Jason shook his head and disappeared into the bathroom.

“Jason!” Leo yelled after him, annoyed, “This isn’t funny! This is kidnap!” when the blond didn’t respond Leo rattled the handcuff angrily and tried to squeeze his skinny wrist out, to no avail, “For fuck’s sake! Jason!”

The blond came back into the room – this time without the toothbrush – and switched the light off. Immediately Leo tensed but Jason didn’t notice, climbing into his big double bed as if nothing happened. Leo pointedly turned away as much as the handcuff let him to show that he was mad at Jason. He felt the blond shifting around, getting comfortable.

“You can be as pissy as you want,” Jason said, sliding the covers over Leo’s body. The Latino’s jaw clenched, “But this is for your own good. You need to take better care of yourself, Leo...goodnight.”

Leo didn’t say anything, just stared off into the dark room until his eyes adjusted and he could make out the furniture. He couldn’t believe Jason did this. The Latino felt alert, awake, and pissed off and he was pretty sure he wouldn’t sleep anyway – he couldn’t, because that would mean that Jason would find out about his nightmares. It would be so embarrassing. Leo squeezed his eyes shut and exhaled, before looking at the room again. He listened to Jason’s breathing slowly deepen as he fell asleep and only when Leo was sure that the blond was no longer awake did he roll back over.

He was shocked to find that Jason’s face was just inches away from his. He swallowed again and studied the blond’s sleeping features. He looked softer and younger when he slept, and Leo fought the urge to run his fingers over Jason’s cheek. The blond’s mouth was slightly parted, soft breaths
slipping out. Leo smiled, despite himself. It felt nice to sleep next to someone, especially Jason.

He let out a startled squeak when the blond shifted in his sleep and threw an arm over Leo’s waist. Blood rushed to the Latino’s face and his hands trembled a little. His eyes flitted to Jason’s mouth but he quickly looked away, guilty. Jason’s arm on his waist was heavy and warm, reminding Leo that he wasn’t alone.

Without realising what was happening, the Latino’s eyes started to get heavy as he settled into warm, safe comfort that he hadn’t felt in forever. Jason made him relax and before he knew it, Leo was asleep.

***

Jason started awake and was immediately alert, sitting up and pulling his sword from under his bed. He pointed it at his dark bedroom and waited – something had woke him up from his sleep, a noise. Was there an intruder in camp? Was there an intruder in his cabin?! Protectively, Jason moved closer to Leo; he had to protect the boy.

He looked down at the Latino and froze. Leo was asleep but instead of looking all cute and peaceful there was a deep frown line between his brows and he was breathing heavy. He had kicked the covers off himself and Jason watched as his hands clenched and unclenched. Then suddenly Leo let out a little whimper and his whole body flinched.

“No...,” he murmured in his sleep, turning his face away, “No...”

*He’s having a nightmare,* Jason realised, at the same time putting two and two together and understanding that it was the little terrified gasps and whimpers coming from Leo that woke him.

“Leo,” Jason leaned over him and hesitantly touched the boy’s shoulder, shaking him gently, “Leo, wake up,” when the Latino didn’t wake but continued to toss and turn Jason shook hard. Then he gently touched his cheek.

Leo jerked awake and sat up with a scream, pulling hard on the handcuffs. Jason winced and the boy looked around wildly, breathing hard.

“Hey, hey,” Jason carefully touched his arm and Leo’s head snapped to look at him. Jason forced a smile, “It’s okay, you were just having a nightmare.”

Leo, still breathing hard, looked down at his handcuffed wrist, “What...”

“Is this why you won’t sleep at night?” Jason asked softly, “Because you have nightmares?”

Leo blinked the sleepiness from his eyes and looked away, cheeks flushed, “I-It’s none of your business,” he whispered. Jason cupped his cheek in his hand but Leo flinched away.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“No,” Leo said, “let me go.”

Jason didn’t really have another choice. He pulled the key out of his bedside table and undid the handcuffs. Leo pulled them off his wrist, tossed them aside and then rubbed his fingers over where the cuff had dug in. He was biting his lip, tense and trembling. Jason felt horrible and helpless, unsure of what to do to make Leo feel better. He was surprised when the Latino started to talk out of nowhere.
“Ever since I died,” he said in a small voice, “I’ve been having really vivid nightmares about...,” he swallowed and closed his eyes, “All my f-foster homes and...and one time my foster brother pretended we were friends a-and took me to an arcade and when we were coming back it was really late and...and he, he...he um, he pulled out these handcuffs and handcuffed me to a drain p-pipe in an alleyway and t-told me he was leaving m-me there for some creepy old man to find me a-and...and...,” Jason’s heart twisted. He couldn’t see Leo’s face because his curls were hiding it, but his voice sounded small and vulnerable, “I was twelve. Somehow I managed to get out, but I just had a nightmare about it a-and in the nightmare I-I didn’t...I didn’t manage to...,” he swallowed. Jason couldn’t even comprehend the trauma that Leo had gone through in his life. The boy was so goddamn strong but it was like he was afraid to rely on anyone. And now Jason had stupidly triggered a painful memory by selfishly handcuffing Leo to his bed...and for what? Because he wanted to keep the boy close and protect him? Well, he had just done the exact opposite.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Jason whispered and pulled Leo into his arms, “I’m so sorry.” Leo pushed him away, “I’m not a baby,” he said hoarsely, and looked at Jason. His eyes were red, like he had cried. It made Jason’s chest hurt.

“I know you’re not,” he said, “But I want you to rely on me. I’m here for you,” he saw the insecurity and embarrassment shining in Leo’s eyes and before he knew what he was doing, Jason cupped his face in his hands and pressed their foreheads together, “You’re not weak for telling me all this, or for having nightmares. In fact you’re the strongest person I know.”

“Jason...,” Leo looked at him helplessly, then pressed his own small hands over Jason’s and closed his eyes, “You make me feel safe,” he admitted in a small voice. Warmth spread through Jason’s body and he smiled.

“I’m glad,” he murmured, “You can stay here any night you like and I’ll be here to wake you up from your nightmares.”

Leo nodded, pressing himself closer to Jason as if subconsciously seeking his warmth. When Jason wrapped his arms around him Leo didn’t push him away, allowing himself to be hugged and even snuggling into Jason’s chest. They flopped back down on the bed together, tangled up in each other’s bodies. Jason stroked Leo’s hair while the boy clung onto him.

“Just sleep,” Jason whispered, “I’m gonna protect you, okay? So don’t be scared,” he kissed the top of the boy’s head, knowing he was stepping over a lot of friendship lines, “I’m here for you.”

“Thankyou,” Leo muttered.
person a: there's something i need to get off my chest
  person b: is it your shirt plz say yes
person a: *furiously blushing bc they were going to confess their feelings or something*
  person a: yes
smutty ending?
  For jsisjksksksks

The first time Jason fucked Percy was right after Piper and Annabeth had – simultaneously – broken up with them. The heartbroken boys went down to the lake, shared a bottle of whiskey they stole from the Hermes cabin (fuck knows who the Hermes cabin stole it from) and cried their eyes out. Then suddenly they were no longer crying, but making out heavily on the sand. It was the dirtiest, most desperate sex either of them had ever had and since then they established a sort of friends-with-benefits situation where they fucked whenever they felt lonely or upset or angry...or just whenever really. No feelings attached, just pure convenience, just two lonely guys with nowhere else to stick their dicks.

At first Jason loved their arrangement – Percy was tight and hot, and when he bottomed he made the sexiest sounds the blond had ever heard, while when he topped he was some kind of animal, doing Jason until the son of Jupiter couldn’t breathe. Outside of their cabins they were still Jason and Percy, the best-bros, but once inside they were two hot, steamy lovers. Jason liked the secrecy...until he didn’t.

He liked to think he fell in love with Percy when he woke up one morning after hot and heavy sex in Percy’s bed. It was a sunny morning and the way Percy looked wrapped up in the white covers imprinted itself into Jason’s brain. Truth was, Jason loved his best friend a lot earlier than that, probably while he was still with Piper – which was also why she broke up with him, saying that there was someone more right for Jason than her. She always knew, she was a daughter of Aphrodite after all. But it took Jason almost six months of pain, of constantly biting his tongue around Percy so he didn’t blurt out an ‘I love you,’ for him to finally have the guts to confess his feelings.

Jason crept across the grass to the Poseidon cabin, glad that it was practically next door. Percy knew he was coming so the door was open, allowing Jason to slip inside before the patrolling harpies caught him.

“Ugh,” Jason shoved off his shoes, “I hate doing that.”

He looked up and saw that Percy was already on the bed, naked and smirking. The sight of his
tanned skin made Jason’s mouth go dry, “H-Hey,” he stuttered as his heart pounded with nerves, “Someone’s a bit eager.”

“Yup,” Percy stood up, slow and seductive, and Jason followed his every move. His dick was hard. I need to say it before he makes me lose my mind, Jason thought, unable to keep his eyes off his lover.

“Perce,” he said, “There’s something I need to get off my chest.”

Percy slid his arms around Jason’s shoulders. He smelled like the sea, “It better be your shirt,” he said playfully and bit Jason’s earlobe, “Is it your shirt?” The blond felt blood rush south, and the remainder of it hit his cheeks. He felt aroused and embarrassed at the same time and whatever confidence he had in confessing disappeared.

“No,” Jason pulled his shirt off and the moment it landed on the floor Percy kissed him hungrily. He grabbed the blond’s hands and put them on his ass and Jason couldn’t keep himself from squeezing the soft flesh.

“I want you to fuck me tonight,” Percy breathed against Jason’s lips.

This was so much different from what it had been at the beginning – Percy knew exactly how to push all of his lover’s buttons. Jason kissed him back, rough and hard, and walked him backwards. He decided to take his frustrations out on Percy and the moment the boy was on his back Jason got between his legs and grinded down on him, so their erections brushed together. They moaned and Percy gripped Jason’s shoulders – in turn Jason leaned down and bit his neck, hard, before lapping up at the skin with his tongue.

Percy giggled, then moaned, “Shit, someone’s aggressive today.”

“Shut up,” Jason growled. He pushed the boy’s thighs apart and reached down between them, wrapping his fingers around his cock. Percy cried out and threw his head back, cheeks all flushed and eyes hazy with pleasure.

“Gods,” he choked out when Jason started to stroke him expertly, “You’re so good at that.”

Jason kissed him to shut him up. Percy’s compliments and soft words made it seem like this was more than just sex...which is wasn’t, at least not for the son of Poseidon. I have to tell him or I’ll go crazy, Jason thought, but his priorities shifted. In that moment he just wanted to get inside the boy, because it might’ve been for the last time. Who knew; maybe if when Percy found out that Jason fell for him he’d end all of this.

Jason undid his zipper.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Percy murmured urgently, “Get inside me.”

“Condom?” Jason asked. Percy shook his head.

“You know I’d only fuck you,” he winked. Jason pulled him closer by the ankles and Percy squeaked, then smiled and wrapped his arms around Jason’s neck once more, pulling him down. Jason gripped his hips and kissed him roughly as he positioned his dick at the boy’s entrance, but Percy took over the kiss and forced Jason to slow down, sliding his tongue against the blond’s.

“Gods,” Jason gasped when he sank into Percy’s perfect heat. The son of Poseidon moaned and melted against the bed.

“Yes,” he whispered helplessly, “You f-feel so good. Shit,” he bit his lip and closed his eyes and
Jason just watched him, assaulted by both pleasure and pain at knowing that this boy would never really be his, “I love it when you’re inside me,” Percy whispered. The blond grabbed Percy’s hand and intertwined their fingers, pressing their hands down against the bed as he showered Percy’s face in kisses and thrust into him shallowly. The boy was moaning and whimpering, squeezing Jason’s hand.

The blond couldn’t hold it back anymore, “Percy,” he said, thrusting deeper. Percy opened his eyes and they were black with lust.

“W-What?”

“I’m in love with you.”

The moment Jason said those words he felt better...and then came the flood of warmth when Percy beamed up at him, pulling Jason down for a kiss, “You’re so sweet.”

“I-Is that it?!” Jason stopped moving and looked down at Percy in shock, “You’re not...freaked out?”

Percy frowned, “Why would I be? I love you too.”

Jason’s intestines did a flip and he felt like the weight of...well, everything, just lifted off his shoulders, “Then...then...,” he swallowed, “Will you go out with me?”

Percy gaped at him, mouth falling open. Jason blinked, “What?”

“I...I thought...”

“What?” Jason was confused.

Percy rubbed the back of his neck and looked to the side awkwardly, “Er...I thought we were already dating?” he offered, smiling sheepishly.

“Oh my Gods,” Jason stared down at him, “Are you serious?! For months I’ve been freaking out and in pain because of you and you...you...”

Percy reached up and brushed Jason’s hair from his face, smiling fondly, “Well, we have sex and we kiss, and we have dinner with each other all the time, and get drunk and talk about feelings...I just thought we were a couple,” he bit his lip, “It felt like we were a couple.”

Jason kissed him passionately, pushing Percy down into the bed, “We are! We are now anyway. I love you. I want you to be mine.”

“Idiot,” Percy’s grin made Jason’s heart soar, “I am yours.”
I'm Gonna Give All my Secrets Away

Will is adopted into a loving family which already had 2 kids Hazel and Nico. Will is an omega and Nico is an alpha. He goes into heat when he's drunk with his brother and they kinda mate with bites and all that. THEY DONT REMEMBER Will being adopted cause they were like 1-2 yo. Happy ending with some angst pls.

For I’mGayMomI’msorry

The party for Nico’s presenting party was coming to an end downstairs and sixteen year old Will was already in his bed on the bottom bunk in their shared room. His brother, despite being younger, was still downstairs with the adults despite the late hour but Will hadn’t felt well so he went to the room. It was dark now, and despite the snow falling outside Will felt hot and agitated – he knew what it meant; his heat was just around the corner. Will had presented as an Omega only two years before and now his twelve year old brother had presented as an Alpha. On one hand Will was envious; Alphas were treated better in society than Alphas, but on the other hand Will was glad – he’d hate for his little brother to have to go through the painful heats he endured.

Will groaned into his pillow now as a hush of laughter went through the guests downstairs. He tried to cool down by pressing his forehead against the wall but it didn’t help much – he was burning from the inside. He had maybe an hour or two before his full heat hit which meant he’d have to kick Nico out; he didn’t want his little brother witnessing Will masturbating wildly and whimpering for an Alpha.

A knock sounded on the door and Will’s nose was hit by Alpha pheromones; it was his mom then, “Come in,” he mumbled, eyes closed. He wanted his mom to touch his forehead with her cool hand and tell him it was going to be okay.

However instead he suddenly felt a weight on top of him and when he opened his eyes he found – shocked – that his brother was on top of him. Nico’s eyes were glowing red and he was oozing Alpha pheromones that made Will’s skin tingle and slick gush from between his legs. Horror settled over him – why was he getting wet for his brother?! It was supposed to be impossible for family members to want to mate and yet...

“What are you doing?” Will asked breathlessly. The door to the bedroom was open, some golden light from downstairs creeping up the stairs. There were still guests in the house.

“You smell so good,” Nico whispered and pressed his nose to Will’s neck. The blond bit his lip because he suddenly had the urge to moan and through the haze of his descending heat he tried to shove Nico away.

“What the hell?!” he demanded, and his fourteen year old brother grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the bed. How someone as short as scrawny as Nico could hold him down, Will didn’t know,
but he was unable to move, “Nico,” he tried to keep his voice even despite the hungry way Nico was looking down at him, “Get off me. You know t-this is wrong.”

“Mine,” Nico whispered heatedly, and kissed Will.

It should’ve felt a lot more wrong than it did, and for a second Will lost himself in Nico’s demanding mouth before remembering who exactly he was kissing. He turned his head aside, gasping for air.

“Nico!” he panted, “You can’t! You’re m-my brother-“

“But I want you,” Nico said urgently, and Will could feel his erection against his leg. He knew the only reason Nico was acting like this was because it was the first time he, as an Alpha, was affected by the scent of Will’s heat, but it didn’t make it any less wrong.

“Let go,” the blond tried to free his wrists, “I’m serious! L-Let go!” somehow he managed to knee his brother in the gut and with a groan Nico flopped backwards on the bed. Will scrambled off and dashed into the bathroom, slamming and locking the door shut behind him. He was breathing hard, and looked at himself in the mirror. An aroused mess looked back at him.

“Fuck,” Will whispered, covering his mouth with his hand, “Oh my God what did we do...,” he squeezed his eyes shut. All we did was kiss, he told himself, that’s all. He collapsed in the bath tub and turned on the cold water. After his heat was done he’d pretend nothing happened and Nico wouldn’t be affected by him anymore and they would admit to what this was; a hormone-ridden, heat-fuelled mistake that was not going to happen again.

Even as Will thought that, he closed his eyes and his hand slipped into his pants while he remembered the lustful way in which Nico had looked at him.

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Will was already quite tipsy and it wasn’t even ten yet. He was back home for Christmas from college and his parents had thrown a party for him. The living room and kitchen were filled with Will’s cousins, aunts and uncles, all drunk off their heads. Will was getting congratulations, pats on the back and jokes thrown at him. He missed all of this since he hadn’t been home in over eight months, busy finishing his third year.

“Oh Will!” the boy’s mom appeared in front of him, cheeks red from the wine, “Nico just made it back from his friend’s, come say hello!”

She grabbed his hand and dragged him to the front door while Will’s stomach did wild flips. He hadn’t seen Nico in eight months but really their relationship was never the same ever since Nico presented as an Alpha and kissed Will. Even though they never brought it up and Will left for college soon it hung between them, and there was always tension in the air when they were together. Will was unable to see his brother the way he once did – sure, he still loved him, but it was more romantic than anything else. Will’s inner Omega yearned for Nico more than he yearned for any other Alpha, and Will knew it was wrong, which was why he was sure he’d be miserable and alone for the rest of his life.

His mom dragged him into the hallway, where a guy was taking off his snow-covered jacket. Will frowned. The boy was tall, taller than Will himself, and broader too. Despite his black clothes it was clear that he was quite muscular. His hair was partially pulled up into a man-bun and his face was angular, handsome, and only a little familiar.

“Nico!” their mother let go of Will to embrace her younger son, kissing him on the cheek. Oh my
God, Will thought, his tipsy mind slower than usual, that’s Nico. In eight months the boy had gone from being...well, a kid, to becoming a full-blown man. He smelled strongly of dominance, like a true Alpha. Will shivered despite himself.

“Hi, mom,” Nico said in a voice deeper than Will remembered. His dark eyes turned to the blond and for a second the Omega swore he saw his eyes flash red. Then Nico was in front of him, pulling his older brother into his arms. Will forgot how to breathe, “Hey, Will,” Nico said quietly, squeezing the Omega against him, “I missed you.”

Will hugged back, unable to do otherwise. Nico smelled so good, like strength and protection, and Will lost himself in his warmth for a split second, “Hey,” he managed to get out.

“Let’s get drinks!” their mom hadn’t noticed anything weird between them, the wanting looks and lingering touches. She grabbed her sons’ hands and pulled them into the living room, where everyone started fretting over Nico and comparing him with Will.

“They don’t look anything alike!” Aunt Athena stated, “Ones all dark and the others light.”

“Hmmm,” Auntie Aphrodite leaned in and examined the two boys, “You’re right; Nico looks like a perfect mixture of Maria and Hades-“

“Well, maybe a little more Maria than me,” their father laughed uneasily. The aunts and uncles echoed the laugh.

“Yes, but Willie here,” Uncle Poseidon sighed and squeezed Will’s freckled cheek, “Man, he doesn’t look like either of you!”

“Oh stop it,” Maria smacked his arm, but it was all in good nature. Will felt a little better knowing that he didn’t look like Nico, honestly. The less they were like brothers the better he felt about what they did, and about the feelings and thoughts he had carried with him since.

“I’m going to get a drink,” Will slipped into the kitchen and grabbed a random bottom of vodka lying around. He poured himself a shot and tossed it back, hoping the burning alcohol would make him forget.

“Mind if I join you?” Nico asked, appearing at his side. Will could smell him and feel his heat but he didn’t dare look at his brother.

“Sure,” he said and poured two more shots with trembling hands. They drank them quickly, then two more, then two more. Before Will knew it he was drunk and gigglely on the dance-floor in the living room with Nico’s arm around his shoulders, singing along to some old 90’s songs with his family. The room spun but Will didn’t care because he felt relaxed; his mind shut off the fact that Nico was his brother and he simply enjoyed having the blond touch him.

“Hey, come upstairs,” Nico whispered suddenly into his ear and Will nodded. They stumbled up the stairs together, giggling and shoving each other playfully, and went into their shared bedroom that Will didn’t live in anymore.

“Come on,” the blond got onto the bottom bunk, grinning, and Nico squeezed in next to him.

“Damn, it’s tighter than I remember.”

“It’s ‘cause you got so big,” Will slurred. They laughed quietly, laying side by side, shoulders touching. Everything was fuzzy and unfocused and suddenly Nico was facing him, their noses almost brushing. Will didn’t move away, and neither did Nico.
“Hey,” the younger boy said suddenly, biting his lip, “Do you remember what we did...on this bed?”

Will looked away, “I...yeah,” he mumbled. Nico reached out and tucked Will’s golden curl behind his ear.

“I’m sorry about that,” his voice was quiet and soft. They could hear the music from downstairs, light peeked in through the gap in the door. It was almost as if they had never left. Will was scared his tongue would get loose and he’d blurt out something stupid but honestly he was a little too drunk to care, “I forced myself on you.”

The guilt in his voice made Will’s heart clench. Even though Nico was big and strong, Will still felt protective over him, “No, you didn’t. We were kids, stupid and confused.”

Nico looked at Will in the darkness, eyes gleaming with an emotion the Omega couldn’t place, “What if I still feel the same?”

Will sucked in a startled breath and turned his face away, “Don’t-,” he choked out. Nico grabbed his chin and forced the Omega to look at him again. He nudged their noses together.

“Do you hate me for it?” he whispered, breath brushing against Nico’s mouth, “Do you hate me for wanting you?”

“No,” Will said helplessly, even though he knew that as the older brother he should sacrifice his feelings for the good of both of them. In that moment he could only be selfish, “N-No, I...” he gripped Nico’s arm and his brother brushed his thumb over Will’s mouth. The Omega almost moaned, “I’ve been thinking about you, a-all this time...e-every heat I have I-I want you there-“


“But we can’t.” Will squeezed his eyes shut as Nico cupped his jaw, “I-It’s wrong, it should be i-impossible...,” his words were a little slurred, the alcohol making it hard for him to continue denying what he obviously wanted. We’re both drunk, Will thought, that’s why this is happening.

“Well it’s happenng,” Nico whispered, “I want you, I feel as though you’re my mate-“

“I’m your brother-“

“God, I wish you’d stop saying that,” Nico grabbed Will’s hip and dragged him close, slipping a leg between the blond’s. It wasn’t until that moment that the Omega realised he was hard. He moaned, fingers fisting in Nico’s dark t-shirt, “You think I don’t know that?” Nico continued in a low, husky voice. He kept his mouth an inch from Will’s, almost as if he were teasing. Subconsciously the Omega started moving, grinding down on Nico’s thigh. The Alpha’s smell was more intoxicating than the alcohol, “You think I don’t know that it’s wrong for me to want you?” Nico’s hand slid down to Will’s ass and he squeezed it. Will whimpered, panting for air as pleasure sizzled through his body.

“We’re drunk, we’re drunk...he kept telling himself, “Just this once, Will,” Nico sounded needy all of a sudden, brushing his lips over Will’s lightly, invitingly, “Let me have you just this once. It’ll be our secret.”

Will couldn’t ignore the overwhelming need he had for Nico; he was wet and hard and shaking for this boy and every nerve in his body screamed that Nico was the one for him, his mate, his Alpha. Just this once, Will shut his reasoning up and surged upwards, pressing his lips to Nico’s.

The kiss never had a chance of being slow or gentle, there was too much pent-up frustration between the two boys. The moment their mouths met it was all tongues and teeth and wet roughness. A heat started to grow inside Will – suddenly he felt feverish. He gripped Nico’s face in his hands and
twisted his tongue with the Alpha’s while Nico’s hands travelled over his body, rucking up his shirt and touching his naked hips, waist, chest, anywhere Nico could reach.

The heat grew inside Will and he frowned into the kiss. Nico rolled on top of him and when he grinded their clothed erections together Will realised what was happening. The alcohol had masked it for a while but the gush of slick down his thighs was unmistakable, as was the clawing need in Will’s stomach.

“O-Oh my God,” the Omega gasped, breaking the kiss but continuing to grind up against Nico, “S-Shit, shit, o-oh God-“

“What?!” Nico panicked, “What is it?”

“I-I’m going into heat...,” Will bit his lip.

“H-How is that possible?! Is this the time-“

Will shook his head, “I-It’s you,” he gasped, gripping the covers beneath him to stop himself from jumping his brother, “Y-You’re making me go into h-heat...”

His body let off a wave of Omega pheromones and Will saw precisely when they hit Nico – his body tensed and his eyes deepened to red and suddenly he was kissing Will’s neck passionately, dragging his teeth over the blond’s skin.

“I’m gonna take care of you,” he whispered feverishly, pushing Will’s hips down onto the bed and grinding down on the boy. Will whined helplessly, pleasure coursing through him. Normally his heats were painful and felt like someone was stabbing him in the stomach but this time he just felt hot and aroused and he knew it was because Nico was there. His Alpha, his mate, “I’m gonna make you mine,” Nico kissed the corner of Will’s mouth and helped the Omega get his shirt off, “Mine, all mine,” he whispered, still drunk, kissing down Will’s chest and stomach until the Omega was trembling.

Will couldn’t even concentrate on the fact that this was wrong because it just felt so fucking right. Nico stripped him, kissing every inch of Will’s skin he could reach and whispering drunken little nothings, reassuring Will that he was his.

“I love you,” Will sobbed out, unable to keep the words back. Nico kissed his hips and stroked his thighs.

“I love you too,” he murmured against Will’s skin, “I love you so much.”

Will watched as Nico took his clothes off and even though the room spun he could still appreciate the boy’s muscular, strong body. God if only he wasn’t my brother...tears welled up in Will’s eyes. Nico was so goddamn perfect for him.

“Don’t cry,” Nico settled back between Will’s legs, “Don’t cry, baby,” he kissed the frown between Will’s eyebrows, “You’re perfect, this is perfect, I love you.”

They kissed and Will wrapped his legs around Nico’s waist. He was sure that Nico could feel how wet he was because the Alpha started to growl possessively, then dragged his fingers through the slick on Nico’s thighs.

“You don’t have to prepare me,” Will whispered, keeping his tears back, “I-I’m ready for you, s-so just...”
Nico nodded, and Will felt him start to push in. He threw his head back as the world did a three-sixty and closed his eyes, trying to keep his voice at bay so their family downstairs wouldn’t hear but fuck it was hard when he could feel every inch of Nico sliding inside of him and filling him up. It felt so good and so right, like Nico was supposed to be there. Will’s body just completely accepted his cock, sucking him in hungrily. Slick dripped from Will’s hole and onto the sheets, his body burned, he was barely conscious from the intense pleasure that washed over his body.

“Will,” Nico kissed his shoulder, trying his best to keep himself together even though his Alpha instincts were probably telling him to just plough Will, “Are you okay?”

“I-I’ve never,” Will tried to catch his breath, “I’ve never let a-anyone touch m-me during my h-heat...,” he bit his lip, “G-God, it feels so good...”

Nico kissed him roughly and pinned his wrists down to the bed, “Mine,” he whispered possessively. Will nodded feverishly.

“Yes, I’m yours,” he whined, pushing his hips more snugly against Nico and taking him deeper, “I-I’m all yours please...”

They both lost their heads. Nico started to thrust into Will, hard and fast and the blond bit his palm to stop himself from crying out. It felt insane and somehow Will knew that it would never feel like this with anyone else. Nico’s hands were touching him everywhere; twisting his nipples, squeezing his hips, rubbing his hard cock.

“Mhmmm, fuck...a-ah...N-Nico,” even though Will tried to muffle his moans they still came out and each one seemed to push Nico and make him fuck Will harder. The bed was shaking soon enough and the wet sound of Nico filling Will with his cock over and over echoed through the room. They didn’t care that they were brothers, or the possibility of the people downstairs hearing them; they lost themselves completely in each other’s bodies.

“I love you,” Nico panted.

“I-I love you too,” Will sobbed with pleasure, writhing on the bed as Nico fucked him right in the prostate. The next words that came out of Will’s mouth felt so right that the blond didn’t even try to hold them back, “Bite me.”

Nico didn’t hesitate — they both wanted it. He bent down and sank his teeth into Will’s neck. The blond whined, curled his arms around his brother’s neck and came, shuddering and blacking out for a few seconds as Nico continued to thrust into him.

The bite meant that they were now mates. There was no hiding this.

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Nico padded down the stairs as grey light filtered into the living room. His dad had gone to work and his mom sat at the table, drinking coffee and reading the paper. Despite the early hour she had already cleaned the house after last night’s party. Seeing her there filled Nico with so much guilt he almost vomited.

He didn’t regret biting Will, or fucking him. When he had woken up next to the Omega it had been the happiest moment of his life. But now he had to face reality; he had mated with his brother.

“Hi mom,” Nico said, stopping in the doorway. Maria looked up and smiled warmly.

“Hi, sweetie,” she frowned and stood up, “What’s wrong?” she could always tell when one of her
boy’s was troubled. Nico looked at the ground, unable to face his mother – was she going to be angry? Disgusted? Disappointed?

“I-I...I did something.”

“What did you do, my love?” Maria asked, gently touching her son’s cheek. Her nose flared, “You smell like Will. Is he in heat?”

Nico nodded, then pressed his hand over his eyes. He had to tell her, “I...mom, I-I...I...,” it was so hard to get out, “I-I slept with him last night a-and I b-bit him.”

Maria was silent. Nico didn’t take his hand off his face. Tears welled up in his eyes. Would he have to sacrifice a relationship with his parents in order to have this one, single night with Will?

“I-I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“Oh, _il mio amore_,” she whispered softly, and pulled Nico’s hand away from his face. The boy blinked, surprised when he didn’t see anger or resentment in his mother’s face, but rather saw a fond, a little tired smile, “It’s not ideal, but it’s not the end of the world.”

“You’re not mad?” Nico whispered, shocked. Maria took a deep breath.

“I should’ve told you this before, and Will too. I suppose I should tell him before you but...,” she shook her head, “but he’s in heat now and you’re his mate so maybe it’s best you tell him.”

“I’m not following,” Nico said, confused. Maria smiled gently.

“Nico, Will’s adopted.”

Nico frowned, “I...what?”

“We adopted him when you were only a few months old and he was two. You were both so young you didn’t remember and I didn’t have the heart to...,” she shook her head, “But my silence has probably caused you two much pain, and for that I am sorry. But Will isn’t your real brother,” Maria smiled, “I was always afraid to say that out loud but now I think it’s a good thing.”

Nico collapsed against his mom, hugging her hard, his heart pounding, “Oh my God,” he whispered. Maria hugged him back, “I-I...I can be with him.”

“Yes, you can,” Maria patted her son’s cheek, pulling away, “You take good care of that boy.”

Nico nodded, feeling like all of his bones had turned to jelly. Unable to stay away from his mate he pounded up the stairs and exploded into the room. Will sat up, weak, flushed and sweaty and yet somehow still goddamn perfect. _And he is_, Nico realised, _we’re not related. He’s literally perfect for me_. He shoved the door closed.

“Nico?” Will asked, pushing his curls out of his face. His eyes were sleepy, “Did...did you tell her?”

Nico pounced on the bed, shoving his mate against the mattress and kissing him furiously. Will made a vague noise of protest but then gave in, leaning into Nico’s touch and kissing him back passionately.

“I-I know it was supposed to be just once,” Will whispered when Nico pulled away and pressed their foreheads together, “B-But I really want you to f-fuck me again...”

Nico laughed, free and full of joy, confusing Will, “I can make love to you any time I want,” Nico
whispered, “any time you want,” he touched the red bite mark on Will’s neck tenderly, then looked at his mate with soft eyes, “Will, you’re adopted.”

Will’s eyes widened, “What?”

“We’re not blood-related. We’re not brothers,” Nico gripped his face, “I am your mate. Really and truly. And you’re mine now and we can be together—”

Will crashed their mouths together, and he was crying, helplessly clinging onto the Alpha.

“Fuck,” he sobbed, then laughed, “Fuck, fuck...”


“I love you too,” Will was smiling up at Nico, eyes wet. He sniffl ed, “God,” he brushed Nico’s hair from his forehead, “I can’t believe it.”

Nico caught his hand and kissed it, “Tell me you’re happy,” he whispered. Will nodded his head feverishly.

“I’m so happy,” he murmured, “Now you don’t have to leave me.”
Sorry for not uploading, I was away for a while. Let's try and keep the vibes in the comments positive guys x

Solangelo chapter with jealous!Percy. Everything stays the same, but after Nico falls hopelessly in love with Will and they have the most beautiful relationship ever, Percy sometimes wonders what would've happened if he had ended up with Nico and sometimes he even feels jealous. Something like Happier, by Ed Sheeran.

For experiment264

Percy really hadn’t meant to look at them, and he definitely didn’t mean to feel like this. He never thought that he would...feel like this, that is. Of course he considered it sometimes – what would’ve happened if he had fallen in love with Nico instead of Annabeth. Sometimes, especially after the war with Gaia, he thought that maybe he had, just a little bit. It’s hard to remember when fondness turned into something more...

But Percy wasn’t gay, and he loved Annabeth, but sometimes he wondered...like right now. He stood in the shadows of the trees by the infirmary and watched Nico and Will inside. They were alone, all the other campers having gone to sleep. They had no idea that Percy was there, watching, and the son of Poseidon couldn’t move. He just stood there, and stared at them from the shadows like a stalker. No, he stared at Nico.

He had changed so much over the years, from the over-excited, adorable kid to a strong warrior, much stronger than Percy or any of the others were. Somehow Percy had always thought of Nico as his, as selfish and stupid it sounded. He was the one who brought him to camp, who fought for him and tried to bring him home. But it wasn’t until Will that Nico finally decided to stay. Will made him want to stay, not Percy.

Percy looked at them and his heart ached. He couldn’t explain it. He knew he could never properly love Nico, not the way he deserved to be loved, and yet in that moment he desperately wanted to hold the boy against him, to stroke his hair and tell him it was going to be alright the way he did when they were younger. But Nico didn’t need him, he didn’t need anyone, he didn’t want anyone anymore...except Will.

The Nico Percy was watching now was a different Nico than he knew, he had on an expression Percy had never seen, an expression he saved only for Will it seemed, and Percy felt guilty for
witnessing it. The son of Apollo was sitting on a table with Nico between his legs so that they were the same height. Will had his arms loosely around Nico and the son of Hades was just leaning into him – leaning on him – the way he never leaned on anyone except Bianca before she died. He looked comfortable, relaxed, happy. His pale hands were on Will’s freckled cheeks as he told him something that Percy couldn’t hear. He stroked his fingers over his boyfriend’s skin. Suddenly Will caught his hand and kissed his palm and instead of pulling away and getting embarrassed as Percy expected him to do, Nico flushed and his expression softened. He pressed his forehead against Will’s, wrapped his arms around the blond’s shoulders and closed his eyes. Will tightened his own arms around him and watched him with a gentle smile. Percy’s heart twisted painfully. That could be me...he thought, slumping against the tree.

He imagined what it would be like if it was him who was holding Nico. What would it feel like to have Nico look at him softly like that, not at Will? Percy imagined kissing him, touching that porcelain skin of his and it didn’t fill him with disgust. Rather he felt an explosion of butterflies in his gut. Gods, I’m the worst, he thought helplessly. Nico had suffered so much because of him and now Percy couldn’t even be happy for him. He liked Will, he knew that he would do anything for Nico, but a part of Percy despised him for stealing the boy away from him, even if Nico was never really his and probably never would be.

But fuck Percy wanted Nico to trust him the way he trusted Will, to feel comfortable enough to snuggle up against his chest without a care in the world. Why? He didn’t understand. He pressed a hand over his aching chest. He had had these feelings for a while, whenever he saw Will and Nico holding hands, or sitting by the campfire, or having petty arguments, or working together during capture the flag. Percy was positive he was straight; Nico was the only boy he had ever felt these bizarre feelings towards.

Percy’s heart seized up when suddenly Nico opened his eyes and surged forward, kissing Will hard on the mouth. The blond smiled into the kiss and his arms tightened around Nico’s waist as he pulled him closer. They kissed with a passion that made Percy’s skin tingle and his jaw clench. For some reason he couldn’t look away, he was just frozen and in pain as he watched Nico kiss Will desperately, as if he was scared the blond would disappear. Will must’ve realised because he stroked his boyfriend’s back comfortingly. Nico slid his hands into Will’s curls. Percy had never seen Nico look so vulnerable and helpless, and yet so goddamn gorgeous.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Percy squeezed his eyes shut and turned away, taking shallow breaths. He felt like he was cheating, wanting Nico like that...except he didn’t actually want him, he just thought he did because Nico was unattainable to him and because through his confession he had opened a part of Percy’s heart he didn’t think he had, a part that was curious and wondering...

Percy shook his head and shakily walked back to his cabin, trying desperately to erase the memory of Nico kissing Will from his head. It was very hard. His cabin was dark when he got in, Annabeth’s sleeping form illuminated by the moonlight falling in through the window, her golden hair spread on the pillows.

Percy climbed in behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. The girl sleepily squeezed his hands.

“Where did you go?” she asked hoarsely. He kissed the back of her neck.

“For a walk.”

“Mhmmm,” she murmured and fell back asleep.

Percy looked at the window, unable to join her. Maybe I love him a little, he thought, but I love her
more.
Perfect Strangers

There’s a foreign prince visiting and he wants some freedom, when he notices that Percy looks exactly like him he convinces/makes him trade places with him. Everyone is fooled except for the prince’s guard who noticed that Percy wasn’t the prince because his ass looks so much better/hotter than the princes. And he makes it his goal to make Percy his.

For Evatre

Prince Alexander kicked a stone on the cobbled street and watched it roll down.

“This is ridiculous,” he complained, arms crossed over his chest as he walked, “I should be at the palace, watching the ladies dance or drinking wine, not out here with you,” he glared at his guard who towered over him, silently accompanying him like a shadow, “God, this Kingdom is dull. Not even a carriage to show me the city – I have to walk on foot like some peasant!”

A group of peasant girls scuttled past, all eyeing the Prince up and giggling to each other. Alexander turned his head and looked at them appreciatively. He was a good looking man – though to his guard he appeared merely a boy – with black, tousled hair and piercing, cold green eyes. Dressed in golden and crimson garments he drew the eye of all the women on the street though their gazes also shifted to the guard. If only they knew, Jason Grace though, how rotten he is on the inside.

As Alexander continued his whining, Jason fought the urge to roll his eyes. He had been Prince Alexander’s personal guard since he was fifteen and now – at twenty two – his patience was wearing thin. He outright hated Alexander; he was an entitled, pessimistic, irritating brat who had no respect for anyone and expected everything to be handed to him on a golden platter. The only reason Jason tolerated the job was because it paid well and allowed him to afford a small house near the royal palace. Still, as he watched Alexander walk and blab he wondered if it was even worth it. At this rate grey would soon appear in Jason’s golden hair.

“Jason,” Alexander snapped, “Are you even listening to me?”

Jason blinked, “Yes. Of course, my Lord.”

Alexander shook his head, “Anyway, as I was saying…”

Jason wasn’t listening, in fact he rarely listened to anything Alexander had to say. Apart from a pretty face and a royal title the boy had little to offer. Jason rested his big, calloused hand on his sword and palmed it subconsciously, trying not to think about how nice it would be to just chop Alexander’s head off and have him shut up. They were visiting the Kingdom of Olympus as Alexander’s father had business with the King and were honoured guests for the fortnight. Jason liked the idyllic Kingdom; it was small compared to their own Kingdom of Jupiter but had much more greenery, with even the poor buildings made to look presentable. The breeze from the sea
could be felt in the air. Jason thought he might’ve well enjoyed the summery day and the walk down
the cobbled streets if it wasn’t for Alexander and his constant complaining.

“Jason,” Alexander stopped walking suddenly and pointed at a large house rising from the side of the
street. The bottom portion was clearly an ale-house with men already filtering inside despite the fact
that the sun was barely setting. The top portion...well, if the half-naked, whistling women were
anything to go by it was an establishment Jason did not want to delve in, “I want to go inside.”

“This is a whorehouse, my lord,” Jason said, voice calm and even. Alexander rolled his eyes.

“God, Jason, do you take me for a fool? I know it’s a whorehouse, hence why I want to go inside,”
he smirked, “nothing like some ale and whores to improve a man’s mood, eh?”

Jason’s jaw clenched, “You are a royal prince, my Lord. I cannot allow you to go inside—“

Alexander was suddenly very close to Jason, glowering up at the guard. Despite the fact that Jason
was a little taller and quite a bit more muscular, he was defenceless against Alexander. If he so much
as laid a finger on him he’d be executed.

