Try Not To Drown

Summary

_Honey is a flirt, and has managed to sweet talk more than a few skeletons into his bed in the past. But that was all before he met Wine_

A birthday gift for Tomato, Should be 3 parts in total and updated over the next few days <33333
Two peices of awesome Fanart (with some spoilers!) from here! and here!
Chapter 1

Honey tossed and turned in his bed, covering his face with a pillow as he fought the urge to scream in frustration. He knew he was sulking, for stupid reasons no less, but that didn’t make these feelings any easier to deal with. Honey wasn’t used to feeling this way, but what made it was was that it was entirely his own fault. Rather than act like an adult and try and solve his issues, he had been walled up in his room for the last few days. He knew he could just swallow his pride, but the thought of approaching the skeleton he was infatuated with again made him tremble like a lovestruck teenager. Considering their age-gap, that was probably exactly what his current obsession thought he was.

A baby-bones with a crush.

A year ago things had been much simpler. Honey lived in Snowdin with his brother, and apart from the stress of maintaining a few different jobs to support them he had a pretty easy life. But Honey was curious. He wanted to know what else there was out there, unsatisfied with his lot in the underground. When the machine he’d been tinkering with for years finally sprung to life it had disrupted his life in more ways that he could have ever imagined. It turned out that the theories about alternate universes were true, and not only that, there were countless other universes as well. Originally he had only been able to make contact with a few, but by pooling their resources he and a few other scientists had from different timelines had begun to perfect the process of hoping between worlds. Honey’s initial confusion over interacting with skeletons so similar and yet so different to himself and his brother had eventually morphed into curiosity as well. Mainly about what it would be like to get to know them in a more intimate way.

Honey had conducted experiments of his own regarding their alternates over the next few months. Some interactions started casual arrangements, others had been nothing more than shameless flirting, and some had ended up with him getting slapped in the face. Honey knew he had a bit of a reputation among their group, but he saw no harm in playing the field a little if no one was getting hurt. He always made it clear he wasn’t looking for anything serious, he just wanted to have fun while they had the chance. The other skeletons were either very similar to him, or had a brother who was. So there was at least some level of understanding from everyone. Hell, he hadn’t even been the instigator for most of his relationships. With his constant flirting with everyone there had been more than one occasion where he’d found himself being fucked hard against any available surface when he pushed his luck.

But all of that was before he met Wine.

Honey knew the instant that he and Sans stepped into Wine’s universe that something was drastically different. While they had encountered many dangerous universes, there was just something about this one that set Honey’s nerves on edge. They had walked in on Coffee, this universe’s Papyrus, and scared the living hell out of him. It was obvious that Coffee had very minimal experience with anything science-based considering he was a lot younger than any of the Papyruses they had encountered. He was barely out of striped shirts, practically mute, but with an air of danger about him that Honey knew all too well. He had been the one to try and comfort the kid when Wine had come to investigate, immediately pinning Honey to a nearby wall to get him away from his precious brother.

Honey was used to this kind of treatment from his relationships with Edge and Red, but with them it was easy to sweet talk his way out of any real trouble. Wine was different. He was at least twice coffee’s age, and although he bore resemblance to Honey’s brother everything about him was more mature and refined. He was also extremely intimidating. Wine’s unreadable expression didn’t shift an
inch when the situation de-escalated and they explained about the other universes. Wine might have been skeptical but even he could see the resemblance between Honey and his own brother. Which was probably the only reason Wine didn’t dust Honey’s ass on the spot.

Tensions eventually lessened enough for Honey and Sans to leave, extending an open invitation for the brothers to visit if and when they wanted to. But not before Wine had managed to really rattle Honey’s bones. He had stepped back through the machine with a pounding soul, unsure what exactly was bothering him so much until he was alone that night. No matter what he tried Honey couldn’t see anything else but that intense stare when he closed his sockets.

Both Coffee and Wine integrated into their group in different ways. Coffee was a little standoffish at first, but as long as he wasn’t being put in the spotlight he got on with everyone reasonably well. Wine was more of an enigma, with most of his interactions being little more than small talk when it was absolutely necessary. Blue was the only one who he outwardly favoured, and Honey was sure it was only because his brother treated Wine like his new idol. Honey had originally wanted to warn Blue away; Wine was definitely dangerous and Honey wasn’t sure how he felt about him hanging around with such a bad influence. But the more he thought about it, the more he realised he was just jealous. He wanted to be the one to spend time with Wine instead, and he really wanted to find out what Wine looked like underneath the uniform he always wore.

The problem was that Honey had no idea how to act around his new found infatuation. With everyone else he had been able to build up a rapport, find out what made them tick, and then tailor his flirting accordingly. He was completely clueless when it came to Wine though, he just wasn’t giving Honey anything to work in their brief interactions. Honey had eventually resorted to asking Blue for information. His brother had been happy to talk, but not before forcing a confession about why Honey wanted to know, but by that time it was useless. Honey had built Wine up so much in his mind that his attempt at flirting had fallen flat. He had tripped over his words—blurted out nonsense—turned a bright shade of orange—and left as quickly as he could.

This exchange had happened a few days ago, and Honey had barely been able to face the world since.

Yesterday Blue managed to force his way through the trash heap that he called a bedroom to try and talk to him. He offered words of encouragement and reassurance, everything that came natural to an amazing brother. But Blue couldn’t hide the way he winced when Honey explained exactly what a fool he’d made of himself. Honey appreciated the effort, and promised to at least try and come downstairs that night. But a vivid flashback of that moment had undone everything, with Honey bolting from the dinner table and barricading himself in his room again. He knew he was acting ridiculous, and that it wasn’t fair on Blue to have to deal with his moping, but he couldn’t handle the shame.

Honey didn’t know what had come over him, he was usually unaffected when he’s slipped up in the past and would have easily bounced back if he had fucked up in front of anyone else. But there was something about Wine that would have his soul racing whenever he thought about him. He tried to rationalize that he never really had a chance to begin with. Wine had never really shown any interest in him. But it didn’t help. There might have been the slightest window of opportunity with Wine, but that was gone now. And Honey only had himself to blame.

Or so he thought.

“Papy! Can You Come Help Me? I Can’t Reach The Board Games For Tonight!”

Blue’s cheery voice came from the bottom of the stairs, throwing Honey out of his downward spiral. Part of him really didn’t want to respond, he would have spent eternity sulking on his bed if he was
given the choice. But he knew all he was doing was making himself more miserable. Plus, their groups monthly game night was something he really looked forward to and there was no way he was going to let anyone start to question why he wasn’t there. He knew that Wine wasn’t the type to gossip, but he couldn’t run the risk of anyone finding out. The teasing would be relentless, and even though Wine hadn’t shown up for any game nights so far he didn’t want Blue to accidentally spill the beans. He shouted something along the lines of being down in a minute, and tried to mentally prepare himself for getting out of bed.

After a few gruelling minutes Honey stumbled to his feet. A quick sniff of his clothing told him he really needed to change, but he couldn’t find any of his many orange hoodies in his pile of clothes cleaner than what he was wearing. He ended up stripping completely and throwing on a novelty t-shirt Red had gotten him for his birthday paired with a jersey skirt he forgot he had. It would do until he was able to salvage something from the laundry for tonight. As he made his way out of his room he knew that he would be able to sweet talk Blue into picking his favourite games for tonight. Honey even felt himself smiling for the first time in days.

He heard voices at the front door and figured that one of their guests must have come early. It was probably Red or Sans coming to find out why they hadn’t heard from Honey in days, or Papyrus being extra punctual. Either way Honey was eager for whatever antics they were going to get up to tonight. Anything that would get his mind of those deep red eye lights that he’d never get to see up close.

Which was why his jaw had dropped when he saw Wine standing in his doorway. “It’s No Trouble At All Blue, I’m Happy To Help. It May Have Been A While Since I Did The Form Myself, But I Oversee Applications For The Guard On Daily Basis.” Wine said while handing Blue his overcoat, looking every bit the authoritarian even in casual clothing.

