**kinktober 2k18**

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**kinktober 2k18**

by guineaDogs, rachhell
Summary

We're tackling this year's South Park Kinktober. Chapter titles will denote the ship, and specific summaries/warnings will be at the beginning of each chapter. Stay spooky, dudes.

Notes

Day 1 | Masks | K2 ( Kyle/Kenny )

Kyle and Kenny attend Token's Halloween party in appropriately matching costumes.

See the end of the work for more notes.
day 01: k2 ( masks )

The Halloween parties that Token threw each October were no joke. They started in high school, and they only got better once they reached adulthood. If anyone had the resources to continuously throw a bombass party, it was Token, and truly, he went all out: strobe lights and dry ice, a DJ, more drinks and food than anyone could possibly eat. And truly, the entire estate was decked out in so many decorations—all of them convincing -- upon appraisal some of them were reminiscent of horror film props.

Anyone who was anyone attended -- and granted, there were a few years where Kyle didn't attend, being off elsewhere for school. But there was no excuse this year; he'd had all the degrees he wanted under his belt. It was just a matter of finding a job and that just took time--and until that was acquired, he was back home.

There were pros and cons, but one of the pros was being able to relive some of the glory days, and attend parties like this. He and Kenny planned their outfits out together, and having had plenty of time to plan and prepare, their costumes actually looked convincing.

Granted, it wasn't like there was much to their outfits. The clothes themselves were easily found in a thrift store. The masks, the fake knife gloves and fake machete all came from Amazon. But they looked good. They weren't the only ones dressed up; everyone was in a costume of some kind--it was just a matter of how much effort was put into it. Some were extremely well-done. Certain others included a piece of paper taped to shirts that just read 'costume.'

Regardless, it was a good party. For the most part, Kyle mingled with Kenny and their friends, but at some point they drifted. There were various activities that Kyle got caught up in, and he pointedly ignored Kenny wandering off to one of the dark corners of the estate with Tweek. Kenny would return with a little more cash in his pocket, but Kyle wasn't holding his breath for when that was happening.

In a certain way, it was his own fault that his boyfriend managed to sneak up on him while he was fixing himself a drink. It was just a hand on the small of his back, but that alone was enough to cause the redhead to jump in tandem with a rather embarrassing sound.

The reaction drew a muffled chuckle from behind Kenny's hockey mask. "Why are you screaming? I haven't even caught you yet."

Immediately, Kyle turned on his heel to face him properly, already huffy. Even with his face covered as it was, it was completely obvious in the way he crossed his arms, and his overall demeanor. "Dude! That's my line. Jason doesn't even talk, you can't do that!"

“Whatever. Oh, sorry. I talked again, my bad.” Kenny laughed, and lifted up his hockey mask for just a moment to take a swig of his PBR. “I just sold a gram to Tweek so pretty sure shit’s about to get crazy.” Judging the way Kyle’s shoulders relaxed, he was glad to get a glimpse of Kenny’s real face, as sweaty as it was from wearing that costume all night. “Anyway, I was thinking—” he flipped his mask down again — “I was thinking that maybe we should go check out the upstairs. Maybe hijack the home theatre or somethin’. Maybe watch the second Nightmare.”

“What the hell, no! Nightmare on Elm Street 2 is the worst one!” Kyle exclaimed, indignantly. “If we’re going to do that at all, it has to be Dream Warriors, dude.” Kyle’s voice was annoyed even
underneath his Freddy Krueger mask, and the fake-knife-gloves covering his hands clicked against the table as he snatched whatever fruity-looking drink he’d fixed himself.

“Yeah, well, Freddy’s Revenge is the gay one, you like that shit,” Kenny laughed. “But really, Kyle, I’m bored!”

“How the hell can you be bored! It’s a good party.”

“Just am.” Kenny leaned toward his boyfriend and gave the front of his striped sweater a tug, pulling him closer. Truthfully, Kenny wasn’t bored at all, but he’d drank maybe five or so tall boys and a couple shots, and alcohol always had the side-effect of making him horny as fuck. “How about Freddy vs. Jason, then?” he asked, too innocently to mean anything other than what he’d intended.

Kyle made a point of trying to be annoyed with the suggestion that he clearly understood. Despite that, he glanced over his shoulder as if to see if anyone was paying attention to them or otherwise overheard their conversation. It was pointless to do, ultimately, as the music was loud and the lights everywhere were dim at best.

No one would notice or care of they wandered away from the heart of the party, and with that in mind, Kyle hardly had a reason to object. He tugged his suffocating mask up from the neck, letting it rest on the top of his head. He was red in the face and sweaty, so this was as good a moment as any to cool off some while he drank.

"Fine, but if it's lame, I'm walking out." Said as if he hadn't seen the film before, said as if either of them planned to pay much attention to the film at all.

"Don't you worry your sweet ass about it, bay-bee," Kenny responded, leaning in close as he wrapped an arm around Kyle, tucking his hand into one of Kyle's back pockets. It was a great ass; he loved that ass and would eat it until the sun rose if Kyle would let him.

"Whatever." Having drank enough for now, Kyle tugged the mask back down and threw an arm over Kenny's shoulder as he headed toward the stairs, drink still in hand.

"Your hair is all fucked up," Kenny tossed out, stating the obvious and finding it much funnier than it should've been. "The mask is fuckin'... it's staying on, baby," he managed to get out between chuckles.

Kyle had this thing where nobody ever knew he was drunk until it hit hard enough for him to either start a fight, or do something entirely un-Kyle, like a keg stand, or karaoke, or that one time he drunk-texted his mother, of all people, just to say I love you. Christ, was that ever a night.

But, over the years, Kenny'd developed an ability to notice the little tells that meant Kyle was getting there. There was how red he got in the face, which might not be a good indicator right now, being that it was covered. But there was also the little spring in his step that normally wasn't there, and the way he'd unabashedly drape himself upon Kenny, clinging onto his boyfriend like he would fly off the edge of the universe if they weren't joined off the hip. And both were happening in spades right then.

This was gonna be fun.

They traversed through the upper hallway of Token's family estate, opening doors on the way and
finding the gym, where Cartman and Butters were exchanged in some heated discussion about whatever pyramid scheme the former had roped the latter into that month (they’d closed the door about as soon as they’d opened it on that one), an empty guest room with everyone’s coat piled on the bed, a couple bathrooms, and then, finally, the Blacks’ home theatre. It was, mercifully, empty.

Kyle pulled away from Kenny in favor of assessing the collection of DVD and Blu-ray disks that filled shelf upon shelf in the back of the room. Fortunately, the films were not only organized by genre, but alphabetically as well. "It's like they have every major film that was produced in the last thirty years."

"Because they're fuckin' loaded. Did I ever tell you how much of a big tipper Miz Black is?"

Kenny leaned against the shelf, watching Kyle bend over while peering at the films, before finally procuring the right one. Kyle didn't respond to the comment, so Kenny opted to keep talking. "Yanno, I can't wait for you to claw me up with those knives."

Kyle immediately looked in Kenny's direction as he straightened. Shaking his head, he made his way to the Blu-ray player to get everything set up. "They're plastic and flimsy. You're shit out of luck, Ken."

"Shame," Kenny stated, grinning underneath his hockey mask, "And it's gonna be a damn shame if this door doesn't lock, because--" Kenny paused to examine the handle, and, upon noticing that it did, twisted the lock and wiggled the handle to make sure that it worked. "So it does. Shall I dim the lights, my good sir?"

Kyle laughed, muffled, as he fiddled with the controls of the sound system, ensuring it was at exactly the right level. "Dude. Aren't we supposed to be, I don't know, villains? Who are against each other, or something? Why are you talking like that, you're being stupid and not at all scary."

Oh. Oh, was he? Kenny took that as a challenge and, especially when it was from his boyfriend, Kenny loved a challenge. Kyle couldn't see the way his eyes narrowed or his brows wiggled under his mask, but it didn't quite matter because Kenny took that moment to shut off all of the lights and, while Kyle made himself comfortable in one of the reclining, leather seats and clicked through the menus, Kenny silently, wordlessly made his way across the room.

Despite his hidden face, Kyle still looked way too content, too relaxed. There was enough room between rows of chairs that Kenny was able to sneak up behind him and, unspeaking, sneak his arm around to the front. Firmly, but nowhere near hard enough for it to actually hurt, he wrapped a gloved hand around Kyle's neck, noticing that his mask was peeling a bit at the edges.

"What the hell, Ken!"

Kyle wanted scary, didn't he? Kenny made a point of making his laugh sound particularly menacing. How could he resist? Kyle's outbursts made it worthwhile. The movie was already starting, though, and with nothing else to distract Kyle—particularly after that—the other man reached back and attempted to tug Kenny over the chair.

It wasn't the right position for Kyle to get any sort of leverage, but Kenny was more than happy to help him along, intentionally toppling over the back, landing in Kyle's lap. Kyle groaned in response, shoving Kenny off of him, right onto the floor.

"Pay attention to the movie, ar-tard." His vision was somewhat obscured by the mask, but Kyle pointedly turned his attention to the screen, tucking his legs onto the chair.
Kenny had absolutely zero intention of paying attention to the movie since, between the copious amounts of alcohol he’d ingested, and watching Kyle's sweet, sweet ass all night, all that was on his mind was getting his hands on said sweet, sweet ass, and seeing if he could keep both of them as in character as possible as they did it. Kyle was probably doomed to just act like Kyle-with-a-mask-on, but Kenny was certainly no stranger to masks, and pretending to be someone he wasn't, and all that jazz, what with his side gig and all.

It may have been unfortunate for the residents of South Park, but Kenny was quite glad that he was off-duty tonight.

Shifting his posture so that his back was as straight as possible, Kenny turned around and, wordlessly, stared up at Kyle through the holes in his eyes. Following what he'd seen his costume's namesake do on screen, he silently, slowly tipped his head to one side, then another.

Even with his attention mostly on the screen, it was difficult to ignore Kenny watching him like that. Kyle could feel his eyes on him, and were it anyone but his boyfriend it would've brought unease and discomfort--

Well, scratch that. It was kind of freaky to have anyone staring at him in that hockey mask. But Kyle didn't scare easily, and after a moment, he leaned down pressed his palm against the hockey mask, shoving Kenny back.

The intent was to just push him onto his back, but Kenny's reflexes were quicker than Kyle's, for good reason. Immediately, his hand shot up, grabbing Kyle by the elbow, tugging him onto the floor too.

Although Kyle thrashed against him and Kenny, at first, ended up pressing his boyfriend against the tucked-in footrest of the theater-style chair, blankly staring at his... well, not his face, but close enough, and after a few moments of not-too-rough struggling, he allowed Kyle to break away, and flip their positions.

“I’m your boyfriend now, Nancy!” Kyle said, clearly unable to keep his small snort of a laugh inside.

“Out of all the quotes,” Kenny said, “You had to pick the most overused and—“

“Shut the fuck up. You’re not supposed to talk.” Kyle had him pinned in a straddle. And, to add to how fucking awesome that was, his boyfriend had a boner.

Score.

Kenny's hands settled on Kyle's hips, holding him in place as he jerked his own up. The friction generated was teasing at best, but it was better when Kyle rocked against him as well. And when Kyle reached forward, letting those fake knives brush against his neck, Kenny swore he could've gotten off right then and there, just over the idea of what could've been.

He didn't, though, because he was never one to let a good boner go to waste. Teasingly, he squeezed Kyle's dick through his pants before abruptly upturning his fiery boyfriend.

Kyle made some unintelligible sound as he landed on his back, immediately shoving back at Kenny in an attempt to keep him from getting the upper hand in their impromptu roughhousing.

Although Kenny contemplated allowing his boyfriend to come out on top, it was just too easy to
win this time. Kyle’s stupidly hot knife-gloves worked against him in that he couldn’t get a good
grip on Kenny to overturn him again, and, after a good few minutes of heated, struggled rutting
against each other, Kenny was draped atop his boyfriend, having securely fastened his wrists over
his head.

Victory.

"This doesn't mean anything," Kyle scoffed, words muffled behind his mask. He tested his wrists
against Kenny's grip, and though he could've easily gotten out of Kenny's grip if he really wanted
to, that wasn’t the game they were playing. Kyle knew that. Kenny knew that.

Kenny laughed, otherwise attempting not to break character. He slipped his free hand between
them, feeling Kyle up through his pants. That only lasted so long before he was deftly unfastening
the button and zipper single-handedly, fist plunging between those layers of fabric, and wrapping
around Kyle's dick.

He was relentless in jerking him off; Kenny knew just how to touch Kyle, he knew just how to
brush his thumb over the tip, just how to dip his fingers down to play with his balls, knew how to
touch him in the ways that drove Kyle wild.

Between the film blaring screeching music and screams of whoever was getting stabbed on screen,
and the commotion of the party downstairs, there was no possible way Kyle's sudden, loud moan
upon Kenny ever-so-lightly tugging on his heavy, velvety balls could be held outside this room.
Still, Kenny released Kyle's wrists for a moment and, when the other didn't jump and fight back,
firmly clamped his palm over Kyle's mouth.

Well. The mouth of his mask, at least.

Leaning down, he brought the hard plastic of his hockey mask next to where Kyle's ear should be,
breathing ragged and hot onto the area. Underneath him, Kyle's hips were meeting his every tug
and stroke with a tandem thrust, bucking upwards into Kenny's hand with reckless abandon.

Kyle's breathing was becoming ragged from arousal, but it was only exacerbated by the mask
obstructing his regular breathing. But he still didn't take off the mask; he didn't want to take it off.
He was too into this.

He fumbled with Kenny's pants, intent on stroking Kenny off too. Kyle tugged Kenny's pants down
just enough, and once he got his hand around his dick, he stroked vigorously. At some point,
Kenny took both of their cocks into his hand, jerking them off in tandem.

The friction was even better this way. It left Kyle a writhing mess beneath Kenny and he was living
for it.

Kenny whipped off his remaining glove, tossing it somewhere in the room, it didn't matter where
because the delicious friction of their cocks sliding together, Kyle's dripping ample precome from
the tip which only served to make this feel so much fucking better, was all that occupied Kenny's
mind. Not the movie, not what could be happening at the party, not what he could have been
experiencing had he worked tonight -- nothing except him, and the man twitching and shivering
and moaning beneath him.

Kyle was close; Kenny knew it, because he always arched his back and clutched whichever part of
Kenny's body he could grab hold of when on the brink of orgasm and that's what he was doing,
those fake, plastic knives jabbing into Kenny's lower back as Kyle twisted his jacket tight in his
fist. "Fuck," Kyle panted, muffled, "Gonna come if you keep it up, don't you dare stop."

Luckily for Kyle, Kenny had no intentions of stopping. Rather, he used his free hand to lift up his mask for a second, spit in his palm, and return to his ministrations with renewed fervor.

That was better. Kenny's hand was slick with the added spit, and his hand moved more smoothly over their dicks. The sounds that Kyle made under his mask were hot, and though they echoed his own, Kenny was determined to draw more sounds out of him.

"Just like that, just like that, Ken--"

But that was the wrong name, and Kyle was aware of his mistake the moment Kenny's hand stilled. Kyle groaned, because of course Kenny still wanted to play this game even when they were caught up in the moment like this. "Jason," he amended.

That was the magic word, so to speak, and Kenny was back at it with renewed vigor. Kyle's hips bucked, his head tilting back as he found his release.

Kenny couldn't help but snicker when he noticed that Kyle shot his load all over his Freddy Krueger sweater, thinking of how affronted his boyfriend would be when he finally realized -- not that Kenny was going to tell him, because what would be the fun in that? Still, seeing Kyle's body seize, twitch, and then go limp as his orgasm washed over him was sexy as fuck, and as Kenny pumped a tight fist around his own cock, he knew it was close, so close for him, too.

With a low moan, he reached down and grabbed one of Kyle's hands, guiding it to his dick. Kyle caught on right away, jerking him as hard and fast as he could, given the knife-hands. The friction of the leather glove on his aching cock was more than Kenny could handle. Electric warmth jolted through him, spreading through his stomach, his legs, all the way down to the tips of his toes, which curled in his work boots. Letting out a shout, Kenny caught his own orgasm in the palm of his hand.

This wasn't the weirdest encounter that they'd ever had, but as Kyle laid there, trying to catch his breath, he determined that it was definitely up there in the top five. Maybe the top three. But fuck, it had been hot.

After a moment, he took off his mask, and it felt like a goddamn relief to have the cool air against his sweaty skin. "We should... we should revisit this later."

Before Kenny had a chance to respond, the telltale signs of the doorknob jiggling, followed by banging on the locked door distracted him from his thoughts. The only reason it was even audible was because of a lull in the movie, and it was only a matter of seconds before it was obvious who was on the other side.

"There's a TV in there? Sweet. AY. Open the door and clear out! I gotta take a shit!"

Kyle was immediately sitting up, glaring at the door. "This isn't the bathroom, Fatass!"

Moment ruined.
day 02: cryle (medical play)

Chapter Summary

day 2 | cryle | medical play

Craig has a baseball injury, and Dr. Kyle knows just how to fix him up.

This was fucking embarrassing and weird.

And Craig was no stranger to weird. The past few years of his life, his career had taken him all over the country, and sometimes other parts of the world, for this and that and, due to the nature of his job, he'd been in all kinds of bizarre situations. But being naked, strapped to an examination table by all kinds of restraints, with his feet in stirrups while a bored-looking doctor with the prettiest, curly red hair, which was drawn into a small ponytail, looked down upon him with no small amount of disdain took the cake. They could've at least given him a hospital gown, but no, they needed him naked right off the bat, which made absolutely zero sense but, who was he to question professionals?

"So, what seems to be the problem here?" Dr. Kyle asked, peering at him through the pair of glasses perched upon his nose. They didn't even look like they were prescription.

"Uh. I guess I pulled a muscle, it's by my ass." Wow. That sounded really dumb when he said it out loud.

"I see," Dr. Kyle responded, drawing the words out as if that made him sound more intelligent somehow. He circled his patient until he reached the small metal table near the side of the table. A number of instruments rested upon it, including a pair of gloves. He tugged each one on slowly, certain to make the latex slap against his wrists as he let go of them. "How did you injure yourself?"

"Baseball."

He nodded in response, then moved so he was facing Craig directly, standing between the stirrups. He slid one of his hands under Craig's thigh, fingers probing. "Is this the muscle you injured?"

Craig grit his teeth, blue eyes peering down at the doctor. "A little higher."

"So not your biceps femoris," Dr. Kyle observed, humming. It was then that he slid his hand further up, fingers working against one of his asscheeks. He noted Craig's wince. "Ah. You pulled your gluteus maximus. Do you spend a lot of time in the catcher's box?"

"Absolutely," Craig said, flatly, "I am a catcher, not a pitcher." Ugh. Of all the things he could've said.

He peered at Dr. Kyle through narrowed eyes, taking in the scene of the redhead clinically... massaging him? Were doctors supposed to massage the asscheeks of their patients? Probably not, but that was exactly what was happening, and he supposed it felt all right, although Craig wasn't
used to anyone wearing latex gloves when they touched him like *that*. It was, in a way, sort of hot, but mostly because of how the other man's brows cocked and mouth turned up in a smile as he worked. At the very least, Craig was blessed that he had a cute one this time.

"I'm very sore, doctor. I need a prescription. Maybe some cream."

"I see," repeated Dr. Kyle. "Does it hurt here, too?" Without warning, his gloved hand moved higher, finger probing against Craig's hole.

It felt actually pretty fucking nice, but Craig still let out a scandalized gasp. "I'm here for a pulled muscle, doctor. I hardly think that, or these restraints, are necessary."

"They're quite necessary," Dr. Kyle's tone was curt, and as he spoke, he squirted a generous amount of surgical lubricant into his free hand. "Certainly a topical cream will help some, but I've found that certain rectal stimulations can help alleviate most of the discomfort."

Craig had his doubts about it, and was about to say as much when Dr. Kyle inserted his index finger without further warning. He pushed it in as far as he could, curling his finger to brush against his prostate, a gesture that earned a lovely groan from his patient.

"When you're up to bat," Dr. Kyle inquired, "How often do you find yourself in the seventh inning stretch?"

"*All* the time, doctor," Craig managed to hiss between his gritted teeth. The intrusion of Dr. Kyle's fingers caused him to jerk slightly against the straps holding him to the table, the sheet of paper between him and the padded surface underneath crinkling. If he made a big show out of it, maybe Dr. Kyle would decide to let him out, so he arched his back, pulling at the straps around his wrists.

"You need to relax. This is a necessary part of the procedure."

Craig couldn't refrain from rolling his eyes. "If you say so, doctor."

"I do," Dr. Kyle affirmed. In no time at all, Dr. Kyle had three fingers in Craig, pumping and stretching. Each moan that he drew out of Craig echoed off of the walls of the stark operating room. When he found a spot that drew out the most reactions from Craig, he pressed his fingers against it, stroking over it repeatedly.

However, not long after, Dr. Kyle frowned. "I can feel the muscle knot through your anal cavity. I'm afraid we will have to resort to something... *bigger* to work it out."

Craig had to pause his thrashing and moaning for a moment, because he was just so fucking confused. Now, he was no genius when it came to the intricacies of the human body, but even Craig was one hundred percent positive *that* wasn't how muscle strains, or the gluteus maximus, or even *assholes* worked. Just what kind of medical facility would ever let a dude like this on their staff, as hot and talented with his fingers as he may have been? Allowing his arms to fall slack in their bonds, he glared up at the doctor.

"Yeah. Okay, great," he said, sounding annoyed, "Something bigger. Why don't you show me what you, uh. You know. What you have for my football injury that's, I don't fucking *know*, bigger?"

"Isn't it a baseball injury?" Kyle's face was contorted in confusion. "I don't think that's your line, dude," he whispered.
"Okay, you know what, CUT!" Craig bellowed. "Who the hell wrote this shit?"

"Dude!" Kyle's voice rose an octave, even though his volume was still soft. He didn't want to have to reshoot the scene, given how cringey the lines were. But it was too late for that. He removed his fingers and took the gloves off, tossing them into the trash.

Their director was already coming over, slipping out of his chair, hands waving. "I wrote the script," he declared. It was difficult to take him seriously with his lisp, but he was still technically their boss. "Is there a problem?"

"This script is shit, that's the proble--"

Immediately, Kyle lunged, covering Craig's mouth with his hand. "What he's trying to say is that it might be easier if we improv the rest. Get the fuck out of the way, all that."

"Ab-tho-lutely not! We're following the script!"

Kyle barely resisted rolling his eyes. "Are we starting from the top?" He removed his hand from Craig's face, straightening to look at Malkinson properly.

Scott considered the question, then shook his head, retreating back to where he was. "Just restart with the proper line. We can fix everything else in post."

"Excuse me," Craig said icily, arching a single brow at Kyle. "Fine, whatever, Malkinson. Just saying, if you let us play around like we want, it might be a way fuckin' better movie. More realistic."

Their director, of course, was not having it. "Your arms ok, Craig?"

Rolling his eyes, Craig nodded.

"Thweet, ok, get back to Kyle's line."

Scott should've considered himself lucky that the likes of Craig Tucker had even decided to be in a Malkinson Productions porno. They were notorious for acting so wooden, scripts so predictable and laden with stupid puns that they were almost art. At the very least, they'd spurned many an internet meme, and the reason Craig said yes to the offer in the first place was because that shit was hilarious. Well, that, and the money. He could get a lot more for a niche fetish scene than he could for simply bottoming, or, god forbid, topping.

Topping didn't pay the bills. It was a bonus that Craig didn't mind getting fucked, as long as the other dude was hot enough. Meant he didn't hate his job, which is more than he could say for some asshole stuck behind a cubicle.

He jiggled his foot up and down in a stirrup, bored and staring at the ceiling as he heard the snap of Kyle's gloves (why Craig felt really turned on at that sound, he wasn't sure — he hadn't even had half a Viagra before their shoot. He took a moment to file that information away for later. Part of being a porn star was finding out about kinks you never even knew you had), and the squeeze of lubricant into Kyle's palm.

"I'm going back in," Kyle told Craig. It may have been an unneeded warning, but Kyle gave him that courtesy anyway before pushing his fingers back into him. Truth be told, Kyle really wasn't
that great of an actor, and in situations like these, he struggled to remember exactly how he was positioned.

But he never forgot his lines. So there was that, at least. Once the tape was rolling again, he repeated the last line that hadn't been fucked up. He continued his ministrations as he spoke.

Fortunately this time, Craig didn't mess things up. "Yeah, okay, great, doctor. Please cure my baseball injury with your bigger...thicker...thing."

It really was a stupid line, but Kyle rolled with it. "Of course. It's all part of the Hippocratic Oath I took." As he spoke, he tugged the pants of his scrubs down with his free hand, exposing his erect cock. He dislodged his fingers from within Craig and stroked lubricant onto him. "Are you ready for your suppository?"

Jesus Christ, that was stupid. Craig felt a fit of laughter threaten to burst forth, his diaphragm clenching with suppressed chortles, so he did what he knew would work to stave it off, which was to moan as loud and as fake as he could. Looking at Kyle’s face, he knew that the other man was experiencing the exact same thing, his mouth set into a firm, clenched line and his eyes widened like saucers.

"Yeah!" Craig bellowed, "Cure me, please, Doctor!"

"Since you asked so nicely," Kyle said through gritted teeth. This was the hardest job he'd had to endure—no pun intended. For something that was so obviously fake there was far too much dialogue. "Your file lists a few allergies, but don't worry. This treatment is organic and kosher."

With one hand resting on Craig's hip and the other on his dick, Kyle positioned himself and pushed in. His groan was entirely too exaggerated as he pressed forth until he was fully seated. At least he and Craig were on the same page, because in any other situation, it wouldn't have warranted such a thick and velvety moan.