“I want to go inside,” the Prince said, quiet but with a threat in his voice. Jason’s hand twitched on
his sword.

“As you wish, my Lord,” he said dully. Alexander smirked and patted Jason on the chest.

“Perfect. You stay outside.”

He walked into the establishment and Jason sighed. He leaned on the wall and looked up at the sky
which was darkening slowly as the sun dipped behind the roofs of the houses. The King would have
a fit if he knew his son went whoring – not that he cared much for Alexander, he barely saw him,
and Alexander didn’t care for him either; he hated the obstruction of his title and as a child threatened
to run away multiple times. He never did it though; he was much too comfortable in the wealth of his
palace.

“Hey handsome!” a girl was leaning on the windowsill above him, smiling. Jason craned his neck up
to look at her and she stretched her red-painted lips into a smile. Pretty, Jason though, “Why don’t
you come up here and let me take that heavy armour off?”

“No, thank you,” Jason said curtly and looked away. The girl above him muttered something under
her breath and disappeared. Jason was too much of a gentleman to ever pay for sex, besides he
preferred the company of men, not that anyone knew that. Night fell and he waited outside for hours
as Alexander frolicked inside. Music, laughter and moans floated from the ale-house, and Jason
continued to stand there, unable to leave without Alexander.

Meanwhile the Prince was inside, drunk. He had slept with a woman, then with another and now,
sated, he was downstairs in the corner, drinking his troubles away. As a Prince he had little troubles,
in all honestly, but his main one was his lack of freedom. Oh how he hated Jason, the guard dog that
followed him around everywhere. Alexander was nineteen, he didn’t need a nanny and besides, he
was good with a sword. He drank his ale, falling in a deep, dark pit of self-pity. The room whirled,
the noises of the other drunks blended together and yet all Alexander could think about was that it
was getting late and that sooner or later Jason would come in here, all stoic and collected, and tell
him to return to the palace where the maids would pamper him and where his whole day would be
planned. He hated it, all he really wanted was freedom to do as he pleased; he wanted to drink until
he fell unconscious and wake up in a pool of vomit on this dirty floor, not to be carried over Jason’s
broad shoulder and be put into bed like a baby.
He had money on him. If the guard wasn’t outside he could slip into the town and do whatever he pleased – maybe he’d get on a boat and go exploring or maybe he’d elope with one of the whores upstairs, only to spite his father. He wouldn’t be gone forever, just for a little while...but people would go searching for him, they’d think he was some weakling who got kidnapped. It was useless dreaming about something as foolish as a Prince slipping away into the night.

On accident – or perhaps it was fate – Alexander’s eyes flitted upwards and on the table next to him he saw a boy. The Prince’s mouth fell open and his heart began to pound for it appeared as if his twin was sitting next to him. Alexander was an only child but the boy next to him looked almost identical to him. He had the same tousled dark hair, green eyes that appeared a little sad. He had a similar body. Alexander began to tremble in excitement. Save for his tattered, dirty clothes the stranger might have as well been Alexander’s mirror reflection. Of course there were a few subtle differences; the boy’s skin was sun kissed where Alexander’s was paler and his hands were too rough to be a prince’s and yet he could have easily passed for Alexander.

“My God,” the Prince whispered and stood up.

Percy Jackson had had an unsurprising horrible day. He woke in an alleyway where he had collapsed the previous night, too exhausted to continue on. Someone had dropped a slop bucket out of the window and almost sprayed him. He had managed to pickpocket enough to buy himself a pie in this ale-house and now looked miserably at his empty plate, his stomach still rumbling. It was his first meal in two days. Percy was travelling as South as he could get before winter hit; he had no home and he had no idea where he was. His feet were hurting so badly and he could only hope the inn keep would allow him to sleep under one of the tables.

Then suddenly, out of nowhere, a boy slid into the chair opposite Percy. Percy blinked, surprised and then squinted, sure the candlelight was playing tricks on him or that he was so exhausted he was seeing things. The boy in front of him could have been his doppelganger.

“Who are you?” Percy asked, shocked.

Am I dying? He thought, am I looking at myself right now?

The boy in front of him looked paler but healthier, more filled in, dressed in expensive clothes. He smelled of perfume and was smirking at Percy.

“My name is Alexander,” he said, “I couldn’t help but notice we look quite alike.”

“Quite is an understatement,” Percy choked out. Alexander peered at him.

“You look hungry,” he said, leaning his chin in his hand, “Why don’t I buy you another meal?”

There was something about the spark in his eye that Percy didn’t like but this stranger was offering him a free meal and he wasn’t going to turn down the opportunity. Undoubtedly he’d want something in return – probably sex – and Percy didn’t care; he had sold his body before when he was desperate for food or a roof over his head and he wasn’t proud of it, but he didn’t want to die. It would be very bizarre to do it with someone that looked like him though.

Alexander ordered him another pie and a cask of ale, both of which Percy wolfed down in seconds while Alexander watched with cold amusement. When his plate was cleared and Percy felt full for the first time in weeks, Alexander spoke.

“I have a proposition for you,” he said, voice low. The people in the ale-house were getting more and more drunk, one man had a whore in his lap and was sucking on her breast aggressively while she laughed and slapped his back. Alexander leaned in closer and Percy fought the urge to pull away, “I am a Prince from the Kingdom of Jupiter,” Alexander started and Percy’s eyes widened, “the next in line to rule after my father. It just so happens that I am in desperate need of a way out of
my constricting life. I have a guard – Jason – who follows me around constantly,” here Alexander rolled his eyes, “as if I am some child. I suggest that you take my place for the next fortnight – our ship back to Olympus leaves at the end of August and I will return by then–“

“Return?” Percy questioned, “Where are you going?”

Alexander shrugged, “I don’t know, anywhere, everywhere.”

Percy was about to tell him that wandering around aimlessly was horrible, but he kept his mouth shut, heart pounding. Was this boy offering him a life as a prince for two weeks? The proposition seemed too good to be true.

“What’s the catch?” Percy asked.

“There isn’t one,” Alexander said, “You are heaven-sent, my friend – what’s your name?”

“Percy.”

“All I ask from you is that you impersonate me. I am not close to anyone, not in the Olympus palace anyway, and so it is unlikely that anybody will notice the difference. We could go upstairs and exchange clothes and then you could walk out of here with Jason and I’d slip away into the night...I can see by your expression that you’re tempted.”

“I just...I...,” Percy shook his head, “What happens when you return.”

“I’ll compensate you for your troubles,” Alexander said, “you look rough; I can give you enough money to buy you a cottage by the sea, enough that you’d never have to worry about your next meal.”

Percy swallowed, “But I don’t know anything about you, or how to be you.”

“It doesn’t matter, nobody would dare question you, save my father. His name is Zeus but he rarely comes to see me. My mother writes letters, her name is Hera. The only other person you need to worry about is Jason, my guard, but I doubt he cares enough to pay close attention to me,”

Alexander bit his lip, shivering with excitement, and stuck his hand out across the table, “So, do you accept my proposition?”

What’s the worst that could happen? Percy thought, the sudden warmth of knowing that for a two weeks he could live like a prince chasing away his doubts. He offered Alexander a hesitant smile and then took his hand.

“Deal.”

“Perfect,” Alexander smirked, “Let’s go upstairs.”

Outside Jason was dozing off against the wall and his legs had began to ache; he wanted nothing more than to escort Alexander back to the palace and return to his room to sleep. Finally, after what seemed like forever, the figure of the boy re-emerged from the brothel. The prince had pulled the hood of his cloak up.

“Have you gotten everything you wanted, my Lord?” he asked, rubbing a hand down his face. Alexander didn’t face him.

“Yes,” he said quietly, “Let’s go.”
He waited for Jason to start walking and then fell in behind him – that was unlike Alexander, he always wanted to lead. Jason glanced back at him but he couldn’t see his expression because of the shadow the hood of the cloak cast. They walked for some time in silence, climbing the hill on which King Jupiter’s palace stood and finally Jason snapped.

“Is everything alright?” he asked quietly. He expected Alexander to snap at him but instead the Prince hugged himself and bent his head.

“N-No,” he stuttered, “I’m fine.”

“Are you cold?” Jason frowned. Usually Alexander demanded for Jason to give him his cloak when he felt cold but this time the blond willingly took it off his shoulders and draped it over the Prince’s shoulders. Alexander flinched and turned his face away and Jason frowned. *He’s just tired*, he thought.

“T-Thankyou,” Alexander mumbled and clutched the cloak around himself. Being thankful was *very* unlike him but Jason didn’t want to anger him by further questioning him so they continued to the palace gate in silence. When they reached it and the guards opened it for Alexander, the boy mumbled a hurried ‘goodnight’ and scurried off, leaving Jason thoroughly confused and staring after him. Eventually the guard just sighed, shook his head and went around the palace to the servant’s entrance from where he continued on to his chambers.

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Percy slept like a baby all night after he swallowed past his nauseating fear. Alexander had been right – nobody in the palace looked at him twice, and half a dozen maids fretted about him when he returned, urging him into a bath and scrubbing him clean. They didn’t ask why ‘Alexander’ was covered in layers of filth, and Percy just sat in the hot water, shocked. He hadn’t washed in months and having someone else do it for him...well, that hadn’t happened since he was a baby. The night gown that Alexander slept in was light and soft against Percy’s skin, his four-poster bed huge and intensely comfortable with an overhead canopy. The whole bedroom was huge, the windows pushed open to let in a cooling night breeze.

Percy slept with no dreams and was woken once again by the maids who brought him breakfast. Fresh bread, tea, fruit, milk, butter, they were all laid out on a silver tray, food Percy had only ever seen. It tasted heavenly and he scoffed it down like the peasant he was. When the maids tried to dress him he waved them off, overwhelmed. He wanted to be alone to arrange his thoughts.

When he looked at himself in the mirror he barely recognised his reflection. His face was no longer dirty, his skin lighter now that it was scrubbed. The dark bags beneath his eyes had disappeared and his normally greasy black hair was fluffy and soft to the touch. Percy carefully crept to the window and looked out. His breath was taken away.

In front of him stretched the palace garden; a carriage was leaving, another arriving while valets rushed about. A maid was hanging out the washing while the gardener trimmed the hedges of a maze. Beyond the palace gates and down the hill was the city, bustling with life, and beyond that still the sparkling blue sea.

Percy squeezed his eyes shut, afraid he would faint. Was he dreaming? Or maybe he was dead and this was heaven?

When Jason entered Alexander’s room he found the Prince by the window, looking out at Olympus, though the moment the door shut the boy flinched and whirled around, fear in his eyes. Jason blinked at him, taking him in. Something was very, very wrong.
The boy standing in front of him was definitely not Alexander though he looked ridiculously similar. There was no familiar sneer on the boy’s face, no annoyance in his eyes at having to wake up. His face was open and kind, but his eyes were full of anxiety and fear. His mouth was softer and fuller, there were no creases on the boy’s forehead from frowning. Alexander’s night gown hung somewhat loose around him.

“G-Good morning, Jason,” the imposter uttered, forcing a nervous smile while his hands gripped the windowsill. He swallowed and turned to the clothes laid out for him on the bed, picking them up with shaky hands. That bastard, Jason thought. He knew exactly what Alexander had done – he had swapped with this stranger and ran off. He had attempted to do so when he was younger with one of the kitchen boys except the only similarly between those two had been their hair colour. I’m going to hang for this, the guard thought, defeated. He knew that sooner or later he’d be killed because of the reckless Prince.

Or. Or...Or maybe he could play along. Jason’s eyes slid over the imposter’s body. He had to admit that the two looked very similar and he doubted anyone could tell the difference except Jason, who spent every day with the Prince, and Alexander’s own mother. Undoubtedly the Prince would return after a few rough days on the street but in the meantime...Jason’s eyes slid down the boy’s back and to where the nightgown slipped around his ass. Yes, this boy was definitely not Alexander, his bottom was much too nice.

I might as well have some fun with this, Jason decided. He wondered if he could get the imposter to confess the truth before Alexander came back. As the dark-haired boy slipped the nightgown over his head, Jason came up behind him and wrapped his stronger arms around the Prince’s waist.

Percy squeaked and almost jumped out of his skin, “W-What are you doing?!” he stuttered, a blush flooding his cheeks as Jason pulled him flush against his chest.

“What do you mean, my Lord?” he asked in a sultry whisper, hiding his smile by kissing ‘Alexander’s’ neck. The imposter let out a squeak, heart pounding – Alexander hadn’t told him about this! He felt the guard’s mouth against his skin, his stubble rough, and swallowed, a hand subconsciously clenching around Jason’s arm. I have to go along with it, Percy thought as Jason kissed up his neck, If this is what him and Alexander do then I can’t blow my cover!

“I-I just mean,” Percy stuttered, eyes fluttering somewhat as Jason bit his skin, “T-That someone could come i-in...”

“They won’t,” Jason said, wondering how far he could push the boy. He ran a hand down the Prince’s thigh, earning himself a gasp and then turned ‘Alexander’ in his arms. Before the boy could say anything Jason pushed him up against the wall, right next to the window, and kissed him hard on the mouth. He’d never kiss the real Alexander, but this boy...well...

Percy gasped again, surprised that the Prince had such a relationship with his guard, but when Jason’s tongue slid inside his mouth he surprised himself by letting out a little moan. The guard caged him in against the wall, the curtains fluttering around them delicately as he kissed Percy expertly. Before the peasant knew what he was doing his eyes had slid shut and his fingers clutched the material of Jason’s shirt. The blond leaned in more, kissing Percy more passionately until the boy felt dizzy. He had never done this with a man and he was a little shocked that he actually enjoyed the rough, possessive way Jason was kissing him.

Jason lost himself in the kiss a little too much, forgetting his agenda. The imposter was pliant against him, submissive, allowing Jason to kiss him. His shock melted away and gave way to pleasure as he pulled Jason closer and honestly the guard was glad that the other was enjoying it. He cupped the imposter’s face in his hands and licked at his bottom lip.
“Jason,” the imposter breathed.

“Shhhh,” Jason whispered, silencing him with another kiss and sliding a leg between the boy’s. ‘Alexander’ moaned, all sweet and helpless, and Jason smiled into the kiss, feeling the other’s hardness against his thigh. Alexander would never react like that – he’d always want to dominate.

“Nghhh,” the imposter buried his face in Jason’s shoulder, arms wrapping around his neck as the guard grinded his leg up against his crotch.

Percy shuddered in pleasure, eyes squeezed shut. Jason smelled nice, all musky, and he felt strong as he held Percy up against the wall, rubbing him in his most intimate place. Percy couldn’t find it in himself to tell him to stop, panting and gasping for air. He cried out and then slapped a hand over his mouth when Jason’s leg was suddenly replaced by a rough, calloused hand. The guard stroked him through his undergarments and Percy desperately tried to muffle his moans with his hand while still clinging onto the blond. *Oh God,* he thought, *his head not working properly, oh God, oh God...*

Jason thought the imposter would break, push him away in disgust and tell him that he wasn’t Alexander. Instead the boy just leaned into him more and more each minutes, moaning and allowing Jason to do whatever he pleased.

“What should I do?” the guard though, pushing his nose into the boy’s hair. He was enjoying himself, but how far could he take this?

“G-God,” the imposter choked out, “I’m...I-I...”

He sounded so aroused that blood rushed to Jason’s own cock. He reached down and squeezed the boy’s rounded ass before forcing their mouths together and stroking him harder. The imposter’s moans grew high-pitched and desperate until Jason suddenly felt wetness against his hand as he brought ‘Alexander’ to his orgasm.

The Prince slumped against him, paniting, before leaning against the wall. His cheeks were red, hair tousled, eyes closed. Jason couldn’t stop himself from stealing another kiss from his swollen mouth. *What am I doing?* He thought. He was never like this, never reckless. And yet he had just pleased a boy pretending to be the Prince Jason was supposed to protect. He needed to clear his head.

“You best get dressed, my Lord,” he murmured and stepped away from Percy, before walking out of the chamber.

*What was that?!* Percy stared after his guard helplessly. Clearly this was normal between Alexander and Jason, but Percy wasn’t Alexander! And yet he had gotten caught up in another man’s touch. He looked down at himself and saw his own semen sliding down his stomach. His cheeks burned in embarrassment and suddenly he didn’t know if staying here was such a good idea. Jason was young, and undoubtedly gorgeous which Percy realised in the light of morning, he looked like he should’ve been a prince all golden hair and striking blue eyes. And despite being strong he wasn’t pushy, he didn’t make Percy feel scared which was peculiar since Percy had been sure he liked women...

It was all too much. Percy closed his eyes. *Alexander what did you get me into?!!*

***

Jason couldn’t believe everybody believed that the imposter was really Alexander; through their walk around King Jupiter’s royal gardens, through tea with the Queen to archery, chess and dinner with his own father, nobody even looked at ‘Alexander’ suspiciously and yet over the course of the day it became painfully clear to Jason that this boy was definitely not the Prince. Once Jason watched him for half the day he noticed more and more differences – the imposter was taller but skinnier and the hair at his nape curled inward slightly unlike Alexander’s; he had a mole on his neck
and a scar on his palm and he didn’t walk with as much grace as the Prince. What more he was a lot 
more lovelier – even though he refused to face Jason for most of the day and was incredibly skittish 
around him (probably because of what happened in the morning) he was still kind. Jason enjoyed 
seeing his reactions to things and his attempts to cover up the fact that he was seeing everything for 
the first time; when he saw the royal library he lost his facade for a moment, walking around open-
mouthed and touching the backs of the books, mesmerized. The real Alexander had yawned when 
he was shown the grand room for the first time. Jason would’ve been more than happy to pretend 
that this was his Prince if he never had to put up with Alexander’s snobby attitude, but sooner or later 
he’d return with his tail tucked between his legs.

“Do we have anything planned for the evening, Jason?” the imposter asked carefully after dinner 
when he and Jason were wandering around the palace gardens in the heated afternoon.

“No, my Lord,” Jason said, “your evenings are free. Is there anything in particular you’d like to do?”

The imposter paused and worried at his bottom lip, “I...perhaps we could return to that brothel from 
yesterday?”

Quietly Percy was hoping that maybe Alexander was still there and that he could maybe give him 
more elaborate instructions on what he had to do. He had been horrible at chess, which he had never 
played, and when asked questions at dinner he had to improvise answers. I was terrifying and Percy 
doubted he could keep this up for a whole two weeks.

Jason slipped an arm around his shoulders. They were behind one of the tall hedges, hidden away 
from view and yet Percy still squeaked in surprise – the guard hadn’t touched him since the morning 
and despite his burning ears, Percy didn’t find the touch unwelcome.

“Am I not enough for you, my Prince?” Jason whispered into his ear, dangerously close. Percy 
shivered and remembered what it felt like to have Jason touch him. He quickly chased the memory 
away and slipped out of the guard’s grasp.

“I-I simply want to drink,” he said, straightening up and hoping he looked more princely than he felt. 
A smile played on Jason’s beautiful lips. God, he’s gorgeous, Percy thought subconsciously and he’s 
the lover of a prince...awkwardly Percy tucked a piece of hair behind his ear. Wasn’t this adultery, or 
some form of assault since Jason didn’t know that he wasn’t Alexander? Wasn’t it wrong in the first 
place, to have such a relationship exist between two men?

“What’s on your mind, my Lord?” Jason asked as they continued walking; the imposter’s face was 
full of anxiousness. He shrugged his shoulders.

“I am simply lost in thought, Jason,” he offered the guard a shy smile that could’ve never belonged 
on Alexander’s cold face. I want to know your name, Jason thought, “but I would like you to drink 
with me tonight.”

Jason smiled, trying not to let his imagination run wild, “It would be my pleasure, my Prince.”

***

Percy had never drunk so much but he had also never had so much money to spend on alcohol 
before. He was giggling and finishing his cup as ale ran down his chin, staining Alexander’s t-shirt. 
Jason watched him, sitting opposite, not even half as drunk as the ‘Prince’ despite having drunk just 
as much.

“I think you should stop.”
“I think I shouldn’t,” Percy grinned at him, “Come on, Jason, let me have some freedom,” he thought that perhaps it was something Alexander would have said. The guard shook his head and glanced around at the other men still in the establishment; those sober enough to stand were eyeing ‘Alexander’ up; someone dressed as richly as him had no business in an ale-house at this hour and Jason was getting antsy. His hand rested on his sword and he was sure he was the only reason why ‘Alexander’ hadn’t been robbed yet.

“That’s enough,” Jason pulled the cup out of the disappointed Prince’s hand. ‘Alexander’ slumped forward, panting, his eyes half-closed.

“You’re no fun.”

“We’re leaving,” Jason pulled out a pouch from his cloak with Alexander’s daily allowance inside and dropped a few coins on the table. The innkeeper inclined his head and then the guard stood and pulled ‘Alexander’ to his feet.

Percy stumbled, his whole world reeling. He leaned into Jason’s warmth and tried to stabilise himself, though to no avail. He was so drunk that everything was spinning and even Jason didn’t seem completely solid. The guard slid his arm around Percy’s waist and pulled him close. The next thing Percy knew was that they were outside. The cold night air felt fresh on his face and it was after a few seconds that he realised that he wasn’t walking but rather was being carried on Jason’s back.

“Jaaaaaason,” he muttered into the guard’s shoulder.

“We’re almost home, my Lord.”

Percy tightened his arms around the other man and buried his face in his shoulder. He felt sick. Jason started to climb up the hill towards the palace, which didn’t help Percy’s sense of stability. He groaned and Jason stopped.

“Are you going to vomit?”

“Maybe...”

Jason put Percy down and the moment he did the boy fell over and retched into the grass. Jason sighed and watched the hopeless boy; his alcohol tolerance was non-existent, unlike Alexander. The guard knelt next to him and the imposter rolled onto his back, thankfully away from the pool of vomit. He took shallow breaths, cheeks flushed.

“I’m drunk,” he whispered, looking up at the starry sky. Jason brushed a strand of hair from his forehead. Why did I do that? He looked down at the boy fondly.

“Yes you are;” he said. He wanted to add you’re doing a good job, but stopped himself. The imposter turned his soft green eyes to Jason.

“Are you in love with me?” he asked in a small voice. Jason was completely taken aback.

“I...My Lord-“

The imposter turned his face away, frowning as if Jason’s response mattered, “You kissed me,” he mumbled, slurring his words a little, “In the morning...and you touched me...but you haven’t done anything since and I...I...”

What do I tell him? Jason’s heart pounded. He hadn’t thought so far ahead; pretending that he and Alexander were lovers was one thing but what...what if...Jason bit his lip and looked down at the
imposter, shocked to find that the boy had fallen asleep on the grass. The tired guard stood, sighed, and picked the ‘Prince’ up bridal style. He couldn’t help but constantly glance at the peasant’s sleeping face, all relaxed and beautiful. He’d have to tell him he knew his identity – or rather the lack of it – soon, before his little joke stopped being a joke. This charade had to end eventually, and Alexander had to come home, as much as Jason didn’t want him to.

***

When Jason came to the Prince’s chambers the following morning he found the imposter still in Alexander’s bed, buried beneath the covers.

“My Lord, it’s time to wake up,” he said.

Percy groaned at the sound of his voice and burrowed himself deeper beneath the pillows. The bed was so warm and comfortable and his head pounded so much he doubted he could even attempt to climb out of it.

“Leave me alone,” he whimpered.

Jason smiled, “My Lord, you can’t spend all day in bed unless you are sick.”

“Well, then I am sick.”

“Alright, allow me to call for the physician,” Jason turned to the bed but Percy sat up abruptly. If a doctor were to examine him undoubtedly he’d be found out.

“No,” he blurted, “I...I just...,” he squeezed his eyes shut and groaned at the bright light falling in through the window, “Can you close the curtains, please?” he asked meekly.

Jason thought that the imposter definitely wasn’t a believable Prince, there was nothing demanding or snobby about him and he treated Jason as an equal. Still, the guard did as he please and pulled the curtains shut over the windows, drowning the room in semi-darkness before walking to the nightstand and pouring the Prince a glass of water.

“It’ll help with the headache,” he said as he offered it to the imposter, who looked at him tiredly.

“Thankyou,” Percy mumbled gratefully and hurriedly drank the water before collapsing back onto the bed, “What do we have planned for today.”

“Nothing, my Lord,” Jason said, sitting on the edge of the bed and looking down at the imposter. For some reason he didn’t feel comfortable with touching him the way he had the previous morning, “I can cancel your meetings and dinner and inform your father that you are feeling sickly due to last night’s drinking.”

‘Alexander’ turned his soft green eyes to Jason, “You would do that?” he croaked in surprise. Jason smiled gently.

“Anything for you.”

A blush crept up Percy’s cheeks. The way Jason looked at him...well, Alexander must have been one lucky man. The more time Percy spent in the palace with the Prince’s lover the less he understood why Alexander would want to leave all of this behind. For him it was heavenly, even if he knew that sooner or later it would have to end.

As Percy thought about this, Jason looked at him. He’s beautiful, he thought, eyes dancing over the
imposter’s flushed cheeks and messy hair. Before he knew what he was doing he was leaning over the boy, arm on either side of his head, and pressing his mouth to the boy’s lips. The imposter gasped, forgetting that he was supposed to be used to this, and turned his head away.

“M-My head hurts,” he stammered.

“I know,” Jason gently nudged his face back so he could brush his nose gently against ‘Alexander’s,’ “I won’t do anything, I just want to kiss you.”

Percy didn’t fight him, and Jason pressed their mouths together again. This kiss was softer and gentler than the one from the previous morning, making Percy’s skin warm and tingly. He knew that he couldn’t push Jason away, but at the same time he had no desire to. The blond didn’t make him disgusted, or nervous, or anything of that sort. His mouth on Percy’s felt comforting and loving. His heart throbbed in his chest and he pulled Jason closer even though he knew he shouldn’t have. This man wasn’t his – he was Alexander’s, and Percy had no right to enjoy kissing him.

But it was so hard not to, when Jason was so good at it.

Jason pulled away and the imposter looked up at him in such a way that made Jason want to ravish him. Then the boy reached up and cupped Jason’s cheek in his hand, stroking his thumb over the other’s cheekbone.

“Feeling better?” Jason asked, catching his hand and kissing his palm. The imposter smiled sweetly, making Jason’s heart twist.

“Yes,” he admitted.

He likes it, Jason realised, shocked. And just like that Jason wanted him, badly and desperately. He wanted to have this boy all to himself, to learn his real name, steal him from the palace and take him to Jupiter with him. Get yourself together.

Jason pulled away, “I must go,” he said, “I have to inform your father of your health and go about my other duties.”

“I thought I was your only duty,” the imposter teased. Jason smiled at him and headed for the door.

When he left, Percy felt awfully lonely. He buried himself beneath his covers and closed his eyes but he couldn’t sleep, the memory of Jason kissing him replaying in his head. Percy shouldn’t have wanted him – he was someone else’s and he was a man. And yet Percy felt himself yearning for Jason’s warmth and touch; how was it possible to want someone after only a day spent together.

Percy wasn’t sure if he wanted Alexander to come back faster, or never.

***

The days idly trickled by and nobody missed Alexander. The maids were surprised by the Prince’s sudden kindness and wit, and he amused the servants with jokes. Jason actually enjoyed his job for a whole seven days for the imposter – whomever he was – was absolutely lovely. Jason taught him archery, which the real Alexander knew, and the names of the flowers in the garden. They took endless walks in the city together, trying delicious treats from the bakery and buying books which the imposter got endlessly excited about. In return the boy showed Jason tricks with disappearing golden coins, how to play poker and told him fairytales full of adventures, unknowingly cementing Jason’s belief that he was not Prince Alexander.

Whatever desire Jason had to tell the truth about this belief quickly disappeared as a fond spot grew
for the imposter in his chest. It wasn’t love, it was much too soon, but Jason knew that if Alexander never returned he could have easily fallen for the boy pretending to be him. It was a dangerous thought, and Jason cursed himself over it at night. He couldn’t want the imposter...it had all started as a joke, but Jason had taken it too far.

“I would like to go see the sea,” the imposter said on the afternoon of the day a whole week after he had taken Alexander’s place. They were sitting beneath a tree in the royal gardens, the shade providing a welcome relief from the scorching day. Between them was a basket full of food that the cook had packed for Alexander’s lunch; radishes dipped in salt, cold sausages, strawberries, small sandwiches, blackcurrant cake and a bottle of lemonade. Jason was used to seeing Alexander eat these feasts when he decided to stay out during the day, but the imposter – unlike the Prince – welcomingly shared his food with Jason. So they sat and they ate and then talked, and then the look-alike had said that, “It looks lovely from my window.”

Jason blinked at him. Alexander hated any situation in which he could end up wet so the proposition seemed unusual. But then he isn’t Alexander, is he? Jason remembered, “Of course, my Lord, anything you wish.”

The imposter looked down at his lap and then bit the end of a strawberry thoughtfully, “I...you know...,” his face was red, “You don’t have to call me ‘my Lord’ all the time...my name is just fine.”

Jason smiled at how embarrassed the Prince looked at he placed a hand on his thigh, to tease him more than anything else, though he found he liked to feel the warmth of the boy’s body, “But you are my Lord.”

The imposter looked at him with heated green eyes, “Well I want you to call me P-,” he started confidently, then faltered and looked away, “A-Alexander,” he whispered.

1. His name started with a P, Jason’s heart pounded. What was it? Was he a Peter, or a Paul, or a Paris or maybe he was Phillip or..., “Of course, Alexander,” Jason swooped down and kissed his blushing cheek while brushing his thumb over the material of the Prince’s trousers on his thigh. The imposter didn’t look at him but he took the hand on his thigh in his own – at first Jason thought he was going to push him away but instead the boy fiddled with his fingers before sliding his own between Jason’s and holding his hand. Jason blinked down in surprise.

“Can we go tomorrow?” the imposter asked softly. Jason’s heart filled with the desire to hold the boy, to pull him close and kiss him and never let him go. He swallowed.

“Yes, we can. But remember that tonight you have a ball to attend to.”

The imposter looked up at him, “What ball?”

***

The sun was dipping behind the horizon, it’s last warm rays painting the ocean a multitude of colours; pink and orange and purple. The sky was darkening up above Percy’s head, the stars already shyly coming out. The boy stood with his shoes off, his toes wriggling in the still-warm sand. Nearby his two horses grazed on a patch of grass. It was silent save for the sound of waves crumbling over the shore, a soothing, hypnotic sound.

Percy just stood there, arms limp and chest heavy. I never want to leave this place, he thought with a bitter taste in his mouth, like tears, I want to stay here, on this beach, forever...with him.

He turned his head slightly. Jason was already looking at him, the softest of smiles on his face, blue
eyes focused solely on Percy as if the beautiful sunset didn’t interest him. It was just the two of them, and the horses. The guard reached out and took Percy’s hand in his own, their fingers sliding together perfectly.

“It’s wonderful, isn’t it?” Jason whispered. Percy nodded, too overwhelmed to speak. He wanted to scream I love you and please love me, not him, love me! But his mouth was dry and he couldn’t get a word out. Instead he just squeezed Jason’s hand and hoped he could hold it forever.

***

Percy thought he was really fitting into the role of the Prince, even if he was forgetting everyone’s names. The downstairs ballroom had been transformed for this event with garlands of flowers climbing down from the chandeliers. Sweet music drifted in from the podium where men in tuxedos played violins and cellos. Everybody was wearing their best – women in big, colourful dresses and meticulously arranged hairstyles, men in doublets and golden jerkins – Percy had to admit he looked his part in Alexander’s frilly white shirt and dark green doublet weaved through with gold threat, his hair freshly washed. He had talked to more nobles than he cared to remember and might have had one too many glasses of wine though this far into the ball nobody much cared; there were couples spinning each other wildly on the dance floor and the doors to the terrace had been opened and were now a place were older men gathered to complain about trading and politics.

For the first time Percy could understand how Alexander’s life could be tiresome – constantly complimenting ladies and exchanging polite words with bearded men got irritating very fast. But it was a small price to pay for such a life.

“When will you be married, young Alexander?” some Duke asked, followed by boisterous laughter, “The beautiful Annabeth is right there in the corner,” he gestured at a gorgeous blonde girl in a deep purple gown who was glancing at him across the room. Percy swallowed – once he would’ve pounced on the opportunity to even kiss such a beauty, and yet now the question felt suffocating.

“Excuse me,” he mumbled and made for the door, praying nobody else would bother him. He needed fresh air and thankfully in minutes he was walking away from the brightly lit, loud palace and delving into the comforting darkness of the garden. He just needed to breathe.

His eyes landed on the maze. Perhaps going inside was not the best idea in the dark but Percy’s slightly-drunken mind didn’t tell him this and soon his feet had led him inside. He stuck a hand out and ran his fingers over the leaves of the neatly trimmed hedges as he took random lefts and rights, lost in his own thoughts. Overhead the sky was ablaze with stars and Percy could smell the nearby sea...he couldn’t wait to go down to it tomorrow with Jason.

Jason. Percy’s step faltered and he tried to bite his smile away, failing. His chest felt tight and warm just thinking about Alexander’s guard. That’s when he heard footsteps behind him. Percy’s hair stood on end and he glanced behind his shoulder but all he saw was the maze, disappearing into shadows. Suddenly being here was not such a good idea. Percy attempted to backtrack but after a few minutes of walking fast and not really sure where, he was still inside. He started to panic a little, especially since he could still hear footsteps and the crackling of branches underfoot, and they seemed to be coming from everywhere. In the distance the sound of the ball filtered out and made Percy realise that if he screamed nobody would hear...

He walked faster, glancing around like a madman, and the footsteps grew louder.

“Oh God,” he whispered to himself, hands shaking, “Oh God, oh God, oh-“

A hand grabbed his and Percy screamed.
“What the hell is the matter with you?” Jason asked, frowning down at him. At once all of the tension left Percy’s body and he slumped against the nearest leafy wall, staring at Jason in shock.

“W-What...,” he choked out, then slapped the guard’s muscular arm, “Don’t you ever do that to me again!”

“Do what?” Jason seemed confused.

“Scare me like that!” Percy snapped. Jason was only a little bit taller, which made it easy to glare at him. But the blond wasn’t intimidated, smiling at the fake Alexander and reaching out. The moment he tucked Percy’s hair behind his ear all of the boy’s anger melted away.

“I’m sorry, my Lord,” he shifted closer and took Percy’s face in his hands, stroking his cheeks slowly. Percy shivered, “You look good.”

“Yes, well...,” the boy shrugged, unsure of how to react. He bit his lip, “I was thinking about you.”

Jason raised an eyebrow, “Were you?”

Percy blushed, “N-Not like that!”

“Of course like that,” Jason teased. His hands slid from Percy’s face to his shoulders, then lower until they rested on his hips. He couldn’t help himself – when he had seen the imposter go into the maze he just wanted to touch him, and now that he was, he couldn’t get enough.

Percy met Jason halfway for the guard’s hungry kiss. Their mouths moved together automatically, their lips already acquainted. Over the past week Percy had been kissed more by this man than anyone else in his entire life. There was something incredibly exciting about their forbidden relationship, and incredibly worrying since Percy could feel himself getting attached to Jason, while the guard still thought he was Alexander...

“Mhmm-,” Percy moaned in surprise when Jason shoved him up against the wall harder, fitting their bodies together and sliding his tongue into Percy’s mouth. The boy tried to fight him for dominance but when Jason squeezed his ass he lost concentration and the blond won, exploring every inch of Percy’s wet mouth, “Fuck,” Percy panted as Jason released his lips in order to kiss his neck passionately.

In a spurt of lust and desire, Percy’s hand shot out and he grabbed Jason’s crotch, feeling his erection against his hand. Jason paused for a second, surprised by the imposter’s straightforwardness. Jason’s initial plan to push the boy to confess had officially crumbled since none of this caused distress. Secretly Jason was pleased.

“Someone’s getting brave,” he whispered, kissing up Percy’s neck.

With surprise on his side Percy managed to catch Jason off guard and flip them around, shoving the guard up against the maze wall. Jason raised an eyebrow at him but Percy didn’t offer any verbal explanation, instead sinking to his knees in front of the other man.

He didn’t know what he was doing; he had had his penis sucked before by girls and all of a sudden he was overwhelmed by the urge to do it to Jason, to make him feel the pleasure he made Percy feel. It was insane, but it was what Percy wanted.

“Hey!” Jason was shocked to see the Prince – even if he wasn’t really the prince – on his knees in front of him, determinedly undoing his belt buckle, “You shouldn’t...I...you’ll get your breeches dirty!”
“Be quiet, Jason,” the imposter muttered, pulling down Jason’s own breeches and then his undergarments. The guard didn’t even have time to explain why simple kissing ‘Alexander’ had made him half-hard because in the next moment the imposter gave the head of his erection a little, tentative lick.

“O-Oh,” Jason whispered, staring down at the imposter, frozen.

Percy didn’t know what to do so he hesitantly took the bottom half of Jason’s shaft in his hand – it wasn’t completely hard, and Percy really wanted it to be so he carefully wrapped his lips around the head. Jason stopped protesting, instead letting out a sigh and slumping against the wall. Percy took that as a good thing and swallowed more of Jason’s cock, licking at it as it entered is mouth. It felt strange, but not altogether unpleasant and it was worth it for the groan Jason let out.

“God...,” his fingers slid into the imposter’s silky hair because he needed something to hold onto. The sight below him was exquisite, one of the prince’s hands gripping the bottom of his shirt, eyes closed as he sucked Jason. The guard could feel his wet tongue swirling around his head as the boy dragged his erection further into his hot, wet mouth. Jason wanted to tell him a hundred things; tell him how beautiful he was, and that he loved him, and how good it felt, but he wasn’t thinking straight and he wasn’t sure which thoughts were true. Besides, the imposter started to move his hand then, pumping half of Jason’s erection while he sucked, licked and swallowed the other half, and the guard forgot how to breathe. He gripped Percy’s hair and let out little gasps as the boy pleasured him, filling his stomach with heat and desire. The maze filled with slurping sounds as the imposter grew more confident. Jason’s head was spinning as the boy sucked him sloppily, saliva and precum running down his chin in a way that shouldn’t have made Jason crazy and yet it did.

“You’re doing so good,” Jason whispered and his hips started to move just a little. It became somewhat hard for Percy to breathe but he was determined to make the other feel good so he continued to suck harder, his hand moving faster. Jason moaned, “nghhh...don’t s-stop. You’re...ah...”

The imposter looked up at him and he probably didn’t mean to look as goddamn devious and sexy as he did, but it was still enough to make Jason tumble dangerously close to the edge, seeing those green eyes looking at him so innocently while the rest of the boy was a prime example of debauchery at its finest.

“I’m going to...,” Jason tried to warn him, but it was too late. Percy felt hot liquid spurt down his throat and he drew off Jason’s cock, only to catch the last of his orgasm on his face. He winced and coughed at the bitter aftertaste, having swallowed accidently.

“Oh God,” Jason sank to his knees next to him and wiped his semen off Percy’s face with his sleeve, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to get it all over you,” he fretted, cleaning Percy off. The blond’s face was blissed out, his eyes soft, and suddenly Percy had the helpless urge to be held by Jason. He startled the guard by climbing into his lap and wrapped his arms around his neck, burying his face in Jason’s shoulder, “H-Hey,” the guard said uneasily, “Is everything alright?

Percy nodded against his shoulder and held him tighter. Alexander comes back in a week, he thought and, to his horror, tears welled up in his eyes, I’m not going to be with Jason in a week. The thought was painful, like a dozen knives stabbing him in the heart.

Jason didn’t know what got into ‘Alexander’ but the boy was holding onto him for dear life. Jason leaned back against the maze wall and re-arranged them a little so they were more comfortable before wrapping his arms around the imposter’s waist. He held him close and stroked his back.

“Thankyou,” he whispered, kissing the side of the boy’s head, “That was amazing. You’re
amazing.”

Percy pulled his face away from Jason’s shoulder and kissed him desperately, wanting to remember the feeling of the other man’s lips forever. He would have to go soon, he knew that, but right now he just wanted Jason to touch him.

***

Jason started to get anxious when almost a fortnight passed since the boy had taken Alexander’s place since on the final day of August their royal ship was leaving Olympus and returning to Jupiter. As much as Jason secretly hoped that Alexander took a liking to the life of a vagrant, he knew that most likely the boy would return.

And then Jason would have to let whoever he fell in love with go. It was foolish – how could you love someone whose name you didn’t even know? Who you were lying to constantly? But Jason knew it was true. When he and the imposter laid side by side on the grass in the maze and looked up at the stars on the night of the ball Jason knew he never wanted to let this boy go. Now, apart from the fear of Alexander not returning Jason feared what would happen if he told the imposter the truth, because he knew he’d have to tell him, sooner or later. Jason couldn’t just let him go.