Honey didn’t need to know the rest of the conversation to figure out that Blue had used a bullshit excuse to invite him over. Honey thought about bolting back to his room but it was too late, Wine had spotted him. Blue was chattering away but it faded into background noise as Wine slowly looked Honey up and down, lightly smirking when he read the text on Honey’s shirt. Honey tried to think of a way he could get the ground to swallow him whole as he stood there with a rapidly blushing skull. He knew that a shirt with ‘vanilla is only for ice-cream’ wasn’t going to help Wine’s already shitty impression of him. Honey was going to kill Blue when he got the chance.

“Oh Honey There You Are!” Blue turned and grinned at him like he hadn’t just done the worst thing possible. He herded them both into the lounge, gesturing towards the couch as he backed away towards the kitchen. “Will You Keep Wine Company While I Make Refreshments? You’re The Best, Thanks!”

Blue of course left before Honey could answer, leaving him and Wine to awkwardly move towards the couch. Alone. Honey tried to smile but he was shaking, he tried to make small talk but only managed to ask the basics of how he was and how Coffee was doing. Wine thankfully didn’t look too uncomfortable in the silence, but then Honey could have probably run around screaming and the most he would get was a raised brow bone in his direction. Thankfully Blue didn’t take too long in the kitchen, equipped with everyone’s favourite drinks as if he’d prepared them beforehand. Honey didn’t know how the hell Blue had managed to hide a bottle of red wine from him before today, but right now it was the least of his worries.

“So.” Wine said firmly, leaning towards where Blue was sat on the floor in front of him.“Do You Want To Tell Me Why I’m Really Here? This Is A Thinly Veiled Cover Up Blue, You Can’t Fool Me So Easily.”
Honey tried to stop himself from shivering, but that gravelly voice made his magic tingle across his bones. why did everything about wine have to be so goddamn sexy? Even now as he was practically threatening his brother, Honey couldn’t keep his mind out of the gutter. He was imagining what that voice would sound like next to his skull, telling him what he wanted to do to him… growling his name.

“W-well Actually I Invited You Here To Talk To My Brother. He’s A Little Embarrassed About A Conversation You Had The Other Day” Blue’s smile was wavering, but didn’t back down in spite of Wine’s intimidation tactics.

Honey would have commended his brother for being so brave if he didn’t just fucking throw him under the bus.

Wine seemed amused, only barely able to hide his smile as he took a sip of his drink. He turned to face Honey with the same expression, his voice dropping lower as he muttered: “Is That So?”

Honey didn’t know what to do. He felt completely put on the spot but the longer he let the silence hang in the air the more awkward it became. He probably would have been able to come up with some kind of excuse, but Wine just wouldn’t stop staring at him. It felt like he was going to burn under the intensity, caught between wanting to run and begging Wine to fuck him until he couldn’t walk.

“well- i was- i mean, i was trying to, i’m sorry i just. i- um heh-”

“Papy Really Likes You!” Blue blurted out, breaking the spell that Wine had been putting on Honey by drawing both of their attention. “He’s Just Not Very Good At Approaching Date Mates, Well Not Ones He Really Likes. I Keep Offering To Lend Him My Manual But-”

“blue!” Honey hissed, tempted to extend his leg to kick his brother if it would make him stop.

“Papy, I’m Sorry But We’d Be Here All Day If I Didn’t Step In!” Blue retorted, clearly not “So Mr. Wine, Sir, My Brother Would Very Much Like To Know If You Would Be Interested In Dating Him.”

oh fuck Honey felt like all the magic drained out of his body as he froze in his seat. Wine didn’t say anything at first, and Honey didn’t have the balls to look at him directly. He tried to find comfort in the fact that Wine hadn’t just laughed at Blue’s proposal, but then he hadn’t given any indication that he was interested either. Honey wondered if Wine was able to smell the fear coming off him. And if he enjoyed making him sweat.

“I See” Wine finally broke the endless silence with the most unreadable tone ever, before coughing loudly to get Honey to look at him. “Is Your Brother Being Truthful? Do You Really Wish To Date Me Honey?”

Honey had been ready to deny it all, but hearing Wine say his name was so much better than he could have imagined. He was already more embarrassed than he had been in his life, so what did he really have to lose from telling the truth? Honey was nodding his head before he had really thought everything through, shivering when Wine leaned forward to speak directly to him.

“Well, I Am Sorry to Disappoint You-”

oh god. oh fuck.

“But I Don’t Have A Gap In My Schedule Until Next Week.”
wait- what?! Honey had to do a double take, looking between Wine and his now grinning brother just to confirm he’d heard him correctly. He laughed nervously, scratching the back of his head just to try and deflect some of the attention while Wine went back to sipping his drink with a smirk on his face. It was obvious he enjoyed the opportunity to gently tease Honey. The worst thing was Honey wasn’t even mad, he just wanted more of that attention immediately. While he was happy that Wine had agreed, and the time frame gave him chance to process everything, a week seemed like far too long to wait.

They both were happy to let Blue take charge of the conversation, his enthusiasm and excitement to arrange the date being a welcome change from the tension between them. Honey winced when Blue invited Wine to stay for the game night, unsure about how long he would be able to function with him around. Thankfully Wine declined, insisting he had a lot of work to do especially if he wanted to get ahead before their date. Honey had almost lost his nerve and called the whole thing off when Wine was leaving, but it only took him looking directly at Honey as he was leaving to stop him in his tracks.

There was something so dangerous in Wine’s eyelights, hints of hidden desires burning just below the surface. As Honey waved goodbye to his soon-to-be date he wondered if he was in way over his head. But… there was only one way to find out for sure.
The rest of the night went by in a blur for Honey, his mind being distracted with replaying what happened earlier. He did manage to look like he was holding it together though, with everyone remarking on how happy he seemed. Blue took every opportunity he could to tease him relentlessly when no one was around. But to his credit, he hadn’t let anything slip to their group yet. Blue might have lacked in subtlety, but he was a lot more sensitive than he seemed and genuinely had Honey’s best interests at heart. The main obstacle of the evening had been when Coffee had decided to join them. Honey was unsure whether Coffee’s ‘puzzled boy’ hoodie was in regards to the games or if he had picked up on what was going on. A lot of Honey’s energy that night went into buttering his double up a bit. He didn’t think Coffee would approve of him dating his brother at all, but it didn’t hurt to try and get on his good side.

When the last of their guests had gone Honey helped his brother tidy up before Blue went to bed. He had an early start, it turned out the application for the guard wasn’t just a ploy to get Wine to come over. Honey was over-the-moon for him, Blue had talked about applying for years but having someone like Wine in his life to look up to had given him the push he needed. Honey didn’t really want to deal with the mess that was his bedroom after being stuck in there for the past few days, so he decided to curl up on the couch and watch some crap on t.v. until he passed out. But now he was alone he noticed just how much his soul was still pounding, and how he was still aching to be touched hours after Wine had left.

Honey regularly got off by himself to many of the other skeletons, both before and after he’d slept with them, but something about Wine felt different. It wasn’t like he wasn’t worked up, he’d been wet and ready ever since he’d been sat across from Wine on this very couch. He wasn’t sure why he felt hesitant at first, but then he realised that it was probably because Wine would know if he did. He’d demonstrated earlier just how little got past him, meaning he’d probably be able to see through Honey in seconds if he was put on the spot. but was that really such a bad thing? Wine had agreed to date him, he wasn’t the type to pretend to be interested someone for the sake of it. Maybe he’d appreciate knowing how much Honey wanted him.

Honey knew he was making excuses so he could get off at this point, but his whole body was shaking when he turned the volume up on the T.V. and pulled a blanket over himself. He knew Blue slept like a log, but he still felt nervous while hitched his skirt up to his ass. Honey knew he should have probably gone back to the privacy of his room, but there was something so fucking hot about doing it in the same place where he had been talking to Wine earlier. It made fantasising so much easier when he could remember exactly how the other skeleton had looked sitting across from him. Honey let his sockets slip shut as he began to play with his pussy through his damp panties. With how worked up he was he could have probably gotten off quickly, but he wanted to savour everything he could while his imagination went wild with possibilities.

Wine was sat across from him, those dark eye lights glittering with arousal as he took in the sight before him. Honey was naked and spread himself open for Wine — no — Wine had insisted that Honey lie back and show him everything. Wine didn’t say anything, but he didn’t need to. His gaze was
hungry, full of promises of what was to come, but he wanted to make Honey squirm. He’d want Honey to beg.