Craig prepared himself earlier — he was a professional, after all — so the intrusion of Kyle’s dick shouldn’t have caused him to gasp as loud as he did. Maybe it was because he was so taken aback by the absurdity of the scene; maybe it was because of their having stopped and starting over....

Or maybe it was because his new costar had a really, really nice cock, because he was taking Craig carefully and slowly until he was in, and then he was neither careful nor slow at all, and it felt fucking awesome. Craig knew he had a line coming up, maybe he already passed the point of saying whatever the fuck kind of dumbassery he was supposed to say. But instead he was moaning and thrashing and it must have been good because nobody yelled ‘cut.’

It was just a scene, and even though Kyle knew that, that there was nothing actually real about this, that it was work, it was still hot. He groaned, firmly holding onto Craig's hips as he fucked him.

He blocked out the knowledge that there were cameras on him, capturing this scene from multiple angles. There was even one too close for comfort, zooming in on the in-and-out of his dick.

Craig’s groans were wonderful, and when he moaned something that almost sounded like 'doctor', Kyle wrapped his hand around his dick, stroking it in tandem with his thrusts.

When all else failed, Craig could always fall back on moaning, 'fuck me,' so that's exactly what he did, because, with Kyle's long, expert hand pumping him, he couldn't remember a single word he
was supposed to say. Which, really, what the hell did Malkinson and the rest of the crew expect? That just because someone is working, it meant that they wouldn't lose all ability to recall their idiotic lines while another *super hot* guy pummeled the hell out of their prostate?

The best part aboutbottoming for these things was that Craig could shut his eyes, attempt to tune out the cameras around them, and focus on the feeling. Usually he didn't bother, because usually it was just *okay*, any pleasure he typically received from the scenes taking a backseat to the fact that it was, first and foremost, a job. But when it was good, it was *really* good, and this Kyle guy was *exceptional*. Earlier that day, when Craig and Kyle met, the redhead came off as this prissy, stuck-up motherfucker who probably couldn't top worth a damn.

Boy, was he ever proving Craig wrong.

Each hard thrust caused the table, which of course wasn't bolted down to the floor because realism wasn't anywhere near a priority here, to rock back and forth, and the paper underneath Craig's back to crinkle. That annoying sound was honestly more of a distraction than the cameras at this point.

The sounds of sweat-slick slapping filled the room, echoing off of the walls. Perspiration dripped from Kyle's forehead as he continued driving into Craig. He could feel that familiar coiling feeling building up within him. Abruptly, Kyle pulled out, and pulled himself up onto the table, knees settling on either side of Craig's thighs.

"And now, I'm giving you ten CCs of my *special serum*," Kyle said, stroking himself off with his free hand as he continued jerking off Craig. When he came, he intentionally shot onto Craig's face.

"Okay, how the fuck is *this* going to help, *doctor*?" Craig found himself saying, voice back to being flat and unimpressed, but there was no editing *that* out, because mere moments later, he reflexively closed his eyes and opened his mouth, as he knew to do during the money shot, while thick, hot spurts of come covered his face, some landing around his lips.

"Mmm, thank you, doctor," Craig moaned, exaggeratedly, and darted his tongue out to slowly, tantalizingly lick the other man's orgasm off of his lips. This part was always kind of *gross*, but there was a camera directly in his face, so he had to pretend he really, truly loved it, lapping it up like it was honey and not the salty, vaguely bitter semen of some random. He opened his eyes and, upon Malkinson's urging gesture from his chair, looked straight into the camera.

"Looks like I'm cured."

"This vitamin-rich supplement will soak into your skin, enhance your immune system--and prevent further muscle injuries," Kyle promised. It was the most ridiculous thing he'd ever said in his life, but *that* was his line. He continued his ministrations up until the point, until Craig got his rocks off as well.

The cameras captured that moment clearly, and it wasn't long after that Malkinson's *CUT* filled the room.

Kyle climbed off of the table at that point, and immediately, some of the people that had been standing off to the side came to undo Craig's straps. Once freed, he sat up, rubbing his wrists.

"That's a wrap," Malkinson declared.

Kyle let out a relieved sigh, tugging the scrubs back over his hips. "Thank fuck," he murmured.
Thank fuck indeed. Although Kyle jacking him off to orgasm felt pretty decent, Craig was
distracted by the globs of come on his face, which were rapidly cooling and solidifying, and he
couldn't keep thinking, even as he was spilling himself all over his own stomach, that some had
probably gotten in his hair. Getting it out was always such a bitch, and he just wanted to take a
quick shower on set before heading out, instead of going all the way back to his condo for a
thorough shampoo.

"Towel," Craig grumbled, holding out his hand. A crew member was close by, and delivered both a
damp washcloth and a soft, warm hand towel. That was pretty cool. Malkinson Productions was
probably the stupidest gay porn studio in the history of the planet, but at least they knew how to
treat their talent. He made short work of cleaning himself up, first his face, and then his stomach.
Kyle was off doing his own thing, toweling off and slipping back into the grey sweatpants and
orange zip-up he'd arrived in. After finishing, Craig padded over to the other man, still naked.

"Hey. Nice work." Craig reached out a hand, which Kyle shook. He had a nice, firm handshake.
Craig liked that in a man. He had a presence about him, actually, like there was substance behind
him, rather than the vapidity Craig was used to with most of his coworkers.

And, Craig wasn't really doing anything later. It was worth a shot to see if Kyle was also free.
"Say, I'm gonna hop in the shower quick, but after... I haven't eaten a proper meal in like, three
fucking days to get ready for this shoot. Wanna get a burger or something?"

Kyle smiled. "Yeah, why the hell not. Nice job yourself."

"Thanks." Craig returned the grin. "Pretty sure they made up all that shit in the script. What the
fuck is a biceps... uh, what is it, biceps familiaris?"

Kyle couldn't help but laugh. "Most of the script was a crock of shit," he agreed, walking with
Craig off set to where their dressing rooms and showers were. "That being said... the biceps
femoris is one of the few things it got right."

They were halfway to the dressing rooms when Kyle stopped walking in order to properly
demonstrate where the muscle was located on the back of his own thigh. They weren't working
anymore, and Kyle wasn't going to just touch Craig. He was a professional.

"It's this muscle right here. There's two parts to it, actually. One part of the muscle is part of the
hamstrings," he offered. He didn't know anything about Craig, but it was obvious that he wasn't
quite as familiar with anatomy as Kyle was. But everyone knew what hamstrings were. "They both
assist in helping your knees bend."

"Oh."

As they started walking again, Kyle continued. "But like I said, most of the rest was completely
inaccurate. Obviously fucking you wouldn't cure any muscle strains, and neither would my
ejaculate." He laughed, a little red in the face. "I'm actually in med school," he explained. "This is
mine so--see you soon?" He waved to Craig, disappearing into the dressing room to get properly
cleaned up.

“See you soon.”
day 03: style (knife-play)

Chapter Summary

day 3 | style | knife-play

Stan tells Kyle about a new kink he wants to try. Things escalate quickly.

CW for this chapter: knife-play, blood-play, orgasm denial, daddy kink, light bondage

“Hey, so, you’re probably gonna think this is pretty weird, but hear me out.” Stan wrung his hands, gaze focused on the clock, and then the plaid of his comforter, and then the carpet — anywhere except his boyfriend.

And Kyle knew, right away, that Stan wanted to get up to some kind of freaky shit during their shared Saturday off from work. It was how he always acted when he was about to ask for something unusual, all squirrelly and unable to meet Kyle’s eyes. By that point in their relationship, Stan really shouldn’t have been shy in asking to experiment with new things. As much as Kyle came off as some kind of wishy-washy prude, he was completely different when it came to bedroom stuff, private stuff, and Stan should have known that by now.

Kyle had to admit, though, it was always adorable when Stan got all flustered like this. Without saying a word, he turned toward his boyfriend and raised his eyebrows, signaling him to continue.

“Okay, so, um.” Stan swallowed, took a deep, shaky breath, and then said, as quickly as he could, “You know how I like it when you scratch me, well, I was thinking maybe we could do something sorta like that but, um. With something a little, you know, a little more?”

It was the vaguest approach Stan could have taken. That could’ve meant anything, but Kyle wasn’t one to guess. He expected Stan to come out with it, though he had no problem nudging him along. "More like what?"

"You know, like more ..."

"Stan." Kyle reached out, taking one of Stan's hands in his. In another situation, it was something that was going to test his patience. Truly, Stan was lucky that Kyle found this endearing. Rather than getting annoyed, he just wanted to kiss him. "Whatever it is, you know I'm not going to judge you for it, right?"

Stan chuckled nervously, raking his free hand through his short, black hair which left it looking tousled and sexy. "Promise?"

“Yes, dude, I fucking promise!” Kyle practically snapped, although he was grinning a bit. Was that not what he just said?

“Okay, well.” Stan squeezed his hand, “You know that knife you carry around? Ever thought about, you know...” Making some vague swooping gesture with his free hand, Stan trailed off,
until after another deep, ragged inhale, he said, soft yet sure, “I want you to cut me.”

Two things became apparent then, as Stan’s voice dropped into a hoarse whisper and he turned his head so his striking, blue eyes met Kyle’s own. Which were that Stan was more than just a little nervous to ask for this — he was really pushing himself, he was embarrassed, and it was cute — and that Kyle, he supposed, had a new kink. Just that one sentence — I want you to cut me — caused a sudden lurch in his stomach and a rush of blood to his groin and wasn’t that interesting?

"You want me to cut you," Kyle repeated at long last. He could feel the blood rushing in his veins, and as he swallowed thickly, he couldn't help but take in how gorgeous Stan was, flustered like this. He could only nod in response, which only made Kyle smirk.

He shifted, fishing the butterfly knife from his back pocket. Folding it over quickly, he exposed the blade, slowly waving it. "This is what you want?" Grabbing Stan's wrist, he tugged him into his lap.

Stan straddled Kyle, brushing his hands back through thick red curls as he chewed on his bottom lip. Blue eyes met green and-- fuck, Stan was blushing. If it weren't for the fact that Kyle had his own ideas, he might've been done for right then.

Gently, he brushed the blunt side of the knife against the side of Stan's neck, over his collarbone. Immediately, Stan jerked away, seemingly startled. Kyle huffed, quirking a brow. "Do you want this or not?"

"Yeah," Stan breathed, "Yeah, but like, it's more that I wanna..." He slowly dragged his tongue across his bottom lip, and it was really sexy -- mostly because he wasn't trying to be sexy. Kyle knew this. Stan was trying to keep his composure, or trying to find the right words, and as he chewed on his lip a little, leaving it swollen and wet, Kyle used his free hand to stroke the small of Stan's lower back, letting him know that, whatever he was going to say, it was okay.

"It's more like I wanna pretend I don't like it," Stan whispered, "It's like I wanna, um, I want you to make me want it. Even though I do want it and you don't actually have to make me. Just for pretend."

Kyle nodded curtly, peering down over Stan's chest and arms. "I'm not going to cut an artery or anything like that. I'm not licking up any blood either. That's just. No."

"Oh, no, you can just... just like, cut my back. Like when you scratch me. You can just pretend to cut me everywhere else."

For a moment, Kyle was quiet, in that way he got quiet when he was assessing a situation, analyzing variables and potential outcomes. "Okay. You remember the safe word." He licked his lips. "Do you have any attachments to this shirt?"

Stan peered down, double-checking the shirt. It was just one of many Broncos t-shirts, this one was a little more worn than the rest, being one of those comfortable cotton types. But it wasn't like it was unique or anything. "Not really."

"Good." Reaching up, Kyle bunched up some of the t-shirt at the shoulders. Blade up and tucked under the shirt, he forcefully cut the fabric. He repeated the movement on the other side before ripping the shirt off of Stan the rest of the way with his hands.

"Whoa, cool," Stan gasped, an astonished smile crossing his face for but a moment, and his hips
twitching slightly with each tear of the fabric. "Please don't hurt me," he added, as if remembering what he'd just confessed -- that he wanted to play off like he wasn't enjoying himself. His eyes betrayed him, blown wide with surprised, sudden lust, just the smallest hint of blue circling his dinner-plate pupils. "I'll do anything you want, just please don't hurt me."

"I won't hurt you, but you have to be good for me. You have to be still." Kyle didn't have it in him to try and sound scary or anything because of course he didn't want to actually freak out his boyfriend, but the matter-of-fact, sharp enunciations he decided upon seemed to do the trick, Stan's mouth parting in a tiny mewl of a moan. "Get on your back for me. Now."

Stan obliged, and Kyle was sure to get out of the way as to not inadvertently poke him with the knife.

"Be still," he repeated, even though Stan's chest was already heaving slightly with each deep inhale. Kyle straddled Stan, making a point to ignore the emerging erection in his sweatpants, and positioned his knife so that the tip was flat against Stan's chest, enough for him to feel the threat of the blade, but at an angle that wouldn't cut, and he slowly, gently ghosted the blade through patches of black hair and around the contours of his pectorals.

The blade ghosted further down, and Stan struggled to stay still. He needed to, he knew that, but the light touches in which the blade brushed against him almost tickled. So truly--he couldn't help but squirm. "Is this what you wanted?"

"Yes, Daddy," Stan all but whined, and the shiver that ran down his spine caused his back to arch up.

Kyle paused for a moment, staring down at Stan with wide eyes. It completely pulled him out of the moment, enough that his grip loosened on the knife momentarily. "Oh. Yeah, okay." He could roll with this. "Keep being a good boy and I'll give you something you'll really enjoy."

Out of all the things they'd done, all of the filthy, brazen dirty-talk they'd engaged in over the years, Stan had never once said that. While it definitely took Kyle by surprise, this encounter was already something new and different, and Kyle was enjoying himself. A lot.

He'd never thought about it before, but hearing Stan call him that, having this broad-shouldered, muscular, manly boyfriend of his underneath him, writhing and whining and calling him Daddy, well, it absolutely did things to him. Good things. Kyle took a moment to let the knife rest against Stan's chest, and leaned down to give him a deep, wet kiss, while grinding his hips against Stan's. If that took Stan out of the scene, whatever.

Kyle was the one in charge, anyway.

"Good boy," Kyle said against Stan's lips as he pulled away, and collected his knife. "You're squirming so much, do I have to tie you up or can you stay still for your daddy?"

"I can be still," Stan promised, but when Kyle leaned back and dragged the side of the blade against Stan's nipples, he couldn't help but squirm again. Kyle clicked his tongue in response to that and moved off of him.

"I don't believe you, Stan. I can't have you moving around on me." He moved to his dresser, pulling out a couple ties. "Roll onto your stomach, you naughty little boy." Which--as hot as all of this was--nearly made him snort.
As soon as Stan obeyed, Kyle climbed back onto the bed, straddling Stan's ass. He diligently tied Stan's wrists to the headboard. Once Stan was secured, Kyle leaned back and grabbed the knife. When he dragged the blade against Stan's back, it was more firmly than he'd done before. "Behave yourself, or I'll have to punish you more."

"Yes, Daddy." Stan's words quickly devolved into a moan as Kyle dragged the tip of the knife along Stan's spine. "Anything, I'll do anything to be good for you, please don't hurt me."

Naturally, he squirmed. Because of course he did, because of course he couldn't stay still and it was absolutely, completely on purpose. Kyle knew him well enough to know that Stan could follow an order, but instead he shimmied his hips back, pressing his ass against Kyle's erection, and yanked at his bonds.

He was itching to be punished.

"I still don't believe you," Kyle said, pleased that Stan was currently unable to see the smile on his face.

"I'm trying my best, Daddy, honest," Stan assured even though they'd already unspokenly established that wasn't the case at all. That wasn't the game they were playing.

"Telling lies?"

"No, Daddy."

Kyle hummed. Stan couldn't see the shake of his head, which was just as well. "You're so insolent, a naughty boy. Maybe I'll carve up your back. Teach you to behave yourself." It wasn't just an idle threat. He pressed the blade more firmly still against his back and dragged it, applying enough pressure for small beads of blood to rise to the surface.

"God, fuckin'... shit," Stan hissed. His hands clenched, and unclenched, over and over against their bonds. His face was flushed, sweaty despite not having really exerted himself at all, and his brows knit in the middle of his forehead in an expression that Kyle knew wasn't really pain at all, especially considering how his mouth opened in a silent moan until his teeth caught on his lower lip. He released it after a moment, breathing a soft fuck yeah.

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I'm, fuck, god, I'm so sorry, please no more?" It was then that Stan looked over his shoulder, catching Kyle's eyes, and smiled. It was slight, but it was enough for Kyle to know what Stan truly wanted.

"You need to be quiet, you insubordinate--" he released the knife, only to move it along the side of one of Stan's shoulder blades -- "Stupid" -- he lightly touched it to Stan's skin, quickly increasing the pressure -- "Little boy." And, then, he trailed the blade against the curve of said shoulder blade, not too hard, but harder than before, truly breaking the skin just a bit rather than the small scratch that he'd left on Stan's spine.

"I'm a stupid little boy," Stan murmured, groaning as he felt the blade dig into his back. The blade was sharp, but it stung in the aftermath, especially as the cold air made contact with the cuts.

"You don't listen." There was more of an edge to Kyle's words this time, though more from arousal than actual annoyance. Still, it didn't stop him from cutting him again, this time along the back of his ribs. "Do you know what happens to little boys who misbehave?" He leaned forward, lips
brushing against the shell of his ear. "They don't get to come."

"No, please," Stan honest-to-god keened, arching his back so that the knife dug into his skin, which only made him moan louder and circle his hips, rocking into Kyle's cock. Fuck, Kyle knew his boyfriend was a masochist, but this was something else.

Thoughts darted across Kyle's mind almost quicker than he could keep up with them. *Is he okay, but if he's not, he would have used the safe word, then, But is he going to? Should I? Am I going too far, shouldn't we have talked about this, did we go too fast and am I fucked up for liking this as much as I do and really, really not wanting to back off?*

He was zoning out, just a bit, and Stan seemed to pick up on it. He tossed a pleading look over his shoulder. "Please, Daddy?" *Please don't you dare stop,* his eyes said.

That *please* struck a chord within Kyle, straight down to his dick. His earlier trepidations didn't matter, not when Stan was pleading with him like this. It was the push he needed to continue, to throw caution to the wind.

"You haven't earned it," Kyle managed, half shucking down his pants to wrap his hand around his dick as he leaned over Stan. He stroked vigorously, groaning in response to the friction he created for himself. All the while, he pressed the blunt edge of the blade against Stan's throat.

It didn't take him long at all to find his climax, and he unapologetically came on Stan's back. It was only after that, that he sat back on his heels, admiring the mess of red and white on his boyfriend's back.

Shuddering, heaving breaths that were almost sobs wracked Stan's body, and, as the afterglow of his orgasm abruptly vanished, Kyle felt the immediate urge to do anything he could to make him feel better, to comfort him, to make sure he was *okay.*

"Hey," Kyle tossed out, softly, reaching out to stroke the back of Stan's neck, "You all right?"

Stan nodded into the pillow, then, turning his head, a satisfied smile spread across his face. It was an expression that Kyle could only describe as completely *fucked out,* which was honestly pretty cool, since they didn't even *do* that. "Did I do good for you, Daddy?"

So, the game was still on. That was more than fine, but it didn't mean that Kyle wanted to just *leave* him like this. "Not good enough for you to come," he stated, airily, "But yes. You did very well for me. I'm gonna clean you up, ok?"

Stan merely nodded, and it was almost amusing that he chose now of all times to be quiet. Leaning over him for just a moment, Kyle pressed a soft kiss to his the back of his head and undid the bindings around his wrists.

"I'll be right back," he promised, momentarily leaving Stan to rub at his wrists and stretch his arms before tucking them under the pillow. When Kyle returned, it was with a warm, damp washcloth and a small tube of triple antibiotic ointment.

Gingerly cleaning off the blood and cum, Kyle set about taking care of his boyfriend the best he could. It was inevitable that he dropped the act before Stan did. There was too much hanging in the silence between them as he treated each of the cuts. "Are you sure you're okay? I--"

He paused discarding the tube to the nightstand when he finished and opted to lay beside Stan,
facing him, tugging him close. "I took that too far toward the end there. We didn't even discuss limits--"

"It was fucking amazing." Stan wrapped an arm around Kyle's waist, and pressed a kiss against his forehead. "It was..." - he laughed, lightly, maybe even a bit nervously - "It was sudden, but... whatever, you know? That was definitely, definitely not too far." Stan's voice was still soft, still shaky, like he'd yet to fully return to himself. "Did you hear an Elway? Because I didn't say an Elway."

"I know you didn't safe word, but I just thought I might have went a little overboard." Careful not to brush against his back, Kyle ran his hand on the only other open expanse of skin he could, which was Stan's side.

"It was awesome," Stan insistently reiterated. "I'm sorry if I freaked you out with that daddy stuff, I don't really know where that came from."

Relief washed over him with the assurances that it wasn't too much, that it hadn't gone too far. They had a safe word, but if it had been too much and Stan hadn't said anything--

Kyle didn't finish that thought, instead focusing on the conversation. "It threw me for a loop, but... it was actually kinda, really hot. Anyway, between that and the Johnny Johnny thing. I think we're even."

Immediately, Stan laughed, half rolling onto Kyle to press an intentionally wet and messy kiss to his cheek. "Now we're even. If anything was even close to going too far, it was that, you prick."
Chapter Summary

day 04 | kyle/craig/stan | spit-roasting

Kyle and Craig spit-roast Stan.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It wasn't the first time they'd discussed the possibility of a third. Comments made in passing, or murmured suggestions of what they could do, in the midst of the sounds of sweat-slick bodies slapping against each other. Perhaps it was only meant to be a fantasy, or a passing thought.

But once the idea was in Kyle's head, he couldn't just let it be. He had no idea who the third would be, but if were just a one-off, only for a night, or a weekend, there'd be no harm, right? Kyle doubted in his ability to share beyond that... but he'd be lying if he said that the idea didn't strike him as incredibly hot.

Something had to be done, he decided, and it was with that in mind that he settled on the couch beside his boyfriend, legs crossed and facing him. It was without preamble that he spoke. "I was thinking, if we really do want to have a threesome, we should pick someone from our friend groups who won't get weird about it after. Because statistically, the chances of finding someone acceptable on Grindr who doesn't have diseases--" He stopped there, making a face at just the thought.

"The chances of finding a friend of ours who'd want to do anything..." Setting his book face down on his lap as to keep his place, Craig paused, chewing on the inside of his cheek. There was one person he knew for a fact would go for it, but probably wasn't an option if Kyle was worried about diseases. "A friend of ours who isn't Kenny. The chances of that are statistically less likely than finding someone on Grindr who is clean and not going to murder us in our sleep, wouldn't you think?"

Craig wasn't opposed to it. Despite his voice coming out vaguely annoyed, his stomach started doing flips of aroused joy the very moment Kyle plopped down next to him on the couch and, in true Kyle fashion, matter-of-factly blurted the first thing in his mind. Which, this time, was that stupid threesome thing.

Well. It wasn't actually stupid. It was an idea that Craig always figured would remain fantasy, but over the last few months or so, it was a fantasy which came into very heavy play in their sex life. And outside of it too, actually, because a random, hot guy in the supermarket would trigger Kyle's breath against his ear, whispering, 'Why don't you go say hi to him?' Or a perfectly pleasant movie night would have to be put on pause, because of some attractive actor or another.

Not that Craig was complaining. He wasn't opposed. Not in the least. But it just wasn't logical.

"Hypothetically, were we to do this, I doubt anyone we know would be down."

"I don't know about that," Kyle responded, grabbing Craig's book. Careful not to lose his spot, he
set it on the back of the couch and swiftly moved, straddling Craig's lap. He wrapped his arms around his neck, fingers nestling into the hairs near the nape of his neck.

"There has to be at least a few people who'd be interested. You're attractive, ridiculously so." Kyle paused, worrying on his bottom lip for a moment as he chose his words carefully. "It's worth a shot, isn't it? There's got to be someone who would love to bend over for us. For you."

Kyle wasn't the best at these sorts of discussions; he inevitably managed to word things in the most awkward manner, with the most awkward delivery, but damn if he wasn't earnest.

"Yeah, well, you're pretty okay yourself, I guess." Craig grinned, only slightly annoyed at Kyle not bothering to use the bookmark that was right there on the coffee table, and more than accepted Kyle's encroachment upon his space.

Among the many things Craig had grown to love about Kyle over the years were, of course, his hair, and the way his face flushed all the way to his hairline when angry, upset, or turned on, and the long, careful fingers that were currently causing goosebumps on the back of Craig's neck. And then there was his ass, god it was just fucking perfect; Craig allowed his hands to stroke down the length of his back and grab it, playfully grinding Kyle's hips against his own.

But, all of those traits were just fantastic complements to one of the things Craig loved the most, which was the fact that Kyle just didn't pull any punches. While Kyle wasn't a champion dirty-talker or anything, the content of what he said barely mattered. It was his honesty, how he asked for what he wanted and said what he meant that turned Craig on so damn much.

With a low chuckle, Craig wrapped his arms around Kyle's waist, and pulled him in so their torsos were flush together, and his lips were brushing against that spot on Kyle's neck that Craig knew drove him absolutely crazy.

"Question for you," Craig said, in a murmur, "If you could fuck any one of our friends, who would it be? Anyone you'd wanna bend over. Anyone you'd wanna watch me fuck. I won't get mad."

At least, Craig was pretty sure he wouldn't get mad. This was new territory. This was personal; this was becoming more real than Craig had ever imagined.

It was a question that Kyle didn't answer right away. Instead, he allowed himself to enjoy being flush against Craig. He focused on his boyfriend's lips against his neck, that electric shiver that ran down his spine. A small, embarrassing sound caught in his throat as he rocked his hips against Craig's more firmly.