Similar thoughts crowded Percy’s head as he sat at dinner with his father and the King of Olympus. Jason stood behind him, silent, like a statue and Percy picked at his food, his appetite missing. Tonight was the thirty-first day of August which meant that Alexander would return during the night, or in the morning before the ship set sail. Percy would get his hut by the sea but...but he hoped Alexander would allow him to renegotiate; if Jason didn’t hate him after finding out the truth Percy wanted to try and be with...that is, if the guard had managed to fall out of love with the real Alexander. It was all so confusing.

“...ander,” Percy was pulled out of his thoughts when he felt Jason poking him subtly in the back. He looked up and saw Alexander’s father’s gaze burning a hole into him. He swallowed, realising the man had been saying his – or the Prince’s – name.

“Yes father?”

“I was saying as a thankyou you should play the piano for King Zeus,” the man pointed at the head of the table, then at the grand piano standing in the corner.

“Yes, of course,” Percy stood. That was when he realised he did not know how to play piano. The king and queen put their napkins down and along with his father stared at him pointedly. A wave of nausea hit Percy and without thinking he glanced at Jason, even though the blond thought he was Alexander too.

Fuck, fuck, fuck...Percy wobbled on his feet, afraid he would fall unconscious.

“My Lord!” the Queen gasped, “you have gone so pale, Alexander! Is everything alright?”

“I-I apologise,” Percy stuttered, the room spinning, “I just...”

Jason was by his side suddenly, grabbing his arm and steadying him, “Perhaps my Lord would like to lie down?” he asked, calm and even. Without even knowing, he had offered Percy a way out. Except Jason did know, he saw Percy panic just then and swooped in to save him.

“Take him to his chamber,” Jupiter waved him off, “I do not want him getting sick on the ship tomorrow.”
Jason nodded, bowed, and steered the pale imposter out of the hall. The boy didn’t say anything until Jason got him to his chambers; the windows were open and letting in a refreshing breeze.

“How are you feeling?” Jason asked when the imposter sat on the edge of the bed. When the guard lit a candle he saw that indeed, the boy was pale. The imposter shrugged.

“Not too good,” he admitted.

Jason knelt in front of him and pulled off his boots, then got started on the boy’s breeches, “Let’s get you into bed, we have a long day ahead of us tomorrow.”

Percy watched Jason as the man undressed him, trying to remember every detail about him. The thought that tomorrow he’d have to leave and have nothing but a memory of the blond on the streets with him was so painful Percy felt like crying. Jason was too busy with his clothes to notice though, so Percy grabbed his face in his hand. He was left in just his shirt. The guard looked at him.

“I...,” Percy started, but got choked up. Jason smiled and gently smoothed his hair back.

“You’ll feel better after you sleep.”

He pulled back the covers for Percy and the boy laid down. Jason tucked him in and then turned to the door. Percy grabbed his hand, unable to stomach the thought of the guard leaving.

“Aren’t you going to kiss me?” he asked pathetically.

Jason turned to the bed and saw the imposter looking at him with sad, pained eyes. He cemented Jason’s idea that tomorrow he’d be gone and the real Alexander would come back. The thought made Jason’s soul ache and the way the imposter was looking at him made him unable to fight his desire. He climbed on top of the boy and kissed him deeply. Immediately the imposter wrapped his arms around Jason’s shoulders and held onto him, kissing back feverishly.

“I thought you felt sick.”

“Not sick enough to kiss you,” Percy chased Jason’s mouth with his own when the blond tried to pull away. He needed more tonight, he needed everything, to have Jason, if only this once, “Please,” he whispered against the blond’s mouth, “take me.”

Jason pinned his wrists to the bed and kissed him hungrily. They had teased and pleasured each other over the past fortnight but they hadn’t gone all the way and the imposter’s words made Jason suddenly crave it. He needed to claim this boy as his own.

“Anything you need, my love,” Jason whispered. He peeled back the covers and climbed beneath them, pressing his body against the imposter’s. Percy clumsily helped the blond get his clothes off, impatiently helping him get his shirt and breeches off. When they were both naked they pressed their bodies together once more, moaning in pleasure at the contact. Their hands wouldn’t stop wandering, and they danced over every inch of the other’s body. Jason kissed down Percy’s chest, run his tongue over his protruding collarbones while Percy sucked love marks into his neck. They were like two frustrated, heated teenagers.

Jason wanted to tell the imposter he loved him, he wanted to tell him anything but somehow he couldn’t. He pulled a vial of oil from the bedside table and lathered his cock up as the boy beneath him looked up at him sultrily. He didn’t look scared and Jason wondered if he had done this before...an unreasonable jealousy flared up inside him and he kissed the boy roughly.

“You’re mine,” he growled, and the imposter wrapped his legs around Jason’s waist, gasping and
arching up against him as the blond angrily squeezed his ass, “Just mine, Alexander.”

The boy froze and stared up at Jason. The blond hadn’t meant to say the Prince’s name...or maybe he had. Maybe he wanted to push the imposter to say the truth first because he wasn’t brave enough. He wanted to make love to the person below him, to know his real name.

“I...,” the imposter whispered, fear appearing in his eyes, “I don’t...I...”

“It’s alright,” Jason kissed his forehead, “You can tell me.” His heart pounded.

The nausea was back and Percy was afraid he’d vomit. Having Jason call him ‘Alexander’ was sickening, reminding the peasant that it wasn’t him the guard wanted, that he was tricking him into this. Tears welled up in Percy’s eyes. He had to tell Jason the truth, and tell it right now. He had hoped so badly that maybe he’d get to have the memory of Jason inside him first, to keep him warm at night. But he couldn’t do that to the blond, he couldn’t lie to him about who he was any longer.

“I’m not Alexander,” Percy whispered, squeezing his eyes shut. His legs fell limply from Jason’s waist and although a sob bubbled up in his throat he felt lighter somehow. He turned his face away and buried it in the crook of his arm to hide his tears, “I-I’m not Alexander, but I am in love w-with you, Jason.”

His arm was pulled from his face, but not roughly.

“Look at me,” Jason said gently, the sight of the boy he loved crying breaking his heart. In the faint, flickering candlelight the imposter’s eyes looked like the ocean. Jason caught his hand and kissed his palm before nuzzling it. The imposter stared at him in shock, “I know you’re not Alexander, I knew from that very first morning.”

The imposter’s eyes widened, “W-What?”

Jason leaned down and pressed his forehead to the shocked boy’s, “You’re much too beautiful to be him,” he admitted, “and I have my own confession to make – there is no love between Alexander and I. I hate that entitled little brat but you...,” his eyes softened, “I am in love with you too.”

“But...,” Percy didn’t understand – was he dreaming again? “But...but you kissed me a-and...”

“I initially hoped it would make you tell the truth,” Jason sighed, “but I got caught up in you, in your laugh and the way you stare at the sea. I didn’t mean for this to happen, I swear, but I do love you. So badly.”

“You don’t even know my name,” the imposter whispered.

“Then tell me,” Jason’s brows furrowed and he lifted Percy’s legs to his waist again, “Tell me your name, I have been dying to know it.”

“Percy,” the imposter whispered faintly, “M-My name is Percy.”

Warmth spread through Jason’s whole body and he pressed the tip of his erection against Percy’s entrance, making the boy suck in a startled breath of air, “Percy,” Jason savoured the name, kissing the frown between the boy’s brows as he began to slowly enter him. Percy choked on a moan, mouth falling open, “Percy...Percy...,” Jason kissed his neck, his ear, losing himself in the way Percy’s hot, tight body opened up for him. The boy keened and wrapped his arms around Jason’s shoulders, his fingers digging into his back, “My Percy, mine...I love you,” Jason whispered sweet nothing as he entered the boy, who just clutched him harder and harder.
Percy couldn’t believe it was happening. When Jason was fully inside of him the boy collapsed back on the bed, panting. His legs trembled around Jason’s waist.

“Does it hurt?” the blond asked.

Percy shook his head desperately, “No,” he whispered, “No, it doesn’t, I...”

Jason kissed him, silencing his desperate gasps, “I love you.”

“You keep saying that,” Percy trembled.

“Because it’s true. I want to tell you every day.”

Reality tried to creep up on the boy, “It’s impossible,” he whispered, chest tight, “Alexander returns tomorrow, I will have to disappear, I-”

“Don’t worry about that now, my love,” Jason said soothingly, “All will be well.”

***

Jason honestly was surprised when a year later he still hadn’t killed Alexander – the only thought that stopped him from ending that pathetic worm’s life was the memory of his return, how shabby, starved and dirty he looked appearing by the servant’s entrance in Olympus at dawn. But he was back now, back to being Prince with nobody having realised his two week absence. He was back to ruling his palace in Jupiter and ordering everyone, including Jason, around.

But Jason didn’t hate him anymore. Alexander was an ass, but thanks to him Jason was happy.

He crossed the meadow that separated the castle from the forest and delved between the trees, walking with the last rays of the day’s sun warming his skin. He was exhausted, all he dreamt about was a bath and his bed. After a few minutes of walking, when it became almost completely dark, Jason’s house came into view.

It was a little cottage that he had built, isolated from the rest of the city. It was made with white stones, with a thatched roof that leaked sometimes. Inside was a fireplace, a large double bed, a table with two chairs by it. Outside was a little pen with two pigs and two horses, a cow, a dozen chicken and geese and a little goat. A tall wall surrounded everything to keep up the walls and the curious eyes and when Jason let himself in he saw that the lights were on. Smiling, the guard approached the cottage and opened the door.

Percy was preparing dinner by candlelight, dressed in a green tunic and brown breeches, his overgrown hair pulled back into a short ponytail. He smiled brightly when Jason entered and then threw himself at his lover. Jason laughed and caught him, kissing his face, hair and everything else he could reach. Despite living with Percy for months he could never get enough of the boy.

“Hello, beautiful,” he told him now, showering him in affection and caresses. Percy grinned at him.

“Dinner’s almost ready.”

Thanks to the money Alexander gave him for his ‘troubles’ Percy never had to work a day in his life again but Alexander demanded Jason remain his guard, so he did. It wasn’t so bad anymore, not when Jason had this gorgeous angel waiting for him at home each evening. Looking at him now, snuggled up in his arms, Jason couldn’t believe that he ever thought that Percy and Alexander looked anything alike.
All These Kisses

Leo/Percy one where when they try to capture Nike in the BoO, Percy trips and falls on Leo and they accidentally kiss and they brush it off for then cuz they have crazy Goddess to catch. But Percy keeps thinking about it during the mission and even on the Argo straight to the point where he can’t even face Leo anymore. Rest of the 7 notice the tension and force Percy to confess and fluff ensures!

For SHINE

“Duck!” Jason yelled, throwing himself to the side as one of Nike’s warriors – a Nikai – charged at the blond. Leo dodged to the opposite side and summoned a flame ball in his hand but before he could throw it a shot of water rushed across the arena, extinguishing his flames and knocking down one of the Nikai’s like bowling pins – unfortunately the metal lady got right back up.

“Hey!” Leo yelled at Percy in anger. The son of Poseidon offered him an apologetic grin,

“Sorry! Didn’t see you there!” he dashed off quickly before Leo found a new target in him. Even in the middle of fighting Percy took pleasure in teasing the Latino, which probably wasn’t smart as they were being attacked by Nike’s personal bodyguards.

Percy ran across the arena, ducking beneath the swinging swords of the Nikai as around him the Seven fought viciously. Nike watched on, a smirk on her face. *How in Tartarus are we supposed to beat the Goddess of victory?*! Percy sliced Riptide at one of the furious warriors but she ducked out of the way. Percy’s arm started to ache and there wasn’t enough water beneath the arena to just flood the whole thing. Somewhere in the distance Hazel screamed and Frank – who was in lion form – roared in fury. Nike laughed triumphantly above them.

“Puny Demigods.”

Percy parried the thrust of the Nikai he was fighting, but he didn’t notice the second one running right at his back, eyes ablaze. The next thing Percy knew was that he was being shoved to the side. Okay, ‘shoved’ wasn’t a good word; it was more like Leo launched his whole body into Percy, causing them both to tumble behind a tall rock, temporarily hiding them from view. Percy banged his head as he and Leo smooshed together, landing hard on the ground.

Percy saw an explosion of colours behind his closed eyelids and for a second all he could feel was
pain. He tried to groan but the sound came out muffled...that’s when Percy felt the warmth of another body beneath him. It was very, very warm, and very, very close. Percy groggily opened his eyes, the sound of battle filtering into his ears slowly.

He had landed on top of Leo, probably crushing the smaller boy with his body weight. Why is he so close? Percy thought dizzily, and why is he looking at me like that? Leo’s eyes were inches from Percy’s, so close Percy couldn’t see them clearly, only noticing that they were brown, wide and shocked. Percy opened his mouth to ask Leo what was wrong, but when he did his lips brushed something soft and a little wet.

That was the moment that Percy finally came to properly, and realised that the reason he and Leo were so impossibly close was because they were kissing. Percy screamed and jumped off the Latino, scrambling away. Leo sat up, looking dazed. His eyes were still wide, cheeks red.

“H-How did that happen?!” Percy demanded.

Leo seemed not to hear him. He slowly lifted his hand and touched his lips and Percy watched him in confusion. Then the Latino’s face twisted in disgust and he started to wipe his mouth on the back of his hand furiously.

“Ew, ew, ew!” he screeched, “I have to get some disinfectant!”

“Oi you two!” Jason landed between them – he must’ve been up in the air – “You done taking your nap? We have a Goddess to capture!”

He launched himself back into the air and Percy took the opportunity to scramble to his feet and run as far away from Leo as he could. He threw himself into the fight, slashing and parrying furiously. Suddenly the Nikai didn’t seem as terrifying as the thought that he had kissed Leo Valdez! No, it wasn’t a kiss! Percy couldn’t think of it as a kiss...it was an accident, neither of them wanted it!

The son of Poseidon was mortified, which made it easier to fight. His brain just switched off as all he could think about was his disgust as to the fact that he had accidentally brushed mouths with Valdez! Why him of all people?!

***

Dinner was so awkward...or maybe Percy was just imagining it. They were sitting in the dining room on the Argo II and Percy couldn’t stomach his food. Apart from Frank, who was on patrol, the rest of the Seven were gathered around the table, eating and laughing, happy about their triumph over Nike. Percy couldn’t even think about the Goddess, or anything else for the matter, save for his and Leo’s ‘kiss.’ On one hand he didn’t understand why it was such a big deal; it had been an accident, after all. Neither he nor Leo liked boys and they definitely didn’t like each other like that...but on the other hand Percy had kissed him! They had been kissing!

He looked at his plate with disgust as nerves made his stomach flip. He could feel Leo’s presence on the other end of the table and he was scared that if he looked up he would stare. The tension was palpable, and Percy wondered if the other Demigods could feel it too.

“Percy, Leo,” Hazel said, “You’ve been awfully quiet tonight, are you two feeling alright?”

Percy felt all the blood in his body rush to his cheeks and judging from Leo – who was tomato red – the same must’ve happened to him.

“Fine,” he squeaked, voice an octave higher than normal. His and Percy’s eyes met accidentally and Percy didn’t even know who tried to look away quicker.
“Uh,” Percy stood, “I’m not hungry, think I’m going to go swap Frank out.”

“Yeah,” Leo also stood up, not looking at the other Demigod, “I’m gonna...go do stuff...in the engine room...”

They both dashed off, unable to stay in each other’s presence. The rest of the seven exchanged confused looks and shrugs, unable to come up with a reason for the weird behaviour of their friends.

The cold night air helped to clear Percy’s head. He sat on the prow, allowing Frank to go down and eat, and stared down at the clouds in front of him, illuminated silver by the moon. Why am I so bothered? Percy thought gloomily. He imagined accidentally kissing Jason or Frank – they’d turn it into a joke probably, and it would be very bro-like. Then why was it so awkward with Leo? Sure, they weren’t best buddies but they were still friends so why they were acting so off with each other?

Percy sighed, and without meaning to brought up the memory of the kiss. It hadn’t really been one; their lips didn’t move apart from the second that Percy’s did, they didn’t hold each other, they didn’t use tongue...Percy blushed just at the thought. It was just a press of lips, that’s all, he decided, but even as he thought that his mind started to wander...

Leo had surprisingly soft lips. They were warm – like the rest of him – and a little damp. When Percy had moved his against them they had parted ever so slightly, with Leo not resisting at all...what would it feel like to kiss him properly? Percy’s eyes slid partway closed as he looked at the clouds, what would he taste of? He’d probably taste sweet since he’s always eating chocolate...Percy imagined slipping his tongue into the other boy’s mouth – would he fight me for dominance or just let me do whatever I wanted? Would he mind if my tongue was in his mouth? Would he even kiss me back in the first place? I wonder if he’d moan...he looks like a moaner...I wonder what kind of kisser he is, if he’s stiff and awkward or if he likes to touch his partner...he already looked all flushed and dazed from that kiss so I wonder what he’d look like if I kissed him properly-

Percy felt like he had been struck by lightning and he violently jerked out of his – what? Daydream? Fantasy? No, no, no, no! He shook his head frantically, face red. What the hell was he doing, thinking those things about Leo?! He didn’t like Leo, not like that anyway, and he most definitely did not want to kiss him again! He wasn’t gay for fuck’s sake!

Calm down. Percy exhaled and pulled condensation out of the closest cloud. Water pooled in his palm and he splashed it over his face, they were just thoughts, random thoughts. I don’t want to kiss him again.

***

Percy kept glancing at Leo at dinner. It had been almost two days since their ‘kiss’ and it continued to be the only thing in Percy’s mind. Even as they neared what undoubtedly would be their final clash with Gaia, Percy could only focus on Leo. His nightmares had been replaced by dreams in which Leo laid on the grass beneath him and asked Percy softly to kiss him. It made Percy irritated and angry and without meaning to he lashed out at the other Demigods, especially Leo.

What was even more annoying was the fact that Leo himself seemed to have forgotten about the whole ordeal. Apart from the awkward dinner the night before, the Latino acted normal. He joked and teased and made a big deal out of himself, and Percy could only glare and grit his teeth. Why was he getting so obsessed with the boy? Was it the stress of the quest making him focus on insignificant things? Percy refused to accept that maybe he was questioning his sexuality – he had liked girls all his life and some infuriating, curly-haired, mischievous dipshit wasn’t going to change that!
Leo met his eyes across the table and Percy didn’t have time to look away.

“Can I help you, Percy?” Leo raised an eyebrow. Everyone looked at the son of Poseidon, who quickly averted his eyes and tried to fight his blush.

“No,” he grumbled.

“What’s with you two?” Piper glanced between them, “You’re acting weird.”

“No, we’re not,” Leo snorted, glancing at Percy, “He’s acting weird. I’m fine,” he smiled, “Maybe it has something to do with-”

Percy went bright red and stood up, “Thanks for the food,” he snapped and then hurried out of the dining room. He had to get away from the Seven before Leo stupidly told them about the ‘kiss.’ Percy would never hear the end of it. He went out onto the deck where the sun was setting behind the ocean stretched in front of them, colouring everything pink and amber. Percy honestly would’ve preferred to face Gaia in that moment than admit his own feelings to himself.

He heard footsteps behind him and, afraid it was Leo coming to tease him, he whirled around. He exhaled in relief when he just saw a worried-looking Annabeth and Jason approaching him. They came to stand on either side of him.

“I’m all good,” Percy said immediately.

“It’s okay to be scared,” Annabeth smiled at him warmly, “We’re all terrified of what will happen when we face Gaia-“

Percy almost laughed, “It's not that. I don’t care about Gaia.”

“You don’t?” Jason blinked.

“No, of course I do, but...but that’s not the reason I’ve been weird,” the son of Poseidon crossed his arms over his chest and bit his lip. Annabeth and Jason were his best friends, if he couldn’t confide in them then who could he confide in? Maybe they’d give him advice and help him make sense of the crazy emotions inside of himself.

“Well...,” Annabeth prompted, “Are you gonna tell us why you’ve been weird then?”

“It’s Leo,” Percy mumbled.

Jason frowned, “Leo?”

“Yup,” Percy said, popping the ‘p’ and looked at Jason, “remember when we were fighting Nike’s sidekicks and you found me and Leo behind that rock?”

“Yeah,” Jason nodded while Annabeth looked a little confused.

“Well...we, uh....,” Percy looked down at his feet, “he tackled me because I was gonna get slashed from the back and...uh...,” he bit the inside of his cheek, feeling a little awkward and embarrassed, “and I kinda landed like...on top of him or whatever, and...um, well...we like...kissed, I guess,” he winced, and then began to backtrack, “But not like kissed! It was an accident, like I just landed on top of him and our lips just happened to press together!”

Jason and Annabeth exchanged baffled looks, “Okaaaay,” the girl said, “So you accidentally kissed Leo, what’s the big deal?”
Percy exhaled, “The big deal is that I can’t stop thinking about it,” he said, defeated. Annabeth’s mouth fell open.

“Perseus Jackson, are you gay?”

“No!” Percy scoffed, “I mean...I...,” he glanced at Jason, “I’ve never wanted to kiss a boy before...but....but...”

“But now you wanna kiss Leo?” Jason offered sympathetically. Percy groaned in frustration.

“I don’t know!” he exclaimed helplessly. It was almost completely dark on deck, “I’m just so confused, like I keep remembering and dreaming about it and...,” his cheeks burned. He shook his head, “I just don’t know what to do – it’s driving me insane.”

Annabeth smiled and ruffled his hair fondly, “Well,” she said carefully, “Maybe you’re bisexual.”

Jason nodded, “Why don’t you talk to him?”

“And say what?” Percy pouted, “Hi Leo, I know we’re not even properly friends but I just wanted to tell you that accidentally kissing you might’ve awakened my sexuality and now I don’t know if I want to screw your brains out or not.”

“Well then,” Jason cleared his throat awkwardly.

“That’s a bit graphic,” Annabeth added, “Why don’t you just tell him that you’re confused about your sexuality because of the situation and maybe ask for another kiss.”

“A-Another kiss?” Percy stuttered. He hadn’t even dreamed of that possibility, of being able to touch Leo like that again...why do I even want to do that in the first place?!

“That’s a good idea,” Jason nodded, “Another kiss to make sure if you like it or not. I’m sure Leo wouldn’t mind, he’s not exactly the straightest of the bunch.”

“He’s not?” Percy asked. Annabeth shrugged.

“Just talk to him. We might all be dead in a couple of days, what’s the worst thing that can happen?”

***

Percy found Leo in the engine room, sitting on the floor among a shitload of machinery that Percy couldn’t even name. His curls were falling into his face as his fingers moved quickly, sorting parts into little heaps.

“Hi,” Percy said, making his presence known. Leo looked up, then looked back down again.

“Hi. Did something happen?”

Percy hid his shaky hands behind his back, “No. Just wanted to see what you’re up to.”

“Just sorting some things through,” Leo said. A tense, awkward silence fell between the two of them. Percy swallowed. *Come on, don’t be a pussy*, he told himself. In one movement, before he could chicken out, he shoved the door shut and sat down in front of Leo. The Latino blinked at him, surprised, then raised an eyebrow in question.

“We need to talk.”
“About what?” Leo asked. Percy sighed.

“Don’t play dumb, you know what. The kiss.”

Leo blushed a little and tucked a curl behind his ear, “Oh. I thought we were just going to let it go. It was just an accident, right?” he laughed anxiously.

“Yeah, it was, but that’s besides the point,” Percy was so nervous he felt sick, “That kiss it…it got me thinking.”

Leo frowned, “What?”

He really wasn’t making this easy. Percy looked away, unable to face him, “It got me thinking about, just like…like kissing boys...just in general...”

“Riiiiiight,” Leo said, making it pretty clear that he wasn’t following, which pissed Percy off.

“I just want to know, okay?” he snapped.

“Know what?”

“I don’t know!” Percy yelled, making Leo flinch in surprise, “I want to know if I mind kissing boys!”

“Well go kiss Jason or something then!” Leo blushed.

Percy sighed and rubbed his face. He was going to have to say it out loud, wouldn’t he, “It’s not that,” he said dejectedly, “I...I want to know if I mind...if I m-mind kissing...you.”

“Me?”

“Yeah,” Percy said sullenly. He looked up at Leo, who appeared taken aback, “You mind?”

“Um...not really, if it helps you to stop acting so weird,” he shrugged and started to play with his shoe laces. Percy shifted closer, heart pounding, unable to believe he was actually doing this.

“Don’t flinch away, okay?” he asked, “it’ll just be one kiss.”

Leo nodded mutely, not looking at Percy. The son of Poseidon leaned in so his mouth was inches away from Leo’s. He smelled like cinnamon and motor oil. Percy’s eyes slid shut and he closed the space between them, pressing their lips together. A second passed, then another. Percy’s heart skipped a beat and then started to pound so fast the boy was scared it’d run away. The kiss was tense and very awkward, just lips smooshed together.

“S-Sorry,” Percy breathed, leaning away a little, “D’you mind if I...?”

“Go ahead.”

Percy carefully cupped one of Leo’s red cheeks in his trembling hand. It felt better to hold onto something. He leaned back in and their lips met again though this time Percy angled his head so they fit together better. Shyly he parted his lips and brushed them over Leo’s once, then again, and again. He felt the Latino shiver and the boy leaned in a little as Percy slowly moved his mouth against his. The hair on his arms stood on end and his stomach was all in knots as he kissed Leo. It was unlike anything Percy had done before, but his brain wasn’t working well enough to calculate anything or come to any conclusion. All Percy could focus on was how soft Leo’s lips were and that he was...kissing back?
Percy was a little surprised to feel Leo’s lips sliding against his own. It felt better that was, like he was kissing a real person. Leo’s hand mirrored his own and he gripped Percy’s face too, before his fingers slid around and into the son of Poseidōn’s hair. Percy didn’t mind. They became a little more comfortable and brave, angling their heads and pressing their lips harder together.

_This is Leo I’m kissing._

Percy jerked away and opened his eyes. He didn’t remember closing them. In front of him was Leo, frowning and flushed. A wave of heat went through Percy’s body and he couldn’t look away.

“And?” Leo licked his bottom lip nervously, not letting go of Percy. The taller boy watched the movement, mesmerized.

“I-I don’t know,” he admitted, “That was too short.”

Leo nodded, “Okay.”

They leaned back in simultaneously. They tried to move closer together and banged their knees together though that didn’t make them stop kissing. Suddenly Percy felt that Leo was too far away, that he wanted to feel the boy against him. _That’s not good_, he realised. Their kiss somehow grew deeper and more passionate, open-mouthed now. Weirdly, it was Leo who first used tongue, shyly brushing it against Percy’s mouth. The son of Poseidōn’s other hand found the boy’s free cheek, so he was clutching his face properly in his hands. He dragged the boy closer and slipped his own tongue out, rubbing it against Leo’s in the space between their lips. It was wet and soft and kind of sloppy but Percy would’ve been lying if he said he didn’t like it.

He tried to push his tongue into Leo’s mouth properly, but the Latino fought back fiercely. The kiss turned rough and a little aggressive with both boy’s fighting for dominance. Their noses brushed together, they banged teeth a couple of times, but those were all little things that neither cared about. Percy’s head spun with the lack of oxygen but he didn’t want to stop kissing Leo. Their tongues were tangled together wetly as they panted into each other’s mouths and _finally_ Leo relented, allowing Percy into his mouth. Their lips closed over each other and Percy’s tongue mapped out the inside of Leo’s mouth while the boy sighed against him, blissed out.

When Percy felt light-headed, he regretfully pulled away. Leo looked at him with half-closed eyes, breathing hard. He was red all the way up to his ears.

“I don’t mind,” he said.

“Huh?” Percy asked stupidly, trying to catch his breath.

“I don’t mind kissing you,” Leo said, more confident than Percy expected, “You’re a good kisser.”

Percy stared at him, unsure of what to say. His eyes slid to Leo’s lips – they were wet and swollen and Percy wanted to kiss them again, “You look really cute,” he admitted.

“What?”

Percy blushed, “Like...you look kind of dazed and stuff, and it’s just a bit...cute.”

Leo bit his lip, “Do you wanna kiss again?” he asked hesitantly. Percy nodded eagerly and dragged Leo close. Just as their lips were about to meet again Leo pressed his hand over Percy’s mouth. The son of Poseidōn raised a questioning eyebrow, “What does this mean?” Leo breathed, “Are you gay?”
Percy pried his fingers away, “Right now, it means I want to kiss you.”
Stay With Me, Cause You're All I Need

Freo mpreg one shot where frank and Leo are together and they get into a huge blow out and they break up. Well after two months Leo starts getting bad morning sickness and finds out he is pregnant. He doesn't know whether to tell frank or not, but before he could, frank has to go on a mission and it takes him over a year to come back. In that time Leo gave birth to their son/daughter, and is distraught over not knowing what happened to frank. But when frank comes back, Leo tries to hide the child because he doesn't want frank to reject it. Whether you end it sad or happy is up to you for dadsona.

Frank slid the key into the lock and turned, letting himself into the little flat he shared with his boyfriend. It was late and he was exhausted; he had to stay back at his veterinary clinic because a panicked girl had come in just as he was about to close up with a sick hamster. Frank had a soft heart, he couldn't just leave the girl to her own devices so he stayed at the clinic until almost two in the morning saving her hamster’s life. Now all he wanted was a shower, a bed and his boyfriend’s arms around him.

He toed off his shoes and pulled off his jacket. Autumn was almost over and it would start getting really cold soon. Frank was happy the heating was on as he padded into the kitchen, hoping that maybe Leo had put some leftovers in the fridge for him. Sure enough he found a plate of enchiladas waiting for him.

“I love you, Leo Valdez,” he murmured under his breath and put the enchiladas into the microwave. As he waited for them to heat up he went down the corridor, towards the bedroom. He opened the door, expecting to find his boyfriend sound asleep. Instead Leo was sitting up on the bed, legs pulled up to his chest, glaring at the room. He looked so much younger than twenty-five when he sat like a grumpy teenager.

“Why are you sitting with the lights off?” Frank asked, leaning against the doorframe. Leo didn’t look at him, but his narrow shoulders tensed.

“Where were you?” he asked quietly. Frank frowned at his pissed-off tone.

“Clinic,” he said, “some girl brought in a hamster-“
“I don’t believe you,” Leo snapped before Frank could even get a sentence out, uncurling his legs and sliding off the bed. He took up a defensive position and crossed his arms over his skinny chest, glaring at his boyfriend. Frank was thoroughly confused.

“What?”

“You’ve been staying out almost every night,” Leo growled, “You come home this late every day. What vet stays open until two in the morning?!”

“What’s wrong with you?” Frank asked, “Why are you in such a bad mood?”

“It’s all your fault!” Leo hissed, face twisting. Normally he was light-hearted and happy and teasing, Frank rarely saw him this angry.

“Look, I’m not in the mood to fight for no reason,” he said. Recently Leo had gotten more agitated and moody, and Frank didn’t know why. Maybe they were going through a rough patch or something...

“Oh yeah, sure, walk away,” Leo snorted humourlessly, “That’s what you do best! Or better yet, why don’t you go back to whoever the fuck you were cheating on me with, I’m sure they wouldn’t mind having you in their bed!”

Frank groaned and rubbed a hand down his face, “For the last time I’m not cheating on you, Leo!”

“Yeah you are!” Leo fired back, “Who is it? Is it some hot guy you met? Am I not enough for you anymore, because I’m getting fat and-“

“No, you’re not fucking fat-“

“Or is it that woman from the clinic?!“

“I’M NOT CHEATING ON YOU!” Frank yelled, so loud that Leo flinched.

At first he had found it endearing, Leo anxiously asking Frank in bed if the man would ever cheat, or if he was enough for Frank. But those questions turned into accusations in the past two weeks and now Frank didn’t know what to do. Leo was acting like an insecure brat with imaginary flaws.

“I don’t believe you,” the Latino spat after a moment of heavy silence. Frank rolled his eyes, “Oh yeah sure!” the boy laughed humourlessly as tears appeared in his eyes, “Don’t take me seriously! Well fine, we’re over!”

“No,” Leo snarled, “This time I’m serious. I’m packing my shit and leaving tomorrow, I don’t care.”

“Fine, I don’t care either,” Frank snapped, annoyed now. Leo was being a real idiot and he wasn’t in the mood to just take it; if he wanted to be dramatic then so be it, “I’m sleeping on the couch.”

He went downstairs just as the microwave dinged but his appetite was gone. What was going on with his boyfriend? He was never easily irritable or one to get angry over little things and yet recently he spent half his time crying and the other half shouting at Frank. Maybe he’s having a crisis, the man thought, but he couldn’t find sympathy in himself for the other man – he had just worked a long-ass shift and he just wanted some love and peace and quiet. But then again, he and Leo had been dating since they were fifteen...maybe they were falling out of love with each other. He didn’t even want to think about that.
Frank took off his clothes and just in his boxers he laid down on the couch, pulling a blanket over himself. He hated the couch, it was bumpy and uncomfortable, but his pride prevented him from going to the bedroom and making up with his moody boyfriend. Still, a part of Frank hoped that maybe Leo would come in and kiss him and everything would be alright. Frank hated fighting with him, especially when he didn’t know what he did to piss the other man off. He remember what it used to be like, all relaxed, the two of them perfect for each other. It hadn’t been like that in weeks, months maybe...

Maybe we’re better off apart..., no, that thought physically hurt Frank. Maybe a little break would do them some good though...the man mulled his options over as he waited for Leo to come and get him. But the Latino stubbornly remained in his bed and Frank stayed awake, thinking, thinking, thinking...about all the other options he had which didn’t involve an angry, jealous boyfriend waiting to fight with him every day after work. A break could be good...

After a night of uncomfortable and broken sleep Frank woke up at noon. He had the day off so he dragged his aching body from the couch and, pushing his pride aside, he headed for the bedroom. If Leo wasn’t going to apologise, then Frank would – in the end his love for the boy was more important than some stupid fight.

“Hey, Leo, listen, about yesterday-,” Frank pushed the door to the bedroom open, and found it empty. He blinked, surprised, and frowned. He didn’t actually leave, did he? He thought. “Leo!” he called, but there was no response. Frank circled the house but sure enough, his boyfriend (or rather, ex-boyfriend) was nowhere to be found and most of his clothes were gone from the closet, “That asshole,” Frank growled, “He actually left me.”

He felt angry, really fucking angry. And why did he feel guilty?! He didn’t do anything wrong, it was Leo who started getting all stupid and hormonal over nothing, like some kid going through puberty again. Frank paced up and down the corridor, wondering what to do – on one hand he obviously loved the other man but on the other hand he was tired of this...

He tried to call Leo, but the man must’ve blocked his number. Frank wasn’t exactly angry anymore, it was just that...well, he did say they needed a break. Leo would come back eventually, tail between his legs like he always did. Fundamentally Frank knew he loved the other man, and he could never love anybody else. But whoever Leo had been the past few weeks wasn’t the person Frank adored, and so the vet couldn’t help but feel a little relieved that the Latino was gone, if only just for a little while.

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Leo vomited violently into Piper’s toilet as the girl squatted next to him and stroked his back. He wished she wouldn’t, he felt so gross that he didn’t want anybody touching him. Another wave of nausea hit him and he moaned in pain, retching once more.

“You have to call Frank,” Piper said. Just the mention of the man’s name made Leo want to cry. How nice would it have been to have Frank there? He knew exactly what Leo needed; he’d run him a bath and put him in bed and make him tea and he’d tell him that even though his stomach was getting big that he was still beautiful. The man choked on a sob, “Oh, Leo,” Percy sighed sympathetically, “Don’t cry.”

“It’s the hormones,” Leo sniffled and wiped his eyes on his sleeve, leaning back against her bathroom wall. The girl looked at him helplessly.

“Leo. It’s been a month.”
The man closed his eyes, “I know.”

“You still love him and he loves you, I don’t understand why you’re being so stubborn.”

“I’m waiting for him to come to me,” Leo sniffled. Piper rolled her eyes.

“Do you know how ridiculous you sound?”

Leo shrugged, then tentatively touched his stomach. It was still relatively flat though to him it seemed a lot bigger, “How do I know he even wants it?”

“Of course he wants it, idiot. He loves you.”

“Yeah, well,” he sniffled again, “Not enough to come here and get me, clearly.”

“He doesn’t know you’re pregnant,” Piper said, trying to be gentle even though she was getting irritated now, “You can’t stay here forever, y’know. You need to go home, to your boyfriend, and tell him you’re having a baby together.”

Leo knew Piper was right – he was acting childish. They were twenty five for God’s sake, and acting like teenagers. Leo missed Frank so much his whole body hurt (though that could’ve been the pregnancy), he hadn’t seen him in over a month and had blocked his number. Now all he wanted was Frank’s arms wrapped around him, holding him tightly and making him feel safe and loved.

“You’re right,” he mumbled, “I need to go home and apologise, it was my fault. He’s not cheating on me,” he laughed, a little hysterical, “the pregnancy is just making me crazy.”

Piper smiled softly and pulled Leo to his feet, rubbing his back. This time he enjoyed it.

He packed his stuff, said goodbye and thankyou to his best friend and got into his car. The drive was quick, only fifteen minutes and Leo couldn’t believe he had been too proud to make it before. Fifteen minutes between him and the man he loved. As he neared their apartment complex his heart pounded and a smile appeared on his face. Frank would be ecstatic, he was sure, the man loved kids after all and he loved Leo...right? The Latino worried at his bottom lip but tried not to think negatively as he parked the car and almost skipped up the stairs to their flat, too impatient to wait for the lift.

He knocked on the door, wanting to throw his arms around Frank’s neck when the man opened, but he never did. *Maybe he’s at work?* Leo thought, and opened the door with his key. He was greeted with a quiet flat and although he was a little disappointed, he decided that maybe this was better – he could make Frank a nice dinner for when he got back from the clinic and surprise him. But first he had to unpack.

The boy went into their bedroom and smiled and then he frowned. There was a letter on the bedside table, open and just left there. For some reason Leo gravitated towards it. He was never one to open mail that wasn’t his and this was clearly Frank’s, but for some reason the Latino couldn’t stop. He picked up the envelope. It was dated to last week...and it was from the Royal Navy.

Leo’s stomach dropped, and then he burst into tears.

***

Leo padded to the front door in his pyjamas. It was chilly, the first snow of the year having fallen overnight so he turned up the heating a little as he picked up the mail from the door. The little hope he still nursed in his heart after a year disappeared for the day as none of the letters were from who he wanted – bills, spam, bank statements, but no letters from the army – nothing. Seeing some of the
letters addressed to Frank Zhang made Leo’s heart twist with pain and he carefully put the letters on the ever-growing pile of ‘if Frank ever comes back I’ll give this to him.’

*I still love you,* Leo thought pitifully, staring at Frank’s name on a piece of paper. A little gargling squeal that could very quickly turn into a crying fit sounded from down the hall, ripping Leo away from the aching in his heart. He hurried back to the bedroom and went around the bed, to the crib that stood by the window.

“Good morning, gorgeous,” Leo smiled as he looked inside the crib.

The little girl looked back at him with almond-shaped dark eyes, ones that looked exactly like Frank’s. Her pale cheeks were flushed from sleep, her little wet lips moving as she subconsciously craved food. At just four months old Essie Valdez had almost a full head of raven-black curls.

Leo leaned down and scooped his daughter up, cradling her to his chest, “Morning, beautiful,” he murmured again, showering her little face with kisses. She filled the void in his chest that Frank left, even if raising her alone was exhausting. Essie reached up and grabbed a handful of her father’s curls and Leo laughed, carefully untangling himself, “Let’s get some breakfast, shall we?” he asked, nuzzling his nose against his daughter’s and earning himself a goofy, lopsided smile that made him laugh.

He carried the girl on his hip and into the kitchen where he popped her into her chair and began preparing breakfast. Essie was fascinated by the snow falling outside of the window, reaching out towards it and gargling adorably. Leo put on the kettle and turned the radio on, because Essie loved to listen to music. Immediately she lost interest in the snow and started squealing and waving her arms clumsily as a song played. Leo looked at her fondly and took the bread out of the cupboard. As hard and exhausting as it was to take care of her all alone, Leo was so thankful to have her in his life.

A knock sounded on the door and Leo glanced at Essie, “Well would you look at that,” he said, “Seems we have a guest at this ungodly hour.”

He ‘booped’ his daughter’s nose lovingly and then hurried to the door, opening it casually. At first his brain didn’t comprehend what he was seeing. He breathed, blinked.

“Hi,” Frank said, smiling nervously.

He was dressed in civilian clothes, his coat and hat dusted with snow. He almost hadn’t changed in the past year, apart from the fact he got more tanned. Leo’s world swayed in front of him and for a second he was scared he’d faint but he gripped the door and managed to keep a hold of himself.

“F-Frank,” he whispered. His legs and hands shook. *What is he doing here?!* Leo didn’t understand, *am I hallucinating?!* “What...why...”

“I...uh...,” Frank rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, “I’m...back.”

“R-Right.”

“I...you look good,” Frank said softly, eyes dancing over Leo’s body, “Really good.”