Honey whined needily and stopped all of his movements, pushing his panties to the side to further fuel his fantasy. He was dripping with arousal, and if Wine was really there he would probably be hiding his face in shame. But Wine wasn’t like anyone he had ever been with, he wouldn’t mock him for being so aroused. With the way that he lapped up everyone’s attention Honey could tell that he was the type of guy who probably enjoyed knowing what effect he had on people. If that was the case, then Honey would be more than willing to show Wine exactly what he did to him.

The only sounds in the room would be coming from Honey as he struggled to hold back. Wine was patient, he would wait for however long it would take to make Honey crumble. Honey started to whispers soft pleas for more despite the burning feeling over his skull. Wine rewarded him by moving closer. He ran his hand down Honey’s formed legs soft enough to make him shiver, stopping just short of where Honey needed him to touch. Honey whined and twisted and begged and Wine grinned at him, moving his fingers lower until he was grazing his fingertips across Honey’s folds.

Honey copied the Wine in his imagination, hissing when he touched his pussy without anything restricting the feeling. His magic was so worked up that it felt almost painful, it felt like he was touching a raw nerve. It made him whimper and jerk his hips, but it melted into pleasure when he tried to imagine how Wine would handle him instead.

Wine was definitely experienced. He knew just where to touch, where to avoid, and how to listen to Honey’s noises and find his sweet spots. Wine wasn’t even inside him but Honey was already an absolute mess. Wine’s eye lights were moving all over his body, his left socket showing the first signs of wisping red magic. He leaned over Honey further so he could see his expression while he slowly pushed his fingers inside.

Honey dipped two fingers into his entrance trying his hardest to hold back and tease himself like Wine would. It felt good, but it wasn’t enough. He just couldn’t scratch the itch that Wine had caused with his usual techniques. He needed more, he needed to imagine something else, something that would take his fantasies to the next level.

“Turn Around.”

“oh fuck.” Honey groaned and bucked on his fingers. Wine’s voice may have only been in his mind but his imagination was doing an incredible job of the imitating that gravelly tone. He flipped himself over to his front, keening into the couch cushion when he spread his legs to push more fingers inside his dripping magic. While he had no idea how Wine was going to feel inside him, he knew that the guy had excellent control of his magic. So whatever he decided to form was going to be effective in giving Honey the time of his life.

The moment that Wine entered him Honey was screaming, grasping onto the cushion in front of him just to regain some balance. Wine slammed into him repeatedly, hard and deep, making tears pool in his sockets. Honey’s legs became shaky but Wine hooked an arm around his waist to support him, leaning in close to whisper against his skull.

“Do You Like That?” Wine punctuated his words with jerks of his hips, making Honey’s answer come in the form of a high pitched whine. “Tell Me How Much You Love Me Inside You.”

“ah w-wine, gods i want you so fucking much.” Honey moaned into the cushion as he shoved his fingers in as hard as he could. He could feel his climax building, he moved his other hand between his legs to play with his clit. He wanted Wine there so much it hurt, he groaned in frustration as he begged the Wine in his mind to be here for real. “please-i want- i’m gonna!”
"Cum For Me Honey."

“ah fuck!” Honey had the sense to bite down on the cushion in front of him as his climax finally hit. He came hard, but even as he was riding himself through Honey knew that he’d only made his situation worse. That desire and pitiful pining he’d been trying to ignore was back with a vengeance, leaving him feeling unbelievably unsatisfied about being alone. He flopped onto his back with a sigh before remembering that he’d left his cigarettes up in his room. Honey did a quick check to make doubly sure he hadn’t woken Blue up, pulled off his skirt, and then used it to clean up the puddle his magic had made.

After a sluggish detour to the laundry out of the way, Honey hopped onto the windowsill in his bedroom for a smoke. No matter what kind of sex he had, a few smokes were usually enough to chill him out again. When he lit up the third cigarette in a row Honey knew he had a problem, and no matter what he tried that deep red magic wasn’t going to leave his mind any time soon.

It was going to be a very long week.

Honey tried his best to busy himself with other things; seeing his friends, his jobs, letting Blue explain the nuances of puzzle construction to him for the 3rd time that week. But every distraction he tried always ended up with his thoughts straying back to Wine and their approaching first date. Honey would hear his friends mention his name in passing, he’d serve couples out on dates at his hot dog stand, hell even talking to Blue wasn’t safe. It wasn’t lost on Honey how Blue was trying to imitate his more worldly counterpart. No matter how much he tried to be subtle about it. While it meant a lot that Blue enthusiastically approved of his choice in a ‘date-mate’, the constant reminders were doing nothing to help Honey’s nerves. or his libido Honey had thought about calling over one of the skeletons he had a casual arrangement with to let off some steam, but it just didn’t feel right. For one, no matter how much Honey enjoyed being with any of his past or casual partners, it would feel like he was using while thinking of someone else. It didn’t seem fair on Wine either. They were by no means exclusive, but word travelled fast within their little group and he didn’t want to give off the wrong impression. Honey had no idea how Wine felt about him seeing other people, and he didn’t want to run the risk of offending or upsetting the other skeleton before they’d even started dating. He knew he was jumping the gun a little, but if Wine wanted to pursue an actual relationship, then Honey would be more than happy if it was exclusive. The idea of being Wine's boyfriend or similar was very appealing.

So he resigned himself to flying solo as the days dragged by. But no matter how many times his magic became excited when his mind wandered, nothing seemed satisfying. He became more and more frustrated until he resorted to strapping a dildo to his pillow and riding it until he passed out. It was more exercise that he had done in months, but the vision of Wine underneath him was more than enough motivation. The next day he woke up sore, but he had at least managed to soothe his desires enough to be able to function that day. Honey just had to try and not imagine what it would be like to experience the real thing. He did not spend his entire sentry shift that day pushing away thoughts of phantom hands running up his sides as he bounced on top of a firm body underneath him. Definitely not.

The day before Honey’s date with Wine he was awoken by a series of rapid knocks on his bedroom door. He assumed it was Blue wanting to complain about some housework he had ‘forgotten’ to do, but when he shouted there was only more knocks in reply. He was very surprised when he opened the door and had to move his eyes upwards to meet the gaze of someone with a face so similar to his own. Blue must have let Coffee into the house, but the death stare that he currently wore would have tipped Blue off to the reason why he had come over. Considering that Blue was nowhere to be seen, it was clear Coffee’s expression had been reserved for only him.
“h-hey buddy, how you doing?” Honey grimaced when he got no answer, just more malice projected right at him. He could even make out what he assumed was ‘Angry boy’ on Coffee’s hoodie, but most of his front was covered by a large black box. Honey tried to push down thoughts of the box concealing torture devices and smile despite his fear. “what y-you got there?”

Coffee shoved the box into his arms abrupt, pushing past Honey with the same movement and plonking himself down on Honey’s desk. Honey breathed a silent sigh of relief, knowing if there was anything in here meant to hurt him then it was unlikely Coffee would have handed it to him. With shaking hands he reached for the label and tried not to squeal like a schoolgirl when he saw his name written on it in a very distinct font. The package was from Wine, but Honey knew he needed to do some damage control before he opened it. That and he really wanted to be alone, he didn’t know what was in here and thought that privacy would be best for both his and Coffee’s sakes. He placed the box carefully on his dresser before turning his attention back to his double.

“i-is this from your bro?” Honey asked tentatively, almost folding in on himself in shame when Coffee rolled his eyes and nodded. “i’m guessing you know all about tomorrow then, yeah?” The dark expression was back on Coffee’s face, he was managing look really intimidating even from across the room. Honey thought of all the ways he could try and sweet-talk his way out of the situation to save himself, but even if he managed to pull a fast one Coffee would eventually see right through him. And then resent him. There was no point in trying to play games with someone just as skilled at deception as he was.. “a-and you’re here to warn me if i fuck up i’m dead, right?”

Honey’s direct approach did surprise Coffee for a second, his eyes went wide before he shook himself out of it and pulled a small book from his hoodie pocket. Honey knew what Coffee’s black book meant; it was his secret weapon, his way of dealing out justice in his universe. It didn’t end well for anyone whose name wound up in its pages. Honey could feel beads of sweat dripping down his skull, but he had an idea. If he and Coffee were as similar as he thought, then all of this was because he just wanted to protect his brother. It seemed odd considering their huge age gap and the fact that Coffee had practically been raised single-handedly by his older brother. But he and Blue were similar, even if to a much lesser extent. Coffee wanted to protect his brother and the only way he knew how was by threatening the ‘enemy’.