"Oh." Craig was owed an answer, and Kyle actually considered it before he responded. The thing was, the answer actually came to mind immediately. There was no question about it; there were only so many friends that Kyle wanted in that sort of scenario. Kenny would, of course, be down, but that just wasn't going to happen. Cartman? He'd rather die than see that fat tub of lard bent over in any fashion, especially undressed.

"Stan," he admitted finally. With it being something they'd never discussed before, Kyle truly had a hard time anticipating Craig's reaction. Which was unfortunate, because he generally knew how to
read him well. "What about you?" There was no way he was going to admit that without weaseling
the same information out of Craig.

“Stan.” Craig stilled his movements, and relaxed his posture, slumping back on the couch. His
hands loosened their grip on the small of his boyfriend’s back until they were just resting there,
limply. “Seriously, dude?”

It just fucking had to be Stan.

He didn’t hate Stan or anything. Craig regarded him with the sort of annoyed indifference that he
had toward most people, at least on the surface. But, underneath, he’d always felt jealous of the
guy. Which was illogical as hell, because he and Kyle had been together for four years, which
meant Kyle hadn’t touched Stan since he was twenty one.

They’d never dated, though. His boyfriend didn’t harbor any kind of feelings for his childhood best
friend, right? Kyle would’ve told him, wouldn’t he, if, back then, it was more than messing
around?

“I’m not mad,” Craig said, slowly, sensing the beginnings of annoyance or anger from his
boyfriend, “But. Just saying, what about, I don’t know.”

Truthfully, Craig couldn’t think of many of his own friends he’d want to join them. But that didn’t
mean he wasn’t going to be just a little contrary. “What about Clyde? Jimmy? At least they’re
actually fun.”

Pulling back just enough to look at Craig properly, Kyle's brows furrowed. He needed to take Craig
at his word when he said that he wasn’t mad, Kyle knew that, but it didn't stop him from feeling
somewhat defensive. He'd caped for Stan his entire life, and that kneejerk was still there.

"Jimmy strikes me as too straight to want to take your dick, Craig." Which wasn't anything against
Jimmy at all, but Kyle was more than aware of the string of ladies he'd gone through, especially
now that his stand-up career was somewhat taking off.

Maintaining eye contact, he ran his hands down Craig's chest slowly, soothingly. "I hate to say this,
but Clyde would probably cry during and that would be off-putting. Anyway, Stan is fun." He
paused, before adding pointedly. "He'd let you do whatever you wanted. I'm certain of that."

"Clyde would totally cry," Craig agreed, mouth turning up at one corner. And, yes, Jimmy was
absolutely straight, and Craig didn't know why he'd even brought him up other than to start some
kind of argument, to which he was glad Kyle didn't take the bait. Feeling Kyle's hands drag down
his chest and looking into his beautiful, bright green eyes was much nicer.

Maybe the reason Craig was jealous of Stan was because Kyle would never tell him what they got
up to. He'd always brushed it off as something that was in the past. That happened a long time ago,
he'd say, or We were eighteen and drunk, or Fucking drop it, Craig! Maybe Craig just didn't like to
think about it because, when he did, he realized how fucking hot a mental image it was, imaging
Kyle doing things with Stan.

Because, really, there was something sort of hot about Stan. It was in the way he smiled so wide, in
his shining, almost innocent blue eyes, something that made Craig want to just....

God. To just fuck him up.
"Whatever I wanted, huh?" Craig cocked his eyebrow. "How do you know that?" He took the initiative to slide a hand up the back of Kyle's shirt, slowly stroking the skin right above his beltline. "What'd he let you do?"

Kyle sucked in at his bottom lip, genuinely debating what supporting evidence to offer. Or rather, whether to reveal to Craig what he wanted to know so badly. He just didn't like talking about it, that was the problem. Just like he didn't talk to anyone else about what he did with Craig, he really wasn't into the idea of kissing and telling about bygone encounters.

He didn't like the sort of flustered it made him feel, and there was no way he'd be able to discuss it without his face burning.

But he was more than aware of Craig's wandering hand, and he couldn't help but shift just enough to encourage more contact. "That doesn't matter," he murmured, fidgeting with the hem of Craig's shirt. He was underselling himself and his choice right now, but... "Look, do you wanna do it or not? I can text him."

"You can text him, I guess," Craig said, "But--" Quickly, he joined his wandering hand with the other, and lightly raked his nails against Kyle's spine, giving his hips a short, hard thrust -- "But, I wanna know what I'm getting myself into first. Gotta tell me."

Just the short conversation, the little touches, the way Kyle was getting embarrassed were enough to begin to turn Craig on. "Tell me," he repeated, softly, right against Kyle's ear. He leaned in so their cheeks pressed together and Kyle's soft, red curls brushed against Craig's forehead. After a teasing nip to Kyle's neck, which made his boyfriend let out a short, sharp gasp, Craig hummed, "You fuck him? He beg you for it?"

He felt like putty in Craig's hands, and it wasn't fair. Those nails against his spine, that nip--it had his back arching, his heart rate quickening. Even Craig's words struck a chord in him, straight down to his dick.

"Yeah," he admitted with a shaky breath. Kyle buried his face into the nape of Craig's neck, pressing a kiss to the skin there, inhaling that scent that was just so distinctly Craig. "He's desperate to get dicked, desperate to get comed on." This still wasn't easy to discuss, but it certainly was more encouraging with Craig's hands on him.

"Yeah?" A small, low moan rumbled in Craig's chest at the feeling of Kyle's lips on his neck. Those tiny sounds Kyle was making, little gasping breaths like he was trying to hold back from letting out an honest-to-god groan, the way Kyle felt, and not to mention what he was saying made Craig's cock twitch, straining hard against the confines of his jeans. Craig wanted Kyle to feel exactly what he was doing to him, so he cupped that beautiful ass and, circling his hips, took a moment to press a string of hard, biting kisses to Kyle's neck.

"Text him." Before Craig could even think about letting Kyle scramble for his phone, he kept his grip steadfast on Kyle's behind and squeezed. "Figures Marsh would be a fuckin' cock whore," Craig added, sounding less sarcastic and more heated. "You think he'd do what we talk about, what we wanna do? He any good at sucking dick?"

It was impossible not to get worked up, especially knowing how he was affecting Craig. He slipped his hand between them, palming at his dick rather than making any effort to get up to find his phone quite yet. As urgent as it was, Kyle was reluctant to separate--not that it was a surprise; it was difficult to keep his hands to himself once they got going.
With his free hand, he cupped Craig's cheek, pulling him into a quick but fervent kiss. "Definitely," he said only after he pulled away. "He sucks dick like a champ." Wriggling out of Craig's grip, Kyle got to his feet to fetch his phone, which was tucked away on the nightstand in their bedroom.

He quickly sent off a text to Stan once he fetched it, and immediately settled back on the couch, tucking himself against Craig.

*Hey, dude. Are you busy?* Better to start this innocuously, he thought.

Craig groaned at the loss of contact, thinking for a moment that Kyle was getting too embarrassed to continue and would leave Craig hard and frustrated. But, when he returned with his phone just moments later and pressed himself against Craig’s side, he leaned into Kyle, draping his arm around his boyfriend’s shoulder, to look at his phone.

Whoa. He was actually doing it. A text message with Stan lit up Kyle’s screen, three dots indicating that Stan was typing.

*No not at all this weekend what’s up*

“How you gonna do this, honey?” Craig asked, giving Kyle’s shoulder a squeeze. “Just gonna tell him what’s up right away, or have him over first or what.”

Kyle hummed softly, peering down at the response on his screen. There were a number of ways he could handle this, but-- "I’ll lead into it. I wouldn't want him to feel blindsided by just having him over." That, and if Stan went the unpredictable route and turned him down, Kyle knew he could save face by not having everything immediately on the table.

He squeezed Craig's thigh before returning to holding his phones with both hands, firing off a series of texts to Stan.

*I was thinking, if you wanted, you could come over sometime soon.*

*Hang out*  
*Maybe game a little*  
*Or skip gaming all together...*

It was a subtle way of leading into things, but Kyle was sure that Stan would know where he was going, given the number of time they screwed around after gaming, back when both of them were single.

Kyle’s phone immediately buzzed.

*Yea dude sounds awesome. Today or what?*  
*Skip gaming..... wait did something happen with Craig? You ok?*

Craig chuckled. “Was that your code for fucking around or something?”

"Sort of. There might've been a correlation between the two things." Which was to say there absolutely was a correlation.

*It could be today, yeah.*

He glanced to Craig for a brief moment before continuing.
Nothing happened, I'm fine.
Craig would be there and be involved.

Are you asking what I think you’re asking?, Stan sent.

Craig felt Kyle shift next to him, simultaneously scooting in closer and looking at Craig through questioning eyes, as if for approval... which, if it wasn’t so hot, would’ve been funny, considering Kyle never felt the need to ask Craig for any sort of permission, under normal circumstances.

“Yeah,” Craig said, using the hand not around Kyle’s shoulder to ghost his fingers against Kyle’s inner thigh, stopping short before his cock. “Tell him you are.”

Kyle inhaled sharply. Craig's fingers were so close and as hard as he was already, he felt almost desperate for contact. But it also would have been a lie to say that he didn't enjoy these sorts of teasing touches, the ones where Craig got him worked up relentlessly.

He nodded curtly, not quite trusting himself to speak at the moment. Which was hilarious, given the amount of time he spent talking on the daily.

Yes. Are you down for it? We'd be good to you.

Craig’s mind was getting ahead of itself, thinking of all the things he could say, could have Kyle type, and he had to force himself to take a deep breath so he wouldn’t blurt them out all at once.

He decided on saying, “We would, wouldn’t we?”, his arousal deepening by the second just from sheer anticipation.

Stan replied, This is kinda out of nowhere
Im not saying no
Actually im saying yes
Hell yes.

"We would. We’d have him begging for it." Kyle lacked a creative imagination in a lot of circumstances, but this he could imagine quite well. Partly due to past experience, sure, but it had his cock aching all the same.

We’ve been toying with the idea for a while. Anyway, I thought it’d be too much to outright say it.
Great!
When's the last time you got tested? Text me the results

“Well, that was easy,” Craig stated, the smallest hint of surprise creeping into his flat monotone. He half expected Stan to refuse, or maybe to type out some disparaging comment about how Craig sucks.

Both stared at Kyle’s phone for a few moments, as if anticipating an immediate response , before the screen shut itself off. But, since it was apparently taking Marsh a while to get back to them, they could at least find a way to occupy their time. Gently, deliberately extracting Kyle’s phone from his hands, Craig set it on the coffee table, so they’d both hear it vibrate against the glass top at Stan’s response, and, finally, inched the hand on Kyle's thigh upward.

Fuck, he was so hard.
"I told you." Had he? Kyle didn't remember, but it didn't stop him from his default *I told you so* tone. He knew Stan was thirsty, and that he would be down. He was just surprised that the response took so long.

He didn't have it in him to mind too much, not when Craig's fingertips finally made contact with his dick. His jeans hindered the direct touch that he wanted, but for the moment it was fine.

The far more important things, like reaching over and pressing his palm against Craig's groin, and squeezing, as he pulled his boyfriend into another kiss.

Moaning and rolling his hips at Kyle’s touch, which was *just* the right amount of pressure to drive Craig wild and cause him to want those pants out of the way, *now*, Craig gripped the length of Kyle’s erection through his jeans, and responded to his bruising kiss with equal fervor. Their tongues slid against another deliciously, not in a fight for dominance but in an equally passionate show of *need*. Each time Kyle would suck on Craig’s lower lip, or nip it between his teeth, Craig would respond in kind.

They pulled away from each other with a synchronized gasp. Kyle’s face was red, eyes unfocused and mouth wet, and it was fucking *sexy*.

“*You excited, babe?*” Craig asked in a husky murmur, pumping his hand upon Kyle’s clothed erection. There wasn’t anything stopping him from just opening Kyle’s pants and feeling skin-on-skin except for his own desire to keep teasing.

"Yeah," Kyle responded, feeling a little breathless. He licked his lips, rocking his hips into Craig's hand in effort to get just a little more contact, a little more friction.

It felt like Stan was taking far too long to get back to him. He glanced over his shoulder at the phone, which had still yet to buzz. Perhaps he was a little impatient, but it came with the territory.

"How do you want to do it?" It was an important question, as well as a distraction. His fingers dipped further, an attempt to massage his balls as he leaned close, nipping along his jaw.

“I want his ass,” Craig said, practically whining. “I wanna fuck him, and I want him to suck you off, and I wanna make him work for it.” He licked his lips, looking deep in Kyle’s eyes. “He’s gonna beg. Gonna be at our fuckin’ mercy.”

Kyle’s hands felt fantastic on Craig’s aching cock. He responded by allowing his hands to travel up Kyle’s back until they were threaded in the unruly, red curls that Craig found so enticing, so fucking beautiful. He gave Kyle’s head a yank, exposing the long length of his throat, and took the opportunity to lick him from the base of his throat to his ear. Once he was there, he tugged Kyle’s earlobe with his teeth, causing his boyfriend to gasp. And, as Kyle was fucking *finally* fiddling with the button of Craig’s jeans, his phone went off.

It was a scramble for both men to separate so Kyle could unlock his phone. When he did, a photo of Stan’s tests, dated about a month ago, and *Sorry took me awhile had to find it. This was from last month but haven’t been with anyone since* filled the screen.

Everything was negative.

"*He's clean.*" Relief filled his voice as he sank back into the couch. This was a worthy interruption, even if it meant being delayed in getting into Craig’s pants. In the long run, getting everything arranged with Stan was going to be far more satisfying.
Cool. You can come over whenever. Unless you have questions.

He set his phone down for a moment, returning his attention to Craig to revisit their conversation. “I want you to completely wreck his ass. It'll be so hot to watch.”

“Fuck yeah,” Craig breathed, a wide smile stretching across his face. “Tell him that’s what I’m gonna do, I wanna see what he says.”

He reached across to collect the phone, but, on the way, he gave Kyle’s straining hard-on a deliberate squeeze.

Sweet haha this is awesome it’s been so long ;) 
Prolly gonna be there around 6 or something if that’s ok. Who’s gonna yknow be on top lol

“He texts like a fucking middle schooler,” Craig stated, amused. “Tell him to get himself ready for us. Tell him...” Craig paused to paw at Kyle’s chest, his back, his crotch, anything, anywhere to work the other man up as much as he possibly could. “Tell him you’re gonna make him choke on your dick.”

Kyle worried at his bottom lip, glancing to the clock at the top corner of his home screen. He was worked up, painfully so, and as tempted as he was to drag Craig back to their room, or shove him down on the couch, he was equally tempted to deny himself until Stan was here.

He groaned, leaving Stan on read for a moment, in favor of sliding his hand under Craig's shirt, enjoying the feel of smooth skin and muscle under his palm as he sucked on his collarbone. Even if waiting was better, keeping his hands and mouth to himself.

"I'll tell him," he promised, when he finally pulled away to respond to Stan. The problem here was, he wasn't great at sexting and never would be. But he could just reiterate what Craig said.

Six is fine. When we're done we can order out. I'm sure we'll work up an appetite. 
Craig is going to completely wreck your ass
I'm going to make you choke on your dick
If you're lucky
I meant my dick.
You're going to choke on MY dick

“Nice.” Craig snorted a laugh. Kyle had always been horrible at sexting, even when Craig had him all worked up with his own words. His boyfriend was the kind of guy who would rather show than tell. Craig didn’t mind, exactly, but the fact of the matter was that in that moment he really wanted to get Stan as worked up and as ready for them as humanly possible. If he was going to be their third, he deserved to enter the experience with the same amount of aroused anticipation as the other two.

“Gimme your phone.” Craig was honestly surprised that Kyle did, without protest.

Hey dumbass its Craig
Get your ass ready bc we’re gonna make you our fuckin bitch
Kyle and I have been talking abt this for a long time. When I fuck him he’ll tell me how he wants to watch me go to town on another dude and congrats, that’s u
I hope you like being spanked. And having ur hair pulled bc when you're sucking Kyle off I’m
gonna push your head down and make you choke. When he cums you’re gonna swallow it if you’re real lucky but I’m thinking that you might only be good enough to get it all over ur slut face. If that scares you off I really don’t give a fuck. But I know it probably doesn’t. I bet you love it, don’t you?

Stan would never assume that Kyle was pretending to be Craig. Kyle didn’t have that in him.

At first the only reaction from Kyle was a strained noise, and it was obvious enough that he regretted letting Craig take his phone at all. He was short-circuiting, and when he finally found his words, it was with a resounding: "What the fuck, dude!"

Immediately, he took his phone back, staring down at the screen with wide-eyes, waiting for those animated dots to appear at the bottom of the conversation with Stan. He’d read it, Kyle could see that much, but the response still wasn’t coming.

"You scared him off!"

“No, I didn’t. Just wait a second.”

Craig was sure, simply from the limited amount of things Kyle had told him from he and Stan’s friendship-slash-fuckbuddy-thing, and from all of his interactions with the man that Craig had said exactly the right words to get Stan going. Smiling slightly, Craig ran his fingers along Kyle’s spine, beneath his shirt. His skin was soft and really, really hot. “It’s like you can tell by being around him that he’s into this shit. That innocent, good boy bullshit is just an act.”

When Kyle’s phone buzzed, Craig leaned into his boyfriend, and pressed a kiss on his neck.

Ok I know I said 6 but if you give me like an hour or two I just gotta shower and get ready Can’t wait that’s fucking hot!

“Told you so.”

Cool. See you soon, dude.

It was obvious that Kyle was responding to the text this time, and he considered the conversation done, so he locked his phone and set it aside once more. Stan knew where they lived, after all. He’d been over plenty of times over the years. But this was different.

Holy shit, this was actually happening.

He swallowed thickly, shifting in response to Craig’s lips and hand. Recalling what Craig texted Stan, too, he felt so worked up that it was painful.

"You were." He admitted while trailing his fingers along the back of Craig’s neck. "So now we wait."  

“Now we wait,” Craig repeated, voice coming out gravelly with arousal. While Kyle hadn’t outright told him that he was absolutely dying from how turned on he was, Craig knew that was the case. He knew from Kyle’s tone of voice, all low and breathy, and from the way he kept touching Craig, his hands finding every possible inch of open skin he could, from head to toe.

Craig wasn’t much better off. His mind was reeling with images of Stan’s broad, muscular back rippling underneath him while his cock slammed in and out of Stan’s hole, of Kyle staring at him
with hazy eyes as Stan took him as deep as fucking possible into his throat and, god damn it Craig could barely wait. He grabbed Kyle’s hand, none too gently yanking his wrist so that his palm was once again flush with Craig’s erection, and quickly moved to unbutton his own pants.

“If we get each other off now, we’ll still be ready to go when he gets here, right?”

It was tempting to go along with that, especially with Craig taking his hand like that. It was hot; he enjoyed it when Craig took that sort of initiative, and he loved how hard Craig was beneath his palm. He squeezed, but did nothing more than that. At least, nothing that he knew Craig wanted.

He rose to his feet, turning to face Craig, Craig's knees trapped between his as he leaned over him. Grabbing Craig's wrists, he pinned them to the back of the couch. He caught his lips in a brief but searing kiss, and when he broke it, he still hovered close. "No, Craig. You're going to wait. We both are. Until Stan is here."

It was going to be torturous, waiting that long, but it was going to be even better this way.

It felt much longer than the hour and a half that passed before Stan showed up. It felt like prolonged, inhumane fucking torture, both men having to sit there, hard as a rock, while they watched a movie, arms around each other in a way that wouldn’t have been inherently sexual but for the fact that they knew what was about to happen.

Tension hung so thick in the air between them it felt like a sauna, but was replaced by an air of excited relief as soon as the sound of the doorbell reverberated throughout their house.

“Oh thank fuck,” Craig breathed, rushing to his feet to scramble to the front door, Kyle a mere step behind. Before letting in their guest, Craig shot a charged, sultry stare at Kyle over his shoulder. “I’m gonna shove him against the fuckin’ wall, right away,” he murmured, low enough that Stan surely couldn’t hear him.

"Oh, no you aren't." Kyle said immediately, grabbing Craig's hand as he reached to open the front door. He squeezed his hand, holding Craig in place so he could get to the door first. "That's not how this is going down."

He gave Craig a pointed look before opening the door. Stan was on the other side, as expected, and he looked both attractive and ready to go. Which was good, because waiting for Stan to get here had been torture. Rather than greeting Stan properly, he fisted the collar of Stan's shirt, tugging him inside, kicking the front door to a close.

Kyle's lips collided with Stan's immediately, kissing him insistently, tongue dragging over his bottom lip.

If the small, yet obvious gestures of dominance, Kyle squeezing his hand, looking at Craig with sharp green eyes as if commanding him to stay right there weren’t enough to show who was going to call the shots in this entire situation, the way Kyle yanked Stan inside and kissed him like his very existence depended on it confirmed that Kyle was definitely going to be in charge of this.

And Craig was more than fine with that. Watching how deliberately and aggressively his boyfriend locked lips with Stan, open-mouthed and desperate but not awkward in the least, made ignoring the hard-on in his jeans completely impossible. He released a short, rumbling groan as he stroked himself through his jeans, and, for a brief moment, his eyes reflexively fluttered shut. Which totally fucking sucked, because Kyle was now sliding his hands up the front of Stan’s shirt, exposing the trail of black hair in his lower abs, and it was about the fucking hottest thing Craig
had ever seen. Maybe it was so goddamn hot that his mind wasn’t having it, wouldn’t even let him look at it for fear of coming in his pants before they even started.

“Oh! Hey, Craig.” It was mere seconds before Stan’s voice, as clear as always but with this husky undertone of want, brought Craig back to the present. He and Kyle had stopped kissing, although Kyle, who was blushing red and almost panting, still kept a commanding hand on the slight curve of Stan’s ass.

“Hey.” Craig cocked an eyebrow. “Kyle, gimme a turn.”

Kissing and touching Stan wasn't something he actively missed, or thought much about at all in the time he'd pursued his relationship with Craig. But right now? Right now it was fantastic; Stan was eager and pliant beneath his hands, and it felt good to have his hands on him. Stan had a little more fluff to him since the last time they hooked up, but that didn't change anything; he still reveled in being able to run his hands over his chest, grab his ass.

Soon, he'd be sure to get his hands on his dick, but even as worked up and impatient as he felt, he didn't want to rush things.

He felt his chest heaving as he looked back at Craig. "Mm, good thing I want to see that," he responded with a playful smirk. And fuck , he really did want to see Craig and Stan kiss, and touch, and so much more. He ached at just the thought of it.

Kyle side-stepped, pressing his hand to small of Stan's back. "Hey, Stan, why don't you show Craig what you've got."

Keeping his hand on Stan's back, Kyle gently nudged Stan in Craig's direction. And when Stan ended up knocking into Craig, smiling up at him and his blue eyes glinting with something simultaneously mischievous and submissive underneath long, dark eyelashes, Kyle fastened his teeth on the back of Stan's neck, for but a second, in a teasing nip.

Stan gasped, and the desperate manner in which he arched his back in an effort to press his ass against Kyle's dick made a low sound catch in Craig's throat as he leaned forward. Stan was practically radiating arousal, Craig could smell it, and having this man pressed up against him while his boyfriend took in the scene and looked over Stan's shoulders to meet Craig's eyes was more than he could fucking handle.

He had to, though, because things would just get better from here. Kyle's look seemed to tell him, Go ahead.

"Better fuckin' be good," Craig said, and whether or not he meant it as in you better be a good kisser or be good for me, for us he wasn't sure, but he supposed that either would, and did, work.

Stan made the cutest little whimpering sound, and before Craig knew it, his hands tangled in Craig's hair and he pulled his face down and their mouths were all open and sloppy kisses against another.

This is already so hot . It was the only coherent thought Kyle had at first; it was far too easy to get caught up in grinding against Stan's ass, reveling in the way Stan moved back against him with clear intent, and how fucking great it was to watch his boyfriend make out with Stan. Kyle ran his hands over Stan's sides, and as tempting as it was slide his hands under his t-shirt, he decided it was
a far better idea to reach further, slipping his hands into the back pockets of Craig's pants.

He gripped Craig's ass firmly, pulling him closer, more snugly against Stan. The muffled sounds that came from the two were absolutely worth it, and it served as proof that good things were going to come from this encounter.

"Let's move this to the bedroom," Kyle offered, after the kiss between Craig and Stan ended, leaving the two panting heavily with arousal. He detached himself at that point, almost immediately regretting the loss of contact, but it really wouldn't do to do this right behind their front door.

If they'd made their way back there in a normal fashion at all, it wouldn't have taken just a moment, but what wound up unfolding resulted in a lot more stumbling. In many ways, the seal had been broken, and while Kyle intended to just walk straight back to his shared bedroom and get things rolling, he ended up guiding Stan there, lip-locked and walking backwards.

Stan's hands only stayed on Kyle's hips for a moment; as his tongue brushed against his best friend's, his hands slid under Kyle's shirt, pawing at the bare skin he found underneath. Kyle was lithe, even if a little softer from having a desk job than he was four years ago. When he finally pulled the shirt over Kyle's head, they made it to the threshold of the bedroom.

Immediately, Kyle pulled away again, snatching the shirt before Stan could drop it on the floor. The red-head then parted ways specifically to toss the shirt into the hamper on the other side of the room, which drew a snort from Stan. "Seriously, dude?"

"He likes to keep things organized," said Craig, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. As Craig moved to sit on the bed, he watched Kyle shuck off his pants and toss them into the hamper with his shirt, leaving him in nothing but a pair of dark green boxers that contrasted beautifully with his pale skin. Although Kyle lacked any freckles on his face, his shoulders were dotted with clusters reminiscent of constellations, which Craig loved to kiss, to outline with his tongue, connecting them.