Leo curled his arms over his chest, unsure of what to do or even think. He had missed this man for the past year and seeing him just painfully reminded Leo how much he loved him. But what was he supposed to say? It had been a year, and Frank had abandoned him...in all fairness Leo had abandoned him first.

“Thanks,” he mumbled.
“Can I come in?” Frank asked with a soft smile, “It’s freezing out here-,” he made to take a step forward but Leo stretched out his arms to block his way, suddenly panicking. He shivered in the freezing morning air as snowflakes melted on his flushed face, but he knew in that moment he couldn’t let Frank inside. Their child was in the kitchen, how was Leo going to explain that?

“N-No.”

The look that appeared in Frank’s eyes – of pure devastation – broke Leo’s heart, “Do...do you have someone in there? Do you have a boyfriend?”

“No!” Leo said, too quickly. He blushed. He should’ve lied to get Frank to leave...except he didn’t want Frank to leave. He was torn between slamming the door shut and launching himself at the man and never letting go again. He was scared he’d burst into tears, “No, I’m s-single. Well, not...if...I mean...if our breakup....” Leo shook his head, “there’s nobody in there.”

Frank bit his lip, “Look, I know what I did was a dick move.”

“No,” Leo shook his head, “You had every right to leave – I left first, I was acting....” he shook his head again. He couldn’t exactly say ‘hormonal’ without blowing his cover, “Anyway, I left first.”

“But I properly left,” Frank said, “I left you, and before I realised it was a mistake it was too late. I wrote letters to you.”

“I never got them,” Leo looked down. Frank frowned. Then he touched Leo’s cheek. The Latino flinched away but Frank didn’t back down, cupping his face in his big, calloused hand.

“God, you’re so beautiful,” he whispered, all choked up. Leo’s heart twisted.

“Frank, I-“

The bigger man pulled Leo close and kissed him, as if he couldn’t wait any longer. Electricity rushed through Leo’s body and he didn’t have the strength to fight the man, not that he even wanted to. To feel Frank against him again felt so amazing that tears welled up in his eyes. He wanted to say I’ve missed you so much and I love you but at the same time he knew that he had kept the biggest truth from Frank and now he didn’t know how to tell him. How would Frank react, knowing they had a child together? They were still young...

“Frankie,” Leo pulled away from the kiss but Frank kept his arms wrapped around him, refusing to let go.

“I still love you,” he said desperately, “So much I could die. There wasn’t a day on the ships that I didn’t think about you, that I didn’t miss you. God, I should have never left you, you’re my everything.”

Leo choked back a sob and looked away, trying to hide his tears.

“Y-You need to go,” he whispered. He needed time to think, to figure out how to tell Frank the truth. The feeling of having Frank’s warm arms leave his body was excruciating.

“You don’t love me anymore,” the man whispered heartbreakingly. Leo couldn’t reply, because if he did he’d break into pieces. Of course I love you. Leo watched helplessly as the man he loved brushed tears from his eyes and nodded, attempting to appear put together in front of Leo.

And then Essie let out a wail from the kitchen.
Leo tensed and Frank’s eyes widened.

“Who was that?”

“F-Friend’s kid,” Leo stuttered, panic filling him so suddenly and intensely he was scared he’d collapse. *Oh God,* he thought, feeling sick. Frank stared inside the flat, and then suddenly he was shoving past Leo and rushing in, “Frank, don’t-“

The Latino pulled the door shut and rushed after the other man, shaking. When he got into the kitchen he found Frank standing a little way away from Essie, staring in pure shock. There was no denying that she was his daughter; they looked so similar that Leo’s heart ached. The little girl had stopped crying and was now looking at Frank curiously.

“Is...,” Frank seemed to be having trouble speaking, “I-Is she mine?”

Leo hugged himself, “Yes.”

Frank turned to him, “Why didn’t you tell me?!”

“How was I supposed to?” Leo demanded, “You left for the *fucking* army without so much as a goodbye letter! I didn’t even know where you were!” a sob spilled from the boy’s mouth, “Y-You have no idea how many times I-I wanted you to c-come back, h-how much I missed you d-during the pregnancy and i-in the last four months,” he covered his mouth with his hand and looked away, “B-But I get it. You have your own life now. I-I don’t expect anything from you, so just go-“

Essie started crying, big, dark eyes looking at her dad.

“Oh sweetie,” Leo whispered and rushed past Frank, pulling his daughter into his arms. He kept his back to his ex-boyfriend and cradled Essie to his chest, gently shushing her and kissing her head until she stopped crying. He brushed his tears away hurriedly and turned to Frank, “look-“

He didn’t even get to get two words out because suddenly he was being enveloped in Frank’s strong arms that held him and Essie surprisingly gently. Leo sucked in a startled breath as Frank hugged him, pressing his mouth to Essie’s forehead. Leo stared at him in shock, and the man just kissed him, slow and gentle.

“Don’t you ever ask me to leave again,” he whispered heatedly, one arm wrapped around Leo’s waist, the other gently stroking Essie’s curls. The baby looked between the two of them with big, confused eyes.

“Hi, baby,” Frank smiled at their daughter in a way that made warmth flood through Leo’s chest. He wanted to cry again, “I’m your dad.”

“Frank,” Leo whispered helplessly.

“She’s mine, Leo. She’s my daughter,” Frank said firmly, “I’m not leaving, I’m not giving her up, I-...,” his voice faltered and his expression softened, “I’m not giving you up either, not again. I came back because I love you, so, so much. So don’t push me away. If you don’t love me anymore-“

“Idiot,” Leo sniffled, “Of course I love you.”

He hugged himself into the man’s broad chest and for the first time in over a year allowed himself to relax. He wasn’t alone anymore, all of the responsibility wasn’t on him. He finally had somebody to lean on. He started to cry uncontrollably.
“Hey, hey, shhh,” Frank gently eased Essie out of Leo’s arms and put her back in her chair, dropping a kiss on her head. He came back to the sobbing Latino and curled his arms around him, holding him close, “I’m here, it’s okay, I love you.”

Leo clung onto him, “D-Don’t ever l-leave me a-again.”

“I won’t, I promise,” Frank squeezed his eyes shut and clutched Leo protectively to his chest, “But you have to agree to marry me first.”

Leo pulled away, shocked, “What?”

“I’m serious,” Frank smiled, “I came here with the intention to ask anyway, but now that-,” he glanced at their daughter and smiled sheepishly, “What’s her name.”

“Estelle. I call her Essie,” Leo sniffled. Frank’s face went all soft and loving.

“Essie,” he murmured, then nodded, “Now Essie’s here and I really want to marry you, and I know we’re doing it kind of backwards but-“

Leo gripped his face and kissed him, effectively shutting Frank up, “Stupid idiot,” he gasped against his mouth, “Of course I’ll marry you, idiot.”


Essie started crying, and Leo smacked his forehead, “Breakfast!” he remembered.
Strip That Down

Chapter Notes

Apologies to 'Cool' I got a bit carried away and Nico is a bit different from what I think you wanted him to be, especially his reactions to some stuff, but I hope you enjoy it anyway x

Mortal! AU where Will is a second grade teacher and Nico is a hot single dad. And everyday Nico's daughter comes in without having had breakfast and when Will asks her why she tells him they don't have much money and that Nico does almost any work he can find. Then later on Will is bored so he goes out to a strip club and sees Nico performing there and requests a private dance so they can talk, Nico is incredibly embarrassed and there's some angst but it ends with fluffy smut and maybe an epilogue where they act all blushy and flirty at parents teach conferences. Bottom Nico.

For Cool.

Twenty minutes into first period Will Solace, the twenty-six year old second-grade teacher, had the kids at their desks, drawing out mind-maps about the book they were reading. Will himself was at his desk, scrolling through the attendance list. Little Hazel was marked as sick and Leo’s aunt had called in to say he was going to be late...but one child was unaccounted for. Will’s mouse hovered over the name Maria di Angelo.

The child was a little...problematic. A blaze of messy black hair and thunderous dark eyes she got into plenty of fights and rarely did her homework. She was a bit of a menace despite being just seven, but she was secretly Will’s favourite. From what he knew about her she had a tough family life with a single father, Mr di Angelo, who barely made ends meet. Will had met her father several times – cold, stand-offish and exhausted, Mr di Angelo was shockingly young, younger than Will.
The teacher was always too afraid to ask him any questions, even if he was incredibly intrigued by the man. Fundamentally he knew that he loved his daughter and that she was not abused, just a little wild – from the adoring way she spoke about him it was easy to see that they had a good relationship - so Will didn’t say anything. However this was her third time being late this week, and it was only Wednesday.

*Maybe she isn’t coming,* Will thought. That was the thing about Maria, either she was in or she wasn’t, Will never knew because Mr di Angelo never called in. It was December, snowing outside, and already Maria had more absences than Will could count though she was so bright that she didn’t ever fall behind much. Still, Will worried about her.

A frantic knock sounded at the door and Will blinked as the class excitedly looked up from their maps, a hush falling over the classroom.

“Carry on, guys,” Will said, waving them off. Begrudgingly the class turned back to their work as the blond walked to the door. When he opened it he was greeted by the sight of two snow-covered, shivering di Angelo’s, “Good morning,” Will blinked.

“G-Good morning, sir,” Maria’s teeth clattered. She was in a jacket much too big for her while her father lacked a jacket at all, simply wearing a tattered old jumper and holey gloved.

“Good morning,” he huffed out.

“Well I’m glad you’ve showed up, Maria,” Will pulled off the girl’s hat and she grinned up at him, “Why don’t you hurry in and get warm, eh? We’re doing mind maps about ‘A Different Pond.’”

“Yes!” Maria punched the air triumphantly, “I love mind maps!” she stood on her tiptoes and reached for her dad, who leaned down. She pecked his cheek, “Bye, papa!”

“Bye pumpkin,” Mr di Angelo’s face warmed with affection. Will watched the exchange fondly as Maria dashed past his legs and into the classroom. Discreetly, the blond shut the door and gave Mr di Angelo a pointed look.

“I’m sorry, it was my fault,” the father said immediately, hugging himself. Snow started to melt in his dark hair.

“It’s alright,” Will offered him a smile, “I was just wondering if you’d be attending parent teacher conference next week?”

“Ah,” di Angelo’s eyes widened, “Right, um...what time was it again?”

“From six to eight in the evening,”

Will watched as Mr di Angelo dropped his gaze, “Ah...yeah. Um, I’ll try my best,” he mumbled, and Will was sure he would. It seemed that the man worked weird hours and from what Maria had told Will before her father didn’t have a stable job, but rather worked whatever he could while still being able to take care of his child properly. An embarrassed blush crept up the man’s pale cheeks, “Oh, by the way I didn’t have time to make Ari breakfast, so-“

“It’s fine, I have a couple spare sandwiches,” Will said, then laughed merrily, “She comes to ask me about them during break so I’ve gotten into the habit of bringing one for her.”

Mr di Angelo’s eyes widened, “Y-You...you brought her a...sandwich?”

“Yeah, salmon and cream cheese, it’s her favourite,” Will laughed again, then noticed Nico was
staring at him as if he had seen a ghost. The teacher smiled sheepishly, “She tells me you don’t have much money for breakfast and so—”

“That is none of your business!” the other man exploded suddenly, face flaring red. *Idiot,* Will told himself – he had just embarrassed Mr di Angelo without even meaning to, but of course he’d feel ashamed that he doesn’t have money to buy his daughter breakfast. Will desperately wanted this pale, shivering, angry young man to like him...still, as a teacher Will had to make the child a priority.

“I’m sorry if I overstepped,” he said, as gently as he could, “it’s really no problem for me. I bring sandwiches for the Jackson boy as well because his family is...in a hard situation.”

“You do?” Mr di Angelo blinked; knowing he wasn’t the only one clearly made him feel better.

“Yes. I apologise, I should have asked your permission first—”

“No, sorry.” the other man shook his head and nervously tucked a piece of hair behind his ear while looking down at his tattered shoes. Will found the gesture incredibly endearing, “I overreacted. What you do for Maria...it’s really sweet. Thank you.”

Will fought the urge to pull the dad into his arms. He was so young and he looked so vulnerable and exhausted – he very clearly didn’t have anybody who offered him support in his life, which made Will want to help him out.

“Next time just call in to say you’ll be late,” he said.

Di Angelo bit his lip, “I...uh...I don’t have a phone, sorry. The reception knows that.”

“Oh,” Will blinked, “In that case don’t worry.”

Di Angelo nodded, bit his lip, “Right so...um, I’m late for work so...,” he made a vague gesture towards the door. His cheeks were still red and he wouldn’t meet Will’s eyes. *I wish I could give him my coat,* the teacher thought helplessly. The thought of this skinny man going out into the freezing cold worried him.

“Right, I’ll see you this afternoon.”

“Right,” di Angelo nodded, then hesitated, “See ya!” he gave Will a clumsy wave and then hurried off. Will watched him go with a fond smile – something about the man seemed incredibly adolescent, like he wasn’t a complete adult yet. Will, who himself often felt lost in the adult life, liked that.

“Bye,” he whispered under his breath. Then he turned to his classroom, ready to face whatever havoc the children had incurred in the five minutes that he had been outside.

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“Strip club! Strip club!” Will’s friends chanted as they walked down the dark streets of the city centre. The ground beneath them vibrated from the booming music that spilled from the dozens of nightclubs that lined the streets. Will couldn’t believe that he was witnessing a bunch of drunk school teachers shouting about wanting to go to strip clubs, but this was very quickly becoming a normal Friday for him. They were in the next town over, where the likelihood of meeting one of their kid’s parents was very low so they were free to behave as wildly as they pleased.

“Will!” Annabeth grabbed his hand, “C’mon, let’s go to a strip club!”

“Never thought I’d hear *that* come out of your mouth,” Will laughed. He was tipsy himself, so the
idea didn’t seem half-bad – not that he had much to say since moments later he was being dragged by his over-eager colleagues into a...gay strip club?

“Oh hell no guys!” Frank complained, but since there were surrounded by women fuelled by their desire to see some guy on guy action, Frank had nothing much to say. He gave Will a pleading look, undoubtedly wanting to go see some big-breasted women swinging around a pole but Will – as an open gay man – just grinned at him.

Twenty minutes later they were in the smoky interior of an underground strip club. They had to battle the queue, a step of very steep stairs and flashing strobe lights before they got to a little booth. They all collapsed in a heap, laughing and giggling and one of the girls went up to order them a round of shots. Will thankfully found himself on the edge of his line of friends, who were all shouting obscene things and demanding somebody come onto the pole that was just a few feet away.

And sure enough moments later a blue-haired boy climbed onto the stage – the women cheered, Frank groaned. They took their shots as the questionably legal boy began to dance to the hypnotic music playing around them. Will watched his fluid movements and couldn’t help but feel a little embarrassed at how raunchy the whole thing was. The second round of shots definitely helped him feel a little more comfortable, especially when the boy started to peel of clothes, revealing a thoroughly tattooed body. The women squealed and cheered and the boy came over and gave them a slow, teasing lap dance.

“Oh only fifty for a private dance, ladies,” the boy winked at them, clearly unbothered that they were women in a gay strip club. However none of the girls took the boy up on his offer and after two more songs he sashayed away with a wink and a few bills sticking out of his skimpy underwear.

Will skipped the next round of shots and watched, amused, as his friends got more and more drunk. Suddenly a low, sultry song came on and the lights dimmed even more in the dark club.

“Ooooh! We’re getting another one!” someone at Will’s table clapped happily as a man approached the pole. He was dressed in tight leather pants and a short black crop-top that revealed his flat, milky white stomach. On his hands were fingerless black gloves and Will watched as they wrapped around the pole. The man stepped into the hazy blue light and Will’s eyes widened in shock.

Why am I looking at Maria’s father?

The Italian hadn’t noticed Will, or maybe because of the lights he couldn’t see people’s faces clearly. Regardless, the other teachers cheered as di Angelo slowly sank to the ground, legs spread. Will’s mouth fell open. He knew he shouldn’t have been watching him, but he couldn’t look away – besides what could he say? ‘You can’t do your job because I’m the teacher of your child’ sounded ridiculous. But there was something incredibly enticing about the other man; his movements were fluid, his body swaying to the music as he danced around the pole. Will’s mouth felt dry when he saw Mr di Angelo wrap a leg around the pole – as he spun himself around slowly he teasingly pushed down his trousers, revealing lacy red lingerie underneath. The women at the table squealed, but the dancer’s face remained impassive.

I can’t look, Will told himself, this is so wrong.

It would’ve been easier to look away if the man had been a bad dancer, but he was the opposite – Will felt mesmerized by him. The Italian peeled off his trousers, revealing endless pale skin and a nice bum, hugged by the sexy underwear. Will felt blood rush south and he blushed furiously, thankful for the dark lights. He was getting hard over the father of Maria. I’m going to hell, Will thought miserably as he watched Mr di Angelo dance. He was getting really fucking lewd, grinding up on the pole and making Will think of very indecent things. He glanced around the club and saw...
that a lot of people from other booths were glancing over at Mr di Angelo, and suddenly Will felt stupidly jealous and protective. He didn’t want others to look at the man...

“Excuse me,” Will caught the attention of one of the other strippers walking past. The man had a feathered boa around his shoulders and smirked at the teacher, “Uh, how much for a private dance?”

“From me?” the dancer’s grin widened, “It’s going to be fifty, but since you’re such a hot cookie, well...”

“Um, no, actually,” Will blushed, feeling very awkward, “From him?” he pointed at Mr di Angelo. The other dancer laughed.

“Oh sweetie, Nico’s one of the favourites – it’s a hundred bucks for a private dance from him, plus tips,” the stripped winked, “You up for that?”

Will glanced at Mr di Angelo – Nico. That’s a nice name. Will wanted this private dance not for the dance part (though secretly he was imagining what it would be like to have the other man in his lap), but rather to talk and ask what pushed the man to start stripping. Was this how he earned money to take care of his daughter? A wave of sadness washed over Will, causing his erection to go down.

“Yeah, I’m up for it.”

The stripper took Will’s hand and pulled him to his feet.

“Where are you going?” Annabeth asked, puzzled.

“Private dance,” Will said, which was a mistake. The whole booth cheered and Nico (Will would have to get used to thinking of him as anything but Mr di Angelo) looked up. Their eyes met, and Nico’s widened. Shit. Will looked away, blushing, as the boa-stripper led him through the smoky club and through a little door on the side.

Will found himself in a small, intimate room that had lights only a little brighter than the rest of the club. It had a pole in the centre, positioned in front of an armchair that seemed fit for a king. Slower, more alluring music was playing here and a shiver went through the teacher as the boa-stripper nudged him into the armchair. It was plush and comfortable.

“I’ll bring him over,” the stripper winked once more at Will and slipped out of the room. The blond swallowed anxiously – how was this conversation going to go? He didn’t want Nico getting mad at him again like he did that morning...that felt like a lifetime ago.

The door opened again and Will flinched. Nico walked in, wearing nothing but the lacy red underwear and a black, silky, short bathrobe. His face was emotionless, not betraying anything.

“Mr di Angelo,” Will stood up hurriedly as the door shut behind the dancer, but before he could utter another word he was being pushed back down into the armchair. Startled, Will found himself staring as Nico slid the bathrobe off his shoulders ever so slightly, enticingly revealing the tips of his pale shoulders. In the blue and purple light he looked ethereal. Will swallowed, his dick responding to the sight, “Mr di Angelo, this is really unnec-

Will choked on a gasp when Nico suddenly slid into his lap. He was graceful and light, his pale thighs straddling Will’s legs. They fit in the chair together perfectly and Will forgot how to breathe or speak. Nico was so close, and he smelled and looked alluring, hair all tousled, eyes dark and brooding. Will didn’t know what to do. His hands were on either side of him, clenched into fists.

Clearly not caring about their professional relationship, Nico slowly slid his arms over Will’s
shoulders, linking his fingers behind the blond’s head. He was so close that when he spoke his breath brushed against Will’s mouth.

“Relax,” Nico whispered, and then grinded down seductively. Will choked on a surprised moan as his erection slid over the soft material of the panties. *No, this isn’t what I came here for-*

“Mr di Angelo,” Will blurted, turning his head away and desperately trying to stop himself from getting more aroused, which was hard as Nico was fluidly grinding in his lap, “I didn’t c-come here to, uh...um...I-I-”

“You requested a private dance,” Nico leaned in close, brushing his nose over Will’s curls and whispering right into the teacher’s ear, making Will shiver, “So I’m giving you one.”

*Shit, shit, shit,* Will bit his lip. It was hard to believe that the man with the bags under his eyes and in tattered shoes from that morning was the same man who was now shamelessly grinding against Will like nobody’s business.

“Mr di Angelo,” Will tried again, “I am w-worried about the w-wellbeing of your family-“

“Oh, I’m well,” Nico said, amused. He turned in Will’s lap with more poise than should’ve been possible, and pressed his gorgeous ass up against the blond – there was no way in hell he didn’t feel his erection.

“F-Fuck,” Will gasped as Nico teasingly brushed against it, and then watched as the boy slipped the bathrobe off, leaving himself naked for the panties. Will couldn’t look away from the curve of his shoulders as the man pressed back against him.

“You were saying?”

“H-Huh?” Will’s mouth was watering and he couldn’t remember what he was supposed to be talking about. He felt like his body was on fire and Nico wasn’t even touching him properly.

“Do you want me to give you a proper dance?” the stripper asked in a sultry, low voice, “or would you rather I stay here?”

“Mr di Angelo-“

“Nico,” the man reached behind himself to fondle Will’s curls teasingly, “Just call me Nico.” He took one of Will’s hands into his own and pulled it around himself, “You can touch me, you know,” he said quietly, placing Will’s hand on his chest. Will shivered at the contact, and fought the urge to just slide his hands all over the other man, “Unless you don’t want to.”

“N-No, I...,” Will didn’t know what he was doing – on one hand he knew this was wrong, but on the other Nico was driving him insane, “You’re...you’re so...,” he groaned when the man moved so that Will’s clothed erection slid between his ass-cheeks.

“Just enjoy yourself,” Nico said breathily, “I sure am.”

“You like doing this?” Will asked breathlessly. Nico turned in his lap partially so he could look at the teacher. His eyes were sparkling with mischief and...arousal?

“I don’t mind this job,” he said, “I don’t usually agree to private dances but...” his eyes slid over Will in a way that made his blood feel hotter in his veins. Then the man’s eyes flickered upwards to Will’s, “But I like doing it with you.”
Will had no idea how to respond to that. Then suddenly Nico just stood up, leaving Will weirdly cold and empty.

“I can stop,” the man said, voice less sultry and...vulnerable? He picked the bathrobe off the floor and didn’t meet Will’s eyes, “I’m sorry. I overstepped.”

Will had no idea what made him switch suddenly – was it Will’s lack of response? And why was he acting as if that hurt him?

“Wait,” Will said abruptly and Nico froze, glancing at him uncertainly, “No, it’s...you’re...you’re a really, really good dancer but you’re the father of a student and...and...,” Will’s eyes slid downwards on their own accord, then widened. Nico had a very obvious erection, which was peeking out from beneath the panties that now hugged his cock in the most obscene way. Will felt his self-control disappearing very quickly, “And...”

Nico dropped the bathrobe and slid back into Will’s lap, for which the blond was kind of grateful – he liked having Nico there.

“It’s okay,” the stripper said, leaning in close. His voice was soft and Will was sure that this was no longer part of the whole dance-act, “You’re not taking advantage of me.”

“Do you always get hard when you do this?”

“Do you want me to say no?” Nico smiled, “Do you want me to say that you’re the only one I could get like this for...well, you are,” Nico wrapped his arms around Will’s shoulders and nuzzled his face into Will’s neck, making the blond bite back a moan, “I haven’t gotten aroused during a dance in ages. Kinda hard when you’ve got sleazy, old men touching you up...but you’re not old, or sleazy...and you’re not touching me,” he said that last part kind of wistfully, as if he wanted Will to touch him. That thought made the blond dizzy.

“I...,” Will was having a hard time thinking with Nico that close. The man pulled away from his neck and pressed their faces close together, so their lips almost touched. He looked hungry, and turned on and it was doing things to Will...

He hesitantly put his hands on the dip of Nico’s hips. In turn Nico crashed their mouths together in a heated, passionate kiss. Will was certain that wasn’t part of the act either. He was taken aback – Nico kissed him like a wild animal, open-mouthed, hot and hard. *I’m in trouble*, Will thought as his eyes fluttered shut. He kissed back, because what else could he do? The man was intoxicating and so goddamn beautiful and he was acting like he wanted Will. And Will kind of really wanted him too.

His arms slid all the way around Nico’s waist and he pulled the man closer, earning himself a pleased moan. His cock throbbed in his trousers when Nico’s tongue slid into his mouth.

“Hey,” Will pulled away suddenly, “Is this like against the protocol or something?”

“Maybe, I don’t know,” Nico shrugged, “I’ve never done this before.”

“You’ve never made out with anyone here?” Will blinked. Nico laughed, bashful, and pushed his hair out of his face.

“No. You’re the first...you’re making me fucking crazy.”

Will was surprised by that, “But...I haven’t done anything.”

“Exactly,” Nico said with a sudden desperation, “and I want you to, so, so badly.”
Will was having a hard time holding back when there was a hard, sexy, basically begging Nico in his lap. He kissed the man again, rough and passionate and Nico started to grind down on him again. That was a very bad combination...or very good, either way, Will knew what he was doing was very immoral. His body didn’t think so though, because his hands seemed to be moving on their own accord, sliding over Nico’s back and dipping down bravely to squeeze his ass gently. Nico gasped into Will’s mouth, a shiver going through him. Will pulled him closer still, unable to get enough of the dancer.

Nico reached down and started to undo Will’s trousers, “Wait!” the blond gasped, “You wanna do it here?!”

“Yes,” Nico huffed out, cheeks red, “I want you right now.”

He pulled Will’s zipper down and then freed his cock from his underwear so it stood hard and proud between them. Nico stared at it, making Will a little self-conscious. A drop of precum rolled down the side of it and Nico literally moaned.

“Fuck,” he took it into his hand and Will hissed when he teased it with his fingers, a shiver of arousal going through him.

“Come on,” he mumbled and easily got Nico’s own erection out of the lacy underwear. His dick was way too pretty, just like the rest of him. Will gave it an experimental stroke and Nico buckled in his lap.

“O-Oh God,” he bit his lip, “Fuck, don’t...,” he moved his hand on Will’s cock, making the blond groan, and then without warning just started to pump his hand. Will shuddered as heat shot through him.

“Shit,” he gasped. He noticed that Nico’s free hand had disappeared behind him and that his face was twisted in pleasure, eyes closed, mouth open to let out little gasps and moans. Will felt hazy from the pleasure, “Are you-“

Nico opened his eyes, “You d-don’t have to fuck me,” he gasped, then let out a little moan that made a shock of pleasure race through Will, “Ah...I-I’ll just-“

“No, no,” Will pulled him closer, forcing Nico to let go of his cock, “I want to,” he said with a sudden desperation. He wanted to get inside the other man, badly, “I want to have sex with you.”

Nico wrapped his arms around Will’s neck and pulled him in for an intense, hard kiss. There was something incredibly filthy and erotic about doing this in a dirty armchair in a nightclub.

“Come on, please, please, please,” Nico whined into Will’s mouth, lifting himself up so that Will’s cock brushed against his entrance, “Shit. Wait. Condom.”

The man leaned over the armchair and reached down the side to a hidden compartment from which he pulled out lube and a condom. While he was reaching Will just ran his hands over his sleek body, unable to believe that he was actually doing this.

“What do you want to top or bottom?” Nico asked suddenly, “Sorry, I realised I forgot to ask.”

Will almost giggled, “I’ll top, if you don’t mind.”

The Italian nodded and then grasped Will’s cock in his hand, rolling a condom on expertly. The blond focused on the feeling of the man’s skilled fingers on him and not about all the condoms he had probably put on cocks before, because the thought of someone else fucking Nico kind of
annoyed him.

“Okay...yeah, come on,” Will muttered when the condom was on and Nico had lubbed it up. The teacher watched as Nico lifted himself up on his knees again and then slowly sat back down in Will’s lap, taking the blond’s cock inside him as he went. They both moaned at the feeling and Will’s eyes fluttered shut at the feeling of sliding inside the other man, who was deliciously tight and hot, his walls gripping Will’s erection hungrily.

“Yes,” Nico hissed, fingers digging into Will’s shoulders. When he was seated back down completely the teacher pulled him close and kissed him.


“I haven’t done anything yet.”

Nico’s expression softened a little and he kissed Will a little harder. In that moment the blond thought, for the first time, what it would be like to have Nico all to himself. It was pretty clear that sex between them was a one time thing but Will was sure he’d continue to see Nico every day because of Maria, and a little blossom of hope appeared in his chest, what if he and Nico could be something more...

“Fuck,” Will choked out because without warning Nico had pulled away and slid upwards, partially off the teacher’s dick, only to slam back down and take all of Will inside him at once. He looked a bit like the devil, smirking at Will’s reaction. A very sexy devil.

Nico didn’t even give Will a chance to catch his breath as he started to bounce in his lap, panting and moaning as he did. Will’s head spun with pleasure as he was enveloped over and over by wet heat. He didn’t know what it was, if it was the erotic setting or pent up frustration or the fact that it was Nico, but it was the hottest sex Will had ever had. Within minutes of being inside the other man Will had to fight his orgasm, which was incredibly hard when Nico was right in front of him, brushing up against him and moaning his name as he rode the fuck out of Will, his own dick trapped between their bodies.

Yeah, I definitely don’t want this to be a one time thing.

***

A week later on parent teacher conference Will wasn’t surprised about the fact that Nico di Angelo and his daughter had showed up last, just as he was about to go home. Somehow, miraculously, the man had managed to avoid Will all week, dropping Maria off to school early and picking her up hurriedly, so Will only caught glimpses of him. But now he could no longer hide, sitting across the table from Will with his daughter.

He looked like a completely different person, once again. In his frayed scarf and with snow in his hair Will would’ve never imagined him as a stripper, especially not with his loud and adorable little girl sitting by his side. Nico was acting differently too – Will kept the conversation strictly professional and Maria-oriented but Nico still refused to look at him, face red, and honestly Will was having trouble pretending like nothing happened between them.

“So overall Maria is a very talented girl,” Will concluded, “with a lot of potential and good grades, but you need to do your homework, Maria,” the man gave the little girl a pointed look, which only made her giggle, “and not pick fights with the other children.” His eyes slid back to Nico, and Will was surprised to find the man already looking at him, though he hurriedly averted his gaze when their eyes met. Will smiled softly, “How have you been, Mr di Angelo?”
“Huh?” Nico blinked in surprise.

“I’m just ensuring everything is alright at home for Maria and that you, as a single parent, aren’t overworking yourself.”

Nico raised an eyebrow, “Is that a standard conversation for parent teacher conference?”


“I’m fine, I’m...good, I guess. Uh...you know...,” he shrugged, clearly embarrassed. Will wanted to kiss him so badly. He felt blood creeping up his own cheeks and he cleared his throat awkwardly.

“That’s good, um...,” he tried to think of something to say that would make Nico stay – was asking him out for coffee too forward? The two glance at each other, then looked away, biting their lips. The tension in the air was palpable. Maria glanced between them.

“Mr Solace,” she said suddenly.

“Yes, sweetie?”

“Would you like to come spend Christmas with us?” she asked confidently. Will gaped at her in shock and Nico turned to her, wide eyed.

“Ari!” he hissed, “That’s not appropriate!”

Maria looked between them again, her eyes big with childish innocence, “But you like each other,” she proclaimed, making both men blush harder, “That’s why your faces are red!” she smiled, “And I love Mr Solace and I love you, papa, so we should all have Christmas together because I love Christmas too!”

Will looked at Nico, expecting the man to harshly shut the whole idea down. To his surprise he saw Nico fiddling with his scarf and worrying at his bottom lip.

“I...,” he swallowed nervously, “I-If Mr Solace would like that then...well, I suppose it’d be alright.”

“Oh!” Maria squealed and leaned across the table, grasping Will’s hand, “Oh please say yes Mr Solace!”

Nico looked at Will in a way that made the blond think the other man expected him to say no – this look of dejection. Will smiled at him though, warm and soft, his heart filling with heat. I want you, he thought, but I can’t tell you that. Not yet.

“I’d love to come,” he said.
And It's Such a Roller Coaster

Chapter Notes

Only 10 more chapters to go!

Could you do a Jercy au where Jason is with Leo Piper Nico Frank Hazel the works (preferably an odd number of people) and they go to an amusement park? Jason doesn’t want to go on the big coaster alone cause everyone paired up so when they get there he tries to convince the ride conductor, Percy that he’s too tall for the ride despite that being a blatant lie, and he just keeps blabbering about how the light is messing with how he looks, and he’s hunching over and finally Percy tells him that he will go on the roller coaster with him and hold his hand the whole way, Jason agrees.
please end with Jason at least getting a number!

for hyunjinlove

Third wheeling again, Jason almost sighed, or rather seventh wheeling.

The sixteen year old boy had once again made the unfortunate mistake of agreeing to go out with his closest friends, this time to an amusement park. Last week it had been the cinema which was bearable since there wasn’t much talking going on anyway, but here, surrounded by spinning rides and laughing couples, Jason felt painfully left out. It’s not like his friends were trying to be all lovey-dovey, but when you were with three couples at such a romantic place it was hard to remember there was a seventh person in the group.

Jason trailed behind his friends now, hands in his pockets. They had just gone on bumper cars and although Jason had enjoyed it, he was the only one without a partner in his car. Hazel and Frank were walking at the head of the group, holding hands as Hazel buzzed with excitement, telling her boyfriend something Jason couldn’t hear over the funfair music playing around them. Behind them were Annabeth and Piper, arms linked, sharing one cotton candy between the two of them, and giggling into the sticky kisses they exchanged. Finally just a little bit in front of Jason were Calypso and Leo and although they weren’t holding hands, they still seemed so involved in each other that Jason didn’t want to interrupt, so he just walked by himself.

He suddenly had a much bigger worry that quite literally loomed over his head – a giant rollercoaster, blazing gold and red. Jason swallowed and tried to ignore it, which was hard when Leo started jumping up and down suddenly. He grabbed his girlfriend’s hand.

“Oh my God!” he gushed like a child, “Cali let’s go on that big one! Oi, guys!” he called to the other two couples, who turned to look at him, “Let’s go on the big one!”
“Yes!” Hazel squealed – clearly it had been what she had been telling Frank about, “I wanna go!”

“I’m down,” Frank shrugged.

“Yeah, cool, let’s do it,” Annabeth grinned at Piper. Jason swallowed nervously.

“Uh....,” he started, “It looks awfully tall.”

“Oh, Jas,” Piper rolled her eyes, “It’s fine, it’s not that big – you’ve been on bigger ones!”

His friends knew that Jason was scared of roller-coasters more than anything – courtesy of his older cousins showing him ‘Final Destination 3’ when he was a kid. And yes, Jason had gone on bigger rides before (reluctantly) but those rides had always had at least three seats so he could comfortably squeeze between two friends and hold their hands. As he looked at this ride he could see that it only had seats of two, which meant that Jason would obviously end up sitting alone, like he always did.

“Oh please,” Hazel pouted, “I want all of us to go on it and get a funny photo!”

Jason didn’t want to say out loud the reason he didn’t want to go, because that would sound pathetic, “I’ll just sit this one out,” he smiled sheepishly at Hazel, “Sorry.”

“Oh no, you don’t,” Leo seized Jason’s arm and started pulling him towards the ride, “We’re all going!”

“No!” Jason protested, but Hazel had grabbed his other arm and together they managed to drag Jason to the paying booth as their friends laughed. It was all a light-hearted joke to them and Jason didn’t want to ruin the mood, but he was shitting himself. He could hear the screams of the people on the ride as it rushed past them and it made his stomach flip with anxiety.

“Seven tickets please!” Calypso told the ride conductor, who was leaning on the rails outside of the booth. For a second Jason forgot about the ride because damn, the conductor was hella cute. He was around Jason’s height and looked their age, with dark, tousled hair and sparkling blue eyes; he was just in jeans and a t-shirt with the logo of the amusement park on one side, and he looked relaxed and comfortable, which was exactly what Jason wasn’t.

“Yeah, no problem,” the guy said, smiling. His name-tag read ‘Percy.’ Percy was Jason’s last hope.

“Oh look!” the blond said, panicking slightly as he pointed to the ‘You have to be taller than this to ride this ride’ sign – there was a mark on it at about six foot six where someone had scribbled in marker ‘and shorter than this.’ “Looks like I’m too tall to ride!”

Annabeth snickered, “What?”

“Come on Jason, don’t be a pussy,” Calypso said, getting her ticket off Percy and hurrying off with Leo into a cart that had just arrived. Jason swallowed nervously, feeling like he had a hollow hole instead of a stomach.

“I’m serious!” he said desperately, looking at Percy. The conductor was smiling, amused, “I’m hunching over, here let me stand up straight.” Jason straightened his back and stood on his toes a little and despite being quite tall at six-foot-two, he was still too short to actually not be able to ride, which was clear from the smirk that Percy offered him. Fuck, he’s really cute, Jason blushed because he was acting like an idiot in front of the other boy, “I...uh, it’s the light as well, it’s messing with how tall I look!”

“Jason,” Hazel sighed, exasperated, following Frank on the ride, “Just get your ass on here.”
Jason’s hands trembled and Piper and Annabeth looked at him pointedly, clearly not moving until he got on. Fearfully Jason looked at the ride and his friends, who were getting strapped in by another worker. They looked excited. Jason felt sick. *Maybe if I puke on them in the ride they won’t make me go again?* He thought hopefully, *but if I die it won’t matter anyway...*he was so fucking scared.

“Jason, come on!” Piper said impatiently, giggling with Annabeth.

“Yeah, Jason,” Percy said teasingly, “Come on.”

Sometimes Jason wished his friends would look away from their partner for two seconds and notice that he had feelings too and he wasn’t just some addition to the group. He swallowed hard. *Okay, I’m not gonna act like a pussy in front of Percy,* he decided. He’d get on the ride, scream, close his eyes, and it’d be over in a few minutes.

Dejectedly he handed Percy his money.

“Hey,” the conductor said suddenly, “I’m on my break now, d’you want me to get on with you?”


“Well, you know how on airplanes people feel better during turbulence because the air hostesses look relaxed?”

“Y-Yeah...”

“Well, won’t you feel better if a conductor is on with you?” Percy asked, “Besides there’s seven of you and sitting by yourself on a big ride like that is fucking scary, regardless of if you’re normally freaked out by rides or not.”

Jason gaped at him, and his heart fluttered in his chest. He blushed, “You’re an angel,” he managed to get out. Annabeth and Piper looked a little guilty.

“If you didn’t want to sit by yourself, you should’ve said,” Piper mumbled.

“It’s alright,” Percy said brightly, “We’ll sit together, yeah? I’m Percy by the way,” he offered Jason his hand and the blond shook, mumbling his own name, “Should we go?”

The blond nodded mutely and followed the conductor, feeling a hundred times better knowing he wasn’t alone. However the fear quickly returned the moment he sat down in his seat. Percy settled in next to him and got comfortable – clearly he had been on the ride a lot before. Jason’s skin prickled with nerves and he clutched his hands in his lap. Percy turned his head and smiled at him.

“Arms up,” he said, at the same time as the other worker. They lifted their arms up together as the automatic seatbelts closed over them. Immediately Jason clutched his to his chest, ensuring it was secure. Behind him he could hear Hazel and Frank chatting excitedly. Jason felt sick. *Maybe if I puke on them in the ride they won’t make me go again?* He thought hopefully, *but if I die it won’t matter anyway...*he was so fucking scared.

“Hey,” Percy’s voice made the blond look at him. The conductor was smiling, and having his beautiful face to focus on instead of the sense of impending doom definitely helped, “It’s okay, the ride’s not actually that tall and it’s very secure.”

“Y-Yeah,” Jason offered him a weak smile. Then the ride started, the train moving slowly against the tracks. Jason’s stomach dropped, “Fuck.”

Percy stuck out his hand, “Here, I’ll hold your hand if you want.”

“T-Thanks,” Jason stuttered, not caring if he didn’t look cool anymore. He grasped Percy’s hand
and, to his surprise, the other boy intertwined their fingers. It felt so much better to have something to
hold onto, especially since that something was the warm, soft hand of a really cute boy.

At first Jason thought he was going to be okay; the roller-coaster started of slow, but soon enough it
was climbing up steeply and Jason’s stomach was performing trapeze stunts. He felt dizzy and like
he was about to roly-poly backwards out of his seat. As they went higher and higher he could see the
amusement park stretching out beneath them, a multitude of flashing lights.

“Shit, fuck,” Jason gasped when they reached the peak of the climb and felt the freezing night air on
his face. He knew what came next, and he squeezed Percy’s hand tightly.

“You’re okay-“
Percy didn’t get to finish because the roller-coaster flew downwards at that moment, wind rushing
through Jason’s hair. He screamed alongside everyone else and squeezed his eyes shut. For a second
there was darkness and this horrible feeling in his gut, and Percy’s hand in his and the people around
him laughing and cheering.