“listen pal, i get it. i’m the same way about blue. even though they’re the older ones, they still need us looking out for them right?” Honey said with what he hoped looked like a genuine smile as he slowly walked up to where Coffee was sitting. “i have no plans to hurt him coffee, if i’m being honest i really like him. and no matter our differences, me and you are the same deep down-” Despite his fears over Coffee freaking out he reached out and placed a hand on the other skeleton’s shoulder. “-and you’d never do anything to hurt to him would you?”

Coffee considered this for a long moment before tucking the book back into his pocket. He gave the briefest of smiles before jumping off the desk and walking out of Honey’s room. Honey followed him just to make sure he wasn’t going to sneak back up on him and watched Coffee leaving from the top of the stairs. Coffee paused before closing the door behind him, looked right at Honey, and then did the old ‘point at my eyes and then point at you’ to let Honey know he wasn’t off the hook yet. Honey exhaled heavily when he heard the door slam. He and Coffee might not be becoming best friends any time soon, but at least that hadn’t been a total disaster. He had been worried about approaching Coffee about dating his brother, but it seemed Wine hadn’t had the same reservations. Which reminded him, he still had a very important package to open.

Honey went back into his room, closing and locking the door carefully as he approached the package. Now his life wasn’t being threatened he was able to notice more about the box. The
material of the box looked expensive, all shiny and clean with no hint of cardboard. It was fastened together with a black satin bow, making the whole package discreet yet stylish. Honey had planned to tear it apart, but it felt wrong to destroy something so nice despite it just being packaging. Once he unfastened the bow he lifted the lid off carefully, almost gasping when he saw what was inside. Honey wasn’t sure what the garment was at first glance since it was folded neatly, but he recognised spider silk when he saw it. He resisted the urge to pull it out in favour of opening the note on top, the sight of Wine’s font again making his soul race.

_Honey,_

_Forgive Me For Not Delivering This In Person, But I Wanted You To Have Time To Try The Dress On Privately Before Our Date. I Hope You Do Not Find This Too Forward Or Inappropriate, But I Did Not Want You To Feel Under-Dressed For Tomorrow’s Destination. If It Is Not To Your Liking Or Requires Adjustments, Please Do Not Hesitate To Call And I Will Endeavour To Solve Any Issues. Yours,_

_Wine._

By the time he’d finished reading the note Honey’s whole body was tingling. His frequent fantasies about Wine’s voice made it easy to imagine him saying every word. He placed the letter down to the side, intending on keeping it to read it again later, and carefully pulled the dress out of the box. Honey couldn’t believe how beautiful it was; the soft peach of the fabric was a perfect compliment to his shade of magic. But what surprised him the most was how soft it looked. He could tell it was form fitting in places but the long sleeves and floor length skirt didn’t look constricting like he assumed would be the case for such a formal gown. Wine hadn’t just picked out a dress that would look nice on him, he had tried to choose one that Honey would be comfortable in.

Honey wasn’t sure how to react. On the one hand, it was a very thoughtful gesture. Honey was in love with the dress before he’d even tried it on. On the other, this kind of thing wasn’t normal for a first date. Honey knew he should probably feel offended, this kind of thing for a first date was usually a red flag signalling for anyone to run as far away as possible. But coming from Wine it didn’t seem malicious or inappropriate, he probably had a nice evening planned and from what he had seen of Honey’s wardrobe ans considered that he might not have anything appropriate to wear. Which was entirely true. Honey knew it was a little unconventional, but then he imagined that courtship in Wine’s universe was a lot more direct. Honey imagined that gestures like this were a way of showing a potential partner that they could provide for them. There was so much violence and gang wars in Wine’s universe, so Honey guessed that wearing something they had provided was a way of showing a claim so that no one else would try to hurt him or steal him away.

If he was being completely honest with himself, the idea of Wine putting a claim on him wasn’t a turn-off. In fact, it was quite the opposite. It made his magic feel even more sensitive as he stripped off the clothes he was wearing. He was almost done with pulling the dress over his head when a series of excited knocks interrupted his thoughts. Blue didn’t wait for an answer, pushing open his door hard enough for it to creak on its hinges. Thankfully the dress was covering everything even if Honey was still trying to wiggle it down his body.

“Oh My Goodness Papy!” Blue exclaimed when Honey faced him with a sheepish expression, the stars in his eyes sparkling even before he’d managed to get a proper look at the dress. “Did Wine Pick This Out For You? How Nice! He Has Amazing Taste.”

Honey rolled his eyes and turned to his mirror to see what all the fuss was about. He tried not to get too disappointed, but it was hard not to when his reflection. The dress was incredible, there was no doubt about that, he just wasn’t sure that _he_ looked good in it. It fit reasonably well, but Honey knew
that it would look better if his ecto-body was a little more in proportion. His stomach protruded a little too much for his liking, and he knew that the dress would look better if his chest was fuller. He didn’t look terrible, but he doubted he was going meet Wine’s standards.

Blue noticed the way he was turning and frowning and came up behind him to pat his back reassuringly. “You Really Do Look Amazing Brother!”

“you think?” Honey sighed, he didn’t want to seem ungrateful but he just couldn’t shake that feeling of inadequacy. “i mean, it’s lovely but i don’t really look the part.”

“Don’t Be Silly, You Just Need A Few Extra Things To Complete The Outfit!” Blue made a show of scratching his mandible before his eye lights began to sparkle with ideas. “Oh, I Know!- Wait Here!”

Blue ran out of Honey’s room so fast that Honey was surprised that there wasn’t a brother shaped hole in his door. He spent a few more minutes turning in the mirror, trying to push his insecurities down and look at himself objectively. He smoothed the material down in places and readjusted the top to flatter his chest more and found the more he fiddled with it the less bad it seemed. It really did suit his complexion, and it wasn't like Wine hadn't seen him wearing something short of a potato sack and still agreed to the date. Honey straightened his posture, hoping that if he tried to look confident it would start to rub off on how he really felt. The old 'fake it till you make it' hadn't failed him yet.

Sure enough Blue came back with an armful of things for Honey to try, some of which he had no idea why the hell Blue had them around. With a complimentary pair of shoes, a small bag, and a few accessories Honey felt even more at ease with how he looked. He particularly liked the bracelet; a dozen red roses hanging off a lightweight chain. The deep red stood out from the nude shades perfectly and Honey knew Wine would notice it in an instant. If he was right about Wine wanting to mark Honey as his, then he was sure that the subtle nod to his shade of magic would go down really well. That or it would drive him crazy. Honey tried to keep his mind out of the gutter with his brother still fussing over him, but just the thought of flustering the stoic Wine was making him blush.

That night was torture. Honey’s new routine of getting off to thoughts of Wine fucking him was disrupted in favour of being a nervous wreck. He kept going over ways that he could fuck things up, only being able to sleep when he had made his way downstairs to the couch. He managed to drift off by focusing on the T.V. instead of what was playing in his mind, but Wine still managed to sneak into his dreams. Instead of nightmares, Honey actually had dreams of the date going well. Of Wine having a really good time with him. The soft kiss at the end of the dream had felt so real that Honey woke up with a summoned tongue and a pounding soul. Anticipation buzzed around his body, he was still nervous as hell but with that kiss still fresh in his mind excitement tickled his bones. Tonight was the night, and he could hardly wait.

The day went by at an excruciatingly slow pace, not helped by the fact that Honey kept checking his phone every five minutes for the time. He finished up at the hot dog stand early, keen to get himself home so he could wash up and change. Despite his usual preference for leaving everything until the last minute, Honey was ready almost an hour ahead of schedule, filling his time by pacing around his room nervously and tidying up a little. He thought about smoking to calm his nerves when he ran out of things to cram into his dresser, but he didn’t know Wine’s stance on his vice. Either way, he really didn’t want to make such a nice dress smell of smoke. He had almost caved about twenty minutes in when he heard the doorbell ring and his soul almost leap into his throat.

