The one where Jonas and Isak have been dancing around each other for long enough
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Summary

Isak is pretty sure Jonas has a crush on him. So does he do something about that or not?

Notes

Disclaimer: I am in no way affiliated with the characters depicted herein or their creators. This is all for fun.

for anon. Jonas/Isak - "in public", "a hungry fucking wolf", "dry humping"

In the most ironic twist of Isak’s young life he’s pretty sure Jonas has developed a crush on him.

It started last fall when Isak came out to first him and then gradually the rest of their friends, and occasionally caught Jonas looking at him curiously. At first, admittedly it made Isak really fucking nervous. What if Jonas had figured out Isak’s crush from first year? What if he was actually less cool with Isak’s sexuality than he said?

But then Eva had linked her arms with Isak’s and pulled him away from the boys one lunch period with some shoddy excuse and some waggling eyebrows and said, “Have you noticed how Jonas looks at you now?”
It would not be entirely exaggerated to say that Isak had felt a little bit like dying right then and there. He’d still been trying to pretend to himself that he was imagining it, that nothing between him and Jonas had changed, that Jonas definitely didn’t feel any differently about him than before, but if Eva had noticed…

But instead of confirming his worst fears, Eva had taken one look at his face and laughed.

“No! Not like that! Christ, boys are hopeless,” she’d said. “He looks at you like he used to look at, well. Me. And Ingrid.”

Isak had blushed and blustered and protested, but Eva had just patted his arm and told him to think about it.

So Isak had thought about it. And then he’d tentatively asked Jonas if he was really cool with everything, and Jonas had fumbled his words a lot and confessed that Isak’s coming out had made him realise that he’d never assumed that there was any difference to kissing girls or kissing boys. “I think I just need to figure myself out,” he’d said with a smile, and Isak had smiled back and let him be.

But for the past few weeks Isak could swear Jonas has been, well, flirting. With him. With Isak.

At first Isak thought that Jonas was still just figuring himself out. Who better to try and flirt with when you’re unsure than your gay best friend, after all? Jonas knows Isak, knows Isak isn’t about to be horrible to him, and no one has to get hurt in a little friendly exploration. But Jonas has never pushed further than a look or a flirty comment here and there. A lingering touch maybe. Bolder than anything Isak ever let himself do when he still wasn’t out and majorly crushing on Jonas, but not enough to really lead anywhere either.

But – he hasn’t stopped. The looks haven’t stopped and the touching hasn’t stopped and the comments haven’t stopped and Isak’s crush has risen from its shameful embers like a phoenix and now it’s been almost two months of Eva rolling her eyes at him at every party while he and Jonas sit closer than even best friends do, share laughs with their heads bent so close their noses are almost touching, and hardly ever acknowledge anyone else in the room.

Still, Jonas hasn’t actually told Isak if he ever figured out whether or not he’s into boys, and Isak is still a little terrified he’s going to push Jonas too far if he actually goes for it. So he matches Jonas’ flirting step for step, but doesn’t dare push further than that either.

“One of you is going to have to make the first move,” Eva says exasperatedly, falling down onto the sofa next to Isak while Jonas is off for a piss.

Isak groans and lets his head fall back against the backrest of the sofa. It’s past one in the morning and Isak is tired and a little tipsy, feels the tips of his fingers tingling in that way they sometimes do.

“I know,” he says and sighs deeply.

Eva pouts at him in sympathy and then reaches out to card her fingers through his hair. Isak groans again, but this time at how nice it feels.

“It can’t be me,” he says, quietly. “What if he’s just… trying it out. If he doesn’t actually want this to go any further than this?”

“What if he thinks you’re just indulging him?” she asks back, scratching at his scalp gently.

Isak makes a pitiful sound, because the idea has occurred to him.
“Grow a pair, Issy,” she says, and bounces back off the sofa when she spots Jonas coming over. She kisses him on the cheek in passing and Jonas smiles at her, then takes the space she vacated, folding one leg underneath himself so he can turn his body towards Isak whose still sprawled against the backrest.

“What was that about?” he asks, amused.