Kyle was always fucking hot, but something about him that day was downright irresistible, likely because of what they were about to do. And, Craig could tell Stan was staring, too, so he patted the mattress. "Get over here. Kyle looks good, yeah?"

"Hell yeah. 'Cept it's just like him to put a threesome on pause so he can clean up his room," Stan said, grinning, and plopped himself down next to Craig. He had this expression on his face that could only be described as that of a kid on Christmas morning, alternating his gaze between Kyle and Craig with expectant, wide eyes. It was fucking cute, and Craig couldn't wait to see what other expressions they could get out of him, how his face would look when contorted in pleasure.

"This shit isn't on pause. Undress me," Craig commanded in a low murmur.

Oh fuck, this was hot. Stan swallowed thickly, nodding. Like hell was he going to pass this up. It was a shame that Kyle had kept the privilege of taking his pants off himself--maybe he'd be able to take care of the boxers for Kyle later--but it was just as good to get his hands on Craig, beneath his clothes.

"O-oh, yes. Yes sir. " Stan got up to his feet, standing between Craig's knees as he licked his lips. Craig was attractive, hot, and while it was something that Stan had noticed, much to his chagrin when he and Kyle first started seeing one another, Stan never thought he'd have a chance like this.
Tugging at Craig's shirt, he quickly pulled it overhead, and as he dropped to his knees, he dragged his hands over Craig's chest. Craig's skin was smooth and pale, a sharp contrast to the copious amounts of dark chest hair covering Stan. Hell, Craig even had more a build than Stan was expecting and it was great.

Once he was settled on his knees, he fussed with the button and zipper of Craig's jeans--who the hell wore pants when home on the weekend like this? apart from these two, apparently--intent on freeing Craig's cock.

At some point, Kyle joined Craig on the bed, slipping behind him to run his hands along his sides while kissing along the side of his neck.

“Remember, I get his mouth.” Kyle’s breath was hot against Craig’s ear, his voice sending the best kind of chills running up and down his spine, and he positioned himself seated, legs on either side of Craig, so that the hard-on peeking through his boxers poked against Craig’s back.

And, Jesus, between that and Stan eagerly unfastening his pants, guiding his hand under Craig’s ass so he could lift his hips and slide both jeans and boxers down, Craig already felt like he was about to lose it. Stan peered up at him expectantly — he was just kneeling there, hands on his thighs and mouth open, like he was waiting for instructions, waiting for Craig to tell him when and how to touch him, and Craig would be damned if that wasn’t among the top five hottest things he’d seen in his entire life.

Craig shifted, pressing his back into his boyfriend. “Lemme get a little taste, though, yeah?”

Kyle exhaled a tiny chuckle. “Fine. It’ll be hot at least. Stan?”

“Yeah?”

Craig felt the smallest pang of jealousy at the way Stan talked to Kyle. It was as if, despite their not having done anything like this in years, Stan portrayed in his every word that he trusted Kyle, that he’d do absolutely anything he’d tell him to do. Coupled with that was affection, and maybe it wasn’t the same kind of affection Craig and Kyle and for each other, but it was there, and it would have been extremely irritating if it weren’t something Craig was sure would make the experience so much better.

“Suck his dick,” Kyle said, reaching up to stroke Craig’s chest and pausing to lightly pinch a nipple between thumb and forefinger.

Stan's expression lit up as he looked up at Kyle, so eager, so willing. "Yeah, okay. I'll suck him." He didn't wait a moment longer before jumping into action. Wrapping his palm around Craig's dick, he stroked him a couple times.

After being as worked up as he was, for as long as he was, just having that contact was enough to draw a low moan from Craig. It was hot, and Stan was determined to earn more of those sounds. Flattening his tongue, he dragged it along the underside of his cock. When he reached the tip, he swirled it around, dipping against the slit before he took him fully into his mouth.

From his position behind Craig, Kyle peered down, watching Stan bob his head down on his boyfriend's cock. One of his hands ran down Craig's chest, and as he pressed against Craig's back, he nestled his fist in Stan's hair, pushing him further down.
Kyle hadn't lied -- Stan could suck dick like a champ, taking Craig into the back of his throat like he was quite literally hungry for his cock, and just letting Kyle yank at his hair like that, letting him push his head down, and then up again, like he was guiding him, like he was controlling all of it, not just Stan, but how much of Stan's mouth Craig was allowed to experience.

Craig's moan was much louder than he'd anticipated when Kyle abruptly shoved Stan's face down, causing his throat to contract around the head of Craig's dick and making him cough and sputter. "Fuck, that's good," Craig growled, noticing that Stan hadn't attempted to halt Kyle from doing that, but instead stroked his hands up and down Craig's legs until they were on his thighs, nails lightly digging into his flesh.

"Stan's a good boy." Kyle brought his lips to Craig's neck in a rough, sucking kiss that was probably going to bruise but Craig honest to god didn't give a single fuck.

Stan was brimming with pride at the praise, and it only encouraged him to put even more gusto into his efforts. He hardly got a chance to really show Craig what he was capable of, however.

In what seemed no time at all, Kyle was urging Stan off of Craig's dick. He pulled away with a disappointed whine, sitting back on his heels. He didn't have to wait long for what was to come next. If there was one thing his best friend was good at, it was bluntly getting his intentions across in these sorts of situations.

"Take your clothes off, Stan. I'm sure Craig would love to get a bit of your ass now."

Stan scrambled to his feet as quickly as he could, peeling off his t-shirt and sweatpants. He'd dressed comfortably, because he knew he was going to spend the bulk of his afternoon getting dicked down, and the rest of his evening eating whatever it was Kyle and Craig ordered... and, well, because he wasn't a weirdo who thought jeans and a nice sweater were a good choice of lounge clothes, unlike some people.

As Stan stripped, the other two men ended up side-by-side, Kyle slowly, deliberately stroking Craig's cock and Craig pawing him through his underwear, their thighs and bodies pressed flush against another. They were really a sexy couple, the contrast of Craig's hard angles, tan skin, and dark hair perfectly complemented by Kyle's litheness, his light complexion and unruly made of curls, a few of which were already sticking to his forehead with perspiration. And they were watching Stan like they wanted to tear him apart. Craig's eyes were narrowed, and Kyle's wide, but they revealed the same intent, which was that Stan was going to get thoroughly wrecked.

Which was fucking awesome.

"All your clothes, Stanley." Kyle grinned at him, predatorily. "Underwear too."

"Yeah," Craig echoed. He was chewing on his lower lip, and reached into the slit of Kyle's boxers, freeing his cock. "Shit, he's hot, I can't believe we didn't try this til now," he tossed out, obviously to Kyle. "Fuckin' love all that hair."

"Oh, yeah, you like that?" Stan said rather lamely. The sheer anticipation of what was to come was enough to make it difficult to think about anything beyond that, much less articulate words at all. Which was just as well, because he didn't want to waste time with chit-chat when they were all on the precipice of something much greater.

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure that out--or the day shift supervisor at an insurance call
As soon as he lost the underwear, Kyle was beckoning him over. The redhead was already flushed and panting at the attention his dick was finally getting. Deciding to help him along until he was directed otherwise, Stan dropped to his knees, settling between Kyle's legs, kissing and sucking bruises into the sensitive parts of Kyle's inner thighs.

This was more than enough to pull a throaty groan from Kyle. "You can pick where we bend him over," he eventually told Craig.

"Take those off of him," Craig commanded to Stan, "Get that mouth on his dick"

"Yeah, yes sir."

What a trip that was, having Stan call him sir like that. Craig figured that if anyone deserved the title in this situation, it would've been Kyle, not himself. He and Stan never exactly saw eye-to-eye, merely tolerating each other’s presence for the benefit of Kyle. To hear him say that was pretty weird, but he certainly wasn’t going to object. Neither was his dick, because every time Stan uttered that word, he felt a shot of arousal course through his body.

Stan took Kyle in with experienced gusto, wrapping his hand around the base of his cock and slobbering his really rather beautiful mouth around the head, tracing the slit with his tongue, until he was all the way in. Stan removed his hands, and placed them on Kyle’s legs, just like he’d done to Craig, and was making a big show out of it, his eyes focused on the couple as he bobbed his head.

"We're gonna bend him over right here, on our bed." Craig pressed what was supposed to be a quick kiss to Kyle's lips, not wanting to interrupt the awesome view he was getting of another guy between his boyfriend’s legs, only for Kyle to pull him in, wrapping his arms around Craig’s waist and coaxing his lips open with his tongue.

Kyle had had plenty of kisses, plenty of blowjobs in his lifetime, but never had he experienced both concurrently. It was hot, overwhelming in the best ways, and he felt his dick throb in Stan's mouth accordingly.

After a moment, Craig pulled away and got to his feet. Kyle didn't protest, instead simply watching him grab their well-loved bottle of lube from the nightstand drawer. Tossing it to foot of the bed, he moved around so he was behind Stan. "Get on the mattress."

Stan was more than compliant, and both Kyle and Stan rearranged themselves. Kyle scooted back, sitting on his heels and drawing Stan in closer as his best friend bent over on his knees. One hand squeezed at Kyle's hip as the other rested on the mattress.

"Much better," Craig mused, leaning down with ease as he spread Stan's hairy ass cheeks, tongue darting along his hole.

"Whoa, holy... whoa. " Mouth opened in an astonished gasp, Stan jumped, twisted his head to make as much eye contact as he could, and made to paw at Craig's hair, pulling his mouth away. "It's not that I don't like it, it feels fucking, oh dude it feels fucking great, but I just, you know, didn't shave or whatever, so. You don't have to do that."

Craig glared. "Do you think I'm fuckin' blind, Marsh? Did I not just say that your hair is hot?" It was, especially there. Craig liked how it tickled his face as he dived back in, looping his arms
around Stan's hips to hold him still and flatten his tongue against Stan's hole, alternating between long, slow licks and probing circles right against his entrance. He tasted so, so good -- manly, musky, yet clean. Craig didn't get to do this to Kyle nearly as much as he wanted, so he really took his time favoring this part of Stan.

All the while, Stan was clutching onto Kyle, gazing up at him in complete, overwhelmed pleasure. That was cute. If Stan was already getting overwhelmed, he was going to be completely over taken when they really got things going. Craig's low hum of a laugh made Stan moan, and then, when Craig brought a palm onto Stan's ass and gave it a sharp, loud smack, Stan whimpered.

"Yessir. You said it's hot."

"Hey, babe?" Craig lifted his head for a moment, and smiled at his boyfriend.

"Yeah?"

"Why don't you shut him up."

"Gladly," Kyle responded, lips quirking into a smirk. Breaking eye contact with Craig--who quickly dipped his head back down to Stan's ass--Kyle grabbed a fistful of Stan's hair, jerking his head up enough to coax those pretty blues up to him.

Other hand on his dick, he guided himself into Stan's open and ready mouth. Immediately, Stan returned to his previous ministrations, cheeks caving in as he sucked on Kyle's dick. The problem of being overwhelmed and overstimulated still existed, however, and it was hard to be as diligent while his muffled moans sent vibrations over Kyle's dick.

Kyle didn't move from Stan, though. He moaned, something low and unbridled, and rocked his hips slowly. He wasn't planning on making Stan choke just yet. It felt fantastic, and it was more than obvious that Stan enjoyed the diligent ministrations of Craig's mouth, given how he nearly trembled.

Stan’s ass was neither full, nor flat, nor overly-muscular, but somewhere in the realm of average; still, his cheeks rippled with every resounding slap Craig delivered. He was tempted to sneak his hand down and stroke Stan’s erection, but, judging by how he was already moaning up a storm and drooling all over Kyle’s dick while peering up at his best friend with an unfocused gaze, that would cut things short, and they just couldn’t have that, could they?

Instead, Craig gripped Stan’s cute ass in his hands, giving it a hard squeeze. With one final, thorough lick, he pushed himself back on his knees. “Ready for it?”

“Mmmhuh,” Stan attempted to enunciate around the cock in his mouth.

Craig took that as a yes.

Lubing up his fingers, he pressed one in, then two, stretching and pumping them to ensure that Stan truly was ready for it. When he removed them and reached for the bottle of lube again, Craig felt it was more than obvious that he was getting ready to move onto actual dicking.

No word of warning was uttered; just a hand on Stan's hip as he pushed himself in, slowly, until he was fully seated within him. For being such a slut, Stan was deliciously tight and hot, and Craig couldn't help but swear under his breath.
It had a ripple effect; Stan groaned, eventually rocking back against Craig, and the moaning around Kyle's dick only drove him wild. Once Craig started actually moving, Kyle rocked his hips in tandem.

“How’s he feel?” Considering that Kyle was gripping Stan’s shaggy, black hair at the nape of his neck and thrusting in and out of his mouth like Kyle’s very existence depended on it, he sounded remarkably nonchalant about the entire thing. His body, however, was flushed pink from forehead to chest, his hair wild, puffed-up from sweat and exertion.

And Craig barely had words. Stan was fantastic.

“Yeah,” Craig moaned, loudly, which wasn’t even an answer at all, but he didn’t particularly care. Kyle would know what it meant.

“Go slower,” Kyle hissed, then — “Not you. I was talking to Craig.” He punctuated this with a hard pull to Stan’s hair, bringing his head off his cock, and then forcing it back down and Craig knew that he had to do what Kyle said so he wouldn’t fill Stan’s ass up right then and there. “Fuck him slow and deep, he can’t get enough of that.”

By the time they were all said and done, Stan knew his throat as going to be raw and his ass sore, and he couldn't have been more thrilled for that. He was even grateful for Kyle ordering the slower pace--it meant this would last longer, it meant that he could keenly feel each thrust, each time Craig’s cock brushed against him in just the right places.

"Angle your hips more." Kyle said, his grip on Stan's hair tightening. It was not a surprise to anyone in this room that Kyle’s bossier side cropped its head in moments like these. "To the left, just so. You'll know when you get it right. He'll be putty."

Craig fastened his hands on Stan's hips, and guided his back into more of an arch, simultaneously shifting himself until he felt Stan clench around him, and heard him cry out, voice muffled. As soon as that happened, Kyle tossed his head back, a clear, high moan escaping his lips, and Craig knew that he hit the jackpot.

"Like that?" He was asking Kyle if he was doing it right, but he was also asking Stan if he liked it and Stan knew because Craig draped himself across his body, pinching his nipple with one hand, and twisting his other in Stan's hair, after shoving Kyle's out of the way.

Stan could only nod, his eyes rolling back into his eyes while Craig slowly rocked into him, hitting his prostate perfectly with every thrust.

"Told you I was gonna do this--" Craig took the opportunity to shove Stan's head down, making him once again sputter and choke around Kyle's dick. Reflexive tears welled up in the corners of Stan's eyes, spit collecting at the edges of his mouth and he fucking loved it. "Told you I was gonna do it, you like it, don't you?"

There was no way he was going to pull off of Kyle's dick just to answer Craig with something as unnecessary as words. A thick, throaty moan escaped his lips, vibrating once more around the cock lodged in his throat.

"Fuck," Kyle groaned, head tilting back, eyes fluttering to a close. He wasn't sure how much longer he could last like this; it felt far too good, and when he wasn't selfishly closing his eyes and focusing on everything he was feeling, it was incredibly hot to watch his boyfriend fuck his best
friend.

He opened his eyes sometime after Craig straightened, only to be met with Craig looking directly at him while he rolled his hips against Stan's ass. Of all things Craig could've done following that, he had to hold his hand up. Kyle was unimpressed.

"Babe. Don't leave me hanging."

"I'm not going to high-five you," Kyle responded through gritted teeth.

Stan couldn't hold in his laugh, even though it came out as a sputter, and made his throat contract around the head of Kyle's dick.

"See? Stan thinks it's funny. Gimme a high five." Craig smirked, and used his other hand to quickly smack Stan's ass, before returning it to his hair. "Eiffel Tower, bro."

"Oh my god, Craig, what is wrong with you." Expressionlessly, Kyle reached out his hand and gave Craig the most lackluster high-five he had ever experienced.

Stan was losing it. Although he was still meeting Craig's thrusts with circles of his own hips, he was clearly laughing his ass off, back wracking with giggles, and Craig couldn't just let him keep that to himself. He jerked Stan's head off of Kyle's cock.

"Dude, that was great," Stan laughed, hoarsely.

Stan's mouth working on him like that, sputters and giggles aside, more than made up for the stupid high-five. As much as it pulled him out of the moment, it was incredibly easy for Kyle to jump right back into things. "It wasn't, and I'm going to come on your face for agreeing with him." Said as if that wasn't the intention all along.

Craig hardly had it in him to be even remotely bothered by the comment. It was amusing at worst, really, and seeing Kyle come on Stan's face was going to be so hot. He just knew that Stan was would be an absolute ho for getting splooged on like that. Craig hadn't been wrong about anything else regarding this encounter, and he doubted he'd be wrong about that. "You're going to enjoy it."

The only response he got from Stan was something that sounded like a whine, which was as good a confirmation as any, especially with the way he seemed to move between them with renewed gusto.

Kyle's climax came sooner rather than later, and in the moments leading up to it, he abruptly jerked himself away from Stan's mouth. He finished himself off with his hand, and within moments, cum splattered across Stan's face.

It was hot, and without thinking much about it at all, Craig reached over, grabbing Kyle's wrist to tug him closer. His lips captured his boyfriend's in a frenzied kiss with far too much tongue and teeth, hips snapping against Stan.

He pounded into Stan mindlessly, far past the point of caring about slowness or gentleness; the only thing on Craig's mind was his own release, and how amazing it felt to be kissing Kyle like that, how Kyle was doing his part in guiding Craig to orgasm by the sharp pressure of his teeth worrying Craig's lower lip.
And, as sappy and gay as it was, Craig couldn't ignore how he felt so close to Kyle in that moment, even though there was another man between him. It was as if they'd reached a common goal, some sort of weird relationship milestone and before Craig knew it, he was shuddering, crying out into Kyle's mouth and digging his fingers hard into Stan's hips as he succumbed to his climax. His cock pulsed as he emptied himself into Stan.

Stan's climax followed not long after, sneaking a hand down to stroke himself as well as he felt Craig come inside him, sharp and hot, a feeling that echoed through his body. As worked up as Stan was, he barely had to touch himself before he was coming as well. He had the foresight to cup his hand over the tip--

But he didn't exactly have a place to wipe his hand afterwards. After a moment, he opted to just wipe it on the comforter they fucked on. He knew Kyle well enough to know that he'd probably be tossing it into the washing machine before too long, anyway.

What he wasn't expecting was for Kyle, in the midst of the three of them catching their breaths, abruptly getting to his feet while still on the bed. Stan watched him leap off of the bed, and scamper to the adjoining bathroom with a hand over his mouth.

"That was hot but I'll be right back!" Was the only explanation that Kyle offered.

Craig flopped onto the bed after he pulled out, laying flat on his back, heaving a contented sigh. "He has to sterilize his mouth. Because we kissed after I ate you out." It was clear in his tone that this particular thing wasn't new at all.

"Well, I don't care about that," Stan breathed, with a smile. "It's my ass, after all."

"Nice." Craig took that as his cue to kiss him. He rolled onto his side, pulling Stan close via a hand gently cupping his ass, and brought their mouths together in a slow, probing kiss. It was really fucking hot that he was still covered in Kyle's jizz, Stan either too caught up in the feeling of his own release to notice, or actually enjoying having cum splattered upon his face. Craig would've bet his life savings that it was the latter. He pulled his face back, smiling when Stan whined a little, trying to follow Craig's mouth with his own.

"Lemme," Craig muttered, and gingerly stuck out his tongue, laving it against Stan's cheek, and moaning when the familiar taste of his boyfriend met that of this new, sexy person against him. This was weird, but it still added to the entire experience for Stan. This was easily the hottest hookup of his life, and had he not just gotten off, he was certain he would've gotten at least a half-chub from Craig licking him like that. "Shit." He breathed, marveling in the fact that this was something that was happening.

He couldn't bring himself to just be quiet, either, and Stan found himself just spewing words. "So like... Kyle isn't into butt stuff? Oral, I mean. Rimming." He knew what the answer was years ago, but here he was, asking anyway.

"He'll only eat me out on my birthday. If I'm lucky." Which sucked, but it wasn't like Kyle allowed himself to be on the receiving end either, except occasionally and only immediately after he showered.

"Oh. Shit, dude, you're lucky. Kyle never did that with me at all."
Craig hummed in response, opting to lap up the remainder of Kyle's mess on Stan rather than give a proper answer. It was around then that Kyle returned, clean towels in hand, quirking a brow at the two on the bed.

"Guess there was only a need for two towels."

"Hey." Stan was flashing that dopy boyish grin of his at Kyle, and Kyle felt a surge of affection for him. It wasn't quite love in any romantic sense of the word, but something like pride and nostalgia and trust and a lifetime of memories all at once, and Kyle felt his face break out into a grin of his own, before he tossed the towels toward the bed and, after Craig and Stan gave themselves a second wipe-down, went to join them.

Stan was on his side of the bed, the bastard. Normally he'd never stand for that -- his side of the bed had subtle contours of his own body and elsewhere just didn't feel right, okay? -- but, given the circumstances, he supposed he could let it slide. Kyle settled for wedging himself between them, his back against Craig, threading their legs together. He tossed his arms around Stan, bringing him in for a close, almost crushing hug.

"Dude. You look exhausted," he told Stan. "If you'd like to nap or something, we're okay with that. You can even crash here after we eat later. Right, Craig?"

Crag hummed. "Yeah." He pressed his face against the back of Kyle's neck, inhaling his scent and pecking a kiss. "Cool with me."

“Sweet,” Stan and Kyle said in unison, and it wasn’t long after that, sleep claimed Stan.

Chapter End Notes

the high-five is dedicated to a certain person. they know who they are.
He hated this time of year.

It wasn't that there was something inherently wrong with winter. The holidays just sucked. *Certain* holidays just sucked. There was a time when it was something that he only had to deal with after Thanksgiving, through the 25th. Somewhere, at some point in his life, it changed. There was Christmas in July. Decorations popping in retail stores in early October if not earlier.

It wasn't that Kyle really, *truly* hated Christmas. He just resented it. He resented that a so much of his winter break was spent back home, in his childhood bedroom, dicking around on the internet because *none* of his friends were available to hang. Because unlike *him*, they didn't belong to one of the only Jewish families in an otherwise Catholic mountain town.

Spending time with his family, catching up with his brother only occupied him for so long. It didn't make up for the fact that there was just *nothing* to do. It was an act of desperation when he opened Facebook.

**Kyle Broflovski:** *I don't normally do this but... anyone want to hang out?*

He stared at the status for a minute, five, six before he closed his laptop with a huff. Ultimately, he hadn't expected anyone to respond. All of his friends--those who were in town--were probably off worshipping a rabbit. Or bobbing for the body of Christ or whatever.

It just sucked.

To pass the time, he found something mindless on Netflix and tried to lose himself in it. At least when New Years rolled around, he'd have plenty to do. When his phone buzzed around 10:30 that evening, Kyle's brows furrowed. Pausing his TV, he padded around under his pillow for his phone.

It was the last person Kyle expected to reach out to him, but there it was. A Facebook Messenger notification from Craig Tucker, of all people.
Kyle snorted at the message, typing away a response almost immediately. He couldn't even remember the last time he talked to Craig--the summer they graduated high school? Maybe? A passing moment or two in the years following?

Are you really 'u up'ing me?

Craig's reply popped up on the screen right away.

Lol. Not like that. Unless u want me to.
Jk. Still looking to hang out? im bored

Well. This was certainly unusual. He couldn't even recall when Craig had last liked a post of his. Come to think of it, he hadn't remembered seeing a post of Craig's on his feed in... well, ever; he figured the guy didn't even use Facebook. Before replying, Kyle clicked over to Craig's profile. His picture was this artsy, black-and-white number of him sitting on a rock in front of Stark's Pond, taken from the back, with his face turned slightly to the side. His information --

Studies General Studies at Park County Community College
Works at Safeway Fuel Station
Single

-- was simple, his profile rather blank save for memes in which his sister tagged him, and a few, sporadically posted statuses like watching American Horror Story, and concert @ the casino saturday night anyone wanna go, and finals :/. It was simultaneously like he was saying nothing, yet revealing a lot about himself, and it really seemed like not much had changed for Craig since high school.

Eh. It was worth a shot.

Don't you have holiday things to attend to?

im not a huge fan of them honestly, read Craig's reply.
i actually just got off work.
if you want, the weather's pretty nice rn. we could chill outside or smth.
you smoke?

Kyle considered his options for literally a millisecond. There wasn't anything better to do, and what Craig was promising sounded like it could at least be potentially fun. At the very least, it was out of the house.

Right then, nothing else mattered. Before giving a proper response, he revisited Craig's previous comment. Which was completely unnecessary, but Kyle often felt the need to address everything.

For clarification's sake, you have to buy me dinner before you can get away with that. Shellfish, in the likelihood of feeling particularly blasphemous.

He glanced to his bedroom door. His parents were probably headed to--Kyle stopped himself there, reminding himself that it truly didn't matter. He was an adult and could come and go as he pleased.

Not since I was like 16, dude, but I'm down.
Do you have a car? I flew in.
Actually City Wok is still open if you want me to be all proper and shit. You like shrimp fried rice? and yeah I can pick you up. I remember where you live.

Was Craig flirting with him? Surely not. Surely it was just the same sort of lonely desperation Kyle was feeling, the same itching need to just get the fuck out and experience something as close to new as he could get in that boring little mountain town, something to distract him from... Well. Kyle didn’t know from what Craig needed a distraction, but it had to be something, otherwise why would he offer?

