Call Me When You Need Me

by blindedstarlight

Summary

He said some things, and then you said some things.

That's just how your fights always went. Nothing ever got physical per se, but there were times when you worried that maybe this time, Gladio would actually lash out and hurt you. And so, that last fight you had… you told him to leave.

Notes

One of my older works admittedly, but it sure gives me feels! I'll slowly be uploading all my one-shots on days where I can't write any fresh content! :)

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(okies now i sleep) :)

He said some things, and then you said some things.

That's just how your fights always went. Nothing ever got physical per se, but there were times when you worried that maybe this time, Gladio would actually lash out and hurt you. And so, that
last fight you had… you told him to leave.

Scared and upset, you hadn’t really thought much about the repercussions of your words. You just said them- clean and simple: “Go away. Get out. You’re not welcome here anymore.”

Gladio respected your wishes. He deflated almost immediately, a hurt look flashing across his Adonis like features. His amber eyes burned with sorrow as he nodded silently and took his leave. It was just before he reached the threshold of the door that he turned his head slightly to glance at you out of the corner of his eyes over his broad, rippling shoulder.

“Call me when you need me. I’ll come running- no matter what, I will always be ready to be by your side again.”

He said that. And then he was gone.

In your anger, you didn’t feel the earnestness and regret in his tone.

And so, just like that, the two of you had been apart for three days. You hadn’t really thought much about how Gladio hadn’t been back home for a while, because you were busy with your own life and workload. You’d start work early in the morning and be busy running errands and completing various administration and field tasks all day before you retired back home, popped in a microwave meal and promptly fell asleep in front of the idly playing television.

It wasn’t until Thursday night, when you finished early after having to speak with a grieving family about funeral arrangements, that you realised that you needed a hug. And that the person who was usually around to give you that much needed hug was no longer present in your home.

The day, having been too much for even your happy countenance, brought upon an onslaught of tears that just refused to stop no matter what you did. You turned the television on loud and tried to laugh at some comedy shows- but all you could think about was Gladio’s dorky laugh. He would have enjoyed the show.

You could only think about his twinkling eyes and his deep, gently rumble of a voice being there to tell you everything was going to be okay. You could only think of Gladio’s knee bouncing a little as he hid his own worry about your sadness behind smiles, sweet touches and terrible jokes that only he laughed at. Your laughter was usually a bi-product of not his jokes, but his unhindered laugh.

You missed his energy and warmth.

Call me when you need me…

Before you knew what you were doing, you fished your phone out of your handbag and pressed it against your ear almost desperately, tears still streaming slowly down your cheeks. You hiccupped a little just as you heard Gladio’s deep rumble on the other side of the line.

“Y/N?” he answered tentatively. He sounded tired.

You sniffled again. “I need you.”

Gladio breathed steadily on the other end of the line. “I’ll be right there. Promise.”

And then he hung up. You froze, eyes wide as you wondered whether you made a grave mistake. You invited Gladio back into your life. The man who scared you with his loud reprimands over things that shouldn’t have even mattered. The man who seemed like he was just about ready to force you into submission.
You stood rooted on the spot in both anticipation and fear as the doorbell suddenly rang. You jumped and whimpered pathetically as you whirled around towards the door. You weren’t sure whether you were going to open the door or not.

You weren’t sure if you were ready to forgive Gladio for his grievances and start over.

You just… weren’t sure at all.

“Y/N? Are you okay? Please… you were crying on the phone…” his voice sounded desperate and teary on the other side of the door. You were almost sure that the person on the other side of the door wasn’t Gladio. But his deep rumble of a voice was unmistakeable.

Pushing aside all the negativity in your mind, you promised yourself that this was the last time you’d let Gladio back into your life. This was his last chance. He’d never sounded so broken before.

And the two of you had never gone more than a few hours without each other since you’d gotten together. Three whole days apart was a big deal. Maybe you weren’t the only one in need of a hug…

You fumbled the door open and let out a soft sob at the sight of a distraught looking Gladio on the other side. He looked like he hadn’t slept properly since your falling out. He looked like he’d been crying too. And that was a big deal, because the Gladio you knew never cried.

Sure, he’d get mad- he’d punch a hole in the nearest wall… most certainly would find another outlet to display how upset he was. But he never cried.

Tears streamed down his scruffy, tan cheeks, and you were overwhelmed with the urge to hold the towering man in your arms. You were tiny compared to him, but he needed comfort.

You needed comfort.

You held your arms out wide in acceptance as you cried along with him- this time in relief. “Baby… I need you here.” You whispered brokenly.

Gladio nodded and immediately stepped into your embrace, his hold soft, firm and tender all at the same time. He controlled his strength, almost as if he was afraid of scaring you away.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.” Gladio spoke in a low, vulnerable tone. His tears seeped into your blouse and you sighed shakily as you nodded into his shoulder. You pressed a kiss against the place on his chest under which his heart was beating.

“It’s okay. One last chance for the both of us to get this right. No more fighting. Let’s be happy. Please… let’s just love one another like we want to love each other.” You pleaded gently as you stroked the back of Gladio’s long locks. Gladio rumbled an affirmative, his warm hands securely holding you against him by the hips. He massaged gentle circles into your hip bones with his thumbs as he pressed a kiss against your temple with a sigh.