Wine was here to pick him up for their date.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

sorry took a little longer than i expected, but long update is longgggggg <3

small note, there is light alcohol use in this chapter- only a small amount but i’d rather say than make anyone uncomfortable :)

Honey tried to resist the urge to stare at his date as they slowly drifted along the river. He had only managed to sneak a few quick glances when Wine had come to pick him up, before he had to avert his eyes or risk making a fool of himself. Wine looked just as intimidating as usual, but at the same time, he was more alluring than ever. He wore a grey three-piece suit complete with a dark red shirt and matching accents on his coat-tails. Everything fit immaculately and was accessorized down to the evening gloves and a small pocket watch on a chain. It would have looked odd on anyone else, but Wine pulled it off effortlessly. He actually reminded Honey of a gentleman straight out of one of the period dramas Blue was so fond of.

Honey had been speechless when he had seen him, and he was still struggling with being able to keep up their small talk even now. Not only had his date’s outfit rendered Honey unable to think properly, Wine’s reaction to seeing him had been so unexpected that his skull was still burning now. Blue had let Wine in when he had rung their bell. After a few minutes of nervously listening to them talking through his bedroom door, Honey had finally gone to join them. Honey had been about halfway downstairs when he had caught Wine’s attention, the other skeleton’s grin widening when he caught Honey’s eye.

Wine had proceeded to slowly look him up and down before winking at him when Blue was turned away. It had been so quick that Honey still wasn’t sure if he had imagined it or not, but then he definitely didn’t imagine what happened next. His hand still felt tingly from when Wine had taken it into his own before leaning down and placing a chaste kiss on his carpal bones. Wine had winked at him again afterwards adding a casual ‘Shall We?’ like what he was doing was the most natural thing in the world.

Honey always thought he had pretty good game, but Wine had so much effortless charm that it made him feel unbelievably out of his depth. Wine may have seemed cold and calculating before, but that was only because that was what he wanted everyone to think. Wine was still himself, but Honey could tell even at the start of the date that this was definitely a different side of him. One that he felt privileged to witness. That and Wine seemed intent on flustering Honey and making him question just what he had gotten himself into.

Honey somehow managed not to melt into a pile of bones and left the house in one piece. Blue had waved them off making sure to let them both know, multiple times, that he was going to visit Papyrus and Sans and would not be home all night. Honey didn’t have time to get embarrassed about his brother being about as subtle as Snowdin’s canine choir. Now that they were out in public all eyes were on them. If Wine was bothered by the all staring and whispering he didn’t let it show, gladly taking Honey’s arm and leading him in the direction of the river. Usually Honey hated any kind of public affection, but the giddy feeling he got over Wine being so close was overriding everything else. Honey knew he was going to be inundated with questions about his suave looking
date for weeks to come but he didn’t mind too much. It just confirmed that this was actually happening, that he really was on a date with the skeleton of his dreams.

They had made it onto the river person’s boat without any real hassle. But for some reason, it didn’t cross Honey’s mind that the boat was really only meant for one passenger until they got there. This meant that Honey had to all but sit in Wine’s lap as they were sandwiched together on the small seat. Wine either didn’t mind or was too polite to let it show, he instead distracted Honey with simple questions about their surroundings and remarked on how it was much more pleasant looking than his universe. The rest of the journey was a mix of Wine enjoying the scenery while Honey tried to perfect the art of glancing sideways without being caught.

They were almost at their destination when Honey felt something soft brush against the hand he had in his lap. Gloved fingers lightly intertwined with his own and it took all of Honey’s restraint for him not to freak the fuck out. At first Honey had thought that Wine was just doing this to be nice, but out of the corner of his eye he just managed to make out the start of a smirk. Wine was looking straight ahead, pretending to still be completely distracted by their surroundings even while his fingers were gently stroking against Honey’s own. It was obvious Wine knew exactly what he was doing; he was purposefully testing the waters and enjoying the way Honey had completely frozen from such a small gesture. As quickly as the caressing started it was over, with Wine fishing in his pocket to tip the Riverperson as the boat pulled into the dock. Wine stepped out first before offering Honey his hand for balance, that slight smirk lingering on his features. He looked like the cat who got the cream, and something defiant inside Honey started to rear its head.

two could play at this game.

Honey accepted Wine’s hand while smiling politely, pretending like he wasn’t currently screaming inside. If Wine thought he was going to have a monopoly on him so easily, then he was mistaken. A huge part of Honey really wanted to give in, to do whatever Wine wanted, but where was the fun in that? One of the reasons he was infatuated with Wine was because he seemed so dangerous, and while Honey knew he was already in over his head he couldn’t resist the urge to try and tempt the beast. He wasn’t sure how he was going to do it, but Honey was determined to rattle his date’s calm demeanour by the end of the night.

When Wine had talked about taking him somewhere nice, Honey had assumed they were going to be going to the NTT resort restaurant. So he had to hide his confusion when they walked right past the front desk and headed towards the elevator to the capital. Honey tried to come up with places in the capital that would be considered ‘fancy’ but the only places he knew were a few dive bars and one place that was more of a club than a restaurant. The penny finally dropped for Honey when Wine guided them around a corner and their destination came into view.

They were walking up to the private dining hall, one reserved for the likes of the Queen and members of her court. and the head of her guard. Honey could feel his soul pounding as Wine approached the doorman, unable to speak when he smiled at them both and ushered them inside without a moment's hesitation.

To say that the dining hall was stunning would have been an understatement. The hall was adorned with exquisite paintings with accents painted on the walls in gold leaf. But the most impressive aspect was the glass ceiling with dozens of lights attached, making the cave walls shine and sparkle like stars. Honey only realised he’d been staring the entire time with watering sockets when he heard Wine pull out a chair to their table for him. Honey almost tripped over his dress in an effort to try and regain his composure, only daring to speak openly when their waiter had left them alone with their menus.
“h-how the hell did you get reservations here?” Honey said in an exaggerated whisper after looking around to make sure that no one was listening in.

“I Had An Audience With The Queen Earlier This Week.” Wine replied nonchalantly as he set his menu down, his expression and posture softening in an effort to put Honey at ease. “I Know I Have No Standing Here, But I Explained Who I Was, And That This Establishment In My Universe Had Long Since Been Overrun By A Dangerous Gang.” he smiled sincerely as he placed his hand over Honey’s again, dropping his voice “Don’t Look So Concerned Honey, I Was Very Respectful And The Queen Was More Than Happy To Oblige.”

Honey flushed further at the contact, his earlier bravado momentarily lost “but...why did you bring me here? i’m not-” he said, regret washing over him instantly as his thoughts came out without a filter. “i-i don’t exactly belong here.”

Wine looked ready to reply but was interrupted by the waiter coming back with their drinks. In Honey’s earlier shock he had agreed to try the wine, and had let his date pick considering how much more experienced they were. Honey wasn’t usually a big fan of alcohol, but he assumed that the piss water he drank was terrible in comparison to anything served here. He watched as Wine uncorked the bottle unable to tear his eyes away from the other skeleton’s face as he poured him a small glass. Wine took care in everything he did, even with things that were considered menial tasks, and Honey couldn’t believe that such an interesting and charming skeleton was actually on a date with him.

“This Is As Much For Me As It Is For You.” Wine started when he was sure they were alone again, bringing Honey out of his trance. “I Am Old Enough To Remember When The Dining Hall In My Universe Looked Like This, But I Was Not In A High Enough Standing To Do Anything But Admire It From Afar.” Wine waited until Honey had taken a sip of his drink to add anything else, leaning forward slightly so that only Honey would be able to hear him. “In My Opinion, This Is An Appropriate Place For Someone As Exquisite As You”

Wine’s smirk was back as Honey’s skull quickly turned bright orange. Here he was thinking that he’d be able to outmanoeuvre the guy and try to fluster him, while Wine was completely flooring him with minimal effort. Wine’s dating skills were in a whole other league and he knew it, sipping on his drink while still sporting that fucking smirk. Honey was thankfully saved by another distraction as the waiter took their food order, finding his composure easier to regain when he had something else to focus on. He could feel his soul hammering heavily as his magic buzzed with excitement. Even though Honey was sure Wine’s complement had been in part to try and see his reaction, the other skeleton had just called him exquisite. If that wasn’t a confession of genuine attraction he didn’t know what was.