That sounds great. I’m pretty much ready whenever you are.

k.
be there soon

Soon was a subjective term, but it wasn’t like the town was that big at all, and Kyle doubted that City Wok was busy at all this late at night. It was just a matter of occupying himself in the meantime. Ultimately, it wasn’t that long at all—enough time to finish his episode when he finally got a follow-up message from Craig saying he'd be there in a couple minutes.

It was unseasonably warm for a mid-December night at this elevation—somewhere in the 40s, which after a lifetime here, was nothing he batted an eye at. He simply grabbed an appropriate coat and slipped his sneakers on. When he opened his bedroom door, the hallways was dark, save for the telltale blue light under Ike's door.

He was quiet in his exit, and when he made it outside, he could see headlights coming from the far end of the block. It was otherwise dead outside, so he wasn't surprised at all when the old pickup truck stopped in front of his driveway. Kyle was thankful that he didn't pull in, lest the headlights rouse his parents. Adults or not, he wasn't eager to deal with their inquiries.

Hands in his pockets, he headed over, opening the passenger side door once he confirmed the driver was at least vaguely Craig-shaped. He was proven correct when the overhead light came on as he opened the door. Definitely Craig Tucker and not some rando.

Settling in the seat next to him, he closed the door and buckled his seatbelt. "Hey."

"Hey."

Craig shot Kyle a small, careful smile. He looked tired. He was wearing his chullo, strands of black hair that was longer than Kyle ever remembered it being peeking out onto his forehead and cheeks, which were sharp and hollow, accentuated by the slight, dark shadows underneath his eyes. A navy hoodie stuck out underneath one of those heavy Carhartt jackets that all of the men of South Park seemed to own. Kyle had always pegged Craig for more of a hipster snob than anything else, not some hick that would dress like just anybody, but it looked warm, and nice on him.

His car smelled like cigarette smoke, fake-pine air freshener, and the aroma of Chinese food wafting from the bag set between them. It was nostalgic and, although he'd never spent much time with Craig, somehow familiar.
"How're you." Craig didn't dawdle in the driveway for Kyle to answer, instead kicking his truck into gear, and heading down the street. The truck was rusty, and relatively loud. Kyle wondered where he got it.

"Okay, I guess." A lie. But what was he really supposed to say? He didn't know Craig anymore. Maybe he never really did.

"How've you been?" Kyle hated smalltalk, but the silence between them was weird and he wasn't sure what to do about it. This was a problem he hadn't faced in a long time; he wasn't often at a loss of what to talk about with his friends, his classmates, or colleagues. But was he supposed to talk about to a former classmate, someone who existed in the realm of having once been a friend, but never actually a friend at all? It was a small town, of course their social circles collided at times. But it was different.

"Okay," was Craig's response, obviously not all that interested in the same sort of meaningless conversation. Fortunately for them both, Craig opted to turn on the stereo to fill the silence instead. It was an old thing, and upon observation, as old 90s grunge flooded from the speakers, Kyle noted that they were listening to a fucking cassette.

South Park, in many ways, was a time capsule. A relic of bygone times, and not necessarily good things at all. Craig's truck was clearly no exception.

It didn't take long to get anywhere, and it didn't take Kyle long enough to figure out that they were headed to Stark's Pond. Of course they were; it had been one of the preferred hang-outs for teenagers who didn't want adults to know what they were up to. These days, it was where the adults went for any sordid activities.

And right now? It was an absolutely guaranteed to be completely empty.

“C’mon,” Craig said, upon parking in a clearing of trees. It was an area with a clear view of the starry sky. “I’ve got blankets we can put in the back.”

Kyle tossed him a quizzical raise of his eyebrows. This seemed like too intimate a situation for two people who barely knew each other.

Craig seemed to pick up on it, and sniggered. “I do this all the time, but I’m usually alone. It’s nothing weird, man.”

But, for Kyle, it sort of was something weird — maybe not weird, exactly, because what else was there to do at eleven p.m. on a Wednesday in South Park aside from sit at home or go to Skeeters? It was just unusual. Out of the comfort zone of study-sleep-study that he’d established for himself at university.

Live a little, Kyle, he thought.

“All right.”

It really wasn't a bad set up at all; when Craig said he had blankets for the bed of the truck, it was no joke. There were about four or five, a few of them wool, the rest dense and thick, which served as excellent padding so the surface of the truck bed wasn't so cold and hard.

The Chinese food was left in the car, neither seeing the point in expediting it getting cold when
they weren't ready for it, and after Craig hopped into the truck bed and leaned against the toolbox, he fished his stash out of the pockets of his jacket.

It was dark out, but there was enough moonlight that Kyle could observe Craig well enough as he loaded weed into the bowl of the pipe. Okay--he couldn't see it that clearly, but it was more than obvious that that was what was happening.

"Want the first hit?" The question came as a complete surprise and it was far more generous that Kyle expected from anyone, much less Craig.

"Yeah, sure," he responded, accepting the pipe and Zippo that Craig passed over.

"Know what you're doing?"

Immediately, Kyle scoffed. "I'm not an idiot, Tucker." Though within the next few seconds, it was obvious that Kyle really didn't. He barely remembered how to roll a joint, and in high school was more than willing to let Kenny handle things. It wasn't the lighter that was the issue so much as holding it at the right angle, not keeping the weed lit long enough while attempting to take a hit--and in the end, he simply caused himself a coughing fit.

"Sure you do." In the dim light of the moon, Kyle could just make out Craig rolling his eyes, and a blink-and-you'll-miss-it flash of teeth as Craig's mouth turned into a lopsided smile. Craig held his hand out, and Kyle passed him the pipe. "Watch."

It was too dark to tell what Craig was really doing. In fact, it appeared that he was going about the process with the exact same method that Kyle used. But, after Craig held his inhale in for a few seconds, his exhale was smooth, the smoke streaming out of his mouth easily and elegantly.

"See?"

Kyle didn't. "Yeah, okay, sure." He knew Craig could tell he was lying, because the moment Craig handed over his piece, which was still burning red in the center, he scooted closer so their shoulders bumped and Craig's large, cold hand brushed against Kyle's.

"I'll just show you, I guess? Uh. It's still rolling, so you don't have to light it."

Kyle nodded, and placed the end of the pipe between his lips, Craig watching him intently.

"Okay, you don't have to do anything, just--" Craig nudged Kyle's hands away from the pipe, replacing them with his own -- "Just suck on it. Um, inhale."

Kyle did, and the moment he felt the harsh smoke hit his lungs, Craig clamped his thumb over the little hole on the end of the pipe. Oh yeah, that's what Kyle was doing wrong. He vaguely remembered watching the burnout friends of his freshman year roommate doing this at a party (nevermind that he was far too distracted and annoyed by the party being in his room than he was interested in paying attention to the intricacies of smoking a bowl), sorta-kind�a recalling that they did the same thing.

"Okay, now." Craig's voice was low, scratchy, and, most of all, patient. "Now hold it until you can't anymore."

When Kyle sucked in, the smoke crowding his lungs, Craig released his thumb.
So much of his concentration was focused entirely on holding in that smoke until it hurt too much to continue. It was better that way, because he was far too aware of how close Craig was. And it didn't mean anything--it shouldn't mean anything--but here he was.

More than aware that Craig, although a bit thin, had filled out, grown even hotter than he remembered, far too aware that no one had been this close to him since he broke up with David six, seven months prior. It wasn't a line of thought he needed to follow.

When he couldn't stand it anymore, he turned his head away from Craig, slowly exhaling, the smoke from his lungs slowly drifting into the winter sky. "That's... that's good shit." As if he had much of a point of reference, but he wasn't wrong.

"Fuckin' right it is." Craig was reaching for the pipe, but he wasn't moving, his shoulder still pressed against Kyle's.

Kyle wasn't going anywhere either because just that one hit already made him want to melt into the layers of blankets padding the bed of the truck, or to rest his head on Craig's shoulder and flop against him. He was sure Craig would feel nice because Craig was nice. The sky was really nice and the softness of Kyle's scarf around his neck was really nice and, if he could just for a moment ignore that this entire winter break had thus far sucked copious amounts of balls, everything, right then, was just really nice.

They didn't speak, or really look at each other while passing the pipe back and forth. When Kyle stole a few glances out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Craig staring at the sky, so he did the same.

It was so nice.

He got caught up in all the stars, not that Kyle knew much about which constellations were which, or the difference between star, satellite, and planet, but man.

"So cool, dude," Kyle said, and was honestly a bit embarrassed at how he sounded, like some stereotypical stoner on a teen movie.

Craig laughed. "Yeah. Oh, shit."

"Hm?" Kyle turned, to observe Craig fiddling with the pipe.

"Pretty much cashed. I can probably--" he used the corner of his lighter to tamp what was left of the weed, mostly ashes, into the bottom -- "Yeah." And, Craig took a hit.

Kyle didn't know what Craig had in mind, and thus he was taken by complete and utter surprise when Craig grabbed Kyle's chin, pulling him in. Their mouths locked together, and when Kyle's lips parted, Craig exhaled.

Sucking in the smoke, Kyle let it fill his lungs one last time. Even as he exhaled, he was blown away by how hot this was. In the moments following, Kyle felt himself sink further into the truck bed. Just his body, though, his mind felt like it was floating somewhere above him, he felt like he was somewhere between corporeal and not.

He didn't say anything about to Craig, who was back to staring up at the stars. There wasn't much of a point in it; it wasn't actually a kiss. It wasn't anything beyond sharing one like hit.
"Fuck," Kyle murmured, breaking off into something that was almost a giggle as he rubbed at his face. He was really feeling this high, and it was the best he'd felt in a long time. "I'm glad you reached out, man."

Craig snorted in response, but upon glancing over at Kyle, he must have realized that Kyle actually meant it. "Wait, really?"

"Yeah."

The laugh that followed was one that came much easier now in comparison to when Craig was completely sober. It probably wasn't even that funny, beyond the prospect of Kyle wanting to be here. "Shit, dude, it's not like weed's hard to get. It's legal."

"Ha! Dude." That was probably one of the funniest things Kyle ever heard, even though it was simply a true statement — for Craig, at least — and Kyle emitted a single guffaw. “It isn’t in Illinois. Well, medicinally, yes. But it’s, like, way harder than you’d think to get a medical card there. Not that I’d really want one.”

Craig had this cute — cute? Since when was Craig cute? — lopsided smile on his face, and Kyle’s eyes had adjusted well enough to tell that his eyes, despite being heavy and bloodshot, were this neat cornflower blue.

It was just an observation, really. Nothing to it. Not like Craig Tucker had pretty eyes or anything. Or a nice mouth that, even though his lips were a little chapped, felt pretty decent during that non-kiss. Kyle could totally just kiss him for real. Just to sate his curiosity of whether an actual-kiss was better than a non-kiss, or a weed-kiss or whatever that awesomeness a couple minutes ago was.

“What?”

Craig caught him staring, and Kyle could only laugh. “I’m kinda hungry.”

"Food's in the cab," Craig responded, not bothering to get up. The doors were unlocked, but his car didn't have a rear view window that opened, and he just didn't feel motivated to move.

Kyle was determined, though. He was a little hungry. Not the insatiable munchies sort, just a little peckish so far, and there was the added benefit of it being a distraction before he did something he’d regret. He didn't handle being embarrassed well, after all, and he still had his wits about him enough to know that there would be a lot of it to be had if he did kiss Craig, specifically if it wasn't well-received.

His could feel the full force of his high when he stood up and made his way over the side of the bed. Kyle wasn't dizzy, but he could feel the rotation of the Earth, could feel his brain floating in his skull with his brain juices, could feel how gravity was just different right now.

Acquiring the Chinese from the cab and scrambling back to the bed felt like an accomplishment. Like getting the gold. This had to be how Brian Boitano felt back in the '88 Calgary Olympics.

He dug in immediately, pulling out one of the boxes from the paper bag. He shoveled the shrimp fried rice into his mouth, nearly moaning over how delicious it was. "Oh my god, Craig, 's so good, you have to try."
There was another small paper box in the paper bag, but Kyle scooted close instead, piling rice and a piece of shrimp onto his fork, holding it up to Craig's mouth.

Craig had no qualms about this, leaning in and accepting the food.

“Oh, my god.” Craig moaned, and then giggled, as much as someone like Craig could giggle, around his mouthful of food and, after swallowing, said, “That’s, like, the best fucking thing I’ve ever tasted.”

Objectively, City Wok was rather terrible. Maybe their still being in business and staying open as late as they did had quite a bit to do with the residents of South Park finding solace in getting drunk and high, and needing a fix of something of hardly any nutritional value when they were fucked up because, right then, Craig wasn’t wrong. It was fucking great, not to mention the little thrill of disobedience Kyle experienced whenever he indulged in something as blasphemous and forbidden as shrimp.

It was an added bonus that Craig allowing Kyle to hand-feed him had been extremely cute.

It soon became apparent that they were both hungrier than originally thought—or, that was at least the case for Kyle; it made sense for Craig to be hungry since he just finished working. In what seemed like a matter of minutes or hours, between the two of them, nearly all of the Chinese was devoured.

Kyle felt full and relaxed when he finished eating, and when silence fell between them for some time, he was comfortable with it. It was difficult to say for how long, however, because soon they fell into a conversation, topics loosely tied together by their stream of consciousnesses.

"You ever... you ever think about what Nirvana would be like if they came out now instead of back in the early 90s?" Kyle wasn't at all certain where the thought came to mind, but it probably had something to do with the music they listened to on the way here.

"They'd still be the shit," Craig said with full confidence. He tapped his fingers against the side of the truck. He really wanted a cigarette.

"Would they, though? Would they really..." He chewed on his bottom lip, attempting to stifle laughter and failing. Kyle didn't know what he was even laughing at. "Oh, fuck, dude, you're right. Fuck, dude, fuck. Like. God. Cobain was a fuckin' lyrical genius. I miss him..." Unintentionally, Kyle managed to sound somewhat emotional about the last part.

"Way better than that mumble rap bullshit." The comment was said in the most dry, Craig-like way. Immediately, Kyle cackled, holding onto his chest as he wheezed.

“My fucking roommate, at college, my roommate last year, God! ” Once Kyle started laughing, he was finding it difficult to get it under control, his diaphragm contracting with fits of cackles and it probably wasn’t that funny at all except that it was, everything was. As he managed to catch his breath after another spell of laughter, Kyle took in a deep, gulping breath. “Okay. So. My roommate played that shit all the time and I swear to God, dude, if I had to stay there another year, I’d be in prison right now.”

Craig let out a soft chuckle. “Never had a roommate. I still live at home. It sucks, dude.”
"Yeah, yeah, I’d totally imagine it would.” Probably less so for Craig, who appeared to be living independently for the most part, despite still residing under his parents’ roof. Kyle wouldn’t be able to do it for a second, not with his family. Just being home for a few weeks between semesters was enough for him. “I have a single now. Worth it.”

"I guess you're living it up or whatever in... wherever in Illinois." Kyle didn't expect Craig to know where he went to school, or ultimately anything about his life now. There wasn't any common thing binding their lives together, however loosely, like when they were attending the same school.

Kyle shrugged. "Not really. I don't do much beyond school and work. I--" He paused. He didn't want to tell Craig about how lonely he'd been. How he intentionally kept himself busy so he didn't have to think about it, or feel it, until semester breaks like these. "It's whatever."

"Yeah. I feel that. I don't do anything else either, and there's nobody left here. It sucks ass.”

Craig shifted next to him, and Kyle noticed that their thighs were touching, in addition to their shoulders, their upper arms. It made sense, Kyle supposed -- it was a bit chilly out, although not nearly cold enough to warrant huddling together for warmth. But, whatever. They were high. They were comfortable. Craig was nice.

Throwing caution to the wind for but a moment -- at least as much as Kyle felt comfortable doing so -- he cautiously placed his hand on Craig's thigh. He could feel how skinny Craig's legs were underneath his jeans, and maybe he'd always been that thin because Kyle never paid that much attention to the guy in high school, but he had a feeling that this utter lack of muscle was a new development.

It was a possibility Craig knew how Kyle felt better than he'd even imagined.

"That sucks," Kyle said, and Craig scoffed.

"Fucking does. I can't wait to get out of here." A few moments passed, during which Craig made no effort to break away from Kyle's impromptu touch. If anything, he'd moved even closer.

"D'you know where you're gonna go?" Kyle's thumb stroked against his thigh idly. If Craig started school when he did... if his credits weren't too fucked, surely he'd be finishing his associate's degree within the next semester or so.

Craig frowned at the question, shrugging after a moment. "Nah. Just wherever. It doesn't really matter."

"But it does! Craig, you could go anywhere. Or do anything. " Kyle was earnest, squeezing his thigh. He wasn't thinking about what he was doing; it just felt nice.

Craig snorted, as if this was some kind of joke. "That's you, dude. You were always one of the smart ones."

" You were too! I remember. You were so smart, too."


Kyle couldn't help his laugh. "No, dude, business. Pre-law is useless. I'm not sure if that's what I'd like to do anyway."

Much to the disappointment of my parents, he left out. Craig probably knew,
though, that was what he was thinking because everyone knew Gerald was a lawyer, and everyone expected Kyle to follow in his footsteps. Including Gerald himself. "You did science stuff right?"

"'Science stuff,' yeah. I'll probably do physics for my BA, maybe." Craig scoffed, but there was nothing harsh about it. "I guess I'll just transfer to, I don't know, Boulder or some shit once I'm done. Close to home but not, like, too close and at least I'll be able to fuckin'..." Craig sighed. It was heavy and somehow nervous. "At least I'll be able to maybe find someone to hang out with or like, date or whatever."

A humorless laugh escaped his lips before he could stop it, something bitter and harsh. Kyle should've tried harder to keep the negative reaction internalized, but here he was. "That wasn't at you," he eventually realized he needed to specify. "What about Tweek?"

"Now I know you're high as fuck. That ended in eighth grade, Broflovski."

Kyle's brows furrowed, as if he couldn't quite remember whether that was true. But he really hadn't paid much attention to anything beyond his own shit in high school. And Stan's. Anything that didn't somehow concern him was a blur. "Oh."

He wasn't sure what to say to that, and it was apparent in the way Kyle froze up for a moment. "Well, then I'm sure once you're in Boulder you'll have better luck." It went without saying that prospects were slim here. "And I'm sure you won't be accused of being 'high maintenance' or having 'too many high expectations'. Or having the other person tell you that they were ready for serious, but not 'this kind of serious.'" All of this, of course, was accompanied by air quotes. Even if it wasn't visible in the dark, it was clear in his tone.

"Sucks, doesn't it," Craig said, softly. He cleared his throat before continuing. "Yeah. Nobody around here is looking for anything serious either. It's all, hey, wanna hook up and never talk to each other again or go on two dates and get ghosted. Not like I really should be looking for serious shit either, 'cause I don't have my shit together. Would just be nice, you know? Have someone to..." He trailed off, shaking his head. "Whatever. It sucks here, is all."

That was the most Kyle had ever heard Craig say at once, and he had to admit that it threw him for a loop. "That's what you've been up to, huh? Grindr hookups?" He said it jokingly, to lighten the mood, and for a lack of anything else to say.

Craig chuckled, and Kyle noticed that the hand on his thigh was covered by Craig's own, and when did that happen? It couldn't have been just then because he didn't notice Craig place it there, but it was kind of awesome actually because, for someone so gaunt, Craig had really warm hands.

"Sorta." Craig gave his hand a squeeze. "Kinda got sick of it after awhile."

"I couldn't use an app." There was no air of indignation that was so often a Kyle trademark; rather, it was just a simple statement, a matter-of-fact. "It's not that I'm a prude or anything, it's just..." His voice trailed off. As serious and sincere as this conversation was getting, Kyle lost his train of thought.

"It's not like you're missing out on anything. Fuckboys and couples."

That drew a snort from Kyle. "True. I don't have time, anyway. I'm self-aware enough to know it's my own doing. But it's better than sitting around with nothing to do. I don't know anyone up there."
Which was his own fault; he'd hated his previous roommates, and it had been his own fault for getting so caught up in things with David.

He still talked to Stan, at least, but hours-long phone calls and face-timing didn't make up for the distance. And if he had to hear about Wendy again -- it wouldn't have been so bad if it weren't always rehashes of the same thing, and he'd counted on spending more time with Stan over break, but apart from a handful of times a week ago that hadn't happened, between family obligations and that annoying coincidence that Stan always managed to get back together with Wendy over the holidays, no matter how much they'd not been getting along previously.

As an onlooker, it was annoying. That was all.

Kyle was suddenly aware of Craig's hand over his again. As if in the few moments of their conversation, he'd forgotten again. Maybe if he didn't move, Craig wouldn't let go. Somehow, that was the logic in his head right then. He needed a silver lining. "It sucks being back home. But at least I actually know people here." As he said that, his eyes drifted up to Craig's.

And Craig kissed him.

It was just a brief, cursory press of lips; Craig didn't push it, didn't try and deepen it -- there was no probing tongue attempting to part Kyle's lips, or hand threading in the back of his hair and pulling him closer, or anything else save for that small kiss. But it was still enough for Kyle's mouth to drop in a small gasp of surprise as soon as Craig pulled away.

"Shit. Sorry." Kyle watched the Adam's apple on Craig's long neck bob as he swallowed, and turned his gaze toward the sky. "That's not what I..." With the hand not clasped atop Kyle's, Craig tugged on one of the strings of his chullo. "I swear I didn't invite you out to get in your pants. Not necessarily. I don't know why I..."

Kyle cut him off with a searing kiss.

It effectively shut Craig up, and the two men easily lost themselves in the kiss. Where this passion came from, Kyle wasn't sure at all, but it didn't matter nearly as much as the fact it was happening.

They nibbled on each other's lips, and when said lips parted, their tongues slid against each other's. It was sensual but heated, and right then felt downright addicting.

When the kiss ended, Kyle pulled away just enough that their swollen lips still brushed together as he panted. "Holy shit."

"Holy shit, " Craig echoed, and his eyes flashed, then glossed over before he slid a hand onto the side of Kyle's neck, grazing his fingertips against the skin behind Kyle's ear, and brought their lips together again with a short, low, but eager groan caught somewhere in Craig's throat.

Kyle didn't think that the floating, tingling feeling coursing through his body from being as high as he was could get any better, but this proved him wrong. Very wrong indeed, as Craig squeezed Kyle's hand one final time before snaking it around Kyle's waist, clenching the fabric of Kyle's jacket as their bodies were chest-to-chest, and Craig's lips wandered to place slow, hard kisses along the side of Kyle's neck and his ears and fuck.

Fuck yes.
Kyle's fingertips itched with how badly he needed to touch Craig right then. Really touch him. This was so unexpected -- perhaps that was part of the allure of the whole situation. He found himself gnawing at his own lip in order to hold back a groan; then, after answering Craig's neck-kisses with a gentle nip of teeth right by the other man's ear, said, "I'm not opposed to this, but I'm not going to fuck you." After Craig chuckled, a low reverberation that Kyle could feel in his chest, he added, "Not tonight, at least."

"Come to Bebe's New Year's party with me," Craig muttered against Kyle's cheek and, as if embarrassed, added, in a small voice, "I always thought you were really cute."

"What?" Kyle all but squawked, pulling away enough to search those gorgeous blue eyes. He had no qualms over attending with Craig, and would be certain to say as much, but he was immediately thrown by the comment. "Seriously?"

Perhaps, he shouldn't have needed to ask for clarification. Craig never struck him as the sort to play games like that. But it was still a huge surprise for him. "Why didn't you ever say anything?" He asked, finally.

The response was a resounding shrug. "You were... you know, you."

Kyle didn't know what that was supposed to mean, and in a normal situation, it was a line of inquiry that he would've followed. But right now, when he felt so good, what mattered more was chasing that good feeling. Pressing close, he left a trail of open-mouthed kisses along Craig's throat. "I'll go with you." It more than beat the prospect of being a third wheel for New Year's celebrations.

"Cool." With that oh-so-verbose and detailed response, Craig budged Kyle's hat off his head, burying his long, thin fingers in his curls as he kissed his way along Kyle's cheek to his mouth, where he captured Kyle's lower lip between his own, and sucked. Craig's nails were bitten short, but not short enough that Kyle was unable to feel the light scratches on his scalp. The sensation made Kyle shiver, and ache everywhere.

He wasn't one to hook up. It was a waste of time, for one; it also wasn't safe. But Craig was such a passionate, unrestrained kisser, like everything he didn't say aloud was instead channeled through his lips and tongue and teeth. His hands felt amazing, his body was firm and warm and it made Kyle flush, and gasp, and paw at Craig's chest and back. Made him crave a kind of closeness that he wasn't going to get from kissing.

Kyle still wasn't going to fuck him. But, he could tell, both by how he kissed and how little noises kept catching in Craig's throat, that Craig wanted it, and that was fucking hot.

As he followed Craig's lead and plucked off Craig's hat, then yanked ever so slightly at Craig's silky black hair, Kyle used his other hand to pull at Craig's hip, guiding him on top of him in a straddle.

This was better. They were a tangle of limbs, with Craig's upper arms resting against his shoulders, hands still tangled in curls as they kissed. Kyle's own hand lingered in Craig's hair for a moment before he was dragging both of them down Craig's back.

Kyle wanted to feel him everywhere, he wanted his palms and nails against Craig's back, wanted to feel those lean muscles directly. But even like this he had the restraint not to; once the seal was broken, once that line was crossed, there would be no going back. And no matter how lonely Kyle
was, no matter how lonely they both were, he couldn't let it happen the first time they'd hung out alone since they were kids.

It didn't stop him from sliding his hands down further, sliding over Craig's ass, squeezing firmly and pushing him closer against him. When Craig took that as an initiative to grind his hips against Kyle's in slow, teasing movements, they both groaned into their kisses.

"God," Craig moaned, pulling his head back just enough that their lips were touching, but not connected, "You're so... fuck." Craig rolled his hips, and Kyle could feel how hard he was, not to mention how thick he was, through all of that frustrating fabric as their lengths aligned.