“Hey! Open your eyes!” Percy yelled at him over the sound of the wind. Jason somehow managed
to pry them open and saw the world spinning around him. His stomach lurched and he screamed
again, but Percy laughed and squeezed his hand comfortingly and sure enough it helped. Jason
gasped for air but Percy’s presence reminded him that this was just a ride and that hundreds of people
went on it daily.

When the loops finished the roller-coaster turned gentler and less steep and Jason decided he even
liked it, because the view was pretty and he didn’t feel like he was going to die. A camera flashed a
picture of them and then the ride slowed down and their train pulled back into their starting position.
Thank God it’s over...

“Woah,” Calypso gasped behind them as everyone else laughed. Jason was still clutching Percy’s
hand.

“How was that?” the conductor asked, grinning as their seatbelts released them. Jason looked at him,
blushed and let go of his hand.

“N-Not as terrible as I thought,” he mumbled. Percy laughed and they stood up – Jason’s legs felt
like cotton candy as he shakily followed the other boy out. His friends rushed forward, laughing, and
suddenly Jason found himself alone with Percy by the booth.


“Thank you so much,” he said, “For coming with me and holding hands with me and...stuff...,” he
blushed. Percy grinned.

“Do I get a kiss?”

Jason blinked, thinking he heard him wrong, “Huh?”

“For being your knight in shining armour,” Percy winked, then playfully tapped his cheek. Jason
leaned forward, bright red, and just was he was about to kiss Percy’s cheek the boy turned his head
and pecked him on the lips. Jason felt his ears burning and Percy laughed, “Don’t look so shocked.
Can I have your number?”

“I...,” Jason glanced at his friends, who were in a cluster a little bit away, grinning at him and giving
him the thumbs-up sign. His heart pounded and Percy laughed again.
“No worries, you don’t have to,” he said, “it’s just...you’re really fucking cute, and I thought maybe you’d need a partner to make the numbers even some time...”

*Oh my God is he asking me out?* Jason thought. He clumsily pulled his phone out, “I, uh, yeah sure...I’d love that actually, um, put your number in m-maybe then?” he sounded like a nervous, over-eager teen girl but Percy didn’t seem to mind, taking Jason’s phone off him and keying in his number.

“Okay, text me and I’ll save your number,” the conductor said, “I’ll text back after my shift is over.”

Jason swallowed and smiled, “Yeah. Okay,” he bit his lip, “So...thanks again.”


Jason gathered up his courage and kissed him on the mouth again, quick, and then hurried off, blushing and heart pounding. He couldn’t believe that had just happened – it was like a scene from a movie. He reached his friends, who were all grinning.

“Well, well, well, Mr Grace!” Leo feigned shock, “Did you get his number?”

Jason nodded, smiling shyly, “Yeah...,” he glanced at his phone and grinned.
Valgrace where Jason finds out that Leo has a praise kink and the blond is more than happy to tell his baby boy how good he is? I’m a hoe for some smut with praise in it lmao. Bonus if Jason finds out about his boyfriend’s kink in a funny way or if he slips up and praises Leo in front of their friends (in a not so innocent way) and the rest them tease the two and Leo gets all flustered and buries his face in Jason’s chest.

For TinyMiso

Jason and Leo were a fairly new couple at camp, but then again so were a few other people. The war with Gaia and the events surrounding it had opened the eyes of a lot of Demigods to who they loved – Percy and Annabeth were still going strong, as were Hazel and Frank however Piper and Jason had – shockingly – broken up with both of them confessing their feelings to surprising people within a few months of peace. Piper and Reyna were now a happy couple, as were Jason and Leo. Everyone was surprised by the latter relationship since nobody knew about all the long nights Jason spent at Leo’s side on the Argo II, helping him out with the ship and being there for him when nobody else was. Jason’s heartbreak after Leo’s ‘death’ proved to him that he did, in fact, have feelings for the boy and he ended it with Piper before the Latino even came back to camp.

Now, two months into their relationship, nobody could imagine the two of them with anybody else.

The couples were all down at the lake past curfew, laughing and drinking beers smuggled in by the Hermes cabin. A few weeks back Annabeth had found this secluded place by the beach, hidden from the view of the patrolling harpies, which made it perfect for the whole group to hang out there when they weren’t occupying the cabins of one of the big three.

Hazel was sitting crossed-legged, with Frank’s head in her lap; the boy was drunk on two beers, as per usual, and was grinning up at her dopily. Piper and Reyna were huddled under a blanket together while Will sat with Nico in his arms. Annabeth and Percy left some time ago, probably to have sex, and now as it got late Jason contemplated leaving too, though his boyfriend seemed to be having too much fun entertaining Hazel with little figures he made with the flames of the small campfire they started to even think about sleep. But that was all Jason could think about now, just holding the love of his life in his arms, away from everyone else, just the two of them in the Zeus cabin.

“Leo,” he leaned close to the boy and kissed his shoulder gently, “You wanna go?”

The Latino turned his head and pecked Jason on the mouth, “Few more minutes, okay?”

“Mhmmm,” Jason pulled him closer, wrapping an arm around his boyfriend’s waist. As always, being the son of Hephaestus, Leo was really warm. Jason nuzzled his neck – he had never really been very openly affectionate with Piper, but that could’ve been because they were always too busy staying alive, but with Leo Jason found it hard to keep his hands to himself. He kissed up Leo’s neck gently now, and the boy giggled, leaning into Jason more.
“Come on,” Jason said quietly, so only Leo heard. His arm wrapped around the boy’s waist and his fingers climbed up his thigh teasingly; Jason forgot about sleep in favour of deciding he wanted to have sex with Leo. If the giggle Leo let out was anything to go by, the Latino also wanted it – so why were they still here, “Leo,” Jason said warningly.

“Two minutes,” Leo huffed back, pretending he was interested in the conversation around him even though he was simply doing what he could to tease Jason; he even wriggled backwards so his insane ass pressed right up against Jason’s crotch, giving the blond a semi-hard on.

“Come to my cabin so I can have that fantastic ass of yours all to myself,” Jason growled...a little too loud. The group fell silent, all looking at him in surprise, and Jason blushed.


“S-Sorry,” Jason said sheepishly.

“Aw, look at Leo,” Reyna grinned, “He’s blushing.”

Sure enough Jason’s boyfriend had gone bright red, “N-No I’m not!” he squeaked and then turned to bury his face in Jason’s chest as their friends laughed. Jason was a little surprised; Leo was generally a very sexual person so the blond didn’t understand why he was suddenly getting embarrassed, “Let’s go,” the Latino mumbled, voice muffled by Jason’s shirt. The son of Jupiter didn’t have to be told twice, jumping to his feet and pulling a flustered Leo up with him.

“Well, we’re off,” he told the group.

“Have fun,” Reyna winked at them while Hazel fanned herself furiously, outraged.

The two dashed into the trees and Leo grabbed Jason’s hand in his, pulling him along and going so fast Jason almost couldn’t keep up despite having much longer legs. He could see Leo’s cheeks still burning and it confused him a little; why was he acting so off? It had been one comment and yet as the two snuck back towards Cabin One Leo didn’t say one word, which was unlike him. Jason had slipped up in front of their friends before, having asked Leo to fuck, so why was this time so different?

“Are you okay?” Jason asked, because Leo was squeezing his hand tightly but not looking at him.

“I’m fine.”

Jason stopped and pulled on Leo’s hand so the caught-off-guard boy fell into his arms. Jason held him tightly against his body and reached down between Leo’s legs. The Latino gasped when Jason grasped his fully hard cock through his trousers. Jason raised an eyebrow.

“Fine, eh? Did me saying that in front of our friends turn you on?” Jason asked quietly, shifting closer and brushing his nose against Leo’s invitingly. But the Latino didn’t kiss him, instead looking at his feet, bright red.

“N-No,” he mumbled, “It wasn’t that.”

“Why are you acting shy all of a sudden?” Jason asked, gently cupping his boyfriend’s cheek in his hand, “Gods, you’re cute, I wanna fuck you.” To Jason’s surprise, Leo shivered and went even redder before biting his lip and looking up at his boyfriend nervously. Jason put two and two together, “You’re not into voyeurism. You’ve got a praise kink, haven’t you?”

Leo pulled out of Jason’s arms, “It’s weird isn’t it?” he asked, nervously tucking a curl behind his
ear. Jason had never seen him so uncomfortable and he was kind of hurt that his boyfriend didn’t feel alright about telling him what he liked in bed. Shit, they’ve been dating for two months and Jason had no idea Leo was into getting praised...in all fairness the times they fucked were always hot, hard and desperate, hardcore and rough so Jason didn’t have time to pay attention to Leo’s reactions, something he was regretting now. “Like...yes, compliment me while you fuck me?” Leo rolled his eyes and laughed to hide his embarrassment, “Really weird. Anyway, just ignore it.”

“Why would I ignore it?” Jason interrupted, and before Leo could reply the blond had him by the wrist and was easily dragging his boyfriend the rest of the way to Cabin One. In moments they were inside. Jason slammed the door behind them, kicked his shoes off and then pinned Leo against the closest wall. They kissed in the darkness, Jason being a little more possessive than usual.

Leo gasped against his mouth and grinded up against Jason, but the blond just pinned him back against the wall with his hips, a shiver of arousal going through him when he felt Leo’s rock-hard cock press against his thigh.

“What do you want me to say?” Jason asked, and when Leo tried to reach out to him the blond pinned his wrists to the wall. For some reason he really wanted to mess Leo up tonight. He started kissing the boy’s neck, running his tongue over the skin.

Leo moaned, “I-I don’t know.”

Jason nipped and licked his way up to Leo’s ear before whispering hoarsely, “You’re such a good boy.”

It was just an experiment to see how Leo would react and Jason half-expected him to just burst out laughing since Jason had no idea what he was doing. He did not expect for Leo to just melt against him and let out a little breathy gasp. Holy shit, blood rushed south to Jason’s own cock at his boyfriend’s reaction.

“You like that?”

Leo bit his lip and nodded his head, still acting all shy and bashful. Jason didn’t think he ever wanted Leo more than he did in that moment. A little regretfully he let go of the Latino and stepped back so he could strip. Leo caught on immediately and within a minute the two Demigods were naked, their clothes tossed into the shadowy depths of the cabin. Jason was happy to have Leo back in his arms, especially since the boy was now naked and almost burning up. They exchanged a sloppy, passionate kiss and then Leo was sinking to his knees.

“Leo-,” Jason said, and then groaned as his boyfriend wrapped his hot lips around the head of Jason’s erection with no warning. His member throbbed at the feeling as Leo’s small, wet tongue licked at the slit teasingly, the way he knew Jason liked it, “Fuck,” the blond hissed, unprepared to get a blowjob in that moment. He sank his hands into Leo’s hair as the boy took him into his mouth expertly. Jason remembered that the first time Leo had done it he choked, and now he didn’t even wince as he sucked Jason all the way in, making obscene sounds as he licked and sucked.

Jason was dizzy and so focused on his own pleasure that he almost forgot about Leo’s praise kink, thankfully it was easy to remember since just looking down at his lewd boyfriend made a hundred praises go through Jason’s head.

“Fuck,” Jason groaned, “You make me so fucking hard, Leo,” he dragged his hands through the boy’s hair and Leo shivered, his eyes fluttering closed for a split second. He sucked Jason off slow and sweet and it drove the boy insane, the teasing way in which Leo was pleasing him, “So good,” Jason said breathlessly, “You’re so good for me, Leo.”
Leo’s reactions told Jason that he was saying the right things; the boy got redder and more enthusiastic, his pace quickening as he shamelessly opened his mouth and ran his tongue down the underside of Jason’s dick, gripping the base with his hand. He hungrily licked the precum off Jason’s head and the son of Jupiter’s knees almost buckled.

“Fuck, Leo,” Jason whispered, losing himself in the pleasure a little. He said the next thing that came to mind, “You’re such an obedient little slut.”

“Fuck,” Leo choked out, letting Jason’s cock spring from his mouth as he reached down and grabbed the base of his own erection, squeezing his eyes shut. Jason looked down at him in shock.

“Don’t tell me you were gonna come.”

Leo’s cheeks flared up, “S-Shut up—“

The thought of Leo coming because of something Jason said was so hot that the blond’s whole world tilted and his stomach knotted up. He grabbed his boyfriend’s head and with no warning roughly shoved him back onto his cock. He felt his erection hit the back of the boy’s throat and he moaned loudly as he started to fuck Leo’s mouth; the boy relaxed and let Jason move his head, eyes half closed.

“Don’t worry,” Jason panted, “Just looking at you is making me want to come.”

Leo moaned around the cock in his mouth, and his eyes fluttered up to look at Jason. He probably didn’t mean to look as obscene as he did but the sight of him, looking kind of desperate and kind of vulnerable with a dick in his mouth, made Jason almost lose it.

“Shit,” he pulled his dick out of Leo’s mouth before he came and turned away, looking away from him and thinking about gross things like grandmas in underwear to try and creep away from the edge of the orgasm, where he had been only seconds ago.

“Jason?” Leo asked hesitantly. Jason turned to look at him and his cock throbbed. Leo was kneeling on the floor, naked, wiping saliva from the corner of his mouth and looking at Jason with his gorgeous brown eyes.

Jason didn’t even have the self-control to get them to bed, instead he tackled his boyfriend down the floor. Leo squeaked in surprise as Jason shoved his legs open.

“You’re so hot,” Jason whispered as he lapped against his boyfriend’s neck heatedly, leaving open-mouthed kisses everywhere he could as Leo’s thighs trembled in his hands, “So fucking hot, Gods.”

“Jason,” Leo whined, digging his fingers into his boyfriend’s shoulders. They kissed desperately and Jason continued to talk even as he curled his tongue around Leo’s.

“Good boy...so fucking good...I love you, you’re so perfect...”

Leo turned himself around suddenly and pressed his gorgeous ass up against Jason’s erection, making the son of Jupiter jolt.

“Please,” Leo whimpered, arching his back. Jason had never seen him so submissive or so aroused – the boy was leaking precum all over the floor, his eyes so dark with lust they were almost black, “J-Jas fuck me, please...fuck...Gods...”

He was grinding up against Jason, the blond’s cock catching between his ass cheeks. *Hold yourself together*, Jason told himself, mouth watering at the sight of his boyfriend.
“You look so good,” Jason whispered, greedily squeezing one of Leo’s flawless ass cheeks in his hand. The boy moaned, arms shaking as they held him up.

“Fuck me,” he gasped, “Jason, please.”

The blond grabbed his hips and entered Leo in one, swift movement. The boy was still open and wet from their fuck right before they went out to meet their friends and his body eagerly accepted every inch Jason gave him. The Latino let out a sob and his arms gave up underneath him, so his ass was sticking up in the air. It was an amazing view and Jason’s eyes kept flickering from Leo, panting and practically crying on the floor, to the place where he was buried balls deep inside his boyfriend.

“You’re gorgeous,” Jason decided they both needed a moment to catch their breaths. He ran a hand down Leo’s thigh and the boy moaned softly.

“Jason- shit...,” he gasped, “you’re making it so h-hard for me to think straight.”

It was hot for Jason too, just looking at the state Leo was in even if it was all a little overwhelming, seeing the usually vocal and confident Leo fall apart because of some words.

“You feel so good,” Jason whispered, and Leo moaned. The blond grinded his hips against Leo’s ass teasingly, enjoying the feeling of the boy’s hot, tight walls gripping him, “Absolutely amazing,” the words came to Jason naturally, “so fucking tight and hot, so perfect for me.”

“J-Jason, fuck,” Leo’s hands curled into fists against the floorboards and he pressed his forehead against it, gasping for air. Jason couldn’t wait any longer; he grabbed Leo’s hips, pulled out of him almost all the way and slammed back into the smaller boy. Leo moaned loudly and his body rocked with the strength of Jason’s thrust. The blond didn’t give his boyfriend even a moment longer to adjust though because just then he started to plough him, rough and hard, driving his cock right into where he knew Leo’s prostate was.

Within a few thrusts the Latino was a sobbing, shaking mess, helplessly clawing at the floor and arching up against Jason, taking everything the blond gave him.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck....” he moaned. Jason fucked him frantically, like a starved man, watching his lovely, broken boyfriend sobbing with pleasure as Jason plunged into him over and over.

“So good for me,” he growled between groans, “You make me feel so good Leo, you’re fucking perfect...”

“Jason,” the boy sobbed, tears in his eyes, “Jason...”

He looked like he was going to pass out, and Jason felt like he was going to pass out. His head spun and the only thing he could feel was pleasure as he ravished his boyfriend. Just seeing Leo completely drowning himself in the feeling was enough to take Jason to another level and he knew that he wouldn’t be able to handle the intensity of doing it like this for a long time.

“Gods, you’re beautiful,” Jason choked out, then flipped Leo over. The boy wrapped his legs around Jason tightly and with a helpless sob pulled the blond down for a kiss wet with tears.

“O-Oh Gods...,” Leo gasped, clinging onto Jason’s face as the son of Jupiter fucked him, “Oh f-fuck...I-I can’t...” he shook his head, body shaking, “J-Jas...I-L...”

Jason pinned both his wrists down with one of his hands while the other gripped Leo’s ass. His thrusts got sloppy as he felt his orgasm approaching. Leo just sobbed and writhed on the floor.
“You’re gonna make me come,” Jason whispered, slamming into Leo particularly hard. The boy’s eyes rolled into the back of his head and his back arched and Jason watched as his boyfriend had the most beautiful orgasm he had ever seen. Then his vision went white as his own climax hit him violently.

It took a few minutes for Jason to get enough energy back to pull himself up off Leo and take his limp dick out of the boy’s ass. Leo was laying there, naked and happy, eyes closed. Jason sat up somehow, feeling like all his bones had turned to mush. The ecstasy still sparkled through his body.

“That was really intense,” he said hoarsely.

“Mhmmm,” Leo opened his eyes. He looked like a sexy mess.

Jason stood up and then leaned down to scoop his boyfriend up into his arms; Leo didn’t look like he’d be able to walk for the next few hours so Jason carried him to the bed. He wiped Leo’s come off both their stomachs with a towel they kept by the bed before tucking his boyfriend into the fresh sheets and climbing in next to him. There was a pool of come on the floor that they were both ignoring.

Jason felt satisfied and sleepy; Leo got back enough strength to roll over onto his side and hug himself into Jason’s chest – he looked so happy and comfortable that Jason’s heart almost couldn’t handle it. He stroked his boyfriend’s hair and suddenly Leo was gripping his cheeks and pulling him down so he could shower Jason’s face in hurried, frantic kisses.

“I love you, I love you, I love you,” the relief was clear in his voice. Jason laughed and grabbed his boyfriend around the waist, pulling him closer and kissing him properly on the mouth until Leo melted against him.

“You were worried, weren’t you?” Jason asked, stroking Leo’s flushed cheek with his thumb. The Latino nodded.

“Thought you’d think I was weird.”

“I’d never think that,” Jason whispered, “I’d try out any kink, and this one...well, whatever seeing you lose control over me sweet talking is called, I definitely have it.”

Leo blushed, “So...you liked it?”

“Of course I did,” Jason gushed, kissing Leo again, “You’re so unbelievably...,” he shook his head, “I don’t even have a word for what you are, but I love you so fucking much.”

“Stop it,” Leo wrapped his arms round Jason’s chest and pressed his face into the blond’s collarbone, “You’re gonna make me cry...or get hard.”

Jason laughed and kissed the top of Leo’s head.

“But thank you, though,” Leo said, voice a little muffled, “That was so good for me.”

“Yeah,” Jason smiled softly and enveloped Leo in his arms, “It was for me too. You’re amazing. I love you.”

Leo squeezed him, “I love you too.”
Leo hurried down the corridors of his high-school, buzzing with excitement. The almost fifteen year old was almost flying, he was in such a rush, and he felt light too, like nothing in the world could bother him at all. He ignored the weird looks he got from the students milling around the corridor and rounded the corner. A bright smile bloomed on his face when he saw the object of his affection standing by his locket, just as Leo had expected.

Frank Zhang, the best rugby player in school, was rummaging in his locker and looking for something frantically while talking with his best friend, Percy Jackson. Just seeing the tall boy made Leo’s heart flutter furiously in his chest and he approached the two hurriedly.

“Morning, Frank,” he said with a big grin, “Hi, Percy.”

“Hi, Leo,” the green-eyed boy smiled. Leo tried not to feel hurt when all Frank did was roll his eyes and turn away.

“Um, so, Frank,” Leo started, gripping the straps of his bag to hide his nerves, “You know, I’m turning fifteen tomorrow.”

“Happy birthday,” Frank said sourly, not even looking at the smaller boy. Percy offered the Latino an apologetic look as Frank started to walk away. But Leo was a persistent little fucker, and so he chased after the bigger boy, matching his strides and weaselling himself between him and Percy.

“So...you know...your initials will appear on my wrist tomorrow,” Leo said, trying to remain cheerful and upbeat even as Frank ignored him.

“No, they won’t,” the tall boy said coldly. Leo swallowed, and bit his lip.

It had been like this for ten months, ever since Frank turned fifteen in September, though for Leo this trembling feeling in his heart had lasted much longer. He had liked Frank since they were kids...
because during the first day of primary school when some girls were making fun of Leo’s curls Frank had stood up for the Latino and told him that his hair was pretty. Ever since then Leo had helplessly admired him – when he became a teenager he grew envious of Frank because the boy was everything Leo wasn’t; tall, handsome, popular, liked by everyone. Leo was a skinny, awkward weirdo with bizarre comedic timing and a big mouth. Soon enough Leo realised that he didn’t want to be like Frank, but to be with Frank.

And then Frank turned fifteen. Everyone knew that at fifteen the initials of your soulmate’s name appear on your skin, like tattoos. And until that fateful day Leo’s daydreams about him and Frank were just that – daydreams. Until the boy had come into class the day of his birthday with a big, black LV on his wrist. It had flipped Leo’s world upside down, given him the hope and confidence he needed to finally show his feelings for Frank. The boy was less than happy, especially when everyone started teasing him about being gay. Even now he remained adamant that he was straight and Leo thought that was okay because when FZ appeared on his wrist everything would make sense and Frank would finally accept him.

“We’ll see won’t we?” Leo grinned at Frank, “Do you wanna have lunch together today?”

“No.” Frank said bluntly, “I’m not gay, stop pestering me, you’re annoying.”

Leo laughed to hide the ache he felt at Frank’s words. Why do you have to be so cold? The fourteen year old thought bitterly. Percy tried to make him feel better by also laughing as if Frank had cracked a joke. The object of Leo’s affection didn’t even smile and without warning turned and walked into a classroom. Leo hesitated, contemplating following him in but the class was full and people automatically flocked to Frank, attracted by his charm and easy-going personality. Leo saw the boy smiling and laughing, the brooding, annoyed guy from moments ago gone. He hates me, Leo looked at Frank sadly and gripped his straps a little tighter, Why does he hate me so much? Am I that bad? Leo knew that he wasn’t a supermodel, or even attractive, but he thought he was okay enough for someone to like him...he had a good personality, didn’t he?

“Hey,” Percy squeezed his shoulder in a brotherly fashion and smiled down at Leo, “Don’t mind Frank, he’s just stressed out about exams. I’m sure after your soulmate’s initials show up it’ll all be fine and he’ll come around.”

Leo smiled brightly, “So you think he’s my soulmate too?”

“I sure hope so,” Percy said sincerely, “You’d be good for each other,” he winked, waved and walked into the classroom Frank had just gone into. The boy’s comforting words filled Leo with happiness and he felt a little lighter than before – if Frank’s best friend liked him then it wouldn’t be so bad would it? He glanced at the boy he liked one last time and Frank met his eyes across the classroom. Immediately they went cold and he glared. Still, Leo smiled and gave him a little wave, skipping off to class.

“You could be a little nicer to him, y’know,” Percy said, watching Frank glare at Leo. His best friend then glared at him.

“For what?” he asked, “so he gets more stupid ideas inside that thick head of his? You know I don’t like boys,”

“But you have LV on your-“

“LV could be anyone!” Frank hissed, trying to keep the conversation somewhat private while surrounded by loud teenagers, “Leonora, Lillian, Lucy.”
“Whatever you say,” Percy rolled his eyes, “The kid is super sweet though, you should be lucky someone even looks at you with so much love, you mug.”

“I’m not gay,” Frank huffed, “and even if I was he’s an infuriating, loud, annoying little shit...”

“I’ve never seen you get riled up over someone as much as you do over him,” Percy said as if that was a point. The bell rang, saving the green-eyed boy from a snarky response. Frank was left at his desk by himself and he leaned his chin in his hand as his form teacher walked in, telling everyone to be quiet.

Without even meaning to, Frank started thinking about Leo. The Latino was on his mind a lot lately which was unsurprising since the git was literally everywhere Frank went with his bright grin and sparkling eyes and stupid jokes. No matter how mean Frank was to him, he just wouldn’t piss off, which was bad since Frank didn’t like being an asshole. Whatever, it’ll all be over tomorrow, Frank thought. Yes, tomorrow Leo would come to school with his head hung low and someone else’s initials on his wrists and Frank would...

He imagined the Latino’s crestfallen expression when he found out that Frank wasn’t his soulmate. He imagined the tears in his eyes. Frank’s heart clenched and he couldn’t help but feel a little bit bad for the younger boy. He didn’t have many friends and a lot of the bigger kids liked to tease him, so this...this would be a blow...

Why do I care? Frank scolded himself internally, he brought this on himself, following me around like a puppy! Frustrated, Frank tried to focus on the teacher. Valdez was messing with his head and it was annoying. He was a boy, Frank didn’t like boys, end of.

***

Leo sat on his bed, impatiently alternating between looking at his thin wrist and at his phone to see if midnight had hit yet. But the last few minutes till that desired 00:00 seemed to stretch on forever. It all felt a bit like some parody of Cinderella, complete with a very angry aunt that would’ve been crazy mad if she found out Leo was still awake, which was why the still-fourteen year old had his covers pulled over his head, the flashlight on his phone turned on so he could monitor his wrist closely.

Come on, Leo anxiously bit his lip and stared intensely at his skin. A part of him dreaded the reveal, because sometimes initials didn’t appear on people’s wrists – that meant that they had no soulmate – and sometimes a cross would appear next to the initials, if the soulmate had already passed. Leo, who had never truly been loved by anyone except his late mother, was desperate for a soulmate, desperate for Frank specifically. Please let it be Frank, he thought desperately, even though he would’ve been happy to just have a soulmate at that point. If his wrist remained empty he thought he might just die. FZ, he thought and closed his eyes. Leo wasn’t very religious but in that moment he needed support, God I never asked you for much – I asked for friends but I suppose you never sent me any...not that I’m mad about that! It’s cool, totally cool...but this is really important to me, so please let it be FZ...

I need this to work. If it didn’t then Leo would be the laughing stock of the school. Already he made himself look like an idiot by chasing after Frank like a puppy when the Asian was very clearly out of his league. If Leo had been wrong all along then he’d never hear the end of it; he’d forever be known as the ugly geek who fell in love with the hot, straight rugby player and got obsessed. Leo swallowed anxiously, trying to keep his nerves at bay...his mind wandered and dreamily Leo imagined what it would be like when he showed up to school tomorrow with Frank’s initials on his wrist. Leo wasn’t a hopeless romantic, or rather he was only a hopeless romantic when it came to Frank. He imagined them walking down the hallways, holding hands and kissing and giggling and...
Leo’s eyes fluttered open and his hear twisted. An involuntary gasp slipped from his mouth because while he was praying midnight struck and there, on the soft, inside part of his wrists were two letters. *FZ* For a second Leo thought he was dreaming, then the letters grew blurry as tears of happiness welled in Leo’s eyes.

“Oh my God,” he whispered, “thankyou, thankyou, thankyouthankyouthanyou...” Leo squealed quietly and flopped backwards on his bed, grinning like an idiot and cradling his wrist to his chest. This was really happening, Frank was really his soulmate. Leo felt so happy he might’ve as well floated. He wasn’t going to be alone anymore, and that made him so ridiculously ecstatic. He reached for his phone, needing to tell someone, *anyone*, but then remembered that he didn’t really have friends that he could call at midnight on a school night. But it didn’t matter, because he had a soulmate now.

Leo exhaled and smiled to himself, “Happy birthday,” he whispered softly into the darkness of his room.

***

It was okay that nobody remembered about Leo’s birthday, he was used to it by now. To everyone else it was a normal Wednesday and to Leo it would’ve been too, normally. His birthday was no biggie...but today was important simply because of Frank.

“Have you seen Frank?” Leo asked some rugby guys as he walked past, shaking with excitement. They gave him pitying looks that didn’t bother Leo anymore, not since midnight.

“Leave him alone, Valdez. It’s getting creepy.”

“Well, he’s my soulmate so...,” Leo fought to keep his voice casual, trying not to betray how happy he was. The rugby guys burst out laughing so Leo stuck his wrist out confidently, proudly presenting the FZ etched on his skin. It shut the boys up alright and they all gaped at him in shock.

“Oh shit,” one of them said.

“Well would you believe that,” another shook his head, “Valdez you’ve been right all along! He’s Frank’s soulmate...damn...”

Leo smiled and pulled his sleeve back down, “So...where is he?”

“Downstairs in the locker room. He’s been training.”

Somehow the voices of the guys and their looks seemed warmer, so Leo thanked them and hurried on his wave. He felt like he was flying as he rushed down the stairs to the changing room. When he got there he saw a bunch of the rugby guys sitting around and putting their uniforms back on. When Leo’s eyes landed on Frank his heart clenched and for a second he felt dizzy. *Oh my God*, he thought, *he’s all mine*. Frank looked so happy and carefree, just laughing with his friends.

“Frank,” Leo said. The boy looked up and immediately the smile fell off his face.

“Oh no,” he groaned as his friends snickered, “What do you want?” he looked at Leo like he was vermin, but the Latino didn’t mind.

“I need to talk to you.”

“Go to your boyfriend then,” one of Frank’s friends teased.
“Shut up,” Frank snapped at him but walked over to Leo nonetheless. He grabbed the Latino’s skinny arm and forcefully pulled him along and out into the deserted corridor. He let go of Leo and crossed his arms over his chest, “Well?” he prompted, eyes angry. Leo swallowed.

“So...um...it’s...uh...,” he didn’t know why he was stuttering, a wave of nerves washing over him suddenly, “S-So it was my birthday yesterday...”

“Are you here to apologise for pestering me all those weeks?” Frank raised an eyebrow, “Apology accepted.”

“N-No, actually,” Leo’s cheeks were red. *Please let him be happy, please, please, please.* The boy hesitantly stuck his arm up and rolled up the sleeve of his jumper, showing his soulmate his initials. A heavy, tense silence settled over them and Leo could feel Frank’s gaze burning a hole in his skin. His mouth felt dry and he couldn’t bring himself to look up at the taller boy. Finally Frank spoke.

“And?” he asked. Leo’s eyes snapped up to him – Frank looked unimpressed, face impassive.

“And we’re soulmates,” Leo frowned, “I’ve got your initials and you’ve got mine—“

Frank shook his head, “Jesus Christ what is it with you?” he asked, exasperated. “You’re actually obsessed. Look, I don’t want to be mean or anything but I like girls and FZ could literally be anyone.”

“Y-You think this is a coincidence?” Leo asked, confused, “That it just so happened that I’ve got FZ and you’ve got LV?”

Frank shrugged, “Yeah, basically.”

“O-Oh,” Leo dropped his wrist, “Well...well what if you’re wrong?!” the boy blurted. *This isn’t happening,* he told himself, *please don’t reject me, I won’t be able to take it.*

“I’m not wrong, Valdez. You have to actually be attracted to your soulmate and I’m not. You’re a guy.”

Leo felt like he had swallowed a bag of nails. He nodded slowly, trying to comprehend the cold, harsh cruelty of his reality. Then he smiled hopefully, refusing to just break down, “But we can try, right?” he asked, “We could—“

“Fuck!” Frank shouted, face red in anger, so loud that Leo flinched in shock, “What do you not get?! I don’t fucking like you, you freak!”

Leo felt himself go pale, then his face flooded red in embarrassment. He wasn’t even as shocked as he expected to be, he kind of knew this would happen, and yet he had hoped...his heart physically hurt but Leo smiled anyway.

“Right,” he said faintly, “Sorry. I’m...I’m gonna go,” he pointed in some random direction and, without daring to look at Frank, dashed off. He made it to the closest bathroom before he couldn’t hold himself together anymore.

He burst inside and collapsed in the closest cubicle, barely managing to slam the door closed. He sank to the floor, a hopeless, heartbroken sob bubbling up in his throat. It spilled out despite Leo’s best efforts to keep it in. The boy curled in on himself and buried his face in his hands, crying helplessly. Why couldn’t he just be happy for once? His mum was dead, his aunt hated him, he liked boys and the guy he liked didn’t like him back. He could’ve been the first person in history whose
soulmate didn’t like him, or maybe Frank was right and they weren’t soulmates at all? He’s disgusted by me, Leo remembered the way Frank had looked at him, he hates me. It hurt, it hurt so fucking much.

The door to the bathroom opened and Leo pressed his hands tightly against his mouth as to not let any sound out; he didn’t want for this whole thing to become more pathetic than it already was.

“You know, I feel kinda sorry for him,” a boy’s voice sounded alongside the sound of peeing.

“What, Valdez?” a second voice asked, and Leo flinched.

“Yeah like…the kid’s proper in love with Frank I think.”

“Yeah,” the second voice sighed, “Frank could be a little gentler in letting him down…”

“In all fairness the guy is always around him, it must get tiring.”

“I don’t know, I think that maybe they are soulmates,” the second voice argued, “but Frank’s just in denial. Dunno why he cares so much if Leo’s a guy – a soulmate is a soulmate.”

“True. If I was Valdez I’d keep trying; it’s just too much of a coincidence.”

“True.”

The boys left without washing their hands. The bell rang and Leo sat on the floor, in shock. He replayed the conversation in his head over and over and the more he did the more hopeful he felt. Those guys were from the rugby team, they were friends with Frank and they still thought Leo had a chance…?

Get yourself together, Valdez, Leo exhaled and wiped his wet cheeks on his sleeves. Those guys were right – his dream had come true, Frank’s initials were on his wrist. He was going to woo Frank, no matter what it took.

***

“Hi Frank!” the happy voice of his ‘soulmate’ made Frank’s eye twitch. It was Monday, and after a few days of peace and quiet Frank was shocked to find that Leo was still in love with him, despite the fact that Frank had been a massive prick. He kept replaying Leo’s crestfallen expression in his head and it made him feel so bad that he decided to apologise…except now the Latino seemed perfectly fine, strolling into Frank’s class before lesson like he belonged here.

“Why-,” Frank looked up and frowned, “Jesus, what did you do with your hair?”

Valdez’s usually already messy curls had been straightened and now his locks stood up in all directions like he put his hand in an electric socket. The boy seemed oblivious to the looks and snickers he was getting, smiling brightly at Frank. Why is he always so happy to see me? Frank thought…he had to admit it had been a bit quiet without the boy’s constant pestering.

“Just trying new things out,” Leo said, “Do you like it?”

“No,” Frank said bluntly, and Leo blinked in surprise. He tried to figure out how to tell Leo to not make this hair mistake again without making it sound like a compliment, “Your normal hair is pretty shit, but at least it doesn’t look like you got hit by a truck.”

“Oh-Oh,” for a second Leo looked hurt, self-consciously touching his head. Frank’s heart twisted.
Fuck, stop being a prick to him! It was just so much easier to hurt him than to be nice. He felt better when Leo brightened up almost immediately, “Well, back to curls it is! Or will be from yesterday,” he looked at Frank with big eyes, “So anyway, I was wondering if you wanna have lunch together today.”

“I don’t,” Frank grumbled, “Stop acting like we’re a couple, I don’t like guys for the last goddamn time.”

The bell rang and Leo straightened up, “Got to go to classes,” he said, ignoring what Frank just said, “I’ll see you later!” he gave his ‘soulmate’ a little wave and then dashed off.

Frank groaned and dropped his head into his folded arms, annoyed and tired.

“I think you’d make a great couple.”

Frank looked up, surprised. Drew Tanaka, the most popular girl in his class, was looking at him, “What?”

She shrugged, “The handsome, tall jock and the skinny, nerdy kid. It’s like a love story straight out of a book.”

“You read books?” someone feigned shock and the class erupted into laughter. Frank looked out of the window at the spring courtyard. He didn’t even want to entertain the thought of dating Leo. What would it be like? Would he continue being so goddamn clingy all the time? He shuddered at the thought.

Alright, so Valdez wasn’t that bad. Frank thought if he was a girl he’d be quite cute with the curls and the doe eyes and the whole shebang. Actually, he was pretty cute regardless-

Woah! No. No. No. Frank blushed at his thoughts. This was exactly why he just preferred to be rude to Valdez, because otherwise his mind stared to think weird things. I like girls, he told himself firmly.

Meanwhile Leo was outside of his classroom, leaning against the wall and trying to get his heart to stop pounding as the corridors deserted and kids disappeared into their classes. Leo had been late a lot lately because of this whole soulmate thing.

So Frank didn’t like his hair. That was okay, there wasn’t much about Leo to like anyway. Tomorrow Leo would go back to curls and try changing something else about his appearance...but what? No matter what he did he couldn’t make himself anymore prettier, and Frank hated his personality. What can I offer him? Leo thought helplessly. He exhaled shakily. He just had to be nice to Frank and maybe eventually the boy would be nice back...

***

Leo climbed onto the school bus, full of chattering, over-excited fifteen year olds. Everyone had been looking forward to the day-long school trip for ages...except Leo. He looked at the half-full bus now and felt a little sick. Choosing a seat on a school bus was one of the things he hated most, alongside PE and any group projects where the kids chose the groups, because he was always picked last. He hated buses because he always sat alone.

His eyes landed on Frank now. The rugby guys hadn’t shown up yet and Frank was sitting alone near the back, staring out of the window. Somehow the sight of him made Leo relax, even if the Asian hated his guts.

“Frank!” Leo exclaimed happily and hurried towards him. The boy immediately groaned and rolled
his eyes.

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Leo stood in front of him, flushed and excited, “Can I sit next to you?”

“Shit, don’t you have friends?” Frank grumbled. Leo’s smile faltered. No, he wanted to say. Then, to his surprise, Frank moved his backpack off the seat next to him and went back to grumpily staring out of the window. Leo’s heart pounded and he took that as an invitation, plopping down next to Frank. The boy looked good in his own clothes, a black t-shirt and jeans. Leo himself was wearing some of his nicer clothes, which weren’t nice at all, a red hoodie and tattered black jeans. But clothes didn’t matter at that moment, because he was sitting next to Frank without the boy shouting at him or moving away. Leo could feel Frank’s body heat, and their shoulders almost touched. The Latino sat with his ankles crossed, hands in his lap, a big smile on his face.

“Do you want to listen to music?” he started.

“No,” Frank barked, not looking at him. Leo nodded and swallowed. Just then the rugby boys piled themselves onto the bus in a heap – they all whistled and laughed when they saw Frank and Leo.

“Oi!”

“Look at that, Frank and his boyfriend!”

“Soulmates, love it boys.”

The teasing seemed good-natured but Frank still went bright red, “Shut up.”

It’s okay if he’s embarrassed about me, Leo told himself, pulling out his phone and earphones, I’d be too. He’s so handsome and I’m a loser. I’m happy I can even sit next to him.

He plugged his earphones in, drowning out the sound of the rugby boys. He closed his eyes. He was just a little bit happy.

The bus journey was long and after about an hour most people were asleep, including Frank’s friends taking up the back row behind him. But Frank couldn’t sleep, staring at the landscape passing behind the window. Why had he sat here and not at the back? Why did he let Leo sit next to him...he remembered the boy’s face when Frank had asked him if he had any friends. He looked so upset that Frank just couldn’t. If he could make the boy just a little bit less miserable by just letting him sit next to him then it was the least he could do.

Frank flinched when something fell against his shoulder, ripping him out of his thoughts. He looked down and blinked in surprise; Leo had fallen asleep and now slumped against Frank, his head resting on Frank’s shoulder. The Asian looked around, checking if anybody had seen but nobody was paying attention to the two of them. Frank looked down at Leo. He looked so peaceful when he wasn’t chatting shit.

Frank found himself studying Leo’s sleeping face, more interesting than the fields outside. The boy’s curls were back to normal, soft and tickling Frank’s face. His eyes danced over the slope of Leo’s button nose and the tiny freckles sprinkled over his cheekbones. He had really long eyelashes, and his lips were slightly open as he slept. Okay, Frank admitted grumpily, so he’s cute, that doesn’t make me gay.

Frank’s eyes started to feel heavy and he subconsciously leaned into Leo’s curls. Whatever.
Frank woke up groggily what felt like hours later, though it must’ve not even been an hour since there were still fields outside. The boy’s neck hurt a little from leaning on Leo. After a few blinks that cleared his vision the Asian looked down at his ‘soulmate,’ to see if he was still sleeping. To his surprise Leo was awake, his eyes trained down, his cheeks red. He was biting his lip and he looked...Frank stared at him, then broke his gaze away to look at what Leo was looking at.