It’s a small miracle, Isak thinks, that all three of them still get along. That Eva doesn’t hate either of them, though him especially. So maybe where there’s room for one miracle there’s room for another.

So he spreads his legs a little more, relaxes his posture into something more invitingly open, and runs a hand through his hair. He’s long since learned how best to show off his arms and his neck that way, draw people’s eyes and make them conscious of his body. Jonas might not have kissed boys yet, but Isak has. Secretly, at parties the boys weren’t invited to and Isak talked his way into, before he came out. And openly, at parties the four of them went together, before Jonas started looking at him quite so openly.

The way he does now.

“She wanted to know if we’re hooking up yet,” he says, heartbeat spiking into a veritable gallop at the way it makes a blush spread out all over Jonas’ cheeks.

“What?” he asks, laughing a little like the thought is ridiculous, but Isak already saw the way he looked at all the places Isak wanted to make him look, so he sends a fervent wish out into the universe and reaches out with the hand he just ran through his hair, playfully teases at the lobe of Jonas’ ear and then trails his fingers down Jonas’ neck.

“Don’t you want to?” he makes himself ask. He has no idea how his voice sounds as silky and steady as it does, but Jonas swallows heavily and his eyes fall down to stare at Isak’s lips. Isak doesn’t think Jonas even notices how he licks his own as he does it either.

Jonas is wearing a button-up shirt with the first few buttons undone, the two at his throat and then the first actual one, so Isak lets his fingers trail down along his open collar gently, over the thin skin on his collarbone to the top of his chest. Jonas’ skin is so warm.

“I want to,” he says, scraping together the absolute last of his bravado. If nothing else, at least it’s out there now. Eva would be proud.

Jonas swallows again and his mouth falls a little open, gaze flicking up and down between Isak’s eyes and his lips now. It doesn’t look like he’s about to actually move though, startled into stillness maybe, so Isak allows himself a small smile and leans in to kiss Jonas.

Jonas’ reaction is as immediate as his stillness has been complete. He leans into the kiss enough to startle Isak, hands in his hair immediately, and when Isak gives a little under the unexpectedly intense response, Jonas throws a leg over Isak’s and settles on his thighs. He sits far enough back that they’re not quite pressed together yet, but he tilts Isak’s head back and plunders his mouth with his tongue like he’s expecting to find something hidden behind Isak’s teeth.

Isak lets out a small, startled noise, and his hands find a place on Jonas’ hips, palms curving over the soft swell just underneath his waist.

One of Jonas’ hands leaves Isak’s hair again, smooths down over his neck, feeling out his shoulder and arm before he strokes that flat of his hand firmly over Isak’s chest, down to where Isak definitely doesn’t have any tits, and then back up again. Isak only realises how it made him tense when Jonas
moans a pleased little sound and keeps kissing him. Between the sweep of Jonas’ hands, and the sweep of his tongue, Isak finds himself relaxing into the kiss and moves his own hands up over Jonas’ sides, his back, along his arms, his chest. Into that wild mass of hair on his head that Isak has been having daydreams of pulling on for far too long.

Jonas groans and leans more heavily into Isak when Isak scratches his nail along the hairline at the back of Jonas’ neck and then gets a fistful of hair to gently pull there.

“Fuck, Isak,” he mumbles into the small space between their mouths, hips still not touching but his chest pressed much closer to Isak’s.

Isak hums and scoots a little further down the couch, makes more room for Jonas’ legs to go and then gently pulls him closer by the hips.

Jonas makes an almost embarrassed, high-pitched noise when the swell of his dick presses gently against Isak, and Isak gives him a moment to pull away if he wants to. But Jonas only ducks his head into Isak’s neck and hides for a second, squirming like he’s not sure what he wants to do. It must make him notice how he’s sitting on Isak’s dick, but he doesn’t say anything about it, and he doesn’t move back either.

So eventually, Isak tips his head back up.

“This okay?” he asks.

Jonas’ cheeks are flushed, and his dark eyes basically glitter. His mouth looks more than just well-kissed – raspberry pink and shiny with spit, he looks like something straight out of Isak’s wank fantasies.