"What an astute observation," Kyle quipped, although his voice was far too breathy, he was far too gone with arousal for it to be truly sarcastic, but Craig sniggered nonetheless.

"Your hair." Craig's low voice gave Kyle chills as he breathed into his ear, gripping and massaging at Kyle's scalp, playing with an errant curl here and there and as much as Kyle hated his hair, it felt fantastic. "S'nice."

"My hair sucks." Kyle shut Craig up with a deep kiss, swirling his tongue against Craig's, on the roof of his mouth, on his teeth.

The noises Craig made went from little grunting moans to something more unrestrained, although still quiet, when Kyle threw all caution to the wind and reached between them to squeeze Craig's erection in his palm.

The sound that Craig made that time was better, somewhat louder. Kyle pumped his cock through the layers of clothing as best he could and while it was undoubtedly not nearly enough, but the sounds he pulled out of Craig were fucking beautiful.

The touch was brief, intended to be, but when Craig's hand pressed against Kyle's crotch, it was cut even shorter. Kyle pulled his hand away, taking Craig's hand in his own, lacing their fingers as he denied himself what would have been wonderful, teasing touches.

"I told you, not tonight," he murmured, ghosting his lips along Craig's jaw.

Craig whined. It was this pathetic, desperate, beautiful mewl that Kyle never thought could come from someone as impassive and unflappable as Craig. He wanted to hear it again and again. He wanted to see what other sorts of sounds he could extort from this man. With the delicious thought that maybe, if everything went well and according to plan, he could make Craig beg if he really wanted to, Kyle moved his own hands back to Craig's ass.

No use in continuing to tease Craig like that, not with the likely possibility that they would get worked up enough to do something they'd regret, once their high abated.

They kissed, and rutted against each other, and groped at one another's backs and chests though their jackets until Kyle's lips were swollen and his chin raw from Craig's stubble, and Craig's hair was worked into a messy nest of tangles.

When Craig settled back on the bed of the truck beside Kyle, both of their chests were heaving. The tension and the desire were still there, thick between them, but there was no going further tonight. This taste of what was potentially in store for them was going to have to be enough to sate them.
Kyle grabbed one of the extra blankets, fluffing it out over them before leaning against Craig, fishing into the takeout bag for the two fortune cookies that were buried at the bottom. The cookies were broken, but that wasn't going to change how they tasted.

They each took one, and as Kyle fussed with trying to open the wrapper of his, he felt the need to fill the silence with anything but what they just did. He didn't want to go against his own intentions of waiting, after all. "So... You like *American Horror Story*?"

"Huh?" Craig glanced over, opening the packet with his teeth.

"It was on your Facebook."

"Ugh, see *this* is why I don't post shit on there often," he said, though there was a trace of humor in his tone. "You stalkin' me, Broflovski? But yeah, I do."

"Actually, the first time I looked at your profile since, uh. I'm not sure when was tonight," Kyle said, matter-of-fact, around a mouthful of fortune cookie. "What did you think of *Cult*? It was my favorite out of all of them; really underrated. The message that society, like, always has to have--what?"

Next to him, Craig was letting out a series of short, snorting laughs, and he held out the fortune from his cookie, palms slapping up to cradle his face once Kyle took it.

"*Why not treat yourself to a good time, instead of waiting for someone else to do it.* Oh, well. That's nice." Kyle sniggered and then, when he realized the implication of that statement and how much it matched up with their night, his torso crumpled with his own fit of giggles, which culminated in him resting his head on Craig's shoulder, both red from laughter.

"What's yours?"

"Ohhhh, yeah." Kyle somehow forgot that he was holding a fortune in his hand. "*Do not give up; the beginning is always the hardest.* Dumb."

"Heh. *Hardest.*"

"Wow, you're like *twelve.* " Kyle made a point to sound somewhat mature, even though he was on the precipice of another fit of giggles.


"Hanukkah was like two weeks ago, Craig. I had finals."

"Oh shit, really?"

"Yeah."

"I thought it was the same time as Christmas."

Kyle shook his head. "Not this year."

More silence fell between them, before Craig finally changed the subject. "You taste like Chinese food, by the way."
Kyle scoffed. "Yeah? Well, you do too." It was clear that Craig cared about that so much, with the way he leaned over and stole a kiss.

The following hours passed without incident, the two of them tucked together in the back of Craig's truck, under the blanket. They talked about whatever came to mind until their highs faded. When it was finally time to part ways, it was with the promise and anticipation of meeting up again soon.
day 06: creek ( daddy kink )

Chapter Summary

day 06 | creek | daddy kink

In the heat of the moment, Craig calls Tweek 'daddy.' It's awkward and embarrassing, until it's not.

Chapter Notes

this also serves as a kink meme fill (southparkkinkmeme.tumblr.com) for: Creek, daddy kink. Whichever of them has the daddy kink is up to the writer. Either Craig or Tweek (whoever the one is that is being called “daddy” in bed) thinks it’s super weird at first, but once it happens a few times, turns out they’re totally into it

“You like that?”

They were really into it that night. Craig, on all fours, fingers threaded firmly into the sheets, moaning and sweating and arching his back as Tweek fucked into him, unrelentingly hard.

“God, yes,” Craig cried, tossing back his head. “Feels so good.”

“Gonna, nngh, gonna fuck you harder,” Tweek grunted, as if he really could.

“Yeah.” It was a gasp, a groan, and a beg all at once.

“You want that?” And, yeah, Tweek guessed he could fuck him harder because he was, not much harder but he was, and it was hot and tight and filthy and fucking incredible.

“Yeah.”

Tweek grabbed a fistful of Craig’s hair, yanking his head back, and, as he snapped his hips, slick slapping noises reverberated off the walls of their bedroom, joining both their moans in a veritable cacophony of sex; and Tweek loved this, every time—he loved having this stoic, emotionally fucking retarded, beautiful and amazing man of his put directly in his place. “Fuck, you fuckin’ like it, bitch?”

“Yeah!” Craig yelled. And it was the only time Tweek could ever hear him yell like that—he loved that too and so the fuck did Craig. “Yes, Sir.”

“Can’t hear you.”

“Yeah, fuck me.” Craig’s ass clenched around him as Tweek brought his palm down upon his skinny ass, slapping him hard.

“What,” he slapped him again, on the other cheek, “Nnghwas,” and again, and again and again,
“That?”

“Fuck me.”

“Louder, bitch,” Tweek hissed, grabbing a handful of that lovely ass before smacking him again.

Craig loved when Tweek called him that.

“Fuck me, fuck me, Sir, please, harder.”

And Tweek, well. He couldn’t get enough of hearing that, and the temptation to drive his hips hard enough for both of them to feel it days later was certainly there; he’d just have to hear Craig ask for it one more time.

“You want it, hmnng, harder, boy?”

“Please, Sir.” Craig shot him this pleading, pathetic, gorgeous look over his shoulder and, yeah. He definitely earned it, just with those pretty blue eyes.

“You want it harder, Craig? Like this?” Abandoning all restraint, he braced one hand on Craig’s hip, and the other back into his hair, yanking his head backwards to expose his long neck before just pounding, as hard as he possibly could. “Like — ngh, you fuckin’ slut — you want it like this?”

“Yeah, c’mon, please.” Tweek must’ve been hitting Craig in exactly the right place with every single thrust because he only heard Craig whine like that when his prostate was getting thoroughly assaulted and hell yes, it was hot in a way that Tweek couldn’t even explain.

He definitely wouldn’t be able to keep it going for a single moment longer if he asked Craig to —

“Beg me for it.”

“Daddy, c’mon, fuck me Daddy please fuck me harder, Da-!”

Wait. What?

“Waaagh!” As quickly as he could manage, Tweek relinquished his hold on Craig’s hair, and flattened his palm against his mouth and, okay, cool, he was definitely twitching all over as he spilled himself into Craig’s ass, and then so was Craig, half into his own hand and half upon their sheets but…

What the fuck was that?

Once they’d both recovered from their utterly confusing orgasm, Tweek held onto the base of his softening cock as he extracted himself and, promptly, collapsed onto his back. Craig slumped forward, panting, head in his hands.

“So, uh.”

It was a moment before Craig responded. Tweek thought he was going to say something but of course Craig didn’t address the elephant in the room.

Then again, neither did Tweek.

“Yeah.” Craig rolled off the bed, and onto his feet. “I’m gonna take a shower.”
Tweek knew better than to go snooping around other people’s computers, especially that of his partner. If he’d found nothing, he would’ve let everything slide.

*Everything*, of course, meaning that Craig called him fucking *daddy*, like, a million times — okay, *twice*, but still — during sex the other day and hadn’t been able to look him in the eye since. Everything being that things were *weird* in a way they hadn’t been since the first time Craig confessed that he actually wasn’t the one who wanted to be doing the fucking, but *getting* it. That had, of course, been resolved. And Tweek was determined that *this* would, too. If he found nothing, sure he’d secretly hope that it’d happen again and that Craig would actually *tell* him about it (even though, no, he wasn’t *counting* on that happening because getting information like *that* out of Craig would be a difficult task for even the most skilled CIA agent), but he’d drop it. *If* he found nothing.

But, *nothing* wasn’t what he found.

Craig’s work email, or even his personal email, was absolutely none of Tweek’s business, because sure, he was digging for answers where he shouldn’t have been digging, but he wasn’t a monster or anything. The really important thing was that Craig, dumb, stupid Craig, apparently didn’t know about incognito mode, and left his pornhub account signed in. Who *does* that? Tweek would *never* — he knew they were *watching*, whoever “they” were, and porn sites were to be visited strictly via incognito, followed by Tweek deleting his browser history *just in case*. If, for whatever reason, Craig came home early and caught him, Tweek could’ve said that he wasn’t *looking* for it, just that he was trying to log onto his *own* account, on Craig’s computer for some reason that he couldn’t really think of, and found it. But, even if Craig walked through the door right that second, Tweek *couldn’t* justify clicking on Craig’s favorited videos.

That was, however, exactly what he did.

The thumbnails were mostly amateur, of two men on various beds in shitty lighting, videos at which Tweek wouldn’t have batted a lash if it weren’t for the titles.

*Aggressive daddy choke-fucks twink.*

*Slut hole used and bred hard by my daddy.*

Tweek felt his cheeks go red, and his stomach drop in instant, although confusing, arousal. *This* was what Craig jacked it to, when he was alone? *Jesus Christ*.

They’d watched porn together, sure. He knew Craig liked the homemade stuff, because it was more realistic, but what they’d watched was usually just… fucking. Without all of *this*. Tweek’s shoulders gave a tiny spasm as he scrolled and clicked through pages of Craig’s bookmarked porn. He felt as if he were intruding on something very private and intimate, but couldn’t bring himself to stop.

*Good boy pleases his sir.*

*Daddy spanks my ass red.*

*Grindr daddy breeds anonymous twink.*

Holy shit. Holy shit, *what*?

“What the fuck, Craig,” he muttered, and, with shaking hands, clicked the *x* on the browser, and
shut Craig’s laptop harder than he probably should’ve.

Those guys…. oh fuck. He hadn’t clicked on any of the videos, but those guys were all, god, all old and shit, with beards and hair on their chest, and, fuck, Tweek couldn’t grow a beard! He couldn’t even manage a passable mustache if he wanted; his hair, from head to toe, was downy blonde, his muscles were sinewy and his body compact and lithe instead of all bulging and large and…

“Waaahh!” Tweek sprang out of Craig’s office chair.

Cheating. He had to be cheating. Craig was cheating, with some Grindr daddy, or whatever site they were using nowadays, he was sure there were dozens of them and Craig had a profile on every single one, to find someone that Tweek could never be. He could have more than one guy, it could’ve been going on for years based on the “skip five” at the bottom of Craig’s pornhub favorites (which remained even after Tweek had pressed that very button four or five times), he’d been watching this kinda thing for a long time, probably had hundreds saved, oh god, how long had he been doing this?

“Fuck!” he barked, twisting his fingers in his hair. “Okay,” he said to himself, as he began pacing the length of their extra bedroom, “Don’t panic, man, don’t, hnnng! Don’t freak out.” He shut his eyes. “You’re, ngh, you’re by a lake, you’re petting a dog and the sky is clear and blue and you’re, nnngh, you’re not being cheated on, you’re not being cheated on, you’re not being cheated on, you’re not being cheated on so fuckin, hnmnn, fuckin cut it out, Tweek!”

Tweek took a breath. His hands unclenched, slowly, and he felt the familiar shiver of dissipating anxiety run down his spine.

Okay. Okay. Everything is going to be fine.

It probably didn’t mean Craig was cheating. Tweek was just overreacting, jumping to conclusions, and letting his brain win. He knew he was, because Craig was the one who had finally helped him realize that. Sometimes the cold logic that his partner thought in really was the best answer.

He wasn’t cheating. There was no way — Craig never went anywhere, first of all, not other than work and home and wherever Tweek wanted to go, or sometimes dates he wanted to go on, with Tweek. On the rare occasion Craig visited his parents, or went out solo with friends, Tweek wondered if they were frustrated with Craig being on his phone the whole time, with how often Tweek received a play-by-play text update of Craig’s whereabouts and doings. So, how would even he have time to find some rich, muscular, and hairy silver fox to do these… things to him?

Besides, it wasn’t as if Tweek didn’t jerk off to things Craig wouldn’t like, that he’d never share with Craig because it’d worry him, like two women, hairless, with pert breasts and perfectly round asses, going at each other. Craig was always weird as fuck about him being pansexual. Stupid Craig. But Tweek hadn’t slept with a woman, or even another man, since he and Craig had gotten back together after their extended breakup in high school. After their marriage two years ago, it certainly wasn’t an option that Tweek even wanted to entertain. He wasn’t about to run off and cheat with a girl, just because watching them made him hard.

Almost as uncomfortably hard as he was, right that moment, after a flitting image of Craig down on his knees, a momentary thought of him begging for it, of using that weird word again, ghosted across his brain. His cock was straining against his trousers and, surely, leaking onto the front of his underpants. He was just hard because he knew Craig liked it. Definitely. He didn’t want to do that, did he? It was just because it was a fantasy, Craig’s fantasy. That was all. Just jerk-off material. But…
But, Craig said it.

Craig begged him. He called him that.

Did Craig want to keep it a fantasy?

Did Tweek? He wasn’t so sure.

And man, he needed to get off. As downright confusing as all of that had been, it had him ready to go, even if he felt more than a little terrible about it because that definitely wasn’t cool, going through Craig’s private shit like that. He palmed his erection through his jeans, and, biting his lip, was just about to pull down his zipper when he heard the jiggle of the doorknob.

Shit. Craig was home early. But not too early.

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck, that was a close call. He scrambled to the bathroom in case Craig decided to head to the second floor, shutting the door behind him and quickly flushing the toilet to make Craig think that was what he was doing all along. Washing his hands, then tossing some water on his face, he noticed in his reflection that his face was really red and there was no explaining that so he just hoped that Craig wouldn’t ask when he made his way downstairs.

Mercifully, he didn’t, but Craig, who was sitting on the couch, taking off his boots, shot him a weird look.

“Hey, babe!” Tweek tried to sound as enthusiastic as he could. He probably just sounded crazy, but it wasn’t as if that was anything new.

“Hi, honey.” Craig smiled at him, which was nice to see. They’d been avoiding each other so much that Tweek could barely stand it, so that grin practically melted his heart. “Are you still off the rest of the night, or will you have to go in?”

“No, still off,” Tweek replied.

“Cool. Still up for dinner with my mom and d-“ Craig wasn’t one to blush, but the tips of his ears turned a bright pink, and he averted his gaze to the living room carpet. “Father.”

“Yep!” Tweek squeaked. “Yep, totally down for goin’ to dinner.”

He’d forgotten about it, and if said dinner ended up being as uncomfortable as he figured it was about to be, Tweek was going to scream.

Thank god. Thank god that there were a decided lack of awkward moments at dinner, it having came and went like any other night with the Tuckers. But there was a tension that nobody other than Craig and Tweek themselves could pick up on, the same something that hung in the air between them for the past several days.

And, on the two-hour car ride back to Boulder, a little under halfway to their home, Tweek decided that he couldn’t wait any longer. Sitting in silence while some 90s alternative station blared over the radio might have been nice, as far as having decent music on and them not getting in some kind of tiff or horrific car accident, but it wasn’t cutting it; it was time.

“Okay.” Tweek leaned over, and dialed down the volume on their car radio, causing Craig to cast
him a glance out of the corner of his eye. “Okay, Craig, this is fuckin’ stupid.”

“What.” Craig stared at the road, his hands tightening on the steering wheel. He knew exactly what, and he knew Tweek knew that but it was completely Craig to just play dumb.

“How we aren’t talking about it!”

“About what,” Craig sighed.

“How you’re gonna, ngh, scream out… aaagh.” Tweek sucked in a breath. “You’re gonna scream, nnn, ‘fuck me, daddy’ in the middle of sex and pretend it never happened.”

“Oh my god.” Craig very deliberately reached across the car and turned the radio back up. Tweek was way ahead of him there, hand back on the dial within seconds. “What! We haven’t, ngh, even been able to look at each other since, we should talk about this.”

“Nah,” Craig tossed out. His jaw clenched.

“Tweek.”

Maybe he needed to be more gentle about it, or something? “You… agh, okay, you know I love you,” he calmly cooed, “And—”

“It’s fine, let’s just pretend it never happened.”

“Craig, I love you, but I—”

“There is no need to discuss it, we can just ignore the whole thing.” There went Craig’s ears again, red as a stop sign.

“Hey, lemme finish. I love you, and, heh, god knows you’re always willing to try a-all my… ah, fantasies.” Tweek chuckled a little, and reached out to pat Craig’s shoulder.

“Yeah, well.” The contact seemed to help Craig relax a little, the obvious tension in his shoulders melting just a fraction. “They’re not dumb.”

“Dumb? It’s not—” Judging by how Craig tensed up beneath him, Craig certainly thought it was. But Tweek didn’t think so, not really, just that it was a little awkward between them. There were very few requests that Craig could’ve thrown at him in the bedroom that would scare him away, and this wasn’t one of them. The only thing was… could he actually do it?

“If you’re actually into it, it’s not, ah, not that it’s dumb, it’s just…” Tweek exhaled, slowly, rubbing his sweaty hand on his thigh. “It’s not that I don’t, um… Me, though? Have you looked at me, how the hell is anyone gonna call me, nnngh daddy? I’m, like, a twink, man. A fuckin’ twink!”

There it was, that crooked little smile of Craig’s. At least Tweek knew he wasn’t actually upset, as much as he was avoiding the entire thing. “You really haven’t noticed how much going to the gym is paying off, have you,” he said, fondly, “But… ugh.”

“What!”

“I…” Craig’s smile faltered. “Nothing,”
“Don’t you nothing me, young man.” Tweek gasped. They joked with each other like that, all the time, but now, it might mean something completely different, and should he have said that right away because would that just freak Craig out and make him, oh god, pull over to the side of the road and kick him out or something — not that Craig would ever do that, but Tweek had imagined less rational possibilities in his lifetime. “Agh! Oh god.”

After a few moments of driving, Alice in Chains playing softly in the background, Craig finally let out a loud, long exhale, and slumped his shoulders. “It’s embarrassing, okay? I’m just really embarrassed over it, babe.”

That was relatively unusual for Craig. He usually didn’t care about anything like that; what you saw was what you got with him, and if anyone cared, it was fuck you I’ll flip you the bird ha-fucking-ha I’m Craig Tucker. Then again, there was that other time. When Craig confessed to getting off on rough sex, when he said that he wanted to be taken, wanted to be submissive and all of that (really fun) stuff — he’d been like this. Not exactly like this, not as tight-lipped and embarrassed as he was right then, but it was similar.

Tweek had to remind himself, again, that all of that worked out great for them in the end. “Man! There’s no reason you have to, with me, ever, I, ah, I mean… why?”

“I just am,” Craig said insistently, “It’s stupid. It’s something you probably won’t even like, so. I dunno.”

Weird, because Craig knew Tweek was into pretty much anything provided all parties gave clear and full consent and there weren’t any needles or weird fluids or -- oh.

Oh, no. What if Craig was into, oh god--

“Oh, god, wait… what do you wanna do with this?” Tweek’s voice rose an octave.

Craig was silent.

“I’m not, oh god! I’m not gonna put you in a diaper, gah, I-I’m sorry but that’s definitely not gonna happen, oh man .“

Craig let out a loud, barking laugh. “What the hell? That’s gross, babe.”

“Oh thank god!” Tweek’s hands were shaking and twisting in his hair, and even though that was off the table, thank fucking Christ and all that is holy, there were still a ton of other things that Craig could have meant by him not liking it and when Tweek thought about it, if they were the things he was thinking about, Craig was absolutely correct that he wouldn’t like it but maybe he could try? “Oh, god, though, ah, maaan, I don’t know if I can be a Daddy! That’s way too much pressure!”

“Tweek.”

“-oh, Jesus, do you want to like, nnngh, color and act like you’re five a-and have me, ngh, spank you or something because I, ahh, jesus, man!” He couldn’t stand kids, they were unpredictable and couldn’t talk like normal humans and he and Craig both knew they hadn’t wanted any of them from the very moment they got together ages ago but, shit, what if Craig--

“Tweek.”

“Because oh man, I love you so much but kids are annoying, annoying , dude, and if you act like a kid it’s gonna be annoying too a-and I don’t know if that’s my thing!”
“What? No! No, babe, it isn’t like that.”

“Agh, I do love you more than anything, I’ll try to work with it, d-do you want, aaaaagh! Do you want like a bedtime or something, isn’t that a thing that they do? I’ll do it for you, I guess, I can make you, I don’t fuckin’ know, a chart or something and—”

“Babe.” Except for those ears and the fact that he was grinding his teeth, Craig was the picture of calm, as usual. He removed one hand from the steering wheel, and placed it on Tweek’s thigh, giving it a squeeze. “Take a breath.”

Tweek did. It was difficult, it was tremulous and loud, almost like he was hyperventilating, but he did, and he did his mantras in his head about the lake and the happy place and all that stupid shit he’d trained himself to do, and he was okay again.

“Baby, okay, I’ll talk to you about it, but just let me talk, all right?” Giving one final clasp to his leg, Craig returned his hand to the wheel. “Okay.” Then it was Craig’s turn to take a deep breath. “It, uh. God, I don’t know.”

“Craig. I promise it’s okay.”

“I don’t know,” Craig repeated.

It was a small reminder that Tweek wasn’t the only one with anxieties. Craig’s brows knit in the middle, his knuckles white from how hard he gripped the wheel, and his chest heaved in shallow gasps.

“Breathe, baby.” Tweek loved this, too. Loved that they could both calm each other down, that they knew each other well enough that they were able to catch on to each others’ tells about when they needed one another like that. Tweek found himself shifting over in his seat so he could almost get the full length of his arm around Craig’s shoulders while he drove, and rubbed him on the back of the neck. “I promise you, with all certainty, that it’s okay, Craig.”

“You do promise?” Craig’s voice was almost small. It was really cute.

“Completely.”

It took Craig a second, but Tweek was happy to give him all the time he needed. “Okay, ah. Hah, okay, first of all, I definitely don’t want to be treated like a kid. Or act like one, or do any of that, I don’t know, structured shit.”

“Oh thank god.” If that wasn’t an incredible rush of a relief, Tweek didn’t know what was. “I wouldn’t have that in me, man.”

Craig snorted a laugh. “Yeah, no. Not my thing. I um. You know how I call you Sir sometimes?”

“Yeah, I, ah, really like that.” Loved it. Tweek wasn’t one for seeking positions of authority in his day-to-day life because that was way too much fucking pressure but being able to take control like that in the bedroom was a nice reprieve from feeling constantly crushed by, well, life in general and what could be out there to get him. Not to mention that it was just really sexy to hear someone like Craig begging him for it, giving up his control.

“It’s kinda like that, I guess. Like… when you, uh, tell me what to do and, I don’t know. Guide me? During sex. Or whatever. God damn it, this is so fucking gay.”

“It’s not,” Tweek insisted, although he couldn’t help his giggle. Of course it was gay, Craig was
gay. They were two dudes, who lived together, and kissed, and fucked each other in the ass, and got married to each other, and if that wasn’t extremely gay, Tweek didn’t know what was. “Tell me more.”

Craig’s words came slowly, but the important part was that they came. “I like when you take charge of stuff and, like, take care of me, it makes me feel safe, and it’s just, um, just a name while we’re having sex, it’s just a word, kinda like the Sir thing. It’s a word. And, I guess, a dynamic that makes me feel… shit, Tweek, do I have to tell you this?” Craig scoffed. “You’re gonna think it’s stupid.”

“No I fucking won’t!”

“Yes you will,” argued Craig.

“Shut up, I will not!”

“Ughhh.” Craig shook his head, but his face was no longer screwed up, his jaw no longer locked from worry, so they were definitely getting there.

The radio switched over to Smashing Pumpkins, and Tweek hummed along to Today for a couple bars before continuing their conversation.

It was a bit uncomfortable for him to maintain his position of rubbing Craig’s neck, so he withdrew his arm, only to allow his hand to rest upon Craig’s thigh. “Tell me how it makes you feel.”

“It makes me feel…” A swallow, a clear of the throat, and Craig finally seemed to be fine. Seemed to be truly ready to go there. “Well, safe, like I said.”

Tweek squeezed Craig’s leg, letting him know to keep going. Tell me more.

”And I feel, uh. Loved. Submissive.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. It’s like I’m giving up a part of myself over to you, only to you, no one else, ‘cause I trust you. And it feels, um, vulnerable? To call you that? Either Sir, or, god. The other thing.”