Their hands were almost touching, inches away. Frank forced himself not to move his hand automatically and glanced at Leo. Why was he looking all blushy and shy because of their hands? Deciding he wanted to see the boy’s reaction, Frank moved his hand so its back touched Leo’s. The boy gasped quietly, the blush spreading down his neck. Frank couldn’t look away from him – if the boy was reacting like that to just a hand touch how would he react if Frank hugged him, or kissed him or-

The Asian blushed violently and jerked his hand away. Leo flinched so hard he almost fell off his seat.

“Don’t snuggle up to me,” Frank growled and turned to the window, trying to hide his red face. His heart pounded.

***

Their relationship continued on like that until the summer holidays – Leo being lovey-dovey and following Frank around, Frank getting annoyed with him. In truth the Asian got used to his presence and he found that he didn’t mind so much, especially since his friends seemed to really like when Leo came around and cracked his shitty jokes.

Leo couldn’t wait to see Frank in September since they hadn’t talked in over a month. He came into school tanned from holiday and excited to see his maybe soulmate. He almost walked right past Frank altogether though, before backtracking.

The boy was leaning against his locker and talking to one of the rugby boys but he was... Leo stared at him. He was tall, really tall, and his shoulders were all broad and...and he had cut his hair shorter and he looked so nonchalant and...

Leo’s mouth was open when Frank looked at him, “Hi,” he said impassively. Leo swallowed, heart twisting.

“Hi,” he squeaked, “You...you got so tall...”

“It’s just cause you’re short,” Frank said, then went back to talking to his friend. Leo wanted to say something more but he felt helplessly intimidated. He hovered near Frank for a few minutes, until the Asian turned to him. His exasperated tone was familiar, “Do you want something, Valdez?”

“It’s your birthday next week, right?” Leo asked, bright red.

“How do you even know that?”

“Facebook.”

Frank rolled his eyes, “Right.”

Leo bit his lip, unsure of how to continue the conversation, “How was your holiday?”

“Good. Are you done making small talk?”
“Did you find anyone with the initials LV?” Leo blurted. Frank sighed.

“No, but I’m sure my soulmate is out there somewhere and definitely not here.”

Leo pretended that didn’t hurt him. He nodded, “Right. I’ll see you around,” he hurried off.

 Fuck. Blood rushed to Frank’s face and he turned to his locker, hoping nobody saw him. *When did his ass get so nice?* He glanced sneakily at Leo rushing off, and at his butt bouncing. Then he squeezed his eyes shut. *Shit, shit, shit...*

Frank was almost sixteen, his hormones were raging – it wasn’t his fault! Leo had a nice bum! Butt’s didn’t have a gender, it didn’t matter that Leo was a boy, a nice butt was a nice butt. *End off.* Frank exhaled. He was secretly glad that Leo hadn’t lost interest in him over the summer holidays, maybe it was a little selfish but Frank just liked the attention, yeah, that was all he liked...

***

Leo wished he had friends close enough that he could ask if what he was doing was really stupid, but alas he was by himself and already in school so it was a little bit too late for second thoughts. He thought that his and Frank’s relationship was really going well; the boy had definitely warming up to Leo and so the Latino thought it was time for the next step, and Frank’s birthday was perfect for it.

“Aw, thanks guys,” Frank said as the rest of his friends joined the big group gathered by his locker, handing him birthday presents, “You guys really didn’t have to...”

“C’mon,” Percy laughed, “It’s not every day someone turns sixteen!”

“I can’t wait for your birthday on Saturday.”

“Me neither,” Frank admitted, “I can’t believe my grandma’s actually letting me have the whole house to myself for the night.”

“Your grandma’s a trooper!”

They all laughed, and that’s when Frank noticed Leo coming over. His heart started pounding as he looked at the boy who appeared all shy and fidgety, stopping a few feet away from the group and biting his lip.

“Sorry for a second,” Frank said and hurried over to him, fuck knows why. He and Leo weren’t friends, but Frank liked when Leo just randomly came over with the weirdest shit to say, “Yo.”

“Hi,” Leo said, not looking Frank in the eye.

“You hear to give me birthday wishes?” Frank asked confidently, even as his heart stammered in his chest.

“Um...actually I have a present for you,” Leo said quietly.

“You do?” Frank blinked. Leo nodded.

“Er...close your e-eyes,” his voice faltered – he looked really nervous and Frank suddenly had the urge to reassure him somehow.

“And open your mouth?” he joked, but Leo just shook his head, bright red. Frank shrugged, “alright,” he said and closed his eyes.
Seconds later he felt something soft and warm press against his lips. He frowned and opened his eyes, only to see Leo’s face almost touching his. Leo was kissing him.

What the...Frank’s automatic reaction was to kiss back, to lean into the warmth. Then he remembered where he was and he roughly shoved Leo away, shocked. His friends exploded into laughter and whistling but Frank could barely hear them, staring at Leo in horror. The boy’s face was red, eyes wide. Don’t, Frank’s mind told him, don’t-

“What the fuck is wrong with you?!” Frank shouted, so loud that everyone in the hallway looked at them.

“I-I...,” Leo looked like he got hit by a car, “S-Sorry, it was...”

“You’re sick!” Frank shouted again. He was so embarrassed, his friends would tease him about this forever. “What the hell are you thinking?! I’ve told you a hundred times that I don’t fucking like you or any boy for the matter!” Leo was staring at the ground, shoulders trembling, but Frank couldn’t stop screaming at him, “even if I liked guys you’d be the last on the list you creepy freak! I’m tired of you following me around, fuck off and never touch me again, you’re fucking gross!”

“I-I’m sorry,” Leo whispered. Frank saw the tears shining in his eyes. No, no, no...he wanted to reach out to the boy but Leo turned on his heel and literally sprinted off. The hallway was silent as he disappeared around the corner, everyone kind of shell-shocked.

“Okay,” Percy said, “Frank, you’re a prick.”

“He kissed me!” Frank whirled on Percy.

“So what?” Luke asked from next to the dark-haired boy, “What was with that rant, that was so unnecessary.”

“Yes,” Beckendorf shook his head, “You could’ve just pushed him away and said you didn’t like it, you didn’t have to rip into him like that. You broke the kid’s heart.”

“Shut up,” Frank snapped, “Just all of you shut up. I’m not gay, okay! I’m not just gonna let him...,” his voice faltered, “Whatever, forget it,” he stormed off in the other direction, his mind a jumble of broken thoughts.

Frank wasn’t one to lose control and yet he had lashed out...because he didn’t hate the kiss, and that scared him.

Leo was once again back in the boy’s bathroom where he was at the end of last year. The moment he had gotten in he vomited in the toilet. Now his legs were pulled to his chest and he sobbed helplessly against his folded arms, not caring if anybody heard him this time. It didn’t matter since half the school had witnessed what just happened. Leo’s body burned with shame. Of course he considered that Frank would push him away but that...that had been so much and Leo just couldn’t handle it all at once.

He felt like he was literally falling into little pieces; he was unable to hold himself together anymore. He remembered how naively hopeful he had been on the night of his birthday, how he thought his soulmate would love him. Hurts, he thought helplessly. He couldn’t breathe.

“Hey,” a soft voice sounded from somewhere outside Leo’s hysteria, “You okay?”

No, Leo wanted to scream, I’m not okay.
He felt a gentle hand on his knee and he wiped his face on his arm. *Don’t be any more pathetic than you already are,* he told himself and looked up. Squatting in front of him was an unfamiliar boy with soft chestnut locks and kind grey eyes.

“Hi,” he said.

Leo sniffled and tried not to sob out loud, “W-W-Who are y-you?” he managed to get out past his trembling lips.

“My name is Frederick,” the boy said, “I just moved to this school today and already it seems pretty explosive,” he laughed light-heartedly and Leo couldn’t help but crack a smile.

“So you saw all that, huh?” he sniffled.

“Yup. Who was that asshole?” Frederick asked. Leo shook his head.

“Well he’s a dick,” Frederick stood up and offered Leo his hand. The boy took it and allowed Frederick to pull him to his feet, “So, your name is...?”

“Leo. Leo Valdez.”

Frederick frowned, “Random question, what are the initials on your wrist? Because I assume you’re fifteen.”

“Um, yeah,” Leo wiped his runny nose on his sleeve and then rolled it up, showing the FZ on his skin. Just looking at it was painful. Frederick staring at it in shock.

“Oh shit.”

“What?” Leo asked.

“My name is Frederick Zimmerman,” the boy replied, and then rolled his own sleeve up. Leo’s mouth went dry because there, on the boy’s skin, was LV, “You can call me Freddy.”

***

For four days Frank tried to figure out a way to apologise to Leo, but he quickly found out that it was hard to catch someone alone if that person was avoiding you. Yup, for the first time in ages Leo was not actively seeking Frank out and it made the boy feel...empty.

“So he’s just going to drop the whole charade then?” Frank ranted to his friends, and they rolled their eyes, having heard the whole thing before. They were spending break-time in their form room since it was raining outside, “Months of following me around and seeming like he’s in love with me and then he just...leaves it?”

“You were really harsh,” Piper McLean told him from the table behind him.

“Besides, isn’t this better?” Luke added, “You’re not gay and you don’t like him so why do you want him to pay attention to you?”

“I don’t,” Frank blushed, “I just...it’s just weird...and I feel bad.”

“Invite him to your birthday on Saturday,” Luke rolled his eyes, “like a peace note.”
Frank bit his lip and nodded, “Yeah...yeah that’s smart.”

“But you know the real reason why he dropped you,” Drew said suddenly. The boys all looked at her.

“Huh?”

The girl smirked, “He’s hanging out with Freddy.”

“Freddy?” Frank frowned, “The new guy?”

“Yup,” Drew said, “the new guy...whose initials are FZ and whose Leo’s soulmate.”

Frank’s blood ran cold, “W-What?”

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” Percy said, “You’ve really blown it now.”

Frank felt sick. He stood up, “I’m gonna go give him the invite,” he mumbled and walked out of the classroom. He felt like he got punched, but why did he care? Wasn’t it good that Leo wasn’t alone...wasn’t it good that he didn’t want Frank anymore...?

He’s my soulmate, Leo told himself as he waited outside his chemistry classroom early, lost in thought, I’m gonna be happy with him, I just need to get used to it...he had spent the last four days with Freddy and although the boy was nice his presence didn’t feel the huge hole in Leo’s chest that Frank’s rejection had punched. Freddy didn’t make him feel like Frank did, but he was nice, and for that Leo was glad. He was tired of people being mean to him.

“Hey.”

Frank’s voice startled Leo and the Latino turned around, heart pounding. The sight of the Asian made his insides clench – they haven’t spoke since Frank screamed at him.

“Hi,” Leo managed. Frank looked awkward and embarrassed.

“So...um...about the other day-“

“I’m sorry,” Leo interrupted, “I shouldn’t have kissed you. Let’s just forget it.”

“Right, yeah...,” Frank cleared his throat, “So anyway, are you coming to my birthday party on Saturday?”

“No.” Leo turned away, trying to act like he didn’t care even though Frank was making every nerve in his body tingle, “I’m hanging out with Freddy.”

“Right...,” Frank swallowed, “He’s invited too,” he offered Leo an envelope, “It’s all in there. Come if you want...y’know...no biggie, up to you.”

Hesitantly Leo took the envelope, “Right. Thanks.”

Frank nodded and then scurried off. Leo turned the envelope in his hands. His immediate reaction was to throw it away and forget about Frank Zhang as quickly as he could...but on the other hand he wanted to show him that he was moving on, even if he wasn’t. Maybe showing up to a party together with Freddy wasn’t such a bad idea after all.

***
Jealousy, that was what Frank felt looking at Freddy and Leo in the corner of his living room, getting drunk of one beer. Having a word to the raging emotions inside him didn’t really help though, it just made Frank more pissed off.

Why did it have to take this for Frank to realise that the anger and annoyance inside him wasn’t necessarily strictly that? That he actually liked having Leo around, and felt awfully lonely without his never-ending chatter...but it was too late now. Leo looked happy and content with Freddy. Frank gritted his teeth when the boy slid an arm around Leo’s shoulders and pulled him close.

“You’re staring,” Percy slurred next to him. Frank looked away from Leo hurriedly.

“No, I’m not.”


“No I don’t.”

Frank’s best friend rolled his eyes, “Don’t lie to me. I see it in your eyeeeee...”

Frank snickered, “You’re wasted.”

Percy slumped against the couch they were sitting on, “Go snatch ‘im up before...Freddy snatched ‘im up,” he looked like was going to pass out, and yet he was speaking the truth. Frank looked longingly at Leo. God, it was scary to think he could actually like a boy but his feelings felt so obvious to him now that he couldn’t believe he had ignored them for so long.

Frank tensed when Freddy suddenly grabbed Leo’s hand and pulled him out of the living room where most people were.

“Shit, they’re leaving,” Frank gasped.

“Go,” Percy slurred, poking him, “Get your man.”

Frank swatted his hand away but got to his feet, following after the two boys. He saw them walking up the stairs, giggling. Suddenly Frank’s heart started to pound. Are they gonna have sex? he thought, but Leo’s too young! He’s fifteen, he’s so inexperienced and innocent...

Frank crept up the dark stairs, relieved when he saw the outlines of Freddy and Leo leaning against one of the walls on the corridor. Get away from him, Frank wanted to shout. He was actually the worst – first he bullied and humiliated Leo and now he was getting angry over the fact that the boy was finally happy.

“Y’know we should dance,” Freddy said. Leo giggled.

“Nah, I don’t dance. I have enough of embarrassing myself to last me the year, thanks.”

“Mhmmm,” Freddy didn’t seem to be listening. He trailed his finger down Leo’s arm and Frank gritted his teeth, watching with envy, “Why did you come in this ratty jumper?”

“Huh?” Leo looked anxious, “Oh...well...” he looked down at himself. He was wearing a black jumper, fraying at the edges. Frank thought Leo looked cute but then again he had thought that for a while, “I just threw it on. Not like it matters,” he laughed, “I’m kinda ugly anyway.”

A pang went through Frank at the boy’s words, holding a really sad undertone. Fuck, fuck, he thought. He wanted to beat himself up for the way he treated Leo; he could see now, watching on,
how insecure the boy was and with everything everyone else had said to him...Frank felt like shit. His friends were right – he was an asshole.

“Leo, c’mon. You’re not ugly, you know that,” Freddy said with a laugh. Leo didn’t reply, so the boy asked, softer now, “You know that, right? Like, I’m not saying you’re some supermodel but you’re definitely not ugly.”

_That’s such a half-arsed compliment_, Frank thought angrily, then remembered all the things he said to Leo about his appearance, things much worse than this. God, if he could turn back time...

“Yeah,” Leo said softly, “Thanks...hey, I’m sober now, let’s go downstairs and drink more.”

He tried to move around Freddy but the boy grabbed both his arms, “I’ve got a better idea,” he sounded amused, “Have you ever kissed anyone.”

Frank froze.

“No...,” Leo replied in a small voice, “I-I mean apart from that F-Frank fiasco but that...that didn’t count...um, have you?”

“Yeah. Do you want me to kiss you?”

“I-I...,” even in the dark Frank could see Leo’s blush. His heart pounded. *No, no don’t kiss him.* He remembered the feeling of the boy’s soft lips against his own. Of course it counted!

“I can be your first kiss,” Freddy said, “Your first proper kiss.”

“I’m sorry,” Leo whispered, “I don’t think I’m in the mood...”

“You never know till you try,” Freddy said and shifted closer. Frank couldn’t take it.

“Get away from him!” he climbed the rest of the way up the stairs.

Leo squeaked, shocked that Frank had come out of nowhere. He was kind of relieved though, because Freddy let go of him. Were you supposed to be repulsed by the idea of your soulmate kissing you, because Leo sure was? Inconspicuously he crept a little away from Freddy.

“What the hell, Frank?” the boy demanded, “Way to cockblock!”

“He doesn’t want to kiss you,” Frank growled. He looked pretty pissed off.

“Oh just like you didn’t want to kiss him?” Freddy asked venomously. Frank gritted his teeth.

“Get out.”

“Whatever,” Freddy laughed, “Leo come on, we can snog outside.”

The thought made Leo sick. He felt the eyes of the two boys on him, “I-I think I’ll stay, thanks,” he whispered softly. Freddy shook his head.

“Unbelievable,” he grumbled and shoved past Frank, disappearing down the stairs. Leo slumped against the wall.

“You okay?” Frank asked.

“Fine.”
There was an awkward pause, “Uh...you can go chill in my bedroom if you want.”

He opened the door next to him and flipped on the light. On shaky legs Leo approached it, “Thanks,” he mumbled. The thought of a bed sounded nice now. How had this happened, how did he end up alone with Freddy? What would’ve happened if Frank hadn’t come...

Leo stopped halfway to the bed when he heard the door close. He felt Frank’s presence behind him and he turned to look at the boy. The sound of the party filtered in from downstairs and Frank just stared at him.

“You’re missing it,” Leo said, pointing at the floor.

“We need to talk.”

Leo’s heart twisted. He didn’t want apologies or explanations, he just wanted to forget the burning shame he felt every time he thought about Frank’s rejection. The Latino turned away, “We really don’t. Everything’s okay.”

“Your jumper’s not ratty,” Frank blurted. Leo turned to him, surprised.

“Huh?”

The tall boy was staring at the floor, hands in fists, “Freddy said your jumper was ratty. It’s not.”

“What are you talking about?”

“W-What I’m trying to say is...you look nice,” Frank finished weakly. Despite everything that happened, despite Frank’s rejection, butterflies erupted in Leo’s stomach. He’s saying this because he feels guilty...

“Thanks.”

“How do you do it?” Frank was looking at him all weird and Leo felt uncomfortable so he hugged himself.

“Do what?”

“How are you okay with everyone teasing you? I can’t just...I wouldn’t be able to take it.”

“I’m not okay,” Leo said bitterly. He didn’t have the energy to be all upbeat and happy right now, especially not in front of Frank. Frank made his heart break every time Leo so much as looked at him, “I’m just used to it. I’ve been bullied all my life, at one point you’ve heard all of it so...,” he shrugged.

Frank looked at him, then looked away. Leo stared at the floor; he couldn’t move, there was too much tension between him and Frank right now.

“I’m sorry,” Frank whispered suddenly.

“I’m sorry too. I shouldn’t have kissed you.”

Frank took a hesitant step towards Leo, “Don’t apologise for that. I...I...I’m so sorry, Leo. I treated you like such shit,” there was a desperation in Frank’s voice.

“It’s okay,” Leo forced a smile, “We’re okay, we’re good.”
Frank shook his head and stopped closer, “It’s not okay. The way I’ve been treating you is not okay. I...look, I’ve been thinking and-“

“Don’t,” Leo whispered, but Frank didn’t listen.

“The reason I’ve been such an ass was because, well...y’know...you’re a bout and I’m a boy and I just...shit, this is coming all wrong-“

“Just shut up,” Leo whispered, voice choked up. He had no idea what Frank was doing and honestly Frank didn’t know what he was doing either – all he knew was that he was not ready to give Leo up to another FZ.

“Please listen to me,” Frank said helplessly, “I was so scared of the feelings you had for me, and I couldn’t comprehend the feelings I had for you, and I didn’t believe that you loved me-“

“You’re right, I don’t love you!” Leo whispered, shutting Frank up. I can hurt him, the boy thought, the way he hurt me. He didn’t know why but suddenly he was angry – so Frank got to just change his mind and for everything to be okay? Well Leo could change his mind too, “I never loved you,” he lied, “I loved the idea of you, of someone actually wanting me. I’m sorry it ended up being you, sorry I pestered and embarrassed you all those times!” his voice rose in volume. He didn’t care anymore, “I’m sorry that I wanted someone to care, that I believed that s-someone in this world with the initials F fucking Z would want me, even just a little tiny bit. I’m sorry I was such a fucking burden.”

Tears sprung to Leo’s eyes. He didn’t want to cry, not in front of Frank, but there wasn’t much he could do. Frank stared at him and his heart twisted over and over, so painful he couldn’t breathe. What the fuck is wrong with me? he thought looking at Leo, trying to hold back tears. How could I have hurt him this badly?

Frank racked his brain for something to say but nothing seemed right.

“I was just scared,” he whispered.

“So was I,” Leo fought a sob, “All the t-time. Every time I walked u-up to you and your f-friends, every time I c-came to your class. I-I was always so scared y-you’d shout at me and t-then you did and...,” he took a shallow breath and visibly tried to calm down, “It’s okay,” he whispered suddenly, brokenly, “It’s okay for you not to want me. It’s fine, I’m not your soulmate-“

“You are.”

Leo’s eyes widened at the confidence and conviction in Frank’s voice. The second the Asian said it out loud, he knew it was true.

“You’re my soulmate,” he stuck his wrist out, “and I’m an idiot for trying to deny it.” Leo stared at the LV on his skin with teary eyes, not saying anything. Frank’s shoulders slumped. Please don’t let it be too late...“I want to be your first kiss. And your second. I want to be all your kisses.”

Leo sniffled and wiped his nose on his sleeve, “You already were my first kiss,” he said in a small voice.

Frank closed the space between them, grabbed Leo’s face in his hands and kissed him on the mouth. It was clumsy, but it filled both of the boy’s with happiness. They pulled away quickly, bright red, and stared at each other, unsure of what to say. Frank’s heart fluttered in his chest.

“So...do you wanna have lunch together tomorrow?”
So this fic is almost over and I kinda want y'all's opinion because a part of me wants to do a part 3 of my space series, a part of me wants to do a whole new original work and another part wants to write another angsty Severus x James fic. Idk, opinions? x
A Man Needs a Maid

PerColm where Percy was forced to 'buy' Malcolm during their school's foundation day auction because no one will and he just likes to sweeten himself for Annabeth. Tho, he's deadass annoyed with the kid and Malcolm plainly hates him. Twist: the auctioned boys are going to crossdress (in fact, neither of them knew). Percy is #shookt and in denial and Malcolm is too flustered. Result: a discovery of true love. Just cutesy and fluffy.

For Teecap

Malcolm wanted to be sick, his hands clenching and unclenching uselessly at his sides. Why had he agreed to this again? Oh yeah, the turtles. This was to save the turtles...

But I won’t raise any money anyway, Malcolm thought helplessly, I’ll just embarrass myself in front of the whole school. From behind the curtain to the backstage Malcolm heard Leo Valdez’s over-exaggerated host voice;

“And now we have Mr Luke Castellan, ladies and gents!”

Luke casually sauntered out onto the stage and someone wolf-whistled before the auctioning began; soon enough random students were calling out sums in the hundreds to pay for Luke to be their personal servant for the day. It was a school tradition; on the founding day names of students got pulled from a hat and those chosen got to decide whether or not they wanted to be ‘auctioned’ off to other students. It was all very light-hearted with most students getting their ‘servants’ to carry their bag and bring them lunch. It was also a great way to raise money and this year it was for sea turtles. Malcolm loved sea turtles, which was why when his name was pulled for potential auctioning he didn’t hesitate and agreed to participate. Now he wanted to vomit.

He knew nobody would buy him – why would they? People wanted pretty girls or their best friends that they could tease, or their crushes or someone to just pick on. Malcolm wasn’t pretty, he didn’t have friends at school and he definitely didn’t have someone who was crushing on him. What was left was that maybe one of the bullies would buy him so they could pick on him more, which would be less humiliating than standing in front of the whole school in an awkward silence as nobody called out even a dollar to pay for him-

Malcolm was hyperventilating, so he didn’t hear. He was poked by the girl next to him just as Leo called for the second time-

“Malcolm Chase!”
“I can’t do it,” the colour left Malcolm’s face.

“Think of the turtles,” the girl pushed him forward and Leo stumbled onto the school stage. He blinked for a second, surprised by the bright lights, then flushed a deep red as he saw the crowd watching him. Their faces all blurred so he couldn’t make anyone out. He swallowed and tried to stop himself from fainting, his hands clenched into fists at his side. As expected all he heard was silence.

*Let it be over,* he thought, wanting to burst into tears. He could feel the judgemental eyes of his peers on him, *Please let it be over...* he knew nobody would buy him so why was he here-

“Ten dollars!” someone called.

Malcolm blinked and his eyes zeroed in on his ‘saviour.’ Then immediately they narrowed; looking smug and smirking in the crowd was Percy Jackson, a boy from Malcolm’s sister’s Annabeth’s class who had been trying to get into her pants for years. Malcolm hated him. He might’ve also had a massive crush on Percy but that was besides the point. His jaw clenched now; was this some kind of joke?

“Twelve dollars!” the responding shout came from Bryce Lawrence, one of Malcolm’s biggest bullies. The blond’s blood chilled.

“Fifteen dollars,” Percy called.

Leo laughed, “Well, well, well! Fifteen dollars going once-“

“Twenty!”

“Going once, going twice-“

“Twenty one!”

Malcolm couldn’t believe it – Bryce and Percy were actually fighting over him...not that it was a good thing, either way Malcolm would be thoroughly humiliated by the end of the day. Still, he kind of hoped Percy would win.

“Percy Jackson, paying thirty dollars for Mr Malcolm over here!” Leo called. Bryce glared at Percy, “Going once, going twice...SOLD!”

Malcolm couldn’t believe it – Bryce and Percy were actually fighting over him...not that it was a good thing, either way Malcolm would be thoroughly humiliated by the end of the day. Still, he kind of hoped Percy would win.

“Percy Jackson, paying thirty dollars for Mr Malcolm over here!” Leo called. Bryce glared at Percy, “Going once, going twice...SOLD!”

Malcolm blinked and his eyes met Percy’s in the crowd. His heart pounded a little harder – he had just been bought for thirty dollars. He turned on his heel and walked off-stage as quickly as he could, feeling dizzy and overwhelmed. It was an experience he never wanted to live through again...but at least he contributed to the saving of the sea turtles.

Once backstage Malcolm slumped against the closest wall and tried to calm down. Next to him stood Kelli, waiting to be auction. She glared down at Malcolm; she seemed to hate him because he spent time with Percy, who she liked, but it wasn’t like Malcolm voluntarily wasted that time on Jackson, it just so happened that Annabeth invited him out everywhere...

“You know he only bought you to suck up to Annabeth?” Kelli asked. Malcolm blinked. *Ah,* he thought, ignoring his bitter disappointment, *that makes sense.* Before he could reply she got called up and went on-stage. Malcolm was sold for the lowest amount of money but it was still better than not being bought at all, so he glumly turned to the exit.

“Err, where are you going?” Piper from the year above, who organised the event, asked. He looked
“Outside? To wait for my new master,” Malcolm rolled his eyes.

“Oh no you don’t!” Piper’s eyes sparkled mischievously, “This isn’t the end of the event. We came up with the idea to do a bit of dress-up.”

“What dress-up?” he asked, distrustful. In response Piper simply grabbed his hand and dragged him to a storage closet. She packed Malcolm in there and then threw a soft cloth at him.

“Everyone’s doing it!” she told Malcolm cheerfully. The boy held up his outfit and swore.

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

In his hands was a maid outfit, as if straight of an anime. There was a white, frilly shirt that crept halfway up the neck, with a black bow. The sleeves were short and puffy, the dress itself black and **very** short, sticking out prettily. There was a white, frilly apron, white gloves, black stockings, black heels and a black hair bow to complete the outfit.

“This is ridiculous!” Malcolm blushed. He knew he’d look very stupid in the outfit and although undoubtedly it was meant to be cute or sexy, the awkward boy was aware that he’d be neither.

“Just put it on!” Piper said and slammed the door. Malcolm sighed. This can’t get any worse, he thought dejectedly and started to pull his clothes off. He got dressed in the semi-darkness and when he was pulling on his stockings Piper knocked on the door again, “Hurry up! Kelli needs to change!”

Blushing, Malcolm slipped his feet into the heels. He felt weirdly exposed in the short skirt but opened the door nonetheless. Immediately Kelli snickered.

“You look hideous,” she said, and Malcolm blushed harder.

“Hurry up,” Piper shoved the other girl inside the closet and then looked at Malcolm, “Ignore her, she’s just jealous because you look cute as hell,” she winked at the blond and he smiled at her, “Hey, Malcolm this is all just for a bit of fun, the girls are cross-dressing too. We put all the winners in separate classrooms so you can dance for Percy or do something funny-“

“I’m already a walking joke, I’ll pass,” Malcolm said. Piper shook her head, “Do it for the turtles,” she slapped him on the back and then told him which classroom Percy was waiting in. Dejectedly the boy went on his way, thankful that the halls were still empty as most people were at the auction – he’d hate to be seen like this. When he passed one of the bathrooms he ducked inside, just to see what he looked like.

Unflattering was probably the best way to describe it; the bow in his light hair looked stupid and his eyes looked on unhappily from behind his glasses which perched on his red nose and cheeks. Even his ears were red. The dress didn’t do him any favours, especially since he had no chest or hips, though he had to admit his legs didn’t look half bad in the stockings and the heels. Still, Percy would have a laughing fit when he saw him. Malcolm blushed harder and bit his lip, turning to the side and trying to find an angle in which he looked nice, but there wasn’t one. He didn’t want his crush to see him like this, but he didn’t really have a choice.

He tried to prepare himself for all the teasing he’d be subjected to when Percy saw him as he walked towards the classroom – voices behind him made him speed up and when a group of teenagers rounded the corner Malcolm almost exploded into the classroom.
His heart jumped in his chest when he saw Percy, perched on a table.

“Oh,” Percy blinked, eyes widening as they slid over Malcolm in his bizarre attire. Malcolm’s face flushed bright red and he closed the door, before he averted his gaze, unable to look at Percy.

“Shut up,” he mumbled.

“I didn’t say anything.”

Malcolm crossed his arms over his chest protectively, “Just shut up. I know you did it to buy into Annabeth’s good graces.”

“Hey, you rather me or Bryce?” Percy raised an eyebrow, his eyes still travelling all over Malcolm’s body. He wasn’t laughing though, “Did Piper make you wear that?”

“Yes,” Malcolm said, “apparently it’s funny.”

Percy’s mouth twitched into a smile, “It’s kind of funny, but honestly you don’t look half bad.”

Malcolm’s face burned. Don’t make fun of me, “S-Shut up.”

“So you’re my servant for the day, huh?” Percy asked. Malcolm just wanted the ground to swallow him up.

“Yeah.”

“Come here.”

The blond glanced at Percy uncertainly then bit his lip and hesitantly came over to where the older boy was sitting. He tucked a piece of hair behind his ear anxiously, trembling. He didn’t know why but suddenly he felt very, very nervous. He was embarrassed and unsure of what Percy would say—you look hideous...

Kelli’s words rang in Malcolm’s head.

“You’re bright red.”

“S-Shut-“

“Don’t tell me to shut up,” Percy seemed amused, “You have to do what I tell you, right?”

“Right,” Malcolm mumbled. At least it’s not Bryce, he comforted himself. If it was Bryce there would already be embarrassing pictures of him circulating the internet.


“No,” Malcolm blurted, “This is stupid.”

Percy’s eyes slid over him again and Malcolm shivered, “You look kind of good. Is that weird?”

Malcolm gripped his skirt in his hands to stop them from shaking, “Y-Yeah,” he stuttered, “It’s pretty damn weird.”

Percy smiled, clearly unbothered, “Obviously it’d be better if you were Annabeth—“

Malcolm jerked his head to the side, jaw clenched, perhaps a little too fast. Percy paused and stared at the boy and Malcolm felt like a fish out of water; why did Percy have to mention Annabeth? It hurt Malcolm, knowing that the boy he liked, liked his sister...the atmosphere in the classroom was...
weirdly tense and Malcolm was scared that from his reactions Percy would figure out his feelings.

Malcolm flinched when he suddenly felt Percy’s hand on his wrist, pulling him close. Malcolm found himself standing between Percy’s legs. His heart started to pound.

“What-“

“I’m just having a look, relax,” Percy murmured. With the hand that wasn’t holding Malcolm’s wrist he reached out and skimmed the skin between Malcolm’s skirt and the top of the stocking with his fingers. Malcolm shivered again and Percy looked up, feeling it. He didn’t look amused anymore, his eyes dark and intense. Malcolm almost shivered again.

“You have to do everything I tell you.”

Malcolm nodded mutely, unable to speak. He was scared he was going to pass out. Percy stood up, and even though Malcolm was in heels the older boy was still taller. The blond was rooted to the spot, frozen, unable to move even when he felt Percy’s fingers on his jaw, gentle.

“Stop freaking out,” there was a small smile on the boy’s face. Malcolm swallowed. Percy playfully brushed his thumb over the boy’s jaw, “Are you gonna call me master?” he asked teasingly. Malcolm was sure if he blushed any harder there’d be no more blood left in his body.

“H-Huh?”

“You have to do it, right? Because you’re my servant,” Percy said. Malcolm looked away, “Come on,” Percy turned them around and nudged Malcolm backwards until he sat on the table. The older boy settled between his legs and ran his fingers down Malcolm’s stockings. What the hell is going on? The blond felt dizzy, “Do it.”

“M-Master,” he stuttered out, shy and embarrassed and kind of...turned on?

“Fuck,” Percy whispered and with no warning swooped down, capturing Malcolm’s lips in a hot, intense kiss that shocked the smaller boy. He opened his mouth to gasp and Percy’s wet, insistent tongue slid inside it. The older boy gripped Malcolm’s hips in his hands and dragged the boy closer, kissing him like no tomorrow. Malcolm just sat there, frozen.

Percy ripped himself away from him for a second, “Kiss me back,” he practically growled.

“W-What?!” Malcolm looked up at the dark haired boy in shock. Percy plucked the glasses off Malcolm’s face so everything besides the boy’s face became blurry.

“I said kiss me back. It’s an order.”

Before Malcolm could protest Percy gripped his face and kissed him again, feverish and desperate. Malcolm’s eyes closed on their own accord and he found himself doing exactly what Percy was asking, opening his mouth like a good little submissive maid and allowing Percy to explore anywhere he wanted with his tongue and hands. Soon enough Malcolm was gasping for air and clinging onto Percy’s t-shirt for some reason. That was until his common sense kicked in.

“Stop it!” he hissed, shoving a surprised Percy away and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, “I’m not some weird kinky replacement for Annabeth!”

“No, you’re not,” Percy said, then looked at him for a second before forcing himself between Malcolm’s legs again and taking his face in his hands, “but you’re fucking gorgeous.”
He kissed the boy away and Malcolm tried to push him away weakly, which was hard since kissing Percy felt really goddamn good. He just kind of ended up melting in the boy’s arms, giving in with a soft moan. Screw it, Malcolm thought, *this is the only time he’ll ever touch me like this.*

And Percy was *really* touching him, but not in an asshole-y, pushy way. No, he was stroking Malcolm’s cheeks as he kissed him, carding his fingers through the blond’s hair as he licked at his lips, gently playing with his finger as his tongue rubbed against the blond’s. He held Malcolm’s hips and rubbed his hands down his legs, pushing the stockings down, and it kind of made Malcolm’s heart ache.

When Percy pulled away Malcolm wrapped his arms around his neck and pulled him closer, “Don’t-,” he whimpered pathetically before stopping himself. Percy looked at him.

“Don’t what?”

Malcolm looked away, blushing, but he couldn’t bear to let Percy go. The boy shifted closer though, holding Malcolm’s thighs, “Hey,” he nudged his nose against Malcolm’s invitingly, “You like me right?”

Malcolm couldn’t answer, just tightened his arms around Percy’s neck. He didn’t know what to do with himself, and then Percy just kissed his forehead lovingly.

“It’s okay, I like you too,” he whispered.
Leo can't sleep on the Argo II, he likes to talk to Festus cause ya know he's the 7th wheel. But one day hazel overhears him and then proceeds to tell the rest of the crew. This makes frank or Jason really worried so one night they all go to listen to what they're saying and frank/Jason can't take it and go up to him and kiss him on the spot or something? For plantboi

worthless.

Hazel was walking down the hallways of the Argo II as it creaked and swayed underfoot. It was the third time this week that Leo just didn’t show up to dinner and she was starting to get worried since he spent most of the time in the engine room, all by himself with nobody but Festus for company. So she walked there now with a plate of enchiladas in her hand, ready to force them down the overworked boy’s throat if she had to.

She was a little surprised to find the door to the engine room cracked open ever so slightly, steam curling out from it and into the corridor. She approached, already practicing the reprimand she would give Leo in her head, but she stopped right outside the door when she hear Leo talking.

She frowned, for a second thinking that someone was a step ahead of her and had come to give Leo’s his food...except she didn’t hear a second voice. Subconsciously Hazel leaned forward, creeping to the gap in the door. She knew that eavesdropping was rude but she couldn’t stop herself, especially when she realised that Leo was speaking to his own invention.

“...so anyway Festus,” he sighed and through the gap Hazel saw him sitting on the floor with his back against the engine, building something complicated in his hands. The boy looked small and awfully sad – an expression Hazel, or the Seven, never saw on him. Clearly it was reserved only for himself, and it broke her heart, “all I’m saying is that I’m tired of being the seventh wheel in this weird car we’ve got going on. It’s unfair, y’know; Percy and Annabeth had always had each other, Jason has his mum and Piper now, Hazel...well, Hazel had a shitty life, and even though her and Frank aren’t together...,” he paused there and bit his lip and Hazel felt a deep ache in her heart at what he was saying.

Surely he doesn’t feel so left out, she thought, clutching the plate, not since Frank and I broke up...she had hoped that that now that there weren’t three couples on the Argo it’d be easier for Leo. Clearly not, “Everyone loves Hazel, and she has Nico...and Frank...well, Frank’s Frank. He can be alone and still be happy even though he and Hazel are still a duo even if they’re not together.” Hazel couldn’t help but smile at that part, though what Leo said next broke her heart. His voice went all soft and sad, “I wish he’d look at me, Fe. I just wish he could at least be a tiny bit attracted to me. I don’t know...I’m not picky, if there’s anybody in this whole world that wants me, even a little bit, I’ll be happy to be with them. But nobody wants me, not even my friends, and especially not Frank.”
Hazel had had no idea that Leo liked her ex-boyfriend, but she couldn’t say that she was surprised that the boy was lonely; it was true, he really didn’t have anybody. With a heavy heart Hazel turned and went back down the corridor, sadness settling over her. The Seven looked up when she walked into the dining room and the girl put Leo’s plate down.

“We have a problem.”

***

*Just tell him you love him.* Hazel had made it sound so easy, like Frank hadn’t tossed and turned in bed for weeks thinking about Leo and how badly he wanted to be with him, and not with the girl. And Frank thought that the fact that Leo liked him too would help but now he was sat by the door to the engine room with his friends, panicking. He looked at Hazel, sitting next to him in silence. What if she had read into it wrong and Leo only liked Frank as a friend? *I need to tell him anyway,* it was eating away at Frank. The seven were there to witness the whole thing, perched in the dark hallway, exchanging anxious looks.

Leo was inside the engine room and had been there all day, and the seven had insisted they all go together to hear him speak. Hazel had, privately, also told Frank that Leo had feelings for him but the Asian didn’t know what to do or how to confess, so he just sat outside with the others and listened to Leo work, trying to think of what he could tell him later. And then Leo stopped working and started talking, startling the Seven.

“He didn’t even look at me today,” Leo began, voice soft and sad. Frank tensed and subconsciously leaned closer to the door, “at breakfast, he just looked right past me.”

*Who?* Frank thought desperately, was it Jason? Percy?! He glanced at the other boys but they looked equally as confused.

“I just want him to look at me,” Leo said helplessly, “Just a little bit. I wish Frank could smile at me or hug me sometimes...”

Frank’s eyes widened and his heart started to pound. *Oh Gods he’s talking about me!* the others looked at him, eyes wide. Piper covered her mouth with her hand in shock and Frank blushed furiously; suddenly he thought that they should go, that this was something private they shouldn’t be looking in on...

Leo continued speaking.

“He’s so cold to me, always pushing me away. But then again, so is Percy, but it’s not like I’m in love with him the way I am with Frank.”

Frank swallowed and jerked up into a standing position. Hazel’s hand shot out and grabbed his and she lifted her finger in a silent signal *wait.* Frank wanted to scream. Leo was in love with him?! Since when?!

“Annabeth doesn’t care about me, since Pipes and Jas got together they haven’t really bothered about me and I...fuck, I sound like such a whiny baby,” Leo laughed bitterly, “they’re happy, and I want them to be happy, so, so badly but...but why do I have to be sad? Can’t we *all* be happy? I just...” he sniffled.

Fuck, *he’s crying,* Frank thought and his hand trembled in Hazel’s grip. The fact that the boy he loved was crying because Frank was too scared of his own feelings to do anything else but push him away broke his fucking heart.
“I-I just love him,” Leo said, “Fe, I love him so, so much that my heart can’t take it,” Frank squeezed his eyes shut, feeling like he couldn’t take it either. His heart pounded, his stomach clenched. *I want you, I want you,* his mind was stuck on repeat and yet Frank couldn’t move a muscle.

