Forbidden Fruit

by PeetaPan

Summary

Neil is reciting lines, and Todd is writing dirty poetry about it. What could possibly go wrong?

Notes

unbeta'd-- enjoy!

Todd nearly had a heart attack the first time he got a wet dream about Neil.

It came out of nowhere, the night after they threw his desk set off the roof.

Todd had always liked Neil, he supposed. Neil was his roommate, a good guy with a cheeky smile that lit up the room. Come to think of it, thoughts like that probably should have tipped Todd off on his little crush.

Todd loved whenever Neil would roughhouse with him, just another one of the guys. He loved the playful acceptance Neil extended, and how Neil refused to let him out of Dead Poets Society, even though Todd didn’t want to go. It was nice to feel wanted.

Todd never expected to imagine Neil’s lips running across his hips—Neil’s tongue gently running over his cock—Neil’s hot mouth surrounding him, encompassing him—
So when Todd awoke in the middle of the night, drenched in sweat and with a painful hard-on, needless to say, he was pretty freaked out. It didn’t help that Neil teased him, saying, “Sounded like a pretty nice dream, huh?”

God, Todd just wanted to die of mortification, because that smirk Neil gave him did nothing to quell the growing arousal in his belly.

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Neil always needed someone to run lines with, and Todd was always his go to guy.

Todd loved to watch Neil perform. He was happiest when he was Puck. In fact, Todd began to write poetry about Neil—about the feelings he evoked, about Neil’s passion and excitement… almost too intoxicating. Of course, Todd kept all the unbidden poems tucked safely away under his mattress where no one would ever find it.

With dress rehearsals coming up, Neil started frantically cramming, reciting lines at all hours of the day. Late one evening, after lights were supposedly “out,” Neil and Todd sat, running lines with the beam of one musty old flashlight.

“Lysander! Speak again: Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?” said Todd, stumbling slightly over a few words. “Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?”

“Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,” Neil replied, emphatically acting, coaxing out the greatness in each syllable. Todd grinned, watching Neil fondly.

“Telling the bushes that thou look’st for wars, and wilt not come?” Neil grinned, stalking toward where Todd lay on his bed, script in hand.

Todd clutched the script nervously, for he currently had a leaflet of his personal poetry tucked in the page, so he could write as Neil acted.

“Come, recreant; come, child,” Neil smirked, enjoying the tinge of pink spreading across Todd’s face.

“It’s ‘come thou child,’” Todd corrected. Neil rolled his eyes, leaping onto Todd’s bed with the full intent of tackling him to the ground. Todd yelped at the impact, desperately scuffling to keep his poetry hidden within the script as Neil mercilessly put him in a headlock.

“Come thou child,” Neil laughed in Todd’s ear. Todd shushed him; if they made too much noise, they would get caught and likely get the paddle for causing a ruckus.

“We’ve got to be quiet!” Todd pleaded, trying not to laugh as Neil just switched tactics and straddled Todd, trying to get to upper hand.

“Or what? ‘I’ll whip thee with a rod’?” Neil taunted his next line, scrabbling for the script. “I don’t believe there’s a ‘thou’ in there,” he complained. “I think you just made that up to annoy me.”

“I swear, it’s in there!” Todd begged, trying to wriggle out of Neil’s grasp, which only made Neil clamp his thighs harder around Todd’s chest as he successfully plucked the script from Todd’s hand.

“Let me see,” he said, holding Todd down with one arm while holding the script in the other.

Todd panicked. He felt Neil go still on top of him.
Todd’s heart froze and simultaneously dropped into his stomach. *Fuck.* This was Todd’s worst nightmare.

“*His dimpled grin and timeless heart/ Arise in me a darker part,*” Neil read slowly, his voice low and shaky. “*In dreams only have I heard/ When he speaks those fevered words…”*  

Todd couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe. He was paralyzed with fear. But Neil just kept reading.

“*I want thee in me, forbidden fruit/ Else I’d take another route/ Your marrow, O I long to suck,*” Neil’s voice dropped to a near whisper, almost a growl. “*Mine alone, mine only Puck.*”

Todd stared, terrified at Neil’s face, half shrouded in moonlight. Blood rushing in his ears, Todd looked away, afraid of what he might see in his best friend’s expression.

Neil swallowed hard, an indecipherable look on his face. He opened his mouth, silent a moment, before speaking.

“*I’ll whip thee with a rod,*” he continued on, as though he hadn’t just read Todd’s dirty little poem. “*He is defiled,*” Neil hummed, slowly sliding down Todd’s body, until the boys were face to face, hips pressed together tight. “*That draws a sword on thee.*”

Todd gasped, feeling the hard outline of Neil’s cock through his trousers. His eyes met Neil’s, but Neil just waited, watching expectantly, his pupils blown wide with arousal. With a sudden swoop, Todd realized he was waiting for him to say the next line.

“*Y-yea, art thou…*” he stuttered, but then Neil dipped his head and mouthed along Todd’s jawline, and yeah, everything in Todd’s head either just went out the window or headed south.