They allowed each other to sit, in comfortable, yet charged silence, for a few moments before Craig continued. All the while, Tweek’s thumb rubbed on his leg in small circles.

“I like feeling that way, like I’m not in control, it’s just really hot and it gets me off. But I wouldn’t want it outside of the bedroom.”

“Oh.” Tweek knew that. “That’s all?”

Craig nodded, slowly.

“Craig, ah, that… that’s kinda beautiful, you know.”

“Shut up.”

“It is, man! I make you, hng… me?”

“You.” Craig smiled, faintly, but it was beautiful nonetheless. “I’m lucky as fuck that you turned out to be good at making me feel like that.”
“I am?”

“Hell yes,” Craig breathed, and turned his head for a second, to meet Tweek’s eyes with those sparkling, sincere blues before returning his attention to the road “And to answer one of your earlier questions, yes. I would like you to spank me and, uh, punish me? If you want.”

“Well, that… yeah.” Yeah, definitely, because that sent an instant jolt of arousal straight to Tweek’s dick, and he was completely comfortable with that. “Cool.”

“I’m not into that ageplay stuff, though. Don’t worry. Just, y’know, might be fun if you tell me I’m a bad boy or something, and let me have it.” Leave it to Craig to utter a hot phrase like that in such a matter-of-fact manner.

“Okay,” Tweek said, nodding, and becoming aware of the flush creeping onto his face. “Okay, we’re totally on the same page there. So, ah… anything else you wanna tell me?”

“I dunno,” said Craig in a way that meant there was most certainly more that he wanted to tell Tweek.

Tweek wanted nothing more than to hear it, all of it. He wanted Craig to confess to every raunchy, sexy fantasy he had, right in that car, so when they got home, he could make it happen. Of course it’d be far too much to just come out and tell him that. It was apparent that discussing this at all was taking a lot out of Craig. “You know you can tell me anything,” Tweek decided on saying, with a flirtatious, teasing edge to his voice.

“There’s something that, um. When I’m alone.” Trepidation crept into Craig’s voice, and Tweek felt his stomach drop, knowing exactly what his husband was about to say.

“What?” Oh, god.

“I like to watch videos, when I’m alone, y’know, porn.”

Oh fuck, he knows what I was doing, he’s mad, he’s going to-- Tweek breathed, noticing that his hand was grasping Craig’s leg particularly hard. He did as best he could to relax his grip. “Ah, um. Yeah, who doesn’t?”

“The thing is, I like ones where guys get treated…” Craig’s jaw clenched again, for just a second, and Tweek almost thought that he wasn’t going to finish that thought. Until he did. “Treated roughly and talked to in a certain way by other men and when I watch them, I pretend it’s us. That you’re treating me that way, and I’m addressing you with that, um, title. I’ve been watching that kind of stuff for a while, um, a few years.”

Okay. So maybe he didn’t know Tweek already knew that, but Tweek couldn’t help feeling guilty as hell about it. Not today, but someday he’d admit to it. Someday soon. Tweek wasn’t one who could just keep things like that inside and, if he was being honest with himself, the guilt of going through Craig’s computer had been eating him up inside all night. If someone did that to him, Tweek would’ve flipped his shit, so he knew it was completely unfair, absolutely hypocritical of him to have done it in the first place.

“That’s, agh, fine?” He noticed Craig raise his eyebrow at his tone, so Tweek did what he could to divert attention, which was to ramble, to allow words to tumble from his mouth as quickly as he could -- scratch that, quicker than he even wanted. “I watch a ton of porn alone too, man! I, ah, a lot of the stuff I watch, I, nngh, wouldn’t even be into in real life, er, ah. Or I wouldn’t even be able to do it because it’s two, ah, two, or more I guess, chicks and I’m not a chick. And, like, ah, I don’t
even think about being with them, it’s just nice to look at? It’s, ah, I dunno! I guess what I’m saying is, even if this wasn’t something that you, ah, that you wanted to do and you only watched it, I wouldn’t judge you for it. You know?"

“Girls, really. I was going to interrupt and tell you to show me sometime, but I think I’ll pass if that’s the case. That’s all you, babe,” Craig said, airily. But he didn’t sound angry. Just mildly amused, if anything, and Tweek’s explanation for his awkward tone of voice seemed like more than enough to placate any suspicions that may have existed. “Anyway, though, I must’ve just been thinking about that fantasy the other day, so it slipped out.”

“It’s okay, I swear.”

“Cool.” Craig nodded. “If you want to try it, I’m sure I’ll really like it because I think about it a lot when I’m, you know, alone. If you don’t, that’s also fine. There. I said it, I admitted it, can we drop the subject.”

“Okay!”

Tweek didn’t actually want to drop it. There was so much he was curious about, so much he wanted to know. Wanted to do.

“Okay, then.” Craig sucked in a long inhale through his nose, and then, quicker than Tweek had ever heard him speak, said, “It’d just be like a private thing anyway, just in the bedroom, and for the record, it has nothing to do with my actual father because that’s fuckin’ gross and I don’t want to think about that, ever. And, about what you said earlier, it doesn’t matter what you look like because that’s not what it’s about… I guess if you don’t wanna do it, I’ll live.” He clicked his tongue. “I’m really fucking embarrassed right now, because this is dumb, so can we stop?”

“It’s not dumb,” said Tweek for what felt like the millionth time. “A-and, you’re the one who keeps talking!”

“Yeah, well. I guess I’m done now.”

“Okay.” Tweek removed his hand from Craig’s thigh, and turned the radio up. “Love you.”

“Love you too.”

It wasn’t like Tweek to just drop something and, in fact, there was a heaviness in the air that indicated Craig didn’t care to this time, either. It was a while before he spoke again, the length of a song and a half on the radio, but when he did, he surprised himself with the clear confidence of his voice.

“Craig, I wanna try it.” Tweek was picking at a hangnail on his thumb, a nervous habit that he never could quite kick, but his tone did not waver. “I really wanna try it. It’s actually really hot and, if I’m being honest? I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it.”

“Oh, wow.” Craig’s jaw dropped, and his forehead wrinkled, before he beamed. “Okay, awesome. Wait, are you sure? ‘cause-

“Craig, stop it.” Tweek’s chest heaved with his determined exhale. “So, agh, uh, would we use the same safe word?”

“Don’t see any reason why that should change,” replied Craig, slowly, husky in a way that he spoke only when he was beginning to get turned on.
Jackpot, thought Tweek. He decided, a sly smile creeping across his face, that he was going to have as much fun with this as he possibly could before they arrived home. It wouldn’t be long, and when they got there….

“Would you want me to tie you up?” Tweek’s question was innocently lilting.

“We do that already. So, yeah. I’m comfortable with that.”

“Would, hnnngh, if I’m punishing you would you, ah, want me to keep going even if you were begging me to stop? And I wouldn’t stop unless you said our safe word?” Turning his head, Tweek shot Craig a raise of eyebrows and a flash of teeth, which his husband most definitely saw out of the corner of his eye, because he gulped.

“Whoa, yes,” breathed Craig, “I am absolutely fucking comfortable with that, babe.”

“Cause I’d know what’s best for you, right? Is that why?”

Craig felt his breath catch in his throat. With a shaky exhale, he responded with a resounding “Yes.”

Tweek licked his lips subconsciously. Fuck, he loved it when Craig sounded like this, when it was clear that he was getting aroused. Maybe Craig wasn’t all the way there yet, but Tweek could still hear it in his voice. “Okay, ah, so. I’m supposed to be Daddy. What do, agh, uh, what do you want me to call you?”

“Ugh, Tweek,” Craig groaned, dragging a palm down his face. He could feel it burning all over again. “Cut it out, I can’t.”

“We gotta talk about it if we’re gonna try it, man!” Did Tweek sound a bit too gleeful? Possibly. Definitely. He enjoyed making Craig squirm. Glancing in his direction, his expression lit up. “Um, so… boy? My boy? Is that good?”

Craig didn’t give him a proper answer. Instead, it was just a measured inhale, a noise caught somewhere in the back of his throat as his grip on the steering wheel tightened, and his attention doubled down on the road.

“Are you my boy, Craig?”

“Uh huh,” he responded, swallowing thickly.

“My baby boy? That what you are?”

“Yeah,” he admitted. It was getting more difficult to pay attention to the road. Which wasn’t to say that he was looking elsewhere, Tweek was just making his imagination run rampant. “Fuck, I really like that.”

“Do you like — nnngh. Want me to call you names, too?”

“You know I love that.”

“Yeah?” Tweek could feel himself getting hard from this discussion alone, from the potential, from what he knew what was in store for them both when they finally made it home. “What do you love?”

“When you call me,” Craig began, stealing a glance over at him. “A bitch, or a slut, or say I’m
yours, like I belong to you and nobody else, like I’m just, um.” He paused in a vain attempt to keep collected. “Just a toy for only you to use or… yeah, all that shit. I love it.”

“Could call you Daddy’s, nnngh… fucktoy?” He tapped his fingers along the console separating them. “Daddy’s naughty cumslut?”

“Whoa,” Craig breathed. “Fucking Christ, Tweek, what the fuck.”

“Agh, Jesus! Too much?”

“Hell no, that’s… fantastic.” More than fantastic, really. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat. If that meant accidentally pressing down more on the gas for a second, so be it. “I’m just trying to drive, here.”

Tweek’s mischievous expression changed, then, as he observed Craig. When he spoke, it was with a firmer, more authoritative tone as he chastised. “Naughty little boy can’t concentrate on driving,” he commented. “Look at how hard you are for, hnn.” His left hand slid over the console, quickly finding Craig’s thigh. He wasted no time in sliding his hand upward until his fingers brushed against his husband’s straining cock. “How, ah, h-hard you are for your Daddy.”

“Tweek, god.” Craig struggled to suppress his moan. That brief contact felt like such a goddamn relief. It was fortunate that there wasn’t any oncoming traffic, because he was distracted enough that he momentarily veered across the double yellow lines dividing the winding country highway. “You really don’t have to do this.”

“Shut up, I wanna!” He traced the outline of Craig’s dick with his fingertips. “You're so naughty, you keep, gah, swerving a-and it’s ‘cause all you can think about is my dick in your ass.” He swallowed, mouth going dry as this verbal foreplay continued. “Isn’t that right, baby boy?”

“Yeah,” Craig managed, feeling the full-body shiver run down his spine.

“You know what I’m gonna do to you when we get home?”

“What are you going to do to me.”

Tweek tugged with the front strap of his seatbelt, loosening its hold on him just enough that he could shift onto one knee and lean over the console with ease. His lips brushed against Craig’s ear as he spoke. “I’m gonna, hng, spank my boy’s ass til he cries, right over my knees,” he said, pressing his palm firmly against his cock. “A-and I’m gonna cuff your arms behind your back while I do it. And then, once you’re all sore and bruised, Daddy’s gonna fuck you.”

“Oh holy shit.”

One of Craig’s hands left the steering wheel, and when it was more than obvious what Craig was reaching for, Tweek sternly cut him off. “No. Drive. What do you say to that?”

“Please.”

“Please what?”

“Oh, god.” His breath was shaky. It was almost tempting to pull off somewhere. “Tweek.”

“Craig, you’re okay. I promise.” Tweek assured, not wanting him to feel embarrassed or otherwise nervous with exploring this. “You know that’s not what you’re supposed to call me, is it?”
It took everything in his power for Craig to keep his eyes on the road and his hands on the wheel. “Please, Daddy.”

It was the longest drive of in recent memory, and it had nothing to do with the commute from the small mountain town they grew up in to their home, and everything to do with anticipation of getting out of these clothes and getting to their bedroom.

Still, as they made their way into said bedroom, Craig couldn't help but feel a little apprehension. He wanted this badly, and he had full faith in Tweek's ability to treat him exactly how he needed right now. But fuck, it was still somewhat embarrassing. "Hey. We don't actually have to do this."

The indignant noise that Tweek made was enough for Craig to look in his direction. "Enough. If I didn't want to try it, we wouldn't be doing it at all!"

Which was true, and Craig knew that. They'd been together long enough to have all of the evidence to support that. Even before that, Craig always knew that Tweek didn't do anything he didn't want to. But Craig's own nervousness, his embarrassment, was something irrational. "If you're sure it's not too weird or--"

"It's literally just a word, Craig." Tweek barely resisted rolling his eyes before he brushed it aside in favor of smirking. "Now take those pants off so Daddy can spank you."

Craig almost laughed. Tweek had this high, brassy voice and, if he removed from the situation that it wasn't something he'd asked for, and that both of them really seemed to want, that phrase sounded fairly ridiculous coming from someone like Tweek.

But if he didn't think about how Tweek sounded, and focused rather on what he said, Craig felt like he was going to spontaneously combust by how hot his body felt as he was consumed with embarrassed arousal. He made a sort of a grunting-yelping noise as he did just that. Tweek was perched on the edge of the bed, head resting on his fist as he watched Craig so intently that he may as well have been taking notes or something, and Craig chewed on his lower lip as he unbuttoned, then peeled off his pants.

"Shirt too." Tweek arched his eyebrow.

The shirt quickly followed, and for a few moments, he stood before his husband, stark naked, cock already somewhat slick with pre, hard and throbbing in the cool air of their bedroom.

Tweek observed him for a moment, before beckoning Craig to him with the wave of a hand. "Come here, naughty boy. I told you, ngh, you were bad and need to be punished." Craig was flushed, but more than willing to bend himself over Tweek's knee.

Once situated, Tweek raised his hand, and without warning, smacked it against Craig's bare ass. The sound of skin-on-skin cracked through the air, echoing off the walls. Craig groaned, but it wasn't from displeasure; Tweek was far to attuned to the sounds his husband made to be worried about that.
"Oh yeah! That's right." Mid-slap, Tweek's face lit up in realization. He'd said he was going to make their first delve into Craig's new kink a bit more fun than this. Not that it wasn't fun -- oh, it was. So fun. Craig's ass rippled delightfully with every harsh smack, and Tweek could see that it was already turning a pleasant shade of pink, and he couldn't wait for it to be as red as the tips of Craig's adorable ears.

But, he'd totally promised to cuff Craig's arms behind his back. He remembered how Craig gasped and twitched, how his cock hardened in his jeans when he'd told Craig his plans for him. Having the real thing in front of him, feeling Craig's leaking, hot, hard cock against his thigh was amazing, and following through on the rest of his plan would make it that much better.

He nudged Craig onto the bed. "Stay right there, okay, honey? Agh, um, I mean! Fuckin..." Tweek cleared his throat. He was so excited that he was finding it difficult to stay in character, which was totally weird because Tweek was nothing if not an awesome actor. "I mean! Stay right there, boy, don't fucking move."

There. That was better.

"Yes, Daddy."

Fuck, there was something hot about Craig's obedient response. The way he said Daddy, voice thick with arousal. Tweek had to give himself a moment to compose himself as he unfastened his belt, tucking it from the loops of his pants.

He was pleased that Craig hadn't moved from the position he left him in despite the shifting that resulted from him still behind bent over Tweek's knees as he fussed with the belt. Before continuing things where they left off, Tweek trailed his hand along Craig's spine. When his hand finally reached the cleft of his ass, he spanked him again. "Put your arms behind your back."

Craig swallowed thickly but followed Tweek's order, bending his arms so his hands rested against the middle of his back. Feeling the leather wrap around his wrists and tighten was hot, and when he tested Tweek's work with a tug of his wrists to find it completely secure, it was even hotter.

"Don't try to get out of your binding, boy," Tweek said, open hand colliding with his ass much more firmly.

Craig was trembling, little shock waves of pleasure evident in his back, right where his shoulder blades came together from his bound position. They'd done a lot of freaky shit together, but this reaction, the shaking, the pure obedience and silence from Craig, save for the small gasps whenever Tweek would bring down his hand, was totally new.

It was one of the hottest things Tweek had ever experienced.

"You're being so good for me, baby boy," Tweek murmured after he didn't know how many smacks as he paused to rub his palm on Craig's ass cheeks, both to give Craig's ass and his own hand a short break. Then, determined to continue, and hopeful to get a reaction, Tweek grit his teeth, and walloped his hand down upon his husband's ass.

"Holy fucking shit I left a hand print," Tweek said, under his breath, the outline of his palm already visible on Craig's pale skin. "Cool."

"Take a pic, babe," Craig couldn't help but suggest. He wanted to see the outline of Tweek's hand
on his ass, and he very well couldn't like this.

Tweek indulged him, though with his phone on silent and the position Craig was in, he didn't have to acknowledge that he did yet. "Tsk, you didn't have permission to talk, boy." He felt no need to tell Craig that he was going to be punished for talking out of turn.

He spanked him again. And again, and again. Each time, he drew beautiful punctuated moans from Craig until finally he heard the pleading sounds of his husband saying no, stop.

"That's not the safe word," Tweek quipped. And it wasn't, nor was there a concern about Craig actually needing him to stop, or having forgotten the word, because it had been implemented plenty of times in the past. Thus there was no hesitation to bring his hand down again.

But the reason that Craig told him to stop was clear enough. As his hand met Craig's ass that last time, Craig's moans intensified, his hips jerked, his body shuddered as he found his release. All over Tweek's nice dress pants.

"What the fuck!" Tweek paused his hand, which was frozen in midair.

He didn't want to let on that the fact that he'd literally just spanked Craig fucking Tucker to orgasm was probably the most incredible thing that had happened to Tweek in the history of ever, but it absolutely was. Because, if Craig wanted to play this game -- and he hadn't said their safe word, even after that, so Tweek knew for a fact that he did -- Tweek absolutely fucking refused to give him the satisfaction that what just happened was something that about pushed Tweek over the edge himself.

Instead, he shoved Craig off of him, roughly. "Get on your knees. On the floor."

Craig obeyed, chest heaving, cock still hard and red.

"Did I fucking say you could get off, boy?"

Craig shuddered, and, looking at the floor, bit his lip. Didn't even nod his head. Stupid Craig. God, Tweek just loved him so fucking much.

"It's, hmm, a yes or no question, slut." At this, Tweek unbuttoned his pants. Seeing Craig so vulnerable, seeing the utterly wrecked expression in his eyes was more than Tweek could even handle. He had to get off or he'd embarrass himself worse than Craig just had. Reaching out, he gave Craig's face a gentle slap. "I, ah, fuckin'... I had plans for you, naughty little boy, and you fucking ruined them, so answer my question."

"No, Daddy, you didn't say I could get off," Craig panted.

"Exactly!" Tweek made sure to sound properly outraged. College acting courses helped in moments like these because what he really wanted to do was grab Craig's face and kiss the shit out of him. "I have half a mind to make you clean my pants up--you ruined them after all!--but you don't even deserve that."

Tweek licked his lips, taking his dick out of his pants and curling his fingers around it. "You're going to sit there and watch. Don't touch yourself, don't touch anything. Think about the consequences of your actions, you filthy little boy."
As worked up as he was, Tweek knew he wasn't going to last long. But he tried—he tried to last as long as he could bear, squeezing and stroking and playing with himself, his moans loud and unbridled.

Fuck, he would have loved to bend Craig over after, to have driven into him hard and fervently. But there was next time, there was always next time, and for now, they had to see this game to its completion.

There was a litany of partially-intelligent sounds as he came, taking deep pleasure in coming on his husband's face. He was a panting mess when he finished, and after a moment, he sunk down onto the floor in front of Craig. Pressing a kiss to Craig's neck, he undid the belt on his wrists, murmuring praise. "That was so hot. So hot, Craig--"

"Tweek, baby." Almost immediately, Craig wrapped his arms tightly around Tweek's middle, nuzzling his head into the crook of his neck, and let out a sobbing, shuddering sigh. "That was, holy shit, Tweek, I'm just... I'm so happy right now, you don't even... Christ, babe, oh my god."

It wasn't often that Craig was reduced to babblings like this. In fact, Tweek couldn't even recall the last time it happened, and he felt a swell of pride and love in his chest at causing his husband to feel this way, in giving him what he needed. He didn't even care that Craig was fucking up his brand new sweater with the mess on his face. All Tweek could do was stroke his back, and kiss him on the crown of his head, over and over, and whisper really sappy shit like I love you and good job and so good and mine.

They stayed right there, wrapped around each other, until Craig's breath evened out.

"Babe, please tell me you did take a photo." Craig said, when he could manage it without sounding like he just attempted to run a marathon.

The sound Tweek made was something close to excitement, and he untangled himself from Craig in favor of reaching back to the bed for his phone. "Yeah! It came out so great. I kinda want to make it my home screen."

Tweek settled on Craig's lap, relishing in the closeness that came as soon as Craig wrapped his arms around him. As soon as he unlocked his phone and opened the gallery, he held it at an angle Craig could see.

There it was, an entire phone screen of just Craig's perfect ass, and a bright red hand print in the middle of one of his cheeks. "Holy fuck, " Craig breathed. "You gotta keep it. Definitely make it your home screen, so you think of this every time you're on your phone."

Definitely not a bad idea, if probably a bit inappropriate for work. Tweek would consider it. He giggled. "Ok, babe. Let's clean up, yeah?"

Craig hummed in agreement. Once they'd reached the bathroom, turned the shower to the desired temperature, and stepped inside, Craig tipped Tweek's chin up to give him the softest, sweetest kiss as water streamed down their faces. With that, they returned to themselves, the normal, day-to-day Craig and Tweek.

Next time would be just as good. It always was.
Chapter Summary

day 07 | staig | praise kink

Working as a paralegal wasn't the most glamorous career, but every day of paper-pushing was worth it for the praise he earned from his boss.

Tucker Lundegaard Schwartz & O'Brien, attorneys at law, was situated in a sterile office building in the middle of an industrial park. The office itself was one of those with floor-to-ceiling windows between each room, with blinds that could be, but typically weren't, lowered for privacy. It was quiet. It was... brown, really, rife with leather chairs, hardwood bookshelves lined with countless reference volumes, and expensive-looking desks and conference tables.

Stan's area was the worst in the building. They'd shoved him in a cubicle in the corner, his only saving grace being that he could decorate said cubicle however he wanted -- he, of course, chose a Broncos pennant and a few photos of his dog -- and that it was adjacent to a window. He had to admit that he was a little bitter. Two years of busting his ass at the tech college in his podunk hometown for his paralegal degree, and he got relegated to a fucking cubicle, but no matter. At least he was here. At least he was able to find something right after graduation.

And, perhaps most importantly, at least Craig Tucker, divorce attorney, was incredibly attractive and Stan got to look at him walking around in his perfectly tailored suits every single day. Saving graces.

It was more than just ogling on Stan's part. He knew it wasn't just some weird one-sided crush. In a lot of ways, Craig was difficult to read. He was a constant neutral, more stoic than Stan thought possible. That was, except for when he was pissed about something.

Usually it was frustration about a client. Or a case. Stan had yet to experience that temper directed at him. For months, it had been nothing but cordial, and even helpful interactions. Craig gave thorough feedback, thorough praise when Stan earned it.

Stan had no intention of ever admitting it to anyone, especially Craig, but he enjoyed that praise more than he should have. But it was possible that Craig had sussed that out. Over the past month, things were different. Not in a bad way, just...

Sometimes Stan wondered whether Craig was flirting with him. It was probably wishful thinking. It was definitely wishful thinking, but a guy could hope.

It was three in the afternoon on a Thursday, which meant it was time for his weekly meeting with Craig. They interacted more than once a week, but this was when they went over Stan's work, in private. It was nerve-wracking at times, but it would've been a lie to say that it wasn't Stan's favorite time of the week.

Or second favorite time--the lawyers in at the firm, Craig included, did half days on Fridays. Stan didn't have that luxury; he was always scheduled to stay through the afternoon in case a client calls.
But Craig explicitly told him he didn't give a shit what he did during that time, so he often spent it gaming with his best friend or catching up with shows on Hulu.

Getting up from his cubicle, Stan wandered to Craig's corner office. The door was cracked, so he pushed it open and tapped on the door frame. It wasn't an uncommon sight to see Craig looking either irate or bored while on the phone, and it wasn't anything incredibly important, as Craig waived him in.

Taking a seat across from Craig's desk, Stan could clearly hear a loud voice on the other end of the line, yelling. Craig pinched the bridge of his nose.

"My ex, that DIRTY FUCKIN' JEW--"

"Don't refer to your ex as that." Craig held the phone away from his ear, and the subsequent AY and even nastier tirade was perfectly heard. That was Craig's limit, and Stan had to cover his mouth lest he laugh. "Oh, eat my fucking ass, Eric."

The call ended on that note and Craig's eyes were on Stan, as if that interaction hadn't happened. "Did you finish drafting that report?"

Stan gave a quick wave of the papers in his hand before sliding them across the table. It probably would have been easier to email, far less a waste of resources to do this electronically. But, the one time Stan brought it up, Craig just raised his eyebrow, gave a tiny shrug, and muttered something about doing things the old fashioned way.

Which was funny, because Stan was relatively positive that Craig couldn’t be much older than Stan’s own age of 29. Maybe 35, 40 at the very oldest, but probably not even that old. In one’s thirties, email was almost old-fashioned. Printing out a simple summary of Craig’s first client interview concerning Cartman v Broflovski instead of using email, or docs, or whatever? That was practically antiquated.

But, whatever. Doing it this way meant more time with Craig, which meant more time hearing his somewhat nasal, low, sexy voice, and blatantly staring at how incredible his boss looked in his suits, or sitting on the edge of his seat waiting for Craig to soften his eyes, clear his throat, and tell him, great job, Marsh. There was always this edge to his voice, something husky, something charged.

Of course, if it was simply Stan’s imagination, that was fine, he supposed. More jerk-off material for when he trudged back to his studio apartment was never a bad thing.

“Hope it’s alright,” Stan said.

Silence filled the room as Craig read his work. Stan watched Craig's eyes shift, following the words typed on the paper, and Stan couldn't help but squirm in anticipation as he waited for his feedback.