Most of their meal went by without incident, causing Honey to visibly unwind and start to really enjoy himself despite his lingering nerves. Wine was still reserved but the relaxed atmosphere was getting to him as well. He gave more than one-word answers, his voice becoming rich with expression as he shared anecdotes about his time as captain of the guard. He even told a few jokes, something which Honey would have never expected. What was nice was that Wine didn’t dominate the conversation either, happy to listen to whatever Honey had to say no matter how dull Honey found himself in comparison. Wine actively engaged him in a conversation about constellations, with Honey becoming animated in his explanations of the similarities between the roof of the cave and what he had seen in textbooks. Honey’s soul may have no longer felt like it was going a mile a minute, but it fluttered whenever he caught Wine smiling at him.

But the entire mood shifted when it came to dessert.

Their meal had been pretty filling so they had agreed to share something instead of eating
individually. Since he had picked their drinks, Wine insisted that Honey choose their dessert on account of his sweet tooth. Honey had been shocked to find a variety of nice cream on the menu, but then the Queen was known to be fond of the sweet treat herself. Honey had been excited to get Wine to try his favourite flavour, but in his enthusiasm had forgotten to ask for an additional spoon. By the time he realised the waiter was already walking away and there was no way in hell he was going to raise his voice in a place like this.

Wine didn’t seem to mind at all, picking up the singular spoon and scooping some of the ice cream up onto it. He brought the spoon into his mouth and Honey stared transfixed as he watched the ice cream fizzle into magic on Wine’s tongue. Wine’s eye lights met his, but rather than smirk at Honey he finished his mouthful and then moved his chair around the table until he was sitting much closer.

Wine got another spoonful, leaning into Honey so that he could bring it toward his mouth. “Here, Let Me.”

Honey felt hypnotised. He automatically opened his mouth and let Wine spoon feed him the nice cream. It tingled on his tongue, making his already excited magic feel extra sensitive to the cold substance. Wine continued this way of sharing, switching between feeding them both while complimenting Honey’s choice in flavour. Honey tried to keep his cool, trying not to think about how close they were, or how the spoon had been in Wine’s mouth right before it was going into his. As they were finishing a little bit of melted ice cream went onto Honey’s chin only to be wiped away by Wine’s thumb a moment later. Honey found it kind of romantic until Wine brought his thumb to his mouth and licked the ice cream away without breaking eye contact. That mental image was sure to keep Honey up for weeks.

Their meal came to a close all too soon with both of them taking a little too long to finish their drinks. Honey was trying to think of ways to prologue saying goodbye as they neared the exit, but luckily Wine was one step ahead of him again.

“I Am Aware That You Universe Is Safe To Travel In.” Wine said after checking his pocket watch and offering his arm to for Honey to take again. “But I Would Like To Escort You Home Regardless.”

It didn’t matter that Honey knew the way home like the back of his hand, or the fact that he could shortcut and remove the need to journey home entirely. Wine wanted to take him home, and if he wanted to take him home then maybe he’d want to-

“yeah! i’d love that.” Honey blurted out, wincing when Wine’s eyes went wide at his choice of words. “i mean it’s fine. i um- i’d really enjoy your company.”

Wine gave Honey a sincere smile before leading them both back through the capital towards the river. Honey was thankful that his slip of the tongue hadn’t been brought up, but he felt his earlier nerves creep back up. He was having such a nice time, and he knew that neither of them wanted the date to end just yet, but how far was too far? It was such a hard thing to judge. On the one hand, he doubted an invitation back to his house would offend Wine, and he wouldn’t accept if he really didn’t want too. But there was a voice in the back of Honey’s mind telling him that it was too much too soon. He was terrified of fucking up, offending Wine by moving too fast and then losing out on the opportunity of dating him again. But on the other hand, if both he and Wine actually wanted the same thing, then Honey would be kicking himself for missing out.

Honey would have probably gone into a full meltdown if he didn’t feel Wine’s hand coming down to interlace with his properly. They were only holding hands, but gods it was making Honey feel like his soul was strong enough to smash the barrier right now. He needed to stop worrying and just listen to himself and do what felt right for them. Which right now was him grinning happily as they walked
back through the capital and towards the river.

Being sandwiched next to Wine definitely felt a lot more comfortable than their previous journey, and Honey could tell that his date was feeling more relaxed too. His hand had never really left Honey’s until he went fishing for something in his suit pocket. Of all the things that Honey expected Wine to pull out, a pack of cigarettes didn’t even come close to being on the list. They were in a different box to the ones Honey usually smoked, but he had heard of the brand and did enjoy them. Honey must have looked as shocked as he felt, with Wine chuckling before placing one of the smokes in his mouth and lighting up.

“Would You Like One?” Wine asked after taking his first drag, pushing one of the cigarettes out of the box towards Honey.

“s-sure?” Honey replied shakily, pulling out the smoke before adding “sorry it just surprised me is all, i didn’t know you smoked.”

“I Usually Prefer Cigars, But I Assumed You Would Have Similar Tastes To My Brother” Wine explained. He waited until Honey had the cigarette in his mouth before leaning in to press the end of his smoke against Honey’s to light it. It was the oldest trick in the book, but Wine somehow managed to make it feel like the sexiest thing Honey had ever experienced. “I Hope You Didn’t Think I Was Going To Try And Stop You, Did You?” Wine laughed again when Honey averted his eyes. “I Agreed To Date You Honey, I Don’t Want You To Feel Like You Need To Hide Parts Of Yourself Around Me.”

Honey could still feel his cheeks burning but he forced himself to make eye contact again, smiling shyly before taking a drag of his cigarette. He felt more at ease knowing that Wine wasn’t expecting him to stand on ceremony, but the way his eye lights kept flicking towards Honey’s mouth made him feel hot. He briefly pondered about what else he could do with his mouth to get more of this attention but had to stop when his mind went straight towards filth. Some of Wine’s smoke was blown back into his face by the wind but Honey didn’t care. He’d tried hot boxing before in the past, but even though he really wanted to kiss Wine and feel his smoke fill his skull Honey knew it was probably a step too far.

Or, at least, not something they should really be doing in public.

All too soon they found themselves outside of Honey’s house, finishing their smokes as Honey fumbled with his keys. He had managed to come up with a plan to invite Wine inside on the journey home, but he found the prospect of actually asking him was making his mouth feel dry. Honey unlocked the door and took a deep breath before facing Wine with a nervous smile. It was now or never.

“would you like to come in? i think we still have that bottle of wine from the other day. It would be a shame to waste it— crap Honey knew he was rambling, but he couldn’t stop himself. “ b-but don’t worry, you don’t have to! It’s late- a-and i understand if you don’t want—”

“Yes, I’d Love That.” Wine cut him off, winking when Honey’s eyes widened at his mimicking of his earlier slip of the tongue.

After taking a few minutes to freak out in the kitchen Honey joined Wine in the living room with the bottle and two glasses. He poured himself a smaller glass, not wanting to actually get tipsy considering his low tolerance but rather just to take the edge of his nerves. Conversation flowed more freely now that they were truly alone and it wasn’t long before Honey found himself inching closer to Wine on the couch. Their conversation had turned a little flirty, and Honey could feel his confidence growing whenever Wine took the bait. Noticing that his date’s glass was empty he filled
it up and noticed the bottle was pretty much done. He saw the opportunity to try and see if he could move things along. Despite his lingering reservations he decided to take it.

“that’s the last of it.” Honey said as he set the bottle down on the table before turning back to Wine. They were sitting so much closer now, and he could hear the hammering of his soul against his shaking bones. “but you can still stay a little longer if you want?”

Wine didn’t go for his refilled glass like Honey had expected, choosing instead to mimic Honey’s body language and move closer himself. “What Exactly Are You Implying Honey?”

“I thought we could have a little-” Honey had a movement of bravery and ran his hand up Wine’s leg, trying to hide the way his brow furrowed when the other skeleton didn’t even flinch “-f-fun.”

“According To The Dating Manual, This Isn't An Activity Suitable For A First Date”

Honey’s first instinct was to back down, to apologize for taking it too far but he stopped himself. Wine wasn’t moving away and his eye lights were flickering all over Honey’s dress. Wine was Teasing him. He was clearly interested even if he was enjoying making Honey squirm a little first. And if that was the case, then Honey saw no harm in teasing him back. He had been waiting for an opportunity to tempt the beast after all.