“Fuck,” he whispered softly.

“B-But he doesn’t love me b-back, and he n-never will,” Leo’s voice trembled and Frank broke. He wrenched his hand out of Hazel’s grip and, ignoring the silent protest of the seven barged right into the engine room.

Leo flinched violently, eyes widening. Red eyes, full of tears.

“F-Frank?” he whispered, utterly shocked. Frank didn’t even let him say another word as he stormed towards him; he grabbed the small boy’s face in his hands and kissed him fiercely, the force of the kiss making them both stumble. Leo tried to protest into the kiss, so Frank just kissed him harder, urged on by the desire to make everything okay. Finally Leo gave in, melting in his arms.

“Idiot,” Frank whispered, their kiss ending. Leo looked shell-shocked and Frank forgot about the Seven eavesdropping. “I love you too. I love you...” Frank kissed Leo again, and kept talking in-between kisses, “I love you, I love you...so much...you have no idea...”

The door shut softly and the seven left the corridor, but Frank just gathered Leo up in his arms and held him. Leo was staring at him as if unable to comprehend what just happened. Frank stroked his face and nuzzled his nose against Leo’s, desperately trying to convey to the boy what he was feeling.

“Y-You’re real right?” Leo whispered eventually. Frank laughed and clutched him closer.

“Yes, idiot.”

Leo blushed vividly and looked away, “D-Did you hear all that?”

Frank’s expression softened, “Yes,” he kissed Leo’s forehead, “I’m sorry I was cold, I was just scared that if we got close I’d do something stupid, like kiss you.”

Leo stood on his tiptoes and kissed Frank, all sweet and soft, “I-Idiot.”

Chapter End Notes

Right so thanks to everyone who helped me decide what to start writing now, and I just ended up going for Aliens you Meet part 3 coz I have some good couples in mind :) so if you guys are interested in reading it (it can be read as a stand alone) then it's on my profile or right here: https://archiveofourown.org/works/15988040 but don't worry, this story still has a couple chapters left ;) x
Could you do a Luke/Ethan one where Ethan and Luke are at camp and Ethan gets cursed by his mother for refusing to do a task that could hurt Luke. The curse makes him extraordinarily violent making it so that if he sees anyone he'll attack them, even Luke who he has feelings for. They manage to lock him up in a cabin or cage or something and every day Luke visits him and just sits outside and just tells him everything he loves about him. Eventually the curse is lifted (that up to you as to how that happens) and Ethan confronts Luke to know if what he said was true. End with smut or fluff you decide which fits for hyunjinlove

Ethan walked through the forest towards camp, hands shoved into his pockets, earphones in his ears, connected to the phone Luke smuggled in for him. The son of Nemesis came out for an early evening walk to try and clear his head of the thoughts raging in his brain, but it wasn’t really working. See, Ethan had a problem. That problem was a gorgeous, funny, charming, caring Luke Castellan. Luke who until very recently had been nothing but Ethan’s best friend, Luke who Ethan had somehow managed to fall in love with.

Yes, he was in love with his best friend, and it was killing him. Luke was a flirt; he liked girls, loved them even, and Ethan was definitely not a girl, and even if he was he wouldn’t have been a very pretty one. Since Ethan literally had no way to deal with this problem he just tended to walk around the forest during sunset, listen to sad music and fantasise about Luke kissing him – pathetic really.

The boy sighed and watched his combat boots as they stepped over the shrubbery in time with the music in his ears. Then suddenly his earphones crackled; Ethan looked up, heart skipping a beat and his music shut off completely. He looked around the forest, scared; the shadows were deep, only some sunlight still breaking in through the leaves. Was there someone here? A monster?

“Hello, son.”

Ethan whirled around and came face to face with the goddess Nemesis, smirking and leaning up against a tree in a leather jacket. Dread filled his veins.

“Mother.”
He subconsciously backed up; Gods always meant trouble. Nemesis laughed.

“Relax, son. I am here to solve your problem.”

“Problem?”


“I-I-,” he stuttered, embarrassed. Nemesis laughed, clearly amused by Ethan’s misery.

“Well, it’s partially to save your problem. But I need a favour, Ethan.”

“What favour?” Ethan’s one eye narrowed as his empty socked throbbed with phantom pain.

“See, Hermes stepped out of line,” hatred shone in Nemesis’ dark eyes, “he took something of mine and he won’t return it, so I will take something of his.”

“W-What?”

Nemesis sighed, “I thought you’d grow up to be brighter than this, really. I’m asking you to kill Luke Castellan.”

Ethan blanched, “N-No,” he whispered. He wanted to be sick all of a sudden, a wave of nausea washing over him.

“Why not?” Nemesis asked casually, “You’re in love with him and he’ll never love you back, you might as well get rid of him.”

Her words pierced Ethan’s heart. *He’ll never love you back...* the boy gritted his teeth, refusing to be shamed by his mother, “I know he won’t love me back,” he snarled, “but that doesn’t mean I’ll kill him. The answer is no, no matter what you say I-I’m not...” he couldn’t even get the words out, they hurt too much. Nemesis sighed but she didn’t look surprised, as if she expected Ethan would say this.

“Fine, have it your way,” she said. Ethan blinked.

“Really?” he asked. Nemesis smirked.

“No.”

She lifted her hand.

***

Luke was training because it helped to clear his head; the ache of his muscles as he swung his sword through the air, aiming for the dummy, distracted him from a similar ache in his heart that reminded him that his life was falling apart. That was when he suddenly heard the shouts and screams coming from the big house. Confused, Luke dropped his sword into the pile and ran out of the arena, sprinting across the strawberry fields when he saw a crowd gathered outside.

What the hell is going on?

Luke had a bad feeling, his gut telling him he had to get to the commotion as fast as he could. The moment he did he pushed through the crowd, and suddenly there he was – Ethan.

Except he wasn’t really Ethan; his face was twisted in fury, lip curled back in a snarl. His one eye held more anger than Luke had ever seen in his eyes, flashing. He didn’t look like Luke’s best friend.

“Fuck,” the blond swore. Ethan had a knife in his hand and the campers were gathered around him in a semi-circle, too afraid to approach. Luke stepped out of line, “Shit, what happ-“
Before he could finish his sentence Ethan lunged himself at the blond, knocking him backwards into the grass. The campers all gasped in shock when Ethan raised the knife but Luke’s instincts kicked in and he kneed Ethan in the stomach. The boy groaned in pain and the blond managed to roll them over and, as the bigger one, easily pinned Ethan down to the ground by his wrists. The son of Nemesis released the knife and then started thrashing as if he was possessed.

“Let me go!” he roared, voice growly and low and unlike him, “I’ll kill you!”

Someone was crying. Chiron was pushing through the crowd. Luke kept his best friend pinned down and his heart grew heavier by the second. Not Ethan, he thought helplessly, watching the boy writhe in fury beneath him, Gods, please not him, don’t hurt him.


But Ethan wasn’t listening, spitting insults and threats. Seeing him like this broke Luke’s heart. He had no idea what happened but all he knew was that the boy he loved was in pain. He wished he could gather Ethan up in his arms and hug him until the boy stopped struggling but that seemed impossible in the moment.

And suddenly Hypnos was kneeling down by Ethan’s head, looking tired as usual. Luke blinked at him, surprised, and Hypnos drew his hand over Ethan’s head. Immediately the dark haired boy’s eye fluttered shut and he went limp in Luke’s grip. A heavy silence fell over the crowd and Luke looked up to see that they were all staring. Chiron looked worried. Tentatively Luke let go of Ethan’s wrists. Clovis crumpled sideways and fell asleep on the grass.

“What happened?” someone asked.

“I am afraid that he has been cursed,” Chiron trotted forward and pointed at the inside of Ethan’s left wrist. Here there was a thin black line going down his milky skin, “By his mother.”


“Yes,” Chiron nodded, “Undoubtedly she is punishing him for something once again.”

“Well how do we undo the curse?” Luke asked desperately, looking down at his friend. Ethan looked young and soft when he slept. Chiron shook his head.

“I don’t know. Hecate cabin, please look up any charms and reverse spells,” he looked at Lou Ellen, who nodded. Her eyes were wide and terrified, “Meanwhile we need to put Ethan somewhere where he won’t hurt himself or others.”

“No,” Luke said, “No, we need to help him, now, we-“

“I know,” Chiron put a hand on Luke’s shoulder which was when the son of Hermes realised how heated and passionate he was getting. He would’ve blushed, but instead he gritted his teeth. He didn’t care if everyone found out his feelings for Ethan because in that moment all he cared about was his well-being. “We’ll put him in one of the rooms in the big house and charm it so he can’t leave – it’s only temporary, while we look for a reverse spell.”

Luke knew that it was the best option, that there wasn’t much else he could do. Slowly he eased Ethan’s sleeping body into his arms and stood up, clutching the boy close. He couldn’t bear to let him go. Ethan’s head rolled onto Luke’s shoulder, the boy’s eye twitching in his sleep. Luke felt the eyes of the campers on him but he didn’t care as he followed Chiron up the steps to the porch of the big house.
When Ethan woke up the first thing he became aware of was the raging inferno of fury inside of him, clawing at his insides, burning his skin. He sat up and gripped the sheets on the bed beneath him with his hands, his eye barely taking in his surroundings. His mouth tasted like copper and he wanted to hurt someone, to dig his fingers into their eyes, to squeeze their throats, to-

“You’re awake.”

Ethan’s head snapped to the door. Sitting just past the threshold was Luke. He looked tired and upset, but all Ethan could think about was how could it would feel to connect his fist with that pretty face of his. *He doesn’t want you,* a voice inside him hissed, further fuelling Ethan’s anger. He couldn’t fight his instincts; he jumped to his feet, jerked to the door, hands out and ready to beat the living shit out of the boy that was breaking his heart every single day. Just as Ethan was about to reach him, he suddenly smacked into an invisible wall. He stumbled backwards and fell, so he and Luke were on eye-level.

“They charmed you in,” the blond said, “I’m sorry.”


“Ah, you’re still messed up, good to know.”

He was so infuriating that Ethan found himself once again smacking into the wall, desperate to get to Luke and claw his eyes out. *I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!* He wanted to scream, but his throat was tight with rage.

“There’s no point, Eth,” Luke said, voice soft which only added to Ethan’s wrath, “You can’t get out of here till you’re back to normal.”

“I don’t want to get back to normal,” Ethan hissed, pressing up against the barrier. His and Luke’s faces were close, so close Ethan could almost touch it, which was thoroughly frustrating. He growled and clawed at the air between them and Luke watched him with his gentle eyes, “I want to kill you,” Ethan whispered darkly, “I want to rip your pretty eyes out and shove them down your throat and-”

“I want to hug you,” Luke said, which startled Ethan enough that he stopped talking. His eyes widened, and Luke continued, “I want this barrier between us to disappear so I can pull you into my arms, and stroke your hair and-“

“I want to hug you,” Luke said, which startled Ethan enough that he stopped talking. His eyes widened, and Luke continued, “I want this barrier between us to disappear so I can pull you into my arms, and stroke your hair and-“

“Shut up!” Ethan yelled, the anger returning tenfold. He jumped to his feet, “I’ll fucking murder you-“

“Okay,” Luke said, “but not before I tell you all the things I love about you.” Ethan had no idea what the hell Luke was talking about, but that didn’t stop the blond from talking anyway, “You’re a good person, Eth, and I love that about you because I’m not...” he laughed bitterly, “A good person, that is. I’d kill someone and probably wouldn’t feel bad, but you...,” his eyes slid over Ethan in a way that made him shiver; his anger ebbed away slightly, “You’re so good, so fucking good Eth. You’re so brave, too. Half of us wouldn’t survive the shit you’ve been through-“

“Yeah, you won’t survive me ripping your heart out either,” Ethan growled. Luke wasn’t affected by his words, continuing softly.

“You know, you’re the only thing keeping me here, in Camp. I hate the Gods, they don’t care about us, but I care about you, so I’ll stay wherever you are-“
Ethan couldn’t stand it. Luke’s words cause a chaos of emotions inside of him; somewhere deep inside he felt happy, and soft and mushy, but it was all covered by the all-consuming violence inside of him; the fact that Luke was being so nice was making Ethan more pissed off. Knowing that he would only make himself more angry by listening to the blond, Ethan grabbed the door and shoved it shut, hiding Luke from view. The furious boy then tried to open the window, but it was barred too, so he threw himself on the bed and thought of all the deliciously slow ways in which he would kill Luke Castellan.

***

“Why are you here again?” Ethan gritted out and Luke would be lying if he said that the fury in the boy’s eyes didn’t feel him with anger and disappointment. All night he had tossed and turned in bed, thinking about his best friend suffering in this isolated room, and in the morning nothing had changed.

“I want to talk to you,” Luke said, as kindly and softly as he could.

“Well I don’t want to talk,” Ethan snapped, “I want to rip you to shreds.”

Despite his words he no longer looked like the hellish creature from the day before; yes, he was pale and dishevelled and his eyes were dark with wrath, but he looked like Ethan. My Ethan, Luke thought, and it filled him with warmth. He smiled softly – if anything good came from this situation it was Luke’s newfound confidence in his feelings for Ethan; he was no longer scared to tell the boy how he felt, he was just scared that Ethan would never return to normal.

“What are you smiling at?” Ethan barked.


Ethan slammed into the barrier between them and bared his teeth at Luke like a pissed off dog, “I’ll look nice when I’m holding your fucking organs in my mouth.”

Luke just smiled. Even if Ethan’s behaviour was making him anxious he refused to let it show, “You’re gorgeous, y’know, even when you’re so angry.”

His statement seemed to completely startle Ethan who took a step away from the barrier. For a second the anger melted from his face and he looked lost and confused.

Please, Luke thought desperately, shifting forward, please come back to me.

“I should’ve told you this before;” Luke’s voice was a little choked up as he gazed at Ethan helplessly, “Before all this happened. I should’ve told you how beautiful you looked when you were falling asleep next to me after watching that horror movie last week, or how adorable you are whenever you play with that cat Beckendorf dragged into the Hephaestus cabin, and how sexy you were lying underneath me during our wrestling match-“

“Shut up,” Ethan turned away, pressing his hands over his ears, his back to Luke, “it won’t work! Your stupid words won’t make me want to kill you any less,” his voice trembled. Luke shifted even closer, so his knees touched the barrier.

“I don’t care if they work, I just need to tell you all of this,” he said, voice quiet and riddled with sadness, “you’re so brave, Eth, braver than anyone I’ve ever met. That’s why I love you,” Ethan flinched, “I mean it,” Luke pressed his hands up against the barrier, “I love you.”

“I love you.”

***

Four days later nothing changed and Ethan was feeling more and more agitated, especially since every day Luke sat outside his door and sweet-talked to him. The son of Nemesis was currently laying on the bed, his back to Luke, arms curled over his head to try and drown out his voice.

“If I could touch you right now,” Luke murmured, “I’d kiss you everywhere.”

“S-Stop it,” Ethan squeezed his eyes shut, the words filling him with a hollow longing, “S-Shut up.”

He’s lying, Ethan’s brain told him, he’s saying it to get rid of the anger. But Ethan didn’t want to get rid of the anger; his mother had been right, destroying Luke was the best option here, to rid himself of the pain of heartbreak eating away at him. And the blond’s words really weren’t helping, drilling holes of doubt and insecurities in Ethan’s brain. He doesn’t love me. I’m not beautiful. I’m not brave. I’m a coward...

“I want to hold you.”

“T-try it and I’ll rip your throat out with my teeth,” Ethan growled, not looking at Luke. His throat was raw from all the shouting he had done in the past few days.

“I want to take my chances,” Luke seemed amused, “‘Y’know, you’re not all that different from normal – still feisty.”

Ethan got off the bed, unable to handle Luke’s constant pestering. He walked up to the barrier and the blond stood up, so Ethan craned his neck up to glare at him, “I. Am. Going. To. Kill. You,” he seethed.

Luke smirked and leaned down, “Only if I get to fuck you first.”

A jolt of pain went through Ethan, “This isn’t a joke,” he hissed, “I know you think I’m weak, but I will rip your heart out-“

“I don’t think you’re weak,” Luke said, frowning. Ethan’s eye narrowed.

“I hate you.”

“You don’t mean that.”

Ethan laughed, “Oh, but I do. I know you don’t love me, but fuck, I don’t even like you. You’re a self-entitled, arrogant, over-confident bastard,” Ethan saw the pain flash in Luke’s eyes, so clearly he must’ve been quite persuasive.

The blond turned on his heel and disappeared down the corridor, leaving a shocked Ethan by the door. Alongside Luke, the fury melted away back to normal anger. He left, Ethan thought, punching the barrier, of course he left. Cradling his hurting wrist to his chest, Ethan slammed the door shut and climbed back onto his bed. When would this agony end?

***
Luke confidently strode into the Nemesis cabin, feeling as angry as Ethan looked.

“Nemesis!” he yelled into the dark interior, “Come out here you bitch!”

Maybe calling a goddess names wasn’t a good idea but it got the job done, “You’ve got some nerve, boy,” a voice hissed from the shadows and then Nemesis stepped forward, glaring and it leather. Luke wanted to punch her in the face.

“Why are you doing this?!” he demanded, “Why are you hurting Ethan?”

“It’s his punishment,” Nemesis’ eyes slid over Luke and she appeared somewhat amused, “For not wanting to hurt you.”


“You didn’t know?” Nemesis laughed, “Oh this is all a bit cute, Aphrodite would love it. Well, you see, my son is hopelessly in love with you,” she rolled her eyes, “Don’t see what he sees in a son of Hermes.”

Luke’s heart twisted, “He loves me?”

“That’s what I just said,” Nemesis huffed, “I thought I could use him to get to Hermes, kill his precious son for crossing me. But alas despite the pain you cause Ethan he still loves you too much to ever harm you,” she smirked, “Well, I suppose it’s different now. Now he can’t help himself-”


“Oh do you now?”

“I do. I should’ve said something but I didn’t know, I...,” he looked at the goddess, her face impassive. *Either she reverses the curse or I die trying to kill her,* “He didn’t do anything wrong. You already took his eye, don’t make him miserable for the rest of his life. Isn’t the whole point of revenge to get equal – I’m in pain. This is killing me. Isn’t that enough for you?” he asked. His shoulders slumped, “Please,” his voice cracked, “Just give him back to me.”

Nemesis looked at him, “I must say, I’m almost moved,” she sighed, “I suppose it can’t be helped – fine, I’ll undo the curse, but know never to cross me again Luke Castellan.”

Luke was so shocked by her agreeing that he almost didn’t have time to close his eyes as Nemesis turned into her true form. His eyelids burned as she disappeared into darkness and he stumbled before falling to the ground.

When he opened his eyes his ears were still ringing but above him he just saw the dark ceiling of the Nemesis cabin. Slowly, he exhaled. Ethan.

***

Ethan woke up to the sound of footsteps pounding up the stairs. Immediately his heart seized up in anxiety and he sat up, looking around the dark bedroom. He felt nauseous and scared and-

Not angry. As if sucked out of him completely, the anger was gone, the burning fury. He felt weak and empty. When a knock sounded on the door Ethan flinched violently – what could this mean? The curse was lifted, did that mean Luke was dead? A shot of pain went through Ethan at the realisation and his legs almost gave up. *No, please no, no, no, no...*
“Ethan!” Luke’s voice sounded from the other side of the door, muffled, “Open the door!”

Head swimming with questions but heart softening with relief, Ethan threw himself at the door and wrenched it open. Standing there, looking like he had just ran a marathon but safe and in one piece, was Luke.

“Luke,” Ethan gasped, the word more a sob than anything else. Suddenly he needed the barrier between them gone, he needed to touch his best friend and ensure that he was actually alright. Thankfully, Luke had the same idea because he jerked forward, through the doorway, and enveloped Ethan in his strong, warm arms. Ethan’s eyes widened in shock, “What-“

“I asked Lou Ellen to take it down,” Luke sounded choked up as he squeezed Ethan tight into his chest, “I spoke with your mother and asked her to reverse the curse.”

“Luke,” Ethan gasped and only then allowed himself to enjoy the hug, melting into Luke’s arms and burying his face in the blond’s shoulder. Luke was squeezing him so hard that Ethan couldn’t breathe but neither of them cared; Ethan was scared if Luke let go he’d die, “Luke,” he whispered again, voice desperate and soft.

“Shhh, it’s okay, you’re safe now,” Luke kissed his head and clutched him close.

The horror of what Ethan had almost done fell on him and he reeled back, ripping himself away from Luke’s arms. The blond looked confused as Ethan took several shaky steps back.

“Oh Gods,” he choked out, covering his mouth with his hands, “I-I almost hurt you-“

“Hey,” Luke’s eyes and voice were gentle as he approached Ethan as if he was a cornered animal, “It was your curse, it was your mother. She told me that you didn’t want to kill me....” Luke took Ethan’s hands in his carefully and pulled them away from the boy’s mouth, simultaneously pulling him closer. Ethan swallowed and looked up at him hesitantly. In that moment he wanted nothing more than Luke. He remembered all the things Luke said when Ethan had been cursed and his heart seized up.

“Did you mean it?” he asked, gathering up his courage, “All those things you said before?” he had to look away, unable to properly face Luke when he replied. He tried not to think or speculate, working to get his heart to calm down which became incredibly hard the moment Luke tentatively took his face in his hands. His palms were calloused and Ethan shivered at the touch.

“You’re an idiot if you think I didn’t,” Luke whispered, and then he was kissing Ethan. The boy let out a startled gasp and stumbled backwards, dragging Luke with him accidentally. They both tumbled onto the bed, a mess of limbs and hands and mouths and Luke kissed Ethan with so much hunger and passion that the son of Nemesis felt light-headed. All the stress of the past weeks left him in one second, making him feel like a ball of cotton candy. His eyes fluttered shut and he leaned up into the kiss, opening his mouth to let Luke deepen the kiss. This is all he had ever wanted, to have Luke kissing him like this.

“I love you,” the son of Hermes broke the kiss to pepper Ethan’s face with smaller ones, “I love every single, little thing about you. I love your hair, your face, your body, I love how snarky you are, how funny, how kind,” he kissed him on the mouth, hard, “I love that you love me back.”

Ethan’s eyes widened, “S-She told you?”

“Yeah,” Luke stroked his face and looked down at him with a small smile, “You don’t understand how happy that made me. How happy you make me.”
Ethan slumped against the bed, “I was s-so scared you’d hate me.”

“I was scared you wouldn’t want me back,” Luke nuzzled their noses together, “We’re both idiots.”

Ethan laughed even though he was tearing up, “Y-Yeah.”

“Guess your mom did some good after all.”
“Oi brace-face!”

Nico di Angelo rolled his eyes, “You know, you could think of other insults, Jackson, this one’s getting a bit boring!” the boy yelled across the courtyard, closing the sketchbook in his lap and watching as the tall, handsome rugby player walked towards him, grinning like an idiot, his friends floating in behind him.

“Aw, c’mon, it’s not an insult!” Percy Jackson came to a stop in front of Nico, smiling partly like a predator ready to pounce, and partly like Prince Charming from a fairytale. Both comparisons made Nico want to roll his eyes, “It’s a pet name!”


“I know you do, baby,” he winked at Nico and the Italian could feel himself blush, which was really inconvenient. Behind Percy his friends exchanged good-natured smiles and watched as Percy continued to half-bully, half-flirt with Nico. This was an every day occurrence for them, “Whatcha got there?” Percy asked, peering down into Nico’s lap where his sketchbook was.

Immediately Nico cradled it to his chest protectively, blushing more vividly, “N-None of your business!” he spluttered.

“Oh come on!” Percy and his friends laughed and then Percy reached down and easily plucked the notebook from Nico’s arms. Horrified, Nico jumped to his feet, ears burning.

“G-Give it back!” he yelled. Percy blinked.

“Jeez, why you getting your panties in a twist, di Angelo?” he asked and shook his head, going to open the notebook. Nico dashed forward and ripped it from Jackson’s arms, stumbling backwards and almost falling over in his effort to get the notebook as far away from the other boy was possible. His heart was pounding so hard he thought he’d pass out. Percy and his friends exchanged confused looks and Percy held his hands up in surrender, “It’s just a notebook.”

“Fuck you, Jackson!” Nico spat, clutching his notebook close. He can’t see it...the boy looked away,
“Hey...” Percy said, a little softer now, “Sorry, I didn’t mean-“

“Didn’t you hear me?” Nico demanded, “I s-said fuck off!” he hated how badly his voice trembled. For a second Percy looked at him with wide eyes, as if he actually felt guilty for making Nico upset. Then Jason, his best friend, put his hand on Percy’s shoulder.

“Come on, Perce, we’re going to be late to bio.”

“Right,” Percy shoved his hands in his pockets, no longer smiling. Without a word he turned around and he and his friends walked off. Nico collapsed on the bench helplessly, exhaling. Why did Percy have to bother him constantly? This had been going on for the whole goddamn year...The Italian watched as the taller boy rounded the corner and disappeared before he tentatively opened his notebook.

He flicked through the pages, and his embarrassment grew. On every single one was a sketch of Percy – playing rugby, sleeping in class, grinning, frowning. For some reason Nico couldn’t stop drawing him and he just knew if Percy ever found out it’d be the end of him. Already the rugby player had zeroed in on Nico as his target and Nico was perfect for that; small, scrawny, nerdy with no friends...but Percy wasn’t a bully. He didn’t make Nico’s life hell. In fact, he made his heart pound. He was funny and kind of affectionate and he never said anything truly hurtful – sure he called Nico brace-face, but he didn’t hit him or embarrass him in class – he just teased him, as if he liked Nico’s attention. Well, Nico definitely liked Percy’s attention which was a problem...

*I have to leave the notebook at home,* Nico decided.

***

Okay, so Percy had fucked it up on Monday but *hell,* he didn’t know Nico was *that* protective over that notebook! Percy just thought it’d be funny to get Nico riled up, and he was already blushing and being so cute and...

Frustrated the boy shook his head, trying to clear it. He had meant to ask Nico on Monday, but that hadn’t worked out, so maybe today...

Percy looked across the classroom as Mr Chiron read all about Greek Mythology. Percy, as per usual, wasn’t paying attention. Instead he focused his eyes on Nico, who sat on the opposite end of the class by the window. He was furiously scribbling down everything Mr Chiron said, brow furrowed in concentration. Percy smiled. *Gods, he’s so cute*...the boy bit his lip and, without a second thought, quietly ripped a page out of his own notebook. He wanted Nico to look at him, to pay attention to him. Percy scribbled down a note on the paper – *You can be the Aphrodite to my Ares ;) *and, waiting for Mr Chiron to turn to the board, he threw it. It landed on Nico’s desk and Percy high-fived himself mentally. The Italian seemed startled, the he looked up and glared at Percy who, in turn, winked. Curiosity got the better of Nico because he unfolded the paper. Percy delighted in how quickly Nico’s blush spread over his face...then the boy hurriedly scribbled something back.

The ball hit Percy square in the face and a few people who were watching the exchange snickered quietly. Eagerly Percy opened the note and saw what Nico had written underneath his message.

*You’re more like Hephaestus.*

Percy grinned and looked at Nico, but the Italian was purposely not looking at him. *Now's my chance,* Percy thought and hurriedly wrote down what he had been dying to ask Nico for weeks.
Wanna come prom with me, Aphrodite?

His heart was pounding in his chest but he tried to keep his cool as he tossed the paper back to Nico. Percy watched for his reaction. Nico opened the paper, then his eyes widened, then he blushed crimson, then his brows furrowed, then he shyly tucked a piece of his hair behind his ear, then he glanced at Percy hesitantly.

Fuck, Percy felt lightheaded, I’m fucking in love.

Then Nico flipped him off and threw the paper across the room, towards the bin. He missed.

“Mr di Angelo, that’s a detention!”

Percy wasn’t hurt – he knew it’d take much more than that to convince Nico to go with him, but at least he had taken the first step. Now for the second one...

“Serves you right, di Angelo,” Percy said loudly. Mr Chiron sighed.

“Detention for you too, Mr Jackson.”

***

Why is he sitting so close? Nico’s eye twitched in annoyance. He was in detention because of Percy in the first place and now the prick was sitting right next to him, so close that their legs were touching under the table. Mr Chiron was at the front of the class marking papers so it wasn’t like Nico could tell Percy off. Instead he gritted his teeth and continued writing out the code of conduct on his paper, trying to mind his own business until...

Percy leaned over, pen in hand, ready to probably write something stupid on Nico’s page. The Italian tried to fight him without making a lot of noise, pushing Percy’s hands away. But the rugby player was bigger and he caught both of Nico’s wrists in one of his hands, holding the frustrated and angry Italian captive as he scribbled PROM? in big letters over the centre of the page. Nico glared at him, even as his heart skipped a beat.

“This isn’t funny,” he hissed, so quietly that only Percy could hear. Now Nico would have to re-write the code all over again, but what annoyed him more was how smug and pleased Percy looked. Why was he asking Nico out to prom? Obviously it was some kind of prank or a joke but Nico was way too smart to ever fall for it.

He picked up his stuff and moved tables.

***

It was Friday; Prom was tomorrow and Percy still hadn’t managed to get Nico to say yes to him, and he was running out of ideas.

Rugby had finished late and Percy had been nominated to close up and now he stood in the entrance of the school, watching the violent sheet of rain that was coming down. He had a twenty minute walk home.

“Shit,” he swore. He should’ve brought a jacket but it had been sunny when he left this morning...

The door opened behind him and Percy turned around. He came face-to-face with a surprised Nico, umbrella in hand. They both blinked at each other, before Nico glared.
“What the hell are you doing here?” he asked.

“Err...standing?” Percy offered with a smile.

“Whatever,” Nico huffed and turned away, opening his umbrella.

“Hey,” Percy jerked forward, “Do you mind if I...,” he gestured at the umbrella, “We’re going to the same bus-stop.”

Nico glared at him, “No.”

“Oh come on!” Percy grabbed his arm, “You don’t want me to get sick for prom, do you? Who’ll be your date then?”

“Fuck off, Jackson,” Nico grumbled but there was a light blush on his cheeks. God, Percy loved seeing him blush. He squeezed Nico’s arm playfully.

“Come on.”

Nico sighed, “You’re lucky I’m a good person, unlike you,” he mumbled and lifted the umbrella. Percy ducked underneath but as they stepped out of the school he was awkwardly hunched over since Nico was shorter so he plucked the umbrella from him. “Hey!” Nico protested.

“Shush,” Percy held it over both of their heads, “I’m taller, this is better.”


“Here, get close to me or you’ll get wet.”

To his surprise Nico didn’t argue with him, just slid his arm through Percy’s huddling close. Percy had to admit he really liked having Nico there, especially with his face all red and his expression all grumpy. They walked in silence for a minute.

“So, about prom-,” Percy started.

“Shut it,” Nico interrupted, “I know it’d be hilarious to you and your friends but I’m not falling for this prank.”


“Forget it.”

They reached the bus stop and stepped underneath its cover. Percy closed the umbrella and passed it to Nico who took it without a word. They stood and watched the rain as Percy tried to get up the courage to ask again.

“You know, it’s not a joke,” he said, staring firmly at the road.

“What?”

“The prom thing,” Percy swallowed down his nerves, “I mean it. I want to go with you.”

“Why?”

Percy glanced at Nico – the boy looked conflicted. Percy shrugged, “Dunno, it could be fun.”
“Yeah, no thanks,” Nico said, crossing his arms over his chest. Percy wanted to pull him close and kiss him, but he stopped himself because he saw Nico’s bus approaching through the foggy rain.

“I’ll be there tomorrow.”

“You better not be.”

“I will,” Percy smiled.

“Have fun at prom alone, Jackson,” Nico grumbled, then jumped onto the bus.

***

Nico was watching Netflix, sitting on his bed in an oversized jumper, leggings and fluffy socks. Outside it was dark and in an hour his prom would start – the prom that he was not going to. Undoubtedly he’d see lots of pictures from it though, and among them would be Percy. Who did he actually end up taking to prom? Nico was curious, because it was never going to really be him...

“Nico!” Bianca yelled from downstairs, making her younger brother pause his movie, “Someone’s at the door for you!”

A little confused, the boy climbed off the bed and went downstairs. Bianca had gone back into the kitchen so, a little scared, Nico went and opened the front door. There he found Percy Jackson, grinning at him, looking stunning in a black and white suit. Nico blushed vividly and stepped out onto the porch, pulling the door closed behind him. He could not let Bianca see this.

“What are you doing here?!” he asked in a shocked whisper. Percy smiled.

“I told you I’d be here to pick you up, didn’t I?”

“Percy,” Nico groaned, “How many times-“

“I’m serious,” Percy said suddenly, his grin disappearing, “I want you to come to prom with me, Nico.”

The way he said it made Nico’s breath catch in his throat, “You tease me all year and now you want me to be your date?” Nico asked, and Percy shrugged. Nico shook his head, trying to make sense of this bizarre situation. Did he like Percy? Yes, maybe even too much. Did he want to go to Prom with him? Well..., “Besides, I don’t have anything to wear.”

“It’s okay, you can go like this, you look gorgeous,” Percy said, smiling dopily. A wave of warmth went through Nico and he could feel his cheeks burning.

“S-Shut up!” Nico squeaked.

“I mean it,” suddenly the taller boy was very close, backing Nico up against the wall and putting a hand next to his head, caging him in. If Bianca walks out right now...Percy’s eyes were serious again, “You’re fucking beautiful, Nico, and I like you, and I want you to come prom with me-“

Percy’s words made Nico’s stomach flip and suddenly he felt so, so lost. It was too much all at once, a part of Nico was still afraid this was all some disgusting joke. He pushed at Percy’s chest, feeling like he wasn’t getting enough air.

“I don’t want to go,” he whispered, and this time it did the job.

Percy literally looked heartbroken. It made Nico jolt in shock. The taller boy stepped away and
awkwardly cleared his throat, not meeting Nico’s eye, “Right...I...uh, I’m sorry,” he laughed, rubbed the back of his neck. *No, no, no,* Nico though helplessly.

Before he knew what he was doing the Italian grabbed Percy by the tie and hauled him close, so Percy was pressed up against him again.

“T-That’s not what I meant, i-idiot!” Nico was blushing furiously, “I-I don’t want to go to prom p-period. I think it’s stupid and I...but...with you I...I *would* go with you but I just...I-I don’t want...I-I...,” he was stuttering and blushing all over the place, unsure of how to express what he was feeling, “I-I don’t want to go prom, b-but I want to go with...w-with y-you and...a-and...”


“H-Huh?”

“Instead of going to prom we could just go get food. As in like...I’d take you on a date,” he looked hopeful. Nico couldn’t look at him, he was too embarrassed, so instead he buried his face in Percy’s shoulder.

“Yeah,” he managed to get out, “O-Okay.”

Percy hugged him then, holding him close to his chest, “Okay,” he sounded relieved, “I’m so glad.”

Nico thought he might actually die.

Chapter End Notes

 Yo! So the second chapter of my original work is up and since this one only has 4 more chaps to go maybe you’d wanna check it out? Would mean the world x
 Here’s the link to it: https://archiveofourown.org/works/15988040/chapters/37298651
 PS. thanks for all the support on this work I’ll probably make a Part 4 sometime soon x
Perleo one where Percy has constant nightmares about Tartarus and the giant war, and Leo wakes up to comfort him, but he never knows what Percy's nightmares were about. One day, in the midst of war games in New Rome, Leo gets really badly hurt by one of the campers (just like, a large gash on his arm or something), but from Percy's vision, Leo is pale, his eyes are closed, and he's surrounded by blood. Percy has nearly killed the camper who hurt Leo before Reyna pulls him off. Leo is shocked and asks Percy what he was thinking. Percy breaks down sobbing and holding Leo close to him because he thought the boy was dead. That night, Percy told Leo all about Tartarus and his vivid nightmares were Leo always dies.

Percy inhaled sharply as he sat up in bed, heart pounding. Seconds ago he had been submerged in his nightmare and now-

"Woah, calm down Aquaman," small hands grabbed his shoulders, massaging them comfortingly. Percy gasped for air as if he was drowning, which was impossible, and his eyes adjusted to the darkness in his cabin. Leo sat perched on the edge of the bed, smiling at Percy comfortingly and rubbing his shoulders.

Percy felt a wave of relief wash over him but his heart didn’t stop pounding. “Sorry,” he croaked out. Leo smiled, curls all ruffled from sleep.

"S’okay," he said, “I don’t mind jerking you out of your nightmares.”

Percy nodded and his eyes searched Leo’s face, committing it to memory. His flushed cheeks, his soft, sleepy eyes. The son of Poseidon reached out and ruffled the boy’s hair gently and Leo giggled, letting go of Percy’s shoulders. The boy wished he wouldn’t.

“You okay now?” Leo asked.

“Yeah,” Percy lied, dropping his hand. Leo looked at him for a moment.

“Was it a Tartarus one again?”

“Yeah,” Percy lied again. Leo shuffled over and wrapped his skinny arms around Percy’s shoulders, hugging him fiercely. The son of Poseidon’s heart skipped a beat but he hurriedly hugged Leo back, scared the boy would disappear.
“You’re okay,” Leo said quietly, “You’re safe now.”

Percy clutched him close, loving how warm Leo was in his arms, how alive. I love you, Percy mouthed into his shoulder, but naturally Leo didn’t know that. He was only here because neither of them wanted to sleep alone after the war.


“Do you...wanna tell me what happened in the nightmare?”

Percy squeezed his eyes shut, “No.”

Leo let go.

“Okay, night then,” the Latino said happily and climbed off the bed, obliviously getting onto the mattress he had permanently set up on Percy’s floor. The older boy watched as Leo wrapped himself up in his covers and, back turned to Percy, went back to sleep.

Percy flopped own on his side and watched the boy, observing every little movement of his body, ensuring that he was still alive. Eventually he fell asleep too.

***

Percy’s favourite camp activity was always going to be capture the flag, however he also thoroughly enjoyed the war games in New Rome. The Seven had come down to Camp Jupiter for Frank’s birthday and were now gleefully taking part in the games; tonight they were playing deathball which was like paintball, except your ammunition ranged from poison to actual real bullets.

“Over here!” Percy ducked behind a large rock positioned in the arena as a fireball zoomed through the air where he had been moments ago. Percy laughed, adrenaline running through his body, and suddenly Leo was next to him, grinning.

“Hi!” the boy yelled over the chaos of the game. Somewhere someone screamed. Percy’s heart fluttered in his chest and warmth flooded his body.

“Hi,” he replied, smiling dopily at Leo. The Latino had a red bandana holding back his curls and he really did look like a mischievous elf, gripping a gun almost as tall as him in his small hands, “You having a good time?”

“Fucking fantastic,” Leo replied, “Let’s go smash those Romans!”

And then he was gone, ducking around the rock. Percy followed him, running a few steps behind the Latino who was opening a round on a group of Romans, laughing like a maniac. Percy lifted his gun and aimed at Dakota who was dashing off, but missed.

He didn’t register the Roman kid who came up from behind one of the boulders. The guy lifted his gun and fired a fireball. Except it didn’t fly at Percy, it flew at Leo. Everything happened as if in slow motion – Percy’s eyes widened as he watched the ball zoom through the air. Leo looked surprised moments before it hit him in the chest, the force of it propelling him backwards. Flames rushed out from his torso and the boy fell to the ground.

It all happened so fast.

It was as if Percy’s nightmare was playing out in real life.
Leo laid there, face singed, eyes wide and dazed.

Percy’s brain told him that the Latino was dead, again. In his head the boy was pale, his eyes staring up at the sky, unseeing. In his head, Leo had a hole burned in his chest. In his head, Leo was once again ripped away from him. Agonizing pain descended on Percy and he staggered backwards, the image of Leo’s corpse flashing in his mind. His brain shut off, and he acted on instinct, doing whatever his body had to do to relieve the pain. He whirled on the boy who had shot Leo and tackled him to the ground.

“What the-,” the kid exclaimed in surprise but was silenced when Percy brought his fist down, punching him in the jaw. He saw red, he couldn’t breathe. This guy had killed Leo. Punches continued to rain; Percy barely felt it as his hand connected with the guy’s face, once, twice, three times. The guy punched him back in the shoulder and tried to shove him off but Percy didn’t feel that either. Someone was screaming, around them it was chaos.

And then there were hands on Percy’s shoulders, hauling him up and away from the kid.

“Percy!” Reyna roared, her face appearing in front of Percy. She looked furious, “Snap out of it you idiot!” she slapped him and Percy blinked, the red lifting. He looked around in confusion and noticed the game had ended and that the Romans were gathered around, watching in shock. The kid on the ground groaned, blood gushing from his nose as a few medics leaned over him.

“Percy.”

The son of Poseidon whirled around. And there was Leo, standing there innocently as if he hadn’t just died a dozen different deaths in Percy’s head. He looked shocked, eyes big, face sooty. But he was alive – Gods, of course he was alive, he was the son of Hephaestus, fire couldn’t harm him, and yet...