“I think I like your poetry a lot more than Shakespeare’s,” Neil murmured into Todd’s neck, tongue darting out to trace along the sensitive skin there. Todd gasped, hands shooting up to clutch Neil’s shoulders, firm and warm beneath his hands. Todd bit his lip trying to muffle the pathetic moans dying to break free from his chest.

And then Neil’s hand skimmed along Todd’s navel, deftly working downward and into his waistband, tickling at the downy hairs it found there. Todd couldn’t help it—his hips jerked up on instinct, grinding desperately against Neil, but finding little friction. Neil just hummed happily, palming at Todd’s hipbone and inserting a leg between Todd’s. Todd nearly sobbed with relief, rubbing himself against Neil’s firm thigh—this was too good to be true. It had to be another one of Todd’s dreams, but Todd figured he should probably just roll with it and ride it out for as long as he could.

But Neil’s breath was hot against Todd’s skin, and *oh* that felt *very much real.*

The script lay forgotten on the rumpled sheets.

Neil pulled back suddenly, and Todd froze, afraid he’d done something wrong. But Neil just stared at him, and Todd imagined he had to be quite the sight, cheeks flush and hair rumpled. Neil paused for only a second more before pressing his lips to Todd’s in a filthy, naughty kiss that sent goosebumps all up and down Todd’s arms. Neil’s tongue was very talented to say the least, and Todd was having trouble concentrating as every touch overloaded his senses.

He rutted himself helplessly against Neil’s leg, and Todd practically whined into Neil’s mouth, feeling Neil smile in response against his lips. Turns out Neil’s hands were just as talented as his tongue because next thing he knew, Todd’s trousers were down around his knees, and Neil was palming his throbbing cock through his boxers. Todd bucked in surprise, fingers digging into Neil’s
back hard enough to leave bruises.

“Fuck!” he gasped, breaking the kiss to breathe. Neil smirked.

“Pure poetry,” he teased. Todd was about to respond indignant back, but then Neil shimmied down the bed, his tongue trailing across the exposed skin of Todd’s stomach, pressing kisses into Todd’s hip bones, and sharp nips onto Todd’s thighs.

Todd squirmed, a panting writhing mess of aroused putty in Neil’s hands.

“Wanna suck you,” Neil breathed, his voice finally breaking and betraying how turned on he was. Neil stared up at Todd for a moment before Todd understood that Neil was asking for permission. Todd swallowed hard and shakily nodded.

Neil slowly pulled down Todd’s boxers, and tentatively took Todd’s cock into his mouth, hot tongue running over the head like it was a fucking lollipop.

“Oh, fuck,” Todd moaned, unable to hold back the litany of profanity desperate to bleed from his lips. “Holy motherfuck, unhgg—“

Neil bobbed his head, sucking hard and trying to avoid scraping Todd’s dick with his teeth. He wasn’t perfect, but seeing as this was both Todd and Neil’s first blowjob, neither of them were complaining about technique. Neil continued to lick and kiss and suck at Todd’s cock, until Todd was a sweating, writhing mess beneath his mouth.

Todd’s fingers spasmodically gripped at the sheets—he didn’t trust himself to thread his fingers through Neil’s hair—the welcoming heat of Neil’s mouth was too much temptation. Todd wasn’t so sure he believed in a god, but holy shit, if one existed, Todd would be thanking him very much for Neil’s tongue right about now.

Teenage hormones and all, it wasn’t long until Todd was on the edge. He could feel his orgasm curling in his gut, wound tight like a coil waiting to spring. Todd cried, tugging at Neil’s hair to warn him, but out of pure curiosity, Neil ignored him and kept sucking at Todd’s dick like it was an Olympic sport.

“Fuck, I’m gonna—“ Todd choked, coming hard into Neil’s mouth, a wordless gasp on his lips. Neil, for his part, managed to pull off before he choked on come, and with his hand, worked Todd through the rest of his orgasm. Todd whimpered at the stimulation of his over-sensitive cock, and groped blindly at Neil’s shoulders, pulling him up by his shirt until he was eyelevel.

Todd reached a hand down, intent on getting Neil off if it was the last thing he did, but Neil blushed and batted his hand away.

“Sorry, couldn’t wait,” he muttered, ashamed.

Todd blinked in surprise.

Neil came just from sucking Todd’s cock.

Todd kissed him hard because holy shit, yeah that was a little embarrassing, but more ridiculously hot than anything else. With another jolt of heat, Todd realized he could taste himself on Neil’s tongue, and that probably should’ve been gross, but instead it was sexy because it was Neil and Neil had just sucked his dick, and Todd wasn’t waking up which meant that this was real and scary and so much better than anything Todd could’ve dreamed up.
Neil drew back after a moment, eyes sparkling fondly.

“Forbidden fruit?”

Todd rolled his eyes.

“Shut up, it wasn’t finished yet.”

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