Honey moved the hand on Wine’s leg a little higher, coming dangerously close to the top of his femur as he murmured in what he hoped was a seductive tone. “do you always let a book tell you what to do?”

Wine’s eye lights went wide and then showed the faintest glimmer of sparkles, giving away his true feelings even if the rest of him was as steady as a rock. “Touché.” he whispered, moving one of his hands up to cradle Honey’s chin. “If You’re Sure...” he added moving closer until his face was inches away from Honey’s own.

Honey felt his sockets get heavy as he prepared for the first kiss he’d been waiting for, his soul fluttering as the suspense almost killed him. But Wine didn’t go in for the kill, he hissed through his teeth before drawing back, leaving Honey a confused and rapidly flushing mess.

“Actually, I’d Like To See You Remove Your Dress First.”

Honey actually squealed, the request catching him completely off guard.“w-what?” he stuttered, snapping his sockets back open.

“I Don’t Think You Want To Ruin Your New Dress, Do You?” Wine had a smug smile when the penny finally dropped for Honey. They were going to be doing a lot more than kissing. Honey shook his head and Wine’s smile grew wider, he nudged Honey to his feet before grabbing his glass and taking a slow sip before adding “Good. Strip.”

The dress was a little more awkward to get off than it was to put on so Honey backed up a few paces to give himself some room. Wine’s eye lights never left his as he reclined on the couch, sipping his drink as he waited patiently for Honey to begin. If Honey was being honest with himself he enjoyed having all of Wine’s attention. He was still nervous but the fact that he was in control right now gave him a surge of confidence. Honey slowly unzipped the back of the dress, careful to not let it fall forward until he was ready. He pulled his arms out of the sleeves just as slow, his confidence growing again when he heard Wine inhale sharper than usual.

Honey getting too flustered to face Wine as he inched the dress downwards. So he turned around and gave Wine a view of the open back before letting the front fall. He mentally thanked himself for
having the sense to put on a decent pair of underwear earlier, he knew that the cut of them made his
ass look somewhat decent. The dress fell to the floor a little faster than Honey intended, making him
a little shaky considering he was now only wearing panties. It took Honey a few moments to pluck
up the courage to turn around, but his soul sank when he finally did.

Wine looked exactly the same as he had been before. He still had a slight smile but his body hadn’t
reacted to seeing him practically naked at all. There wasn’t even the glow of magic coming from his
pants. Honey felt all of those self-conscious thoughts suddenly flood back into his mind.

“oh i’m um sorry, do you want me to put it back on?” Honey asked, really wishing that he hadn’t
dropped the dress. He couldn’t pick it up without uncovering his chest, something which he knew
was just going to make the situation worse.

Wine reacted then. His eyes had been roaming around Honey’s body but now his brow bone was
furrowed in confusion. “Whatever Gave You That Impression?” Wine set his glass down on the
table, making a show of looking Honey up and down again. “I’m Enjoying The View Very
Much.”

Honey wasn’t sure what to think bar feeling stupid for questioning his date. He tried to explain
where he was coming from but it just came out as nervous rambling. “but you’re not- i mean you
don’t- you’re magic hasn’t-”

“My Magic Won’t Do Anything Unless I Want It To. I Can’t Afford To Not Be In Complete
Control Of Myself At All Times, Considering My Station.” Wine smiled, beckoning Honey closer
with one of his fingers.

Wine waited until Honey was close enough to touch before grabbing both of his arms to pull them
away from where he had them over his chest. Honey tried to fight the instinct to hide and let Wine
pull his arms down, flushing a bright shade of orange as his chest was revealed. Wine was running
his gloved hands soothingly over Honey’s arms as he looked at him like he was trying to hold
himself back from devouring him completely. Honey whimpered when Wine’s hands moved
inwards to lightly brush just above his panty line, the teasing touch promising so much more to come.

“But I Understand Why My Lack Of Reaction May Come As A Surprise.” Wine mused as his hands
drifted even lower until his hands were resting dangerously close to Honey’s clothed pussy. “You
Seem To Be Unable To Control Your Magic At All If Your Undergarments Are Anything To Go
By.”

Honey tried to recoil but Wine was quicker. He wrapped an arm around Honey’s waist to pull him
even closer, with Honey having to place one of his knees on the couch just to stop himself from
topping over. He knew that he was already wet, but he was mortified to notice that some of his
magic had already seeped through and made the bottom of his panties tinged orange. Wine didn’t
seem put off at all though, he moved his spare hand between Honey’s legs to it across the now
ruined panties. Honey gasped as his legs began to shake, not quite able to comprehend that Wine
was actually fucking touching him.

“Is This Something You Have To Deal With Often?” Wine’s teasing tone returned as his hand
moved properly between Honey’s legs, running the tips of his fingers over his clothed folds. “Tell
Me, When Was The Last Time You Touched Yourself?”

“i-i” Honey tried to come up with some way of playing down the truth, but it was so hard when
Wine was driving him crazy with barely-there touches. He knew Wine would be able to see right
through him if he lied, so that wasn’t an option if he wanted to stay on the other skeleton’s good side.
“i haven’t been able to stop doing it all week.”
Wine’s grin became even wider at the confession and Honey had to wonder if he ever used it for intimidation tactics. Because it was definitely working on him. Wine pressed his fingers against Honey’s pussy hard enough to make him jerk before withdrawing his hand completely. Honey watched as Wine removed his gloves unable to hold back his shiver of anticipation. Sure enough, Wine’s hand returned to where it was previously. But this time he pushed his sodden panties to the side so that he could run his rough digits across Honey’s magic without restrictions.

“Tell Me More.” Wine instructed in a voice that sounded impossibly low. He ran his bare fingertips across Honey’s folds, easily locating his clit and making him have to bite back a moan. “What Exactly Do You Do? What Are You Thinking About?”

“i’ve been using my-ah- fingers and hah- riding a toy on my pillow” Honey confessed, his eyes rolling back in his skull as two of Wine’s fingers circled around his entrance. He had to move his own hands to Wine’s shoulders just to keep himself upright, bringing them both even closer than before. Honey could feel Wine’s hot breath against his sensitive ecto-body and it was driving him crazy. “i’ve been thinking about you, imagining that you’re fucking me instead.”

This close Honey could feel Wine actually shiver, his words finally starting to crack his date’s composure. He didn’t have the chance to gloat though, Wine finally pushed his fingers inside Honey slowly making him moan despite his best efforts to keep quiet. The arm Wine had around Honey loosened so that he could move his free hand all over Honey’s body. The part of Honey that felt self-conscious was getting smaller as that hand didn’t leave anything untouched. It was like Wine couldn’t get enough of his body. Wine’s fingers inside him shifted so that he was touching that spot inside him that made him see stars. That coupled with Wine’s thumb seeking out his oversensitive clit made Honey feel close already. He could hardly believe it, he was pretty quick by himself but with anyone else it usually took him longer to get there. But he was just so worked up and Wine knew exactly what to do to make Honey putty in his hands.

“I’m Very Pleased To Hear That Honey. You’re Doing Really Well. But-” Wine looked up and flashed Honey a lecherous look before his fingers started to piston in and out of him faster. “Tell Me, What Goes Through Your Head When You’re Reaching Your Climax.”

“oh gods wine, holy shit!” Honey whined and bucked on the fingers inside of him. It was hard for him to even make a coherent thought as Wine drove him towards the edge but didn’t quite push him over. “i think about seeing your face when you- fuck- i -th-think about what you would feel like inside me and- ah!-” Wine’s thumb pressed against him just right, making Honey’s magic feel like it was going to explode. It was too much, he was too fucking close “i-i think about you saying my name- hah! wine i’m gonna- oh fuck!”

"Look At Me When You Cum Honey.”

Honey did as he was told, cumming hard when he saw Wine’s eye lights sparkling back at him with pure lust. He looked so much better than what Honey had been imagining, Wine was so intense and alluring Honey could feel himself tingling all over when he had to slump forward to get his breath back. The sound of Wine unzipping his pants reminded Honey this was far from over, but he still whined when Wine’s fingers left him and made him feel empty. He watched as Wine pulled his fingers in front of his face to inspect them and gasped when Wine’s tongue wrapped around them without breaking eye contact. just like he had done with the fucking nice cream. Even though Honey had just came he could already feel his magic throbbing in response.