“Of course I’m okay, it’s just a game-“

Percy hauled him into his arms, ignoring everyone else as he clutched the Latino to his chest, hugging him fiercely. The boy was small in his grip, but warm and alive. Just like that the realisation that Percy hadn’t lost the person he loved flooded him.

“I’m sorry,” Percy gasped, clinging onto Leo. Tears filled his eyes and he squeezed them shut as a sob bubbled up in his throat, “I-I’m sorry.”

“Hey,” Leo’s voice was gentle, soft. His skinny arms came to wrap around Percy’s back, “It’s okay.”

“I thought you were dead,” Percy whispered, leaning down and burying his face in Leo’s shoulder, “I-I thought you’d l-leave me again.” He was full on crying now, tears rushing down his face but he didn’t care who saw as long as Leo was safe in his arms.

“Right,” Reyna said, “I think you should go back to Half-Blood for the night.”

***

Percy laid in his bed, half of his face pressed to his cold pillow. The shower shut off and moments later Leo opened the bathroom door – golden light spilled into the otherwise dark cabin, only to be shut off seconds later. Leo padded out wearing just boxers and one of Percy’s t-shirts, a towel around his neck. Percy’s heart twisted when he saw him; cheeks all flushed from the heat of the shower, the
soot gone, curls damp. Leo didn’t look mad about earlier, instead he smiling warmly at Percy.

“Hey,” he said even though they saw each other a few minutes ago. He tossed the towel aside.

“Hey,” Percy replied. He was still pretty shaken from the events at New Rome. To his surprise Leo completely ignored his mattress on the floor and climbed into Percy’s bed, laying on his side so they were facing each other. He didn’t say anything, just smiled gently at Percy, until the older boy couldn’t keep it in any longer.

“You die in all my dreams,” he whispered. Leo’s smile melted from his face, brows furrowing.

“Perce-“

Percy reached out and touched his damp hair, fingers sliding through the curls, “Sorry,” he whispered hoarsely, “I just...I feel like I need to touch you, to make sure you’re okay.”

When his hand cupped Leo’s cheek the Latino leaned into it, eyes fluttering shut. His own small hand pressed over Percy’s. He was making Percy’s heart ache in a whole other way than before, “Tell me about your nightmares.”

“They started after Tartarus,” Percy admitted. Leo opened his eyes and looked at him. Percy slid closer.

“I kept having dreams in which you fell in with me, not Annabeth, and you’d get hurt at every turn, and then you’d die in my a-arms,” his voice grew shaky so he swallowed, “and then you died, and I-I...I j-just-”

“I’m sorry,” Leo leaned in this time, desperation lacing his voice, “I’m so sorry, Percy. But I’m here now, look,” he touched Percy’s cheeks with his warm fingers, “I’m right here, Perce, I’m okay, I’m alive,” he was speaking a little feverishly as he pressed his forehead to Percy’s, simultaneously running his hands down the son of Poseidon’s chest. Percy’s hand slipped from Leo’s cheek and he brushed it down the boy’s arm before sliding it over Leo’s side to eventually wrap it around the boy’s waist. Percy brought their bodies closer, feeling Leo’s warm breath on his mouth. He had no idea what was happening, he just knew he needed the boy closer.

“Don’t ever leave me, okay?” Percy demanded in a soft voice, gazing right into the pools of molten chocolate that were Leo’s eyes. The Latino nodded, thumb stroking Percy’s cheekbone. “I love you,” Percy breathed, unable to hold the words back.

Leo kissed him. His mouth was firm and warm, sending a shiver down Percy’s spine. He clutched the boy even closer. The kiss was the last straw in convincing Percy that Leo was alive; when the boy parted his lips and brushed his tongue against Percy’s it all became heated, wet and passionate. The boys gripped each other as they kissed, hungry and desperate, tangling their tongues together and gasping into each other’s mouths.

When the kiss finally ended they continued to hold each other, catching their breaths.

“Percy,” Leo whispered eventually.

“Yeah?” their foreheads were still pressed together. Leo quickly pecked the son of Poseidon on the lips.

“I love you too.”
New Chapter of my original work is up!
As always would mean the world if you'd check it out :)
It's the second story on my profile or here's the link:
https://archiveofourown.org/work/15988040/chapters/37647938
Either Frank/Leo or Nico/Leo have their first time together and it’s super intense and overwhelming for Leo and he starts crying? But he’s super embarrassed and the other person is just super comforting and sweet for thot_for_freo

Nico stopped kissing Leo for a second, “Are you sure you want this?” he asked.

“Oh my Gods,” Leo grabbed his face and forcefully pulled his boyfriend back down, “shut up and stop asking me. I love you and-“

Nico kissed him again, pushing the Latino’s legs apart and settling between them. Leo giggled against the Italian’s lips and slipped his arms around Nico’s neck as they kissed. It was slow and passionate; Nico and Leo had kissed hundreds of times in the past four months since they first started dating, but tonight was going to be the first time they were going to have sex.

“You sure you want to top?” Leo asked, winking up at Nico. The Italian bit his jaw playfully, “Shhh,” he mumbled, reaching down and cupping his boyfriend through his boxers. Leo giggled – he couldn’t help it, he was a little nervous about going all the way, but right now he was comfortable and relaxed in Nico’s arms. They had done this before, “Course I wanna top,” Nico grumbled, “Have you seen your ass?”

He gave it a little squeeze as if to prove his point and Leo laughed again before pulling Nico in for another kiss. Leo playfully grinded his ass back against Nico’s crotch and shivered when he felt his boyfriend’s erection straining against his underwear. Nico silently scolded him for teasing by pushing the boy’s naked hips down before brushing his hands up Leo’s chest, forcing the Latino to shiver again. Their kissing got hungrier and suddenly the atmosphere in the room changed; the playfulness ebbed away to give way to hot arousal.

Nico hooked his fingers through Leo’s boxers and slowly slid them down his legs, pulling away just enough so he could look down at Leo with dark, heated eyes. He looked so hot, and Leo just wanted to get fucked by him just right there and then, but he knew it was more complicated than that.

“Did you prepare yourself?” Nico asked, dragging his mouth over Leo’s already-hickey covered neck. The Latino nodded, a little embarrassed. He loved and trusted Nico, but that didn’t mean his insecurities just magically disappeared, “Shit, good,” Nico breathed, “Cause I don’t think I have any patience.”
He grabbed the lube from his bedside table and poured some out onto his hand. In moments like these Leo was very glad that his boyfriend had a cabin all to himself. Despite saying he didn’t have any patience Nico still threw Leo’s legs over his shoulders and pushed two wet fingers inside the boy. Leo hummed in pleasure, used to the stretch of his boyfriend’s digits. It’s not like Leo was inexperienced or anything; he’d had sex with Calypso, and he and Nico ticked off all the things on the foreplay list during their months together – blowjobs, fingering, rimming, they’ve done all of it, except the actual penetration part. Now, having Nico twist his fingers inside Leo, the Latino decided that this wasn’t going to be a big deal. Still, he was excited to finally go all the way with the boy he loved.

Nico fingered him a little bit more, alternating between kissing Leo passionately on the mouth or leaving bites all over his neck and shoulders, turning his boyfriend into a puddle of pleasure and happiness on the bed.

It wasn’t until Nico pulled a lubed condom over his erection that Leo felt nervous. He swallowed and watched the action; Nico wasn’t massive or anything, but he was still a good size and way bigger than anything Leo had ever had inside himself.

“It’s okay,” he told himself, keeping his breathing even, “This is Nico. He won’t hurt me.”

“You ready?” the Italian asked, kissing Leo’s calf, which was over his shoulder. Not trusting his voice, Leo just nodded.

He felt pressure when Nico first pressed up against him, like his body didn’t want to let him in, but after just a second the head of Nico’s cock slipped inside Leo. The Latino inhaled sharply.

“You okay?” Nico asked immediately, freezing. Leo bit his lip. It hurt, just a little, but the burning sensation of getting stretched out wasn’t unfamiliar. Leo just nodded. Nico grabbed his chin and forced Leo to look at him, “Tell me you’re okay. I’m not taking any nods from you.”

Leo took a breath, “I’m good. Keep going.”

Nico nodded, his eyes worried. Leo hated that – he didn’t need Nico to baby him, and he could handle his boyfriend’s cock-

Leo gasped when Nico slid another three inches inside him. His stomach felt all knotted up and he didn’t know if he should tell Nico to stop or not because it kind of did hurt more than a little then-

But Leo didn’t say anything, and just like that Nico slid the rest of the way inside him.

“Oh my Gods,” Leo gasped, voice all shaky and breathy, feeling his stomach tense up as Nico filled him up. His hands trembled as they twisted in the sheets beneath him. For some reason finally having Nico inside him was really, really intense. The Italian was above Leo, brows furrowed, watching as his member disappeared inside the Latino. He looked lost in the sensation, lips parted, cheeks flushed.

“Fuck,” he hissed, “You’re so tight.”

Somehow seeing him in pleasure made Leo feel a bit better; he relaxed and the pain ebbed away ever so slightly.

“Glad to hear it,” he cracked a grin and Nico swooped down and caught his lips in a passionate kiss, tinged with desperation. He pressed his hips snugly against Leo’s butt and the boy whimpered at the sensation.

“Shit,” Nico panted into his mouth, “You feel so good.”
He pulled away then and his cock slid out of Leo halfway; then Nico was re-entering him again. Leo hissed in pain but when Nico asked him if he should stop the Latino just shook his head. He gritted his teeth and tried to ignore the pain as Nico thrust into him slowly a few times.

Leo watched his boyfriend to distract himself; his dark hair falling into his half-closed eyes, the muscles in his abdomen flexing every time he pushed into Leo. His hands gripped the other boy’s legs and he kept whispering swear words under his breath. He was fucking sexy, and Leo couldn’t help but get turned on just watching him. Before he even knew it the pain had given way to pleasure.

Nico thrust in a certain way and a sizzle of pleasure climbed up Leo’s spine. The boy moaned, unable to stop himself, and Nico opened his eyes to look down at him. His eyes were fixated on Leo’s face as he repeated his movement. His cock slid deep inside Leo, and pushed against that special spot inside him that made his whole body shudder.

“O-Oh shit,” Leo gasped.

Nico thrust into him harder. Leo’s toes curled as heat spread through his body. He squeezed his eyes shut to try and get himself under control, but it was hard. The realisation that it was Nico who was inside him, fucking him, was a lot. With each thrust Leo felt better, and lost more control. In no time he was writhing and moaning on the bed as the room filled with the sound of skin slapping against skin – Nico established a good rhythm, and the accompanying sound of lube squelching with each thrust was goddamn obscene. Leo was torn between losing himself in the pleasure, being embarrassed, and ensuring Nico was feeling good too.

His breathing came out hard, shivers wrecking his body every time Nico slid into him. Wasn’t your first time supposed to feel horrible?

“Ngh...,” Leo whined when Nico gripped his hips and started to pick up the pace, “F-Fuck-“

“You okay?” the Italian asked, voice all hoarse and breathy. Leo nodded, then remembered that Nico liked it when he talked.

“I-I just-,” Leo’s back arched and he bit his lip, hard. He felt like he was being assaulted by all these different emotions and yeah, it felt fucking good to be having sex with his boyfriend, but it was also really overwhelming, “Fuck. Shit. I d-don’t know, it’s just a-a lot...”

Nico gathered him up in his arms and dragged him close, kissing him passionately while continuing to fuck him, just slower now. It didn’t stop the pleasure crashing over Leo. His eyes prickled with tears and he dug his fingers into Nico’s back.

“Nico,” he threw his head back against the pillows, his stomach clenching. It was too much, “F-Fuck,” Leo sobbed out. No, don’t start crying...but it was too late. Nico’s mouth found his neck and his hand wrapped around Leo’s cock. The Latino started to sob then, and Nico stroked his cock in time with his thrusts, “No,” Leo whined, toes curling, “N-No, it’s t-too much-“

“’s okay,” Nico kissed his wet cheeks, “I love you, Leo. I love you, it’s okay. Tell me to stop.”

Leo shook his head and turned into a shaking, sobbing mess, clinging onto Nico as the boy brought him to completion. Leo came hard and fast, all over Nico’s hand, but the Italian didn’t seem to mind because he was only a minute behind Leo, groaning into his shoulder as he orgasmed.

“Fuck,” he moaned. Leo melted into the bed, and there were tears still in his eyes. He was shaking, and now he felt embarrassed. Who cried during sex?

“Hey,” Nico nuded his nose against his playfully, and he looked all blissed out, “You okay?” he
murmured, massaging Leo’s hips. The Latino nodded, “None of that now,” Nico pecked his lips, “I want you to talk to me, Leo. I hope that was as good for you as it was for me.”

He brushed his boyfriend’s tears away and Leo looked at him tiredly, “I didn’t mean to cry.”

Nico laughed and kissed him again, “As long as they weren’t tears of pain, I’m happy.”

“They weren’t,” Leo pulled his boyfriend close. He was an idiot for thinking Nico would ever mind.

“You’re amazing,” the Italian kissed his shoulder. Leo smiled.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“Wanna go again? Promise I won’t cry again.”

“I don’t mind you crying.”

Chapter End Notes

Once again sorry about the late updates guys, I've lots of work to do irl but I'm trying hard to keep updating x
Speaking of updating the new chapter of my original work is up and, as always, it would mean the world if you could check it out :) Here’s the link;
https://archiveofourown.org/works/15988040/chapters/37298651
Thank you for all your support guys x
Warning; this fic contains mentions of rape

Solangelo Omegaverse. Where Nico is an omega and Will is a beta and will is madly in love with him but doesn't think he has a chance because Nico is the perfect omega. And Nico loves Will too. But one day an alpha (like Alabaster or Bryce) at assaults Nico and when the act is completed Nico goes to Will crying hysterically and starts apologizing because he was saving himself for Will and he tells him he loves him. And Will hugs him and tells him it will be alright and that he loves him and they share a tender kiss before leaving where ever they are to go tell Chiron what happened.

For therezor

Nico shifted once again awkwardly on his bed, leaning closer to Will. The medic looked down at him and frowned – he didn’t want to make Nico uncomfortable by asking questions but at the same time Will was worried; for the past half an hour while they watched a movie in the Hades cabin Nico had been unable to sit still. He was the most important person in the world to Will and seeing him anxious and uncomfortable was making the Beta concerned.

Will could smell the anxiety on Nico’s skin beneath his usual scent; Nico smelled like early winter mornings, and chocolate, and underneath that was a trace of a painful sweetness that Will was familiar with. If he had been an Alpha he would’ve been able to smell it earlier, but it was only in the last few minutes that his nose finally started to pick it up.

Nico let out a little sigh and ran a hand through his hair, the bitter smell of his agitation intensifying. It was very clear he wasn’t focusing on the movie and finally Will couldn’t stand it anymore.

“You okay?” he asked, looking at his friend with soft eyes. Nico flinched, as if just realising what he was doing, and then shifted away from Will. A pang went through the Beta’s heart; he wanted Nico close, always. But he knew the scent he was smelling was Nico’s heat, fast-approaching. During heat Omegas wanted to be near their mates, but if they didn’t find their mate then they were naturally attracted to Alphas. No wonder Nico didn’t want to stick close to Will; he was a Beta, there was nothing he could offer Nico.

And Nico...Gods, he was such a perfect Omega. Just having him sitting next to him right now was
making Will’s heart flutter in his chest wildly. He was so beautiful in the light from the TV, his face illuminated by low, blue light. His fluffy hair was falling into his dark eyes, his soft-looking lips pulled into a tiny pout. He was almost drowning in the too-big black sweater he was wearing, pale, delicate hands anxiously pulling at the loose threads on his sleeves. He was small, and he smelled so good, and Will just wanted to drag him into his arms and kiss him all over. It hurt...it hurt so goddamn much to know that Will would never be enough for Nico.

“I’m fine,” the boy lied.

Will reached out, couldn’t stop himself. Yes, Nico’s heat might’ve not affected him nearly as much as it affected Alphas, but that didn’t mean Will’s control didn’t wear thin. He gently brushed Nico’s hair from his face – his skin felt warm.

“Did you take your suppressants?” Will asked gently, indicating that he knew Nico was in heat. The Italian huffed in frustration but nodded, looking away as if he was ashamed of the state he was in.

“Yeah. It’s not gonna hit properly till tomorrow but it still feels...,” Nico bit his lip, and Will watched the movement, fighting to lean over and capture those lips with his own. Fuck, his heart clenched, I love him so much.

The seventeen year old tucked some of Nico’s hair behind his ear so he could see his face and was pleased when the Italian looked over at him, “I just hate it,” he mumbled, pulling his knees up to his chest, “heats. Especially ‘cause I have to go through them alone...” for some reason he suddenly looked so vulnerable and young, his dark eyes big and doe-like. Don’t look at me like that...Will felt heat trickle into his stomach just from looking at the boy.

“I know,” he managed to get out, trying not to show how affected he was by Nico, and how painful it was to him knowing that he wasn’t who Nico craved.

If I was an Alpha I’d take such good care of you, Will thought helplessly, hand lingering behind Nico’s ear. The Omega closed his eyes and nuzzled his hand a little, which only caused Will’s heart to clench again. Even though the boy looked distressed Will couldn’t help but feel a little relieved. As horrible as the thought of Nico suffering all by himself was, the thought of having some Alpha fuck him through his heat was worse. Will didn’t want to think about the day that the boy he loved finally chose an Alpha, but at the same time he knew he’d have to come to terms with it. Yes, Omegas and Betas could have relationships with each other but Nico was such a fucking perfect Omega, in every sense of the word, that Will couldn’t imagine him ever getting anything less than the best Alpha. It hurt to know he would never be the one for this wonderful person in front of him.

Will dropped his hand, “I’m sure you’ll be okay.”

He missed the bitter disappointment that flashed in Nico’s eyes as the boy turned back to the TV, jaw clenched, “Yeah...actually I’m kinda tired. Think I’m just gonna go sleep now.”

He looked at Will pointedly.

“Okay,” the Beta said, disappointed. He wanted to be selfish and stay here, haul Nico into his arms and hold him until the boy forgot that Alphas even existed, but he loved Nico too much for that – he wanted the best for him, “I’ll see you tomorrow?” Will asked hopefully as he stood up from the bed.

“Dunno,” Nico mumbled, quiet, sliding underneath his covers, “My heat will probably be all out so...uh...”

“Okay,” Will tried to sound up-beat even though his heart was breaking, seeing the boy all by
himself, “Then I’ll see you in a few days. Text me if you need anything...”


Will leaned over him and pressed a kiss to his forehead. It was the most he could do, the most he’d allow himself to do, even though he wanted so, so much more.

Quietly he switched off the TV and with a heavy heart he left the cabin.

The moment he heard the doors click shut, Nico opened his eyes. He took a shaky breath as he felt tears tumble down his cheeks.

“Fuck,” he pressed his face to the pillow, heart and head throbbing. His next breath was a sob. Why wasn’t he enough for Will? Was he really that undesirable that even when he was almost in heat Will wouldn’t even look at him twice? Yeah, the blond was a Beta but did that mean that Nico’s smell didn’t affect him at all?

It made Nico’s whole body ache with need. There were still traces of Will on his bed, and more than anything the Omega just wanted the son of Apollo to be there with him. He was young, and his heats always scared him, the violent onslaught of lust that he couldn’t control was terrifying. Nico didn’t want to have sex, he didn’t feel ready. But that didn’t mean he didn’t want Will there, in his bed, with all his gentle touches, kissing him and calling him sweet pet names and telling him everything would be okay.

Nico cried into the pillow, pinpricks of pain already starting in his stomach. Will, he thought helplessly, Will, Will, Will...he was the only one Nico wanted. He didn’t crave all those stupid, cocky Alphas. He wanted his gentle, loving Beta with him, only Will. He was the only one for Nico, the boy knew that, but he also knew Will didn’t want him back – if he did then he’d have stayed with Nico right now, when the Italian needed him the most. The realisation that Nico would have to go through all his heats alone was almost unbearable, but what was more unbearable was the thought of giving his body up to anybody that wasn’t Will. That thought was disgusting.

Nico tried to stop crying but it was hard. His body trembled and heat started to crawl up his skin.

“Will,” he mewled helplessly into the pillows as pangs of painful arousal went through him, “Will, Will, Will...,” Nico whispered under his breath feverishly, imagining that the blond was there with him right now, stroking his hair and kissing his neck. Just his presence would’ve been enough to make Nico feel better.

And yet the Omega was alone, once again.

***

Five days later the horrible heat in Nico’s blood finally started to ebb away, leaving the Omega trembling, sweaty and exhausted on his bed. His throat was parched and he felt like shit. His body ached. At least I don’t have to worry about this for another two months, the boy thought, sitting up.

He took a long, hot shower, remembering all the hot, filthy thoughts he had in his head about Will. He was ashamed of them now, and didn’t know how he’d face the Beta. If Will knew in what way Nico wanted him he’d be undoubtedly disgusted...

The boy dressed in clean clothes and changed the sheets, the sun had just set and the air outside smelled clean when the Omega opened all the windows to let out the stench of his own arousal from his cabin. He was tired, but he couldn’t sleep. That’s all he did for the past week; just sleep and masturbate. What he wanted right now was to see Will, to give him a hug and just be in his presence.
The Omega pulled on his shoes and went outside into the warm summer evening. He exhaled, happy that his horrendous heat was finally over and that he could see the person he loved again. The cabins were quiet – was it dinner-time? Probably. Nico’s feet turned towards the infirmary; he still felt like a mess and he just wanted to see Will and stay away from everyone else at least for tonight.

He was walking past the honorary Roman cabin, the last one before the infirmary, when the voice reached him.

“Hello there, little Omega.”

It was low, raspy. Anxiety tickled Nico’s skin as he turned around, frowning at the deep shadows between the cabins. Was somebody playing a game with him...? But no, he could smell him, there was an Alpha nearby. Nico swallowed as his inner-Omega craved away from the voice and the presence in the darkness. The boy cursed quietly when upon reaching for his sword he realised he had left it in his cabin.

Bryce Lawrence, one of the Roman Alphas, slid out from next to his cabin, grinning, “Nico, isn’t it?”

The Omega took a step back, “What do you want?”

Bryce cocked his head to the side. He was an ugly fucker and, despite the fact that he was an Alpha, every part of Nico’s body was telling him to get away from the boy. It was weird; normally Omegas wanted Alphas during their heat and Nico could still feel the remains of the fever on his skin. But, like always, all he wanted was Will.

“Child of the big three, eh?” Bryce casually sauntered over closer to Nico. Run, his instincts told him, but the Omega wasn’t sure where to; everywhere was empty, and even in the infirmary the lights were off, “Who would’ve thought. The son of Hades is an Omega.”

“Fuck off,” Nico snarled. Bryce dashed forward. He was fast and Nico’s brain was slow and sluggish from his heat, so he didn’t have time to react. Bryce grabbed both of his wrists and spun them around, slamming Nico into the side of the Roman cabin. The Omega gasped, nausea rushing over him. This wasn’t happening. Not to him.

Bryce leaned in close and dragged his nose over Nico’s neck, scenting him. Disgusted and terrified, the Omega cringed away.

“L-Let go,” he gasped, squirming. Fuck, fuck, fuck...

“I can smell the heat on you,” Bryce bared his teeth, eyes glowing Alpha red. Nico could smell his arousal and it was making him sick. He tried to wrestle his wrists free but he was too small and unable to free himself. He started to shake, tears prickling at his eyes. Let this be a joke...please...

“T-This isn’t funny,” he gasped.

“Come on, Omega,” Bryce cooed, pressing his body up against Nico’s. The boy couldn’t even turn away and a sob bubbled up in his throat. He didn’t want this, “Your heat isn’t completely over, don’t you want a big, Alpha cock shoved up inside you? I bet you do?”

Nico squeezed his eyes shut in fear, and Bryce forced him down on the ground.

***

Will came back from dinner with a heavy heart. He headed for the infirmary, wanting to be away
from his loud-ass siblings and alone with his thoughts for a bit. Nico’s heat would end tonight or tomorrow and Will would get to see him again, but the Beta honestly didn’t know how much longer he could pretend he wasn’t in love with the Omega. Every time he walked past the Hades cabin the past few days all he could think about was how much he wanted to hold and love Nico.

The boy sighed as he climbed up the stairs to the infirmary, flicking on the lights as he did. The room was flooded with a golden light and, for once, the beds were empty.

But Will wasn’t alone.

The bitter, heartbreaking scent of tears hit his nose and his eyes widened. Underneath the tears, he smelled someone very familiar.

“Nico,” he breathed and sure enough, curled up by the wall was the Omega.

He was hugging his knees to his chest and shaking violently and when he looked up Will’s heart plummeted. His face was streaked with tears, his t-shirt had clearly been pulled on because it was sliding off one shoulder. More importantly, Nico wasn’t wearing any trousers. On his neck, arms and pale thighs was a motley of bruises.

“Nico,” Will breathed again.

The boy’s face crumpled, “Will,” he choked out and then he was on his feet and launching himself at the blond. The Beta caught him, fighting his shock and horror as he held the shaking boy to his chest. Nico started to sob hysterically, shoving his face into Will’s shoulder and taking deep inhales as if trying to get high off the blond’s smell. His hands fisted in the Beta’s shirt and he clung to him helplessly, “Will, Will, Willwillwill...,” he babbled, barely coherent.

“Hey, hey, shhh,” Will clutched him tightly as he desperately tried to figure out what happened. He had an idea, but he refused to believe it, not yet...and yet the smell of cum, right over the lingering scent of Nico’s heat, was obvious. Nico didn’t smell completely like himself – he smelled like an Alpha.

“Neeks,” Will breathed, gently nudging the frenzied boy away only to cup Nico’s face in his hands. The boy’s dark eyes were brimming with tears, cheeks red from crying. He covered Will’s hands with his own, smaller ones and clung onto him as he cried, staring intently at Will as if scared to look at anything else, “Neeks, tell me who did this to you.”

Nico shook his head violently, “I’m sorry,” he sobbed, “I-I’m so sorry.”

“No, shhh, shhhh,” Will stroked his cheeks and tried to get his own panic to settle, which was hard. Somebody had hurt his baby, his Nico, his perfect Omega, and he needed to know who, “You’re okay, I’ve got you.”

“I-It was Bryce,” Nico gasped suddenly, face scrunching up in pain, “H-He just...h-he...,” the boy squeezed his eyes shut, tried to swallow a sob, which didn’t work, “O-Outside he c-c-ornered me a-and I didn’t w-want to a-a-and he just...,” the boy started to sob violently and he let go of Will’s hands in favour of pulling his t-shirt down over his thighs, as if he didn’t want Will to see.

Will saw the bruises on Nico’s neck. He knew what happened without Nico having to tell him properly.

His heart broke right then and there. *Fuck,* somebody had hurt Nico. Bryce, the fucker. Will was torn between body-consuming wrath and the desperate, urgent need to take care of the Omega in front of him.
“Let me have a look,” he breathed, deciding Nico’s well-being was a priority in this situation. Again, the boy desperately shook his head.

“No,” he croaked as tears continued to rush down his face and drip onto the carpet, “I-I don’t want you to look-“

“Nico,” Will said helplessly, “It’s just me, I won’t hurt you-“

“N-No,” Nico gasped, “I-I don’t w-want you t-to look b-because I’m d-disgusting now.”

Will’s heart clenched and he roughly pulled Nico into his chest, “Don’t say that,” he said fiercely, holding the sobbing Omega close, “Don’t you dare say that to me again, Neeks. You’re wonderful, you’re fucking perfect. He’s the only one who is disgusting.”

“I-I don’t w-want to be h-his,” Nico whined. Will held him tighter.

“You’re not,” he whispered, “You’re not his.”

***

Nico laid in his bed, back in his cabin. He should’ve never left here. Outside it was dark, just past midnight. The Omega had showered, scrubbed his skin almost raw to try and get rid of the lingering traces of Bryce. Even remembering the Alpha made Nico feel sick. He felt violated, disgusting, like invisible bugs were crawling over his skin. And ashamed. Gods, he felt so ashamed.

He didn’t want his first time to be like that – or any time for the matter. He had wanted Will, so badly. And now he wasn’t a perfect Omega anymore, and Will would really never want him now.

The boy squeezed his eyes shut and fought a sob. He was tired of crying. His eyes burned and his lungs ached. Will had gone to Chiron, to tell him what happened, and Nico had just buried himself under his covers. He changed his clothes and was laying there in just clean underwear and Will’s big, oversized orange hoodie over him. The hood was pulled up and Nico hugged himself, the smell of Will all around him more comforting than anything. Nico just wanted to forget tonight, forget everything happened...

The door to his cabin clicked open quietly and Nico flinched, eyes flying open and heart thumbing wildly in his heart – for a moment he thought it was Bryce, coming for round two, coming to hurt him again...

The relaxing, calming smell of Will floated over to Nico and the boy slumped against the bed, relieved. Will closed the door. He looked tired and distraught, curls a mess, brows furrowed. He looked at Nico on the bed and his expression softened impossibly.

“Hey,” he said gently, but didn’t move from the door. Come here, Nico wanted to shout, hold me.

“Hey,” he said instead, hoarsely.

“They took him away,” Will said and Nico closed his eyes, “He won’t hurt you again. I...,” he paused, “I can go if you want.”

“No!” Nico sat up hurriedly and then blushed, remembering he was still wearing Will’s hoodie. The blond didn’t seem to mind, “I just...”

The Beta took a step forward, encouraged by the fact Nico wasn’t throwing him out, “I’m here for you.”
Tears sprung to Nico’s eyes again. *You’re my everything*, “I’m s-sorry,” he managed, pressing his hand to his mouth to stop a sob from spilling out, “I’m s-so sorry.”

Will was by the bed then, frowning, “What are you sorry about? This wasn’t your fault.”

“I’m not good anymore,” Nico closed his eyes and fought the pain in his chest. His whole body ached, “I-I’m not a good e-enough Omega for you.”

Will sat on the bed, right next to Nico, and pulled the boy’s hand from his mouth, “What are you talking about.”

Nico opened his eyes and looked at Will helplessly. There was no point trying to pretend anymore, it didn’t make sense to lie. Nico *wanted* Will to know.

“I was saving myself for you,” Nico whispered, dropping his gaze and letting out a small, pathetic sniffle, “I-I thought if I was t-the perfect Omega that maybe you’d want me....” fat tears dripped onto the bed, “B-But now h-he took that away from m-me and I’m n-not good enough f-for you anymore because you d-deserve the best, b-because you’re my everything and I’m so i-in love with you a-and...,” he was getting hysterical again.

Will looked at him in shock, “I...you...what?”

“I’m s-sorry,” Nico tried to wipe his tears on his sleeve but they just kept falling. Why was everything so messed up, “I-I know y-you never w-wanted me b-but now...n-now you really-“

“You,” Will suddenly pushed Nico’s hands away from his face so he could hold his cheeks in his hands. His eyes were dark and earnest and sparkling with intensity, “Are the most perfect person I have ever met.”

“H-Huh?” Nico asked as his tears tumbled onto Will’s hands. The blond smiled, the corners of his eyes crinkling.

“You’re so perfect,” he whispered, “And what Bryce did to you was horrifying, and if I wasn’t a doctor I’d kill him, go to Tartarus and kill him again....” his eyes danced over Nico’s face, “but you’re perfect. Even right now. You’re the most perfect Omega.” He pulled a shocked Nico closer and wrapped his arms around the boy’s waist before pressing their forehead’s together, “I thought you didn’t want me,” Will whispered, “Because I’m a Beta-“

“No!” Nico whimpered, throwing his arms around Will’s neck, scared the boy would disappear. Gods, Nico never wanted Will to leave him ever again, “N-No, I don’t want a-an Alpha, I-I just want you.”

Will kissed him then, slow and sweet and Nico hiccupped into the kiss. Just knowing Will felt the same made Nico feel better, even if his body still ached.


“I love you too.”

“I’m gonna take care of you from now on,” the Beta continued, looking at Nico urgently, “I won’t anybody hurt you ever again, okay?”

Nico nodded. Will let go of him and for a moment the Omega felt cold and alone but the Beta had only moved away to peel back the covers on the bed. He climbed underneath and then held the blanket back. Nico crawled in next to him and immediately plastered himself to Will’s chest, inhaling
the familiar and comforting smell.

Will enveloped him in his arms and pressed kisses into his hair, “I love you,” he said, “You’re perfect, and you’re all mine. Just mine.”

Nico felt exhausted, “’m just yours,” he mumbled. Will kissed him again quickly.

“I’m yours too.”

Chapter End Notes

Literally one last chapter to go guys and then this is over :( 
D’you know what’s not over? 
My Original work :D (Shameless self promo!) 
Here's the link, check it out if ya want; 
https://archiveofourown.org/works/15988040/chapters/37298651
Happy Birthday

Freo where it’s Leo’s birthday and at first everyone’s excited to plan it. After Annabeth learns that Percy has never attended a friend’s birthday party, the party ends up being more about Percy than Leo, and Frank is the only one who remembers who’s birthday it is.

For Jaynine9

“We’re going to have a party for your birthday,” Piper announced, slapping her hands on the table in front of Leo. The Latino looked up, chewing on his sandwich. He was at the little kitchenette in the Zeus cabin, and his friend just decided to corner him.

“How?”

“Your birthday,” Jason prompted from where he was laying on his bed, “It’s next Friday, right? Pipes and I thought we should organise you a party.”

A blush rose to Leo’s cheeks, “G-Guys,” he choked out, “That’s okay, we don’t have to-“

“Don’t be stupid,” Hazel smiled at him sweetly, perched next to Jason, “You’re turning eighteen! That’s a big deal, we should celebrate.”

“What are we talking about?” Frank and Percy walked into the cabin, sweaty from sparring practice.

“How we’re organising Leo’s birthday party,” Annabeth said, not looking up from the book she was reading.

“Oh. Great,” Frank said, and came to stand next to Leo, rummaging through the cupboards for something edible. Leo subconsciously leaned into the bigger boy’s warmth while Hazel squealed and clapped.

“Oh, I’m excited now!” she was beaming, “We can decorate the Hades cabin, and make snacks!”

“Leo, think of a guest list,” Piper suggested, “Or we could just invite everyone, y’know?”

“That’s a bad idea,” Frank found a bag of chips and was popping them into his mouth, “Chiron will catch on. Better to keep it small-ish.” He looked at Leo, “What do you think?”

“Er...I don’t really know,” Leo was a little overwhelmed. He and Frank only became friends recently, after the whole Gaia thing, and it still surprised the Latino that the Roman spoke to him.

“Okay! We need to buy alcohol, and get red solo cups-,” Jason unlocked his phone and started to
make notes. That was when Percy casually said;

“I’ve never been to a house party before.”

“What?” Annabeth gaped.

“No way,” Jason blinked, “Seriously?”

Percy shrugged, “Yeah, I just...dunno, didn’t really have many friends back at school.”

“Aw, Perce,” Piper pouted.

“You’re going to love this!” Annabeth exclaimed, slamming her book shut. “Come on, let’s order some decorations.”

***

Frank was pissed off and a little drunk, but mostly pissed off. The Seven had managed to pull off this birthday party idea and it was in full swing. The lights were dimmed down low in the Hades cabin, and the Hermes kids has smuggled in plenty of alcohol for the sixteen, seventeen and eighteen year old Demigods. The Hephaestus cabin had supplied the colourful, flashing lights, and everybody seemed to be having a good time, jamming along to the almost deafening music. The Hecate children had charmed the cabin so the party wouldn’t be heard from the outside, which meant everybody was relaxed.

What Frank didn’t understand was why was everybody crowding around Percy, teaching them how to play beer-pong. Earlier they had poured beer down the funnel in his mouth. Somehow the focus had shifted from Leo to Percy; sure, the guy was a hero after the war with Gaia, but the Demigods were obsessing over him too much. In the dancing crowd Frank couldn’t even spot Leo, but nobody else seemed to notice his absence, too busy cheering over Percy and teaching him all the things about house parties. Even the Seven were pre-occupied with the son of Poseidon.

Leo was such a selfless person and he’d never try to get attention on him. But the boy deserved to have a day be all about him. The fact that he sacrificed himself during the war and thought he would be missed the least killed Frank inside; and also made him realise how precious Leo was to him. He was part of the reason he and Hazel broke up.

Frank wanted to find Leo. He drained his drink and put the cup down and then walked around the cabin, trying to spot the Latino. But Leo was nowhere to be seen.

“Hey,” Frank grabbed Annabeth’s arm and she dragged her eyes away from her beer-pong-playing boyfriend, “Where’s Leo?”

The drunk girl blinked, “Huh?” she glanced around, “dunno,” she shrugged and went back to Percy.

“Fuck’s sake,” Frank breathed quietly. Leo was probably hiding somewhere, depressed and miserable because, once again, people have forgotten about it.

The son of Mars circled the cabin but, when he still couldn’t find Leo, he decided to go outside. He slipped out back, to the shadowy grove behind the Hades cabin and very quickly his eyes landed on Leo, sat proper up against the cabin wall. He had a cigarette dangling from his mouth.

“Since when do you smoke?” Frank asked, feeling relieved at having found the boy. He approached and was a little surprised when Leo looked up and grinned at him – he didn’t look sad at all.
“I don’t really,” the Latino said, tucking the cigarette behind his ear, “How come you left the party?”

“I came looking for you,” Frank admitted, the alcohol inside him stopping him from thinking twice about what he was saying. He sat down next to the birthday boy.

“Aw, how sweet,” the Latino giggled giddily.

“Are you okay?” Frank asked.


“Dunno...just...,” he gestured at the party.

“It’s really nice, isn’t it?” Leo said, eyes all soft. Frank’s heart twisted.

“I...,” he paused, “I have a gift for you.”

He clumsily pulled a little box out of his pocket and offered it to Leo. The boy looked at it, dazed and a little confused. He frowned, “You...got me a present?”

“Yeah?”

Shyly Leo bit his lip, then tucked a curl behind his ear, “I...this is...”

“Just open it,” Frank blushed and shoved the gift into Leo’s chest. The boy opened it hurriedly, excitedly. A miniature bronze statue tumbled into his lap. Leo inhaled sharply, and held the present up. His face lit up beautifully.

“Oh my Gods,” he suddenly threw his arms around Frank’s shoulders, startling him, “Thank you!” Leo gushed, “I’ve never gotten a birthday present before,” he added in an excited, hushed whisper.

Frank hugged him back tightly, fiercely, hauled Leo into his lap.

“Frank, what the-“

“They’re all assholes,” Frank growled, and Leo just looked at him, baffled, “How could they not get you anything? How could they-“

“Hey,” Leo wrapped his arms around Frank’s shoulders. Only then the son of Mars realised what was happening, how close Leo was...but Frank couldn’t bring himself to move away. Before he knew it, his arms were around Leo’s waist and he was tugging the boy closer, “It’s okay,” Leo said gently, “I don’t care about presents...even though yours made me really happy.”

“It’s your birthday,” Frank whispered urgently, a little angry, “and they’re all flocking around Percy-“

“It’s fine,” Leo smiled sweetly and put his hands on the Asian’s cheeks, easing away his agitation even though it was Frank who should’ve been comforting Leo. But the Latino

“But it’s not!” Frank groaned in frustration, “Not everything has to always be about Percy!”

“Frankie, it’s fine. I’m happy. I...,” he bit his lip and looked down, “I’ve never even had anyone throw me a party, or remember my birthday really. You’re the first friends I’ve ever had, so,” he smiled, “I’m just happy.”

Frank kissed him then, slowly, sweetly, a quick peck.
“Happy birthday,” he breathed.

Leo’s eyes were wide, cheeks red. For a second Frank was scared he’d really fucked up. Then Leo gripped his face roughly in his hands and crashed their mouths together, kissing Frank passionately. The Asian’s head spun but he kissed back.

He was kissing Leo. Frank’s chest filled with happiness.

“You’re literally the best present,” Leo gasped against Frank’s mouth, “I don’t care about t-the party, I just-”

Frank kissed him harder.

And they just continued to kiss and kiss, and the party went on without the birthday boy. Not that the birthday boy cared.
AFTERWORD

So normally here is where I give you guys all shoutouts for being awesome human beings & supporting this work however-

Your bitch is overwhelmed by work, and I don't have time.

Also, so many of you left comments this time round that I'd sit here for like 4 hours.

But I just wanted to thank you all for reading this work, for leaving kudos, and especially for leaving comments! It always makes my day x

Anyway, this work is finished (much later than normal) - sorry for the slow updates. As to answer some of your questions, I want to make a part 4 but where I normally start writing in January, I think part 4 (if it does come) will be later in the year.

HOWEVER! Fear not, because fanfiction is life and I always have a story going. Right now it's my original work full of aliens, smut and overall BL goodness, so if ya wanna check it out here's the link ;)

https://archiveofourown.org/works/15988040/chapters/37298651

Again, thank you all for your support and read on kids x

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