“Oh okay… let me love you now? Please?” Gladio asked for your permission softly.

You nodded immediately. “Please. There’s nothing I want more right now.”

Those affirmative words said, Gladio got to work. He moaned quietly as he sealed your lips with his in a gentle kiss. His mouth moving languidly against yours as he pulled you incredibly close and wrapped his arm around your shoulders in a warm, encompassing embrace. He held you like he was protecting you from the evil in the world. Like you were something incredibly precious.
Your abdomen clenched in anticipation as butterflies filled your stomach. You felt as if this was your first time all over again- with Gladio’s tender, tentative touch exploring you as if he was learning you from scratch. You mewled quietly as his hand cupped your breast before he pulled you back in for a searing kiss. He quickly undressed you and picked you up, cradling your bare body against his still-clothed frame, and walked you into your shared bedroom.

It felt right when Gladio was in there with you. Not empty, like it had felt the past three days.

You sighed as Gladio laid you down on the bed, propping your upper body up with pillows before he undressed for you quickly. He hopped out of his pants and pulled his socks off impatiently before he climbed onto bed and ran his hands up and down the tops of your thighs before gazing into your eyes with a tender look.

“Show me?” he breathed deeply.

You bit your lip, your pussy tingling in anticipatory pleasure, as you slowly opened up your legs for Gladio. Gladio licked his lips at the sight of your wetness and ran a single finger up and down between your folds, gazing into your eyes the whole time as he spread your amply juices up and down your slit.

A soft moan left your parted lips and you gazed back at Gladio with heady eyes. He smiled up at you, his amber eyes looking incredibly dark with lust and tender love as he slipped two of his thick fingers inside your already pulsing wet heat. You were already close to coming.

Gladio hadn’t have sex for a month due to the bad blood between the two of you. Not having the energy to even take care of your own sexual frustrations, you were incredibly sensitive to all of Gladio’s ministrations. Gladio seemed to notice too as he leaned over your body and pressed a kiss to your navel.

“You’ve been a really good girl, haven’t you? You didn’t touch yourself at all, did you? My beautiful babe… you can do it… let go. I’ve got you now… I’ll take care of you.” Gladio encouraged you, curling his fingers against your sweet spot. You arched your back as your body grew incredibly hot, writhing under his touches as you orgasmed hard on his fingers. Gladio grunted at how tightly your inner walls pulsed around his fingers, and he tried to twist his fingers around gently inside you to prolong your pleasure.

Crying out loud, you grasped onto Gladio’s talented hand and bucked upwards into his fingers. “Uunngghh… Gladio… put it inside me. I need to feel you inside me.”

Gladio gently withdrew his fingers at your request and smile down at you, placing gentle kisses on the tops of your bare breasts before he spread your legs wide and slowly pushed his large erection into your wet hole, shutting his eyes in bliss at how perfectly your velvet walls hugged his cock.

“There’s no one else… how could there be anyone else?” Gladio murmured low into your ear as he thrust in and out of you slow and sweet, his fingers rubbing insistently on your little love nub as he sucked on your sensitive neck. You moaned and whimpered and sighed as Gladio thrust in and out of you at a languid pace, filling you up so good with his incredible length.

“Y-you promise, G-Gladio?” you whimpered as you wrapped your arms around Gladio’s shoulders and idly traced the outline of his tattoo. Gladio nodded against your shoulder as he panted, your walls hugging him so good, he was already incredibly close to coming. You weren’t the only one who went touch starved.

“I promise… Y/N- I love you. I’m so in love with you. Forgive me? Please?” Gladio whispered as
his thrusts became faster and more erratic as he reached the precipice of his orgasm. You nodded immediately, moaning into Gladio’s ear- your pleasure building and your love incredibly strong as always for Gladio.

“Of course. I love you too- aaaaangghhh, ooooooh… G-Gladiolus…” you moaned loudly as you came on Gladio’s cock. Gladio groaned out softly in his own orgasm as stiffened over the top of you and stared at you right in the eyes with incredibly intensity as he came inside you. You could feel his sperm shooting into you, and you wrapped your legs around his waist to keep him deep inside you. You wanted it all inside you.

“Y/N… oh my Astrals…” Gladiolus moaned as he idly pumped in and out of you, his fingers pinching at your clit, causing more orgasmic fluttering of your inner walls.

You leaned upwards, your legs finally unwinding from Gladio’s waist after a few minutes of holding him against you, and pecked Gladio on the cheek- a gesture much more innocent than the intimate dance of forgiveness you and Gladio had just performed.

Gladio rolled off of you and lay beside you on his back, turning his head to the side and staring at you with adoration and reverence in his eyes. “I love you.”

You smiled and stroked Gladio’s cheek with the back of your fingers and nodded in acceptance. “I love you too. We can fix this. We can fix us.”

“Together.” Gladio nodded, reaching for your hand.

You tangled your fingers with his and squeezed his hand reassuringly as you nodded back with quiet determination.

“Yes. Together.”

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