When the feeling came back to his legs, Wine helped Honey move back to his feet. At some point, Wine must have summoned his cock, but Honey couldn’t believe he didn’t notice it pressing against him considering how big he looked. While Wine may have boasted earlier about being in control of
his magic the pre-come bubbling at the head of his deep red cock told another story. Honey felt his mouth go dry at the thought of taking him, there was no doubt in his mind that Wine knew exactly how to use that to make him scream. He watched Wine grip himself and stroke down slowly, clearly enjoying Honey’s reaction more than he would ever admit.

Thinking quickly Honey sank to his knees. Despite having less experience than Wine did, Honey knew that his oral skills were pretty good. For a second Wine looked like he was going to protest, but Honey wrapping his tongue around the shaft of his cock stopped him from saying anything. Wine’s taste was making his head spin, and Honey was tempted to start touching himself from how much this was turning him on. But he needed to focus if he was going to make this as good for Wine as possible. He concentrated on forming a pseudo throat and then proceeded to take Wine as far into his mouth as he would go.

Wine’s reaction was instant. He went from reclining back and watching Honey with an amused expression to hunching forward as his pupils all but disappeared. Surprisingly Wine wasn’t as silent as Honey had anticipated, the low groans as his hips jerked into Honey’s mouth weren’t quiet at all. Honey moaned in appreciation, sending vibrations through Wine’s cock and making him gasp. Wine’s hands were soothing against his skull, gentle compared to the movement of his hips, showing Honey that he was still in control even as he let himself indulge in Honey’s warm mouth. But when Honey moved back to suckle on the head of Wine’s cock the other skeleton groaned, pulled Honey back into his lap, and clashed their teeth together harshly.

their first kiss.

Honey whimpered as his mouth was filled with Wine’s tongue, melting into the other skeleton’s embrace as their kiss deepened. He could taste Wine’s magic mixed with his own on the other skeleton’s tongue and he guessed Wine was experiencing the same with his. Honey let Wine gently nudge his legs until he was straddling him fully and moaned into the kiss when he felt the head of Wine’s cock slide against his wet folds. Wine’s hands moved to grab Honey’s ass so he could grind him against his cock, making them both kiss the other harder from the incredible feeling. Honey was pretty sure he could have cum again from this alone, having to break the kiss with a loud moan when he felt Wine’s cock slip inside him.

Wine dragged out the moment for as long as he could, his firm grip on Honey’s ass making it so he was able to sink inside Honey slowly. Honey had wanted Wine to be rough, to pound him until he wasn’t able to walk, but he had other ideas. Wine started to rock against him slowly, each time being able to move deeper inside until Honey was completely full. Honey would have bent down to kiss him again but Wine pulled him flush against his body and attached his mouth to one of Honey’s nipples. Honey gasped and arched as Wine continued his slow pace while kneading his ass and lapping at his chest.

Honey had never really came down from his previous high so his second climax crept up on him quickly. His whole pseudo-body felt tingly with magic as Wine stimulated him inside out. Wine’s hips were rolling up into him and hitting spots Honey didn’t even know he had, but it just wasn’t enough to get him to cum. He was soon a panting and sweating mess, held on the edge but with Wine never quite giving him enough. He endured endless minutes of this sweet torture before his body began moving on its own accord. Honey grasped at the other skeleton’s shoulders and moved up and down, impaling himself on Wine’s cock. Wine went to stop him at first but then chuckled when Honey mewled in desperation. Even through Honey’s lust-fuelled haze, he knew that he’d crossed a line when Wine’s grip tightened and he helped Honey’s hips slam down.

Honey’s head was thrown back in a silent scream as he came again, shaking all over as his whole body buzzed with his climax. He was about to apologize for what he had done when he realised that
Wine was still slamming him down on his cock. One look at the other skeleton’s face told Honey that Wine didn’t plan on stopping anytime soon. His socket was burning with magic as he grinned impossibly wide, his hands gripping onto Honey hard enough to mark his over-sensitive flesh.

“wine please i’m- oh fuck- i can’t any more. ah!” Honey scrambled to find an anchor on the other skeleton’s bones, the press of Wine’s clothed spine against his clit making it hard for him to regain control of his shaking limbs.

“I Think You Can, You Were Very Adamant About Going Faster A Moment Ago.” Wine teased before pausing to graze his teeth lightly across Honey’s chest. “- And Don’t Hold Your Voice, I Want To Hear You”

Without any further warnings, Wine bit down on Honey’s flesh lightly. With how worked up Honey gave him a strange mix of pleasure and pain, something he’d never really experienced before but instantly wanted more of. As soon as Wine pulled away he was pounding into Honey again, making Honey’s whole body shake as he struggled to stay upright. He slumped forward moaning and gasping as Wine took full control of slamming into him. In this position Wine’s cock was bottoming out on every thrust and Honey could tell he was going to cum again whether he was ready to or not.

“wine, holy fuck you feel so good i’m-hhhmn!” Honey almost screamed as another tremor hit him, the start of his climax making his magic pulse.

“I Can Feel Your Cunt Tightening Around Me, You’re Close Again Aren’t You?” Wine’s voice was still steady, but his voice as cracking. Underneath the commanding tone there was something so intense and so raw that Honey could feel himself shivering all over. Wine’s thrusts became jerky, clearly getting close himself. “Not Just Yet, Don’t Cum Until I Tell You.”

“w-what? I can’t it feels too good-”

“I Know, You Feel So Good Around Me Honey. Fuck-” Wine growled as his control began to slip, his hands digging into Honey’s hips as he looked up at the skeleton bouncing on top of him. “I’m Going To Fill You Up- Cum With Me Honey- Cum With Me Buried Inside You”

Honey’s jaw was hanging open lewdly, curses and pleas for more spilling out of his mouth with nothing to hold them back. But he didn’t care that Wine saw him like this, there was no way in hell Honey was going to miss seeing the other skeleton cum. Wine was bottoming out with each thrust, his breathing heavy and laboured before his deep eyes started to change. Honey saw them morph into hearts for a split second before Wine moaned and came hard inside him. Just like he’d been told, Honey came with him. His pussy was rhythmically squeezing Wine’s cock, milking it fully before he collapsed forward again and shuddered as Wine’s thrusts slowed to a stop.

Honey could feel their fluids dripping down onto Wine and shuddered at the thought of being made to clean that up later. But Wine surprised him again with being very gentle in helping Honey off him, setting him down on the sofa, and then gently kissing him before offering to run him a bath. Honey sleepily accepted, knowing that he needed to get clean. He hadn’t expected Wine to join him, moving Honey to sit between his legs as he soothed his hands all over his body. Eventually he let Honey turn around and they shared a kiss that would have Honey giggling for days afterwards whenever he remembered it.

It was the early hours of the morning when Wine reluctantly had to leave, having dragged out their wonderful evening for as long as possible. He had work to do tomorrow, and unlike Honey didn’t have the ability to call in sick. If Wine missed work it would be showing a sign of weakness, something that would put both he and his brother at risk. Honey was still only wrapped in a towel and even though the temptation to slip it off and get Wine to stay was strong, he wasn’t that much of
a selfish asshole. They were from entirely different universes and he respected that. Still, he found it hard not to pout as Wine untangled himself from where he and Honey had been snuggled together on the couch again.

“My Next Evening Off Is This Saturday.” Wine murmured while trailing a finger across Honey’s cheekbone. “But I Really Can’t Stay Another Moment Longer, No Matter How Much Want To.”

For a brief moment there was so much sadness in Wine's eyes, but it was quickly replaced with his default stoic expression. Now Honey had seen parts of Wine he would never forget it was clear that this was his front, just like the ‘flirty jokester’ was his. Wine gave Honey one last kiss before pulling on his jacket and dress shoes. He made sure Honey was at least mostly covered before opening the front door, the chill of the night air making Honey shiver.

“Oh Honey?” Wine said before closing the door behind him, looking back at Honey with a wicked grin on his face. “I Want You To Save Yourself For Our Date, You Can Edge Yourself But You Can’t Cum. Don’t Disappoint Me, I’ll Know If You Have.”

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