“Yeah,” he says, quietly, and lets Isak pull him into another kiss, keening a little when Isak holds his face in between his hands and slows the kiss down, gives Jonas his tongue only when he wants to, when he can feel Jonas’ fingers curling in the fabric on his shoulders, and his legs squeeze at Isak’s sides.

The proof of how much Jonas wants him like this, the way he holds Isak close and yields to Isak’s touches at the smallest suggestion, is the headiest feeling Isak thinks he’s ever experienced. More clear-headed than being drunk, but just as dizzying. Sharper than being high, but just as syrup-slow and sweet.

Isak has no idea how long they’ve been kissing. There’s technically music playing in the back but it’s one trashy pop song after another and Isak hasn’t been paying enough attention to be able to say how many times the rhythm or bass line have changed, never mind what it actually is that’s playing.

Jonas starts moving his hips against Isak’s without any prompting, lost to the touch of Isak’s lips and tongue, of his hands running up and down his back, sneaking up under his shirt to tease at the skin over his sides and lower back. Isak doesn’t want to push up far enough to expose too much of Jonas’ skin, and he doesn’t want to squeeze his hands in between their bodies to get to Jonas’ chest either, but he dares push his hands down and grab handfuls of Jonas’ ass eventually. Squeezes and pulls, and feels the rolling of Jonas’ hips there.

Jonas groans quietly into Isak’s mouth, lips going a little slack in their kiss, and Isak feels heat flush his entire body at the thought that Jonas seems to be getting closer and closer to actually coming in his jeans. He spares half a thought to the audience they might have, but Jonas isn’t rutting obviously enough to really attract anyone’s eye who wasn’t already looking, he thinks, and anyway, they’re almost definitely not the only ones whose making out has gone past what is strictly polite in
“Isak,” Jonas breathes, eyes going wide with wonder like it’s only just now sinking in that it is Isak he’s making out with so heatedly. “Fuck, Issy.”

“Hm?” Isak hums in question, hands firm on Jonas’ ass, spreads his legs a little so Jonas rolls that last bit forward in his lap until they’re flush together.

“I like you so much,” Jonas whispers, swiping a thumb over Isak’s bottom lip before he leans in to kiss him again.

Isak hears the smacking of this kiss even over the thumping bass that vibrates in his chest and the soles of his shoes.

“Me too,” he says.

Jonas beams at him and then leans back in to kiss him some more, arms wrapped around Isak’s neck, pressed close everywhere they can be pressed close, hips working against Isak again when they get lost to the rhythm of their tongues once more. Isak barely notices when Jonas’ movements start to stutter, except his mouth goes slack and he’s panting quiet little “oh’s against Isak’s lips.

Isak holds him tightly, wraps his arms around Jonas’ waist and nips at his lips, his jawline, his neck when Jonas leans his head to the side and buries his face in Isak’s hair.

Someone catcalls, and when Isak looks up there’s some guy staring at them and giving him a leering thumbs-up.

“Piss off,” Isak sneers back, and the guy rolls his eyes.

“Don’t put on such a show then.”

Jonas clings a little harder to Isak, not to kiss or to be close, but to hide this time, and Isak keeps one protective arm around Jonas’ back, hunched as it is so Jonas can pretend to fit completely into Isak’s body, and lifts the other one to flip the guy off.

“Come on, baby,” he says to Jonas. “Let’s go.”

Jonas’ face is flushed red, and he keeps his head ducked, lets his hair fall into his face. Isak takes his hand and tucks him in close behind his back, uses the width of his shoulders to get them through the crowd and out the door.

Outside, the night air is still cool and Isak shivers involuntarily before finally letting go of Jonas’ hand to hand him his jacket and then slip into his own.

Jonas still won’t look up.

For a moment, Isak can’t help the dread sinking deep into his belly, but then he takes a step closer.

“Stay over at mine?” he offers.

Jonas doesn’t reply for an eternal five seconds, but then he nods, and when they start walking, he takes Isak’s hand again.

By the time they make it to the tram stop, Jonas pushes Isak up against the glass and leans up to kiss him again.
Isak’s pretty sure he’s still grinning when he eventually falls asleep.

The End

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