Contracting Pneumonia for Dummies

by Effing (Ramen)

Summary

It's raining and Giorno is tired of beating around the bush.

Notes

Will this get it out of my system until the next ship comes along? \_(ツ)_/\

Probably neither of them actually catches pneumonia from this. I'm not quite that horrible.

It's quiet in Giorno's office: an old clock ticking, rain on the balcony, the shuffling of papers. Jotaro is here, going through the records of Passione's Stand users which had been Diavolo's alone before his untimely demise. Giorno is supposed to be seeing to the gang's more pressing concerns, but… well. Jotaro is a distraction, jacket off for once and his shirt fitted so tight she can kind of see his abs from the right angle. Apparently that's just his style, so on its own she can't read too much into it, but sometimes before today he'd touch her knee or rest a hand briefly at the small of her back, she's felt the weight of his gaze and even caught him looking. He didn't even try to hide it earlier today, when she sidled up close to him and he took a quick peek down the front of her dress, so Giorno knows she could make this happen.

She thinks she wants to make this happen. She wants to go over there right now, tug the hem of his
shirt up, and lick all over his chest and belly, but she doesn't think he'd appreciate the interruption or the sudden fondling. Giorno pushes away from her desk and slowly spins in her chair, surveying the office for ideas. Everything she sees makes a better hard surface than a tool of seduction, so by the time she swings back around to look out onto the balcony she's just frustrated enough to accept it as her best option.

"I'm going to get some fresh air," she tells Jotaro as she stands and crosses to the balcony. He makes an affirmative noise and continues his work. She can't see whether he's paying attention, but a moment after she opens the door she feels eyes on her back. They're still there when she steps out into the rain, and Giorno desperately wants to turn around and make sure Jotaro is watching, but she doesn't. If she's wrong, if Jotaro doesn't want this as much as she does, she has to leave him the opportunity to refuse gracefully, and this is the best time for that.

The opportunity won't last long, though. The rain is coming down hard and Giorno's dress, thin and white, is becoming more transparent by the second. She waits as long as she can bear, until her dress is soaked through and water runs down the inside of her thighs; just when she can't take the uncertainty any longer, before she can turn around again, she feels a body plaster itself against her back. It's Jotaro, warm and solid and immense behind her. "You watch too much porn," he says, but his erection is digging into her ass and his hands are already cupping her breasts, so Giorno doubts he has any room to talk.

"When do I have time to watch porn?" Giorno teases, arching her back to press into both points of contact at once. It's a little embarrassing how easily Jotaro's hands cover her chest, but the way his palms keep dragging over her nipples is delightful enough to make up for it. "Do you think I'm running off after class every day to touch myself before work?"

Jotaro's hands slip lower, down Giorno's hips and up under her skirt. His lips brush against her neck, and a thrill that feels like power rushes down her spine as she hears his belts unbuckling with what can only be Star Platinum's help. "I think," Jotaro murmurs against her skin, "you didn't wear a bra today because you wanted me to see your tits."

He pulls her panties down to the middle of her thighs as he speaks, nudges her legs apart, positions the head of his cock against her entrance. The size of it is a little concerning, but Giorno refuses to let him have the last word before he's inside of her, and she's not about to let a little discomfort get in the way of her goals, either. "I didn't wear a bra today because I was feeling lazy. I let you see my tits because I wanted you to fuck me."

She tilts her hips and pushes back against Jotaro, taking as much of his cock as she can in one stroke. It does hurt, more than she'd like, but she's never heard Jotaro gasp like that and he's already moving again, pushing deeper and dragging his hands all over her body to keep the pleasure from fading entirely. Giorno breathes through it, grinds on the finger that finds her clit, and then all at once Jotaro's cock hits something inside her and everything feels good again. Better than good—her cunt is full, stretched to its limits by the only man she knows of with the power to match her, and the heat building between her legs with every thrust is turning her knees to jelly.

Giorno bends forward to lean against the balcony railing, shifting her weight and changing the angle of her hips again. Jotaro hits the spot inside her more reliably now, and Giorno allows herself a few high moans to encourage him. He takes the hint and picks up the pace, slamming into her hard; Giorno feels her knees weaken further, but when she opens her mouth again to ask for support or maybe a change of position, all she can manage is more noise, sharp whines and a desperate little "ahhh! ahhh! ahhh!" that turns into a wordless scream when the building pleasure snaps.

Her body moves of its own accord, the walls of her cunt clenching, hips rolling, knees shaking as
they try to give out. Jotaro stills while she rides it out but stays inside her, only when Giorno can finally breathe without crying out again does he withdraw to guide her back inside. She's not even sure how she has the strength to walk, but she makes it to the couch, where Jotaro helps her out of her dress and panties and eases her into lying on her belly.

He's still fully dressed, just as soaked as Giorno but generally looking composed if it weren't for his cock jutting obscenely from his pants. Giorno can definitely see the contours of his body through his shirt now, and even if she weren't still horny she'd be ready to go again now at the sight of him. She lowers a leg to the floor, granting wordless permission for him to continue, and when Jotaro settles on top of her and pushes in again she sighs in contentment.

Jotaro seems like he's trying to be more tender this time, kissing Giorno's bare shoulders and neck and the back of her head every so often, but he's still fucking her hard, cock pounding into her with such force that the couch shakes at every thrust. She relishes the feeling—the strain of her body to hold him, the simple animal ecstasy, the contradictory ideas that she exists only to take Jotaro's cock and that she can bend him to her pettiest whim.

She doesn't know when she starts talking. She might even be embarrassed later, to be here on her belly begging to be fucked until she passes out, to be tied up and used, to take Star Platinum and Jotaro together, to have Jotaro come on her tits or her ass or her pussy or inside of her. She comes again, but this time Jotaro keeps fucking her and it drags out, her entire body tightening until it feels like she's shattering from the pressure. Only then does Jotaro finally finish, grunting and stilling on top of her.

Giorno wonders how she'd like it if he just stayed where he was and settled in to rest on top of her, but then Jotaro is pulling out again and sliding to the floor. She turns to see what she's doing and finds herself meeting Jotaro's eyes as he brings his mouth to her cunt. His tongue sweeps into her and curls back out, and he pulls away to spit a mouthful of white fluid onto the floor. Giorno smirks and spreads her legs further, letting him complete the process to his satisfaction, and alright, fine, even though she's feeling pretty fucked out there's apparently still enough left in her to appreciate Jotaro's skill with his tongue.

When Jotaro's done, he finally takes his clothes off and sets them aside to dry. Giorno watches eagerly, memorizing as much as she can for the next time she's alone and twitchy, and lets him pull her in to cuddle when he returns to the couch.

"I take it this is to be our secret?" she asks after a little while. Jotaro doesn't tense beneath her, but something tells her he's doing it on the inside.

"Everything's too complicated right now. For both of us." He sounds just the tiniest bit regretful, enough to make Giorno feel warm despite herself. This isn't supposed to work, the two of them, but she's starting to think it might be fun to see how far it can go.

They sit together watching the rain fall, and again the room is silent.

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