"Very good," Craig said, setting the paper inside of the appropriately marked file folder on his desk. "Very thorough. " Blue eyes flitted over, meeting Stan's. Was it hotter in the room? It felt like it was.

Swallowing thickly, Stan responded, cheeks flushed. "Thank you."
A hint of a smirk spread across Craig's face. "I don't want you to ever feel like you're unappreciated here, Marsh. Work like this is exactly why I keep you around and value your services."

They were words that any boss would say to a good employee, but what made Stan shift in his chair, what made his lips part and his eyes flutter shut was Craig's expression, his tone. He was staring at Stan as if well aware that he was having this effect on him, and when Craig lifted a single brow and his lips twisted into a smirk, Stan could've just died there. Of embarrassment.

Because he moaned. To any outside observer, however, it wouldn't have sounded like a moan. They would've thought he was clearing his throat, or coughing, but Stan knew what the little noise in the back of his throat truly represented.

Craig's smirk spread into a sly grin. "You do very good work around here, Marsh."

"Yeah," Stan breathed. "I mean. Thanks. Thank you, Craig."

"Now." Craig straightened his posture -- during the course of that charged exchange, Craig ended up leaning forward, elbows resting against the table with his chin upon laced-together fingers -- and fiddled around with his files a bit. "As you know. I've scheduled an ADR with Cartman and Broflovski tomorrow. I think it would be wise for all parties to attempt to settle this out of court, since no judge will want to hear anything about the alleged pouch of gold Broflovski keeps around his neck."

Stan couldn't help but snort a laugh.

Craig quirked a brow at him then, again, and Stan wished he hadn't, if only because of how fucking hot Craig looked when he looked over at him like this. Fortunately, Craig didn't say anything about it, and simply continued discussing work. "I would like you to sit in during the meeting. It'll be a good learning opportunity for you."

It also went without saying that Craig wanted him to take notes and draft the appropriate documentation afterwards, which Stan didn't mind. It was somewhat dull work, but it was better than directly dealing with fired up and unreasonable people. "Yeah, okay. No problem. Anything else?"

"No, you may leave." His gaze flitted to one of the stacks of paperwork on his desk, and as Stan got to his feet, he saw the long list of items on Craig's day planner, only which about half were due. It was likely to be a long night for Craig, but fortunately it wasn't one that Stan had to hang around for.

"Okay, I'm, uh, just around the corner if you need anything." Which was lame to say, and Stan inwardly cringed. Of course Craig knew where his cubicle was. His face was burning as he retreated, but once he reached the doorway, hearing Craig murmur nice pants, Stan was certain he was going to die but for a different reason altogether.

Halfway out of the door, Stan froze. He didn't want to turn around, because if he turned around, Craig would be able to see that his cock was straining against the front of his khakis. God, he wished he still had that report because at least he could use it to cover that up as he walked the few feet from Craig's office to his cubicle.

Settling for glancing over his shoulder, Stan observed Craig leaning back in his chair, legs crossed
ankle-over-knee, and twirling his expensive, personalized pen through his fingers. His eyes smoldered.

"You can go now, Marsh. Fantastic. Fantastic job." Craig cast those eyes upon Stan, slowly, blatantly looking him up and down, and Stan, meeting Craig's eyes, licked his lips, knowing he had to get out of there before he did something completely stupid and got fired from his job.

The rest of the day passed without incident. But, as he drafted reports and scheduled meetings and performed all the usual tasks for a Thursday afternoon at the firm, the only thing on Stan's mind was Craig.

The thoughts continued when he reached his apartment, greeted and fed his dog, and tried to suffer through something on Netflix without jerking off and thinking about Craig. Of course, he couldn't. The need to revel in those thoughts and indulge himself in fantasy until he found release was far too great. He scrambled to the bathroom, turned on the shower, took off all his clothes, and stepped into it quicker than he could process.

So, Craig either really appreciated clearance khakis from Dillards, or he was actually checking Stan out. Anything Craig wore looked like it would cost a week's pay for Stan, so there was no way he was envious of them. There was absolutely no way those looks, especially combined with that comment, were anything other than blatant, lust-filled flirting.

Holy shit. Stan didn't have to feel guilty anymore for jerking off to thoughts of kneeling underneath that expensive cherrywood table in Craig's office while his boss threaded his hands in his hair and Stan sucked him off while Craig said to him, good boy, take it, good job, Marsh, you can do it. Or thoughts of Craig bending him over his desk - or vice versa, when Stan was feeling adventurous.

So, soothing, warm water running down his body, that was exactly what Stan did.

Friday morning came quickly, but for the most part, there was nothing abnormal about it. Stan arrived on time, right at eight, and by nine, he was seated behind Craig in the conference room for the ADR. Cartman was sitting to the side of Craig, Kyle across from them both.

The whole situation was messy, and it was a surreal experience for Stan to sit in on this when he personally knew both of them. Kyle had arrived early enough, opting to represent himself because this was 'too stupid to involve anyone else with,' and for a while he and Stan chatted games and whatever.

But that changed the moment Kyle and Cartman were in the same room together; it was tense and uncomfortable, and immediately the two were at each other's throats, even if they weren't often addressing each other.

"Look, this whole thing is cut and dry," Kyle said, only acknowledging Craig as much as he could during the meeting. "You know the law as well as I do. There is no reconciling this marriage. It was a sham, and it's been 90 days since I filed. There's no basis for spousal maintenance--"

Cartman interjected immediately, and part of Stan almost wished that Kenny was here with him to spectate. "Fuck you, Kahl. It wasn't a sham, but you can have your stupid divorce when I get your Jew gold--"

"It was an inebriated mistake in Vegas and I filed as soon as I was back in Colorado, Fatass. It's
absolutely a sham."

"It was consummated."

"It fucking. Was. Not."

"Then why'd my ass hurt, Kahl?!"

"You ate Chipotle the entire time!"

Craig was at his wit's end with this, and not wanting to hear--or imagine--any of this line of conversation a moment longer, he interjected. "Eric. There's no 'gold.' Both of you have admitted that there's no reconciliation--"

"Because there's nothing to reconcile, except that!"

"I don't care. All you're doing it running up your bill with this firm. If there's nothing else, consider dropping this and allowing everyone else to get on with their lives."

Cartman looked affronted at the suggestion. "You're supposed to be on my side!" His fat face puffed. "I want the thing where Kahl's gotta pay me money every month."

"That's the maintenance I was referring to earlier, Fatass," Kyle scoffed. "Which you're not getting."

"No one was asking you, you stupid Jew! Like you know what you're talking about." The comment from Cartman was one that Stan found hilarious, considering Kyle had passed the Bar years ago.

Craig looked like he needed a drink. Or ten. "That's not something you actually qualify for, Eric, as your individual income is greater than Kyle's. Technically if he wanted to petition for alimony--"

"Oh hell naw. Kahl's not getting my money!"

When the meeting ended, no progress had been made at all, except in giving the more sensible adults in the room a migraine. Ultimately, Craig didn't care for the most part; it was annoying, but if Eric Cartman wanted to rack up upwards of $15 grand in lawyers' fees because he didn't want to sign a piece of paper, what did he care?

He was just relieved when the meeting was over and the room cleared out, leaving Craig and Stan alone. "Did you manage to get anything useful out of that?"

"Not really, no." Stan had enough to write a detailed abstract of the meeting, and he knew Craig had recorded the meeting for posterity so he could fluff out the document as he needed. But it truly was the least productive meeting he sat in on.

"Do your best anyway," Craig said, gathering up his papers and folders. "I'm sure you won't let me down."

Noon came and went, Stan watching the attorneys file out the door while he sat in his cubicle, summarizing that ridiculous spectacle of a meeting.

Except for Craig. Stan always watched Craig leave, holding onto his gaze until the last possible
second, at which point he shifted his attention to the way Craig's dress pants hugged his ass. But, not that day; Stan didn't get to watch him walk out the door. He could actually hear Craig typing away in his office as all of his colleagues ended their workday.

It was atypical for Craig to schedule any out-of-court meetings for himself on Fridays, so that would explain why he stuck around. As far as the meeting went, Stan figured that something like that didn't quite qualify as real work, as it was the same circular argument Cartman and Kyle had been engaging in ever since that fateful weekend in Vegas.

_Broflovski maintains marriage was a sham, no basis for spousal maintenance. Client maintains marriage was consummated. Client maintains husband in possession of substantial amount of gold._

Stan couldn't help but let out a barking laugh as he paused his typing. It wouldn't phase him to laugh loudly in the office when it was empty, but he was painfully aware of Craig working in the other room; he could feel the other man's presence, so Stan felt a rush of embarrassment, and clamped his mouth shut. As he expected, it didn't take long for Stan to finish his report, tie up a couple loose ends on some spreadsheets, and then it was time to game.

He felt really weird doing it with Craig around, but he'd said Stan was allowed.

Stan booted up World of Warcraft, and as Blizzard did whatever updates needed on his work PC, he shot Kyle a text to see if he'd be around for it. On normal Fridays, that was the case, but he had no idea where his friend went after that nightmare of an attempted arbitration meeting.

The response came not long after; Kyle wasn't back home yet, but he'd be down for dungeons when he was there. He needed to kill something, the text read. There was plenty to do in the meantime, plenty of quests he could finish up.

Really, Stan was grateful to have a job that allowed this sort of thing. The only thing that sucked was the inability to pause when the phone rang...but sometimes he didn't answer, unless he recognized the number.

He was in the middle of fighting giant spiders when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Stan shouldn't have been startled, but he still jumped, tilting his head back to look up at Craig. "Oh. I, uh, I finished the report and you said that it was okay--" Stan swallowed thickly, unable to keep his apprehension at bay.

"Did you?" Craig hardly sounded interested in the report, and didn't lift his hand. "Wow, you game so well. A level 100 Worgen warrior? I'm impressed."

The spider got a hit on him that it shouldn't have, because Stan was too floored to pay attention to the game. Was that a fucking joke that just came out of Craig Tucker's mouth?

"Um. Thanks?"

Stan could only listen to his character losing all his HP and dying from something as easy to beat as spiders while Craig, his fingers digging wonderfully into Stan's shoulder, answered him. "You should add me. I'll text you my battle tag."

Stan's face burned. "Okay." Playing WoW with your boss was weird, right? But no weirder than anything else between them.
Craig’s hand was warm and large and clasping Stan’s shoulder firmly, and then he was moving it, slowly, to the back of Stan’s neck. The sensation of skin-on-skin, even something so seemingly insignificant as Craig touching — no, massaging, his hand was definitely moving oh my god it felt so good — his neck was enough to make Stan sigh a low moan in his chest. It was like this was an inevitability of the past few months of flirting.

It was finally happening.

Just as Stan was about to spin his chair around, Craig stopped. “Sorry.”

Craig removed his hand, stepped back, and Stan could feel that absence immediately. It was almost disheartening, like being offered something he wanted so badly, only to be denied. Swallowing thickly, Stan eventually swiveled around in his chair, looking up at the taller man. “Sorry for what?”

His boss brushed the top of his hand against his nose, a nervous, self-conscious gesture unlike anything Stan had ever seen from Craig. "I don't want to be that boss. I shouldn't-- shouldn't have--"

Wait. Was Craig blushing? It was actually kind of cute, but the priority now was just trying to reassure. "I liked it, you know. You don't have to apologize."

"You liked it," Craig repeated, his unsure expression slowly shifting into the familiar, sexy, self-assuredness that Stan was used to seeing on him. Craig never quite smiled with his teeth, but his lip curled at the corner and his eyebrow did that little raise it always did when he was telling Stan how good a job he did, and Stan was sure that he could just... die, again, as if he hadn't already felt that way multiple times over the past twenty-four hours when Craig looked Stan in the eyes, darted out his tongue, and, faintly, but slowly, licked his lower lip.

Fuck he was just so hot.

Stan's mouth felt dry and his heart thumped against his chest as he considered his options. He had to choose his words carefully. He was used to speaking to Craig in no manner other than professional; as intense and sexually-charged as their body language had always been, he wasn't about to say something like fuck you're so hot. Not aloud, at least.

"You..." Stan swallowed a breath, the resultant exhale shaky. The thing was, Stan wasn't particularly articulate. There was a reason he was a paralegal, and not a lawyer himself. "Yeah. You're, um. I notice things, a lot, and you stare at me a lot. And the way you talk to me, sometimes, it's... yeah. I like it."

He reached out an unsteady, cautious hand and, before he or Craig could say anything else, slowly brushed his knuckles on Craig’s thigh, feeling the material of his soft, wool pants and the hard muscle underneath.

Craig was rigid, stiff, but he didn't move away. He didn't attempt to move Stan's hand, which Stan took as permission to keep the contact between them. "I'm glad... that you did. Do." He could tear people apart with ease, could present a compelling case in a courtroom, but articulating his own feelings? That was another challenge entirely. "I don't want you to think I'm a creep or anything."

Stan's large blue eyes gazed upward with earnest as he shook his head. "I don't. You're not a creep. You couldn't be because I wanted you to touch me. I want to touch you..."
Oh, fuck. Craig watched Stan, watched the way his lips parted. In a daring move, Craig grabbed Stan's wrist, nudging it upward to his groin. If Stan wanted to touch him...

And he did. Stan barely contained a groan as he finally, after fantasizing about it for so long, got to press his palm against Craig's cock, rubbing at it through those expensive, fitted slacks.

"Shit," Craig groaned, tossing his head back at the contact. Finally. He always thought he was nuts for thinking Stan was flirting back, and frequently went home feeling like some nasty predator after he couldn't control the way he looked at the guy. He'd jerk off in the shower thinking about Stan, thinking about those full lips circling his cock or how his ass would look without those really rather unsightly khakis he always wore, how it would feel...

He always watched his release circle down the drain with shame permeating his whole being but now? He fucking didn't have to anymore, and it was incredible. Stan's hand felt amazing; he was pumping him to full hardness through his pants, tracing the outline of his erection with his fingers and rubbing his thumb none-too-gently over the head, all while staring at him in wide-eyed, lustful surprise.

They couldn't do this out here. Stan, for one, knew that it was few and far between that anyone came back after twelve p.m., but in the off chance it happened, they'd both be completely screwed. "Um." Stan's voice was husky. "Should we move this? Can we, like, go to your office or something?"

Craig just stared at him, mouth agape with little panting breaths.

"It's just..." Okay, just say it, Stanley. "It's just, I really wanna blow you. Like, really bad. So, can we do that?"

Craig swallowed thickly, nodding slowly. He wasn't going to turn that down, not when he wanted that himself as well. There was no reason to deny this when Stan was offering. His cock throbbed at just the thought. Stan was right, however, there was no way they could do any of this out here.

Clearing his throat, Craig composed himself. "Yeah. Come with me. Let's see how well you fit under my desk."

Stan nearly forgot to log out of WoW, but at the last moment, he remembered before following Craig to the office. Without being told, Stan closed and locked the door behind them both. Craig immediately sat down at his desk, scooting back so there was plenty of space for Stan to get down beneath it.

He was brimming with anticipation, mouth dry as he got onto his knees, tucked under the desk and between Craig's thighs. His hands ran up and down Craig's thighs slowly, before finally working on undoing his pants. Once they were free, his fingertips brushed along his cock through his underwear.

"I want you to tell me I'm good... okay?"

"...wow. Yeah, okay, I can definitely do that." Craig couldn't help but let out a shallow, nervous breath of a laugh. He had a hunch Stan enjoyed receiving praise about his work in the office more than he let on; this truly confirmed it.
Luckily for Stan, Craig loved giving it out as much as the other man loved receiving it. He loved seeing the flustered flush that would bloom across Stan’s face whenever he uttered those encouraging words to him; he loved how Stan’s lips would part and he’d run his tongue over them, leaving them glistening wet. And god, Stan was using that tongue to lap at the slit of Craig’s cock, already so eager to devour him, and there was no denying that he was just so, so good.

“You’re as big as I imagined. Bigger, actually... I dunno how I’m gonna fit this in my mouth.”

"You can do it," Craig said soothingly, combing his fingers through Stan's hair. It was thick, soft, and it felt nice to touch. He could clearly imagine fisting Stan's hair firmly, rolling his hips into that mouth. But he didn't do that. Maybe later, if there was a later, but right now he wanted to see just what Stan was capable of. "You're a good boy. You're earnest, you always do your best. You can do it."

The praise struck a chord in Stan, right down to his groin. Maybe Craig sound a little awkward with them both being so out of their element, but it was hot and Stan was determined to earn every lick of praise that Craig had in him. "If you think I can do it..."

"I know you can."

Stan barely managed to hide his moan. He pumped his fist along Craig's cock. Licking his lips, he took Craig into his mouth again. Bobbing his head, he sunk further and further down, until coarse curled tickled his nose. Above him, Craig was making those breathy sounds that told him just how much he was enjoying this.

Craig tasted like sex smelled, and smelled like he tasted and it was completely intoxicating. His cock was really big; Stan hadn’t said it in order to flatter the man or in an attempt to get even more praise (well... maybe a little bit of the latter). Stan knew that, by the time he was done, his jaw would be sore, maybe even his throat, but it would be more than worth it. If Stan tried to push his head down any further, he’d gag. If he fucking moved at all, even if it were in attempt to suck up and down that thick length of Craig’s cock, he’d probably fucking choke, and if it was going to happen either way he supposed he as well do it especially because, who was he kidding? Choking on Craig’s dick had been a major part of his after-work jerk sessions; he shouldn’t be nervous — he should be fucking honored. He focused his arousal-clouded gaze toward Craig, who moaned all low and sexy when their eyes meet, and Stan furrowed his brow as if to ask permission. As if to ask, am I doing okay?

Craig shuddered, his hand tightening in Stan’s hair, but not yanking or pulling or using his hair to fuck his mouth. “That’s it, Stanley. Such a good boy, take it all down. You can take it.”

It was the encouragement he needed. He groaned, sending wonderful vibrations along Craig’s
cock. It must have felt good, because Craig's grip on his hair tightened, and he gave a little shallow thrust of his hips. It made him moan again, and he bobbed his head a little faster, sucking in until his cheeks caved.

"Good boy," Craig murmured. "Always knew you'd have perfect dick sucking lips."

The praise, the feel of Craig's cock throbbing in his mouth, the scent of his arousal, was almost overbearing. "Stroke yourself off," Craig said, and Stan let a noise through his nose in relief.

He stroked himself through his pants, and then after a moment, he made quick work of his khakis, wrapped his hand around his dick, stroking as he continued sucking Craig.

“Feels so fuckin’ good when you moan around my cock like that.” Craig’s voice was breathy and clipped. He wanted to continue to shower Stan in all the praise he possibly could but was rapidly becoming unable to do so, because that **mouth**, fuck, this was the best head Craig had received in... three years? Five? Ever?

“Mmhmm,” Stan responded, staring up at Craig with blue eyes beneath long, dark eyelashes and then he hummed *again* and Craig hissed through his teeth, both hands on Stan’s head.

Stan noticed that Craig was twitching, that his hips were bucking ever so slightly like he couldn’t control their movements; Stan could taste the salty precome that leaked from the head of Craig’s cock, had been since they started and he wanted **more**, so much more.

“I’m gonna, fuck, Stan.” Craig’s voice was as close to whiny as Stan had ever heard it, and it went straight to Stan’s cock. “I’m gonna come if you don’t stop, god, **good** boy.”

“Mmhmm,” was Stan’s only response as he fluttered his eyes shut and, pumping his own cock in time, bobbed his head faster.

Stan had spent so much time, alone, thinking about this. His fantasies changed from time to time. Sometimes he wanted Craig to come all over his face, really make a mess of him. But now, right now he wanted to swallow him all down, savor every bit of him, grateful for every bit of it that he earned.

That was exactly what he did. Craig came with a low groan, nails dragging against his scalp, a roll of his hips that was so intense that Stan choked. He swallowed all the same, bobbing and sucking until Craig was soft in his mouth.

He finished up not after, and as he pulled away, he wiped his come off on his khakis.

Before zipping up his slacks, Craig, surprised and sated and a little bit shocked all at once, reached up to run a hand through his own perfectly-coiffed hair, mussing it up so it stuck in all directions. Stan thought — next to the way Craig’s lips parted, then caught in his teeth, and eyes screwed shut and body twitched as he was wracked with release — that it was just about one of the sexiest things he’d ever seen.

Craig wheeled his chair back a few inches, giving Stan enough room to emerge from under the desk. And, when he did, when he tucked himself into his pants and moved to sit on the squeaky leather lounge chair on the other side, Craig looked him square in the eye, and smirked.

“Excellent job, Marsh. Your performance is exemplary.” He paused for a second to suck on his
lower lip, then said, clearly, sincerely: “You were such a good boy for me. I wanna do it again sometime, see just how good you can be for me... if you want,” he added, mumbled, somewhere toward the floor.

"I absolutely want," Stan's response came immediately, feeling a little breathless. He stretched, enjoying the release in tension in his knees after so long underneath that desk. "Maybe after--"

The suggestion was on the tip of his tongue. *Maybe they could get drinks or something,* but the telltale chiming of the front door opening interrupted his thoughts. It was a reminder that they were still open, still technically here for clients, even if no one showed up on Friday afternoons.

"Uh, be right back," Stan said, quickly retreating to see who it was. He was surprised to find Kyle back in the office, looking particularly ragged. Sporting a black eye and a busted lip, his clothes were ripped. "You okay, dude?"

Rather than answering directly, Kyle held up a slightly-wrinkled piece of paper in the air. "The fucker signed it. It's over! " His best friend was rightfully triumphant, but it took no time at all for Kyle's eyes to fall down to the very obvious stain on Stan's ugly khakis. "Seriously? "
day 08: staig ( blood + hate sex )

Chapter Summary

day 08 | staig | blood + hate sex

A heated locker room argument escalates quickly.

cw: violence, blood play, choking, homophobic language

Of all the classes that could’ve fucked up his GPA, to ruin his chances at valedictorian, or even salutatorian, and seal the deal that goddamn Broflovski and Wendy-Hermione-Granger- fucking - Testaburger got it instead, it just had to be gym. Who, other than dumb jock assholes like Marsh, had time to memorize the rules and measurements to basketball when there were more important things to worry about, and why the hell did gym class even have written tests, and what the fuck kind of school was Park County High having gym as a requirement through senior year, anyway? To add insult to injury, their teacher still made them play after that clusterfuck of a test so now Craig was all sweaty and red and gross on top of being embarrassed as shit, and Marsh and his asshole friends kept sending self-important glances his way like they were secretly laughing at him and they probably fucking were, and seriously, fuck all of them. Fuck all of this.

Fuck this school. Nothing about this school made any damn sense.

Kyle cheated off of Stan all the time and Wendy never would’ve ratted them out, but she just had to open her smartass mouth in front of Mr. Lambert and their entire class when Craig looked at Clyde’s test. Just had to, because she knew Craig was in the running to actually be the best at something, for once, and he couldn’t fucking have that, could he?

If Tweek hadn’t been sent away, none of this shit would’ve happened. Tweek would’ve helped him. Tweek would’ve covered for him instead of staring open-mouthed at Mr. Lambert like some kind of retarded fish and saying nothing, like his dumbfuck best friend.

He pushed away the gnawing thought that, if Tweek were around, he wouldn’t have the grades he has now. He wouldn’t have buried himself in schoolwork, in college applications and scholarship essays and AP tests, as a distraction that his boyfriend was locked up in some kind of “residential school for troubled youth”, whatever the fuck that actually meant.

Tweek’s letters, which were formal, and wordy, and entirely un-Tweek-like, conveyed far too little in spite of their length. He said he was doing great, but Craig had heard stories about those places. The letters were probably censored; Tweek was probably being forced to work or worse, but Craig refused to allow himself to dwell on what worse might entail. He refused to breach the subject, with anybody, and, most of all, he refused to let other people get to him about it.

The rest of the students learned that quickly, when Eric Cartman ended up absent for a week with two black eyes. Craig’s three-day suspension, although marring his permanent record, had been entirely worth it, because nobody had fucked with him since then.

All he could do was continue to distract himself, continue to be the best, the dark horse in the race
for academic notoriety.

Leave it to Wendy to ruin everything.

It was unusual for such a charged, tense silence to hang in the air between Craig and Clyde. After gym, they would always laugh and joke and just generally fuck with each other, but not today. Today, they changed at their neighboring lockers without saying a word, Craig slamming his locker door shut loud enough for the noise to echo off the walls and make several people jump in surprise. Clyde scampered out of there as soon as he could, fucking pussy. Everybody else pretty much ignored him, like always.

Except Marsh.

Marsh was staring at him again. Just like he always did. Just standing there, by the changing bench, in a pair of dumb boxers with little footballs on them and a towel draped across his shoulders, his hair wet and sticking up all funny.

“What.” Craig zipped up his hoodie as angrily as he could.

“Sorry about all that, dude,” Stan said, with that dumbass-stupid-Stan-grin plastered on his face. *Fuck him.*

“Whatever.” Craig glared, and stuffed his hands into his pockets. “It’s your girlfriend’s fault. I woulda gotten an A if it weren’t for that stupid bitch Wendy.”

“Don’t talk about her like that!”

"I'll do what I fucking want, Marsh. Gonna do something about it?"

"Fuck you!"

"Wendy's still a bitch."

Craig was goading him into this, and while Stan normally wasn't the type to gear up for a fight, he was pissed. Outraged that Craig would talk about Wendy like that, and the need to defend her honor overtook him. He couldn't let this slide. He didn't fight a lot at all, not physically, but it didn't stop him giving into his rage now.

Stan threw his punch, aiming for Craig's jaw, but Craig jerked out of the way, causing Stan's fist to collide with the lockers behind Craig. It left him completely open, and Craig took advantage of that moment. Stan hissed, pain surging from the point of impact, spreading across his face.

It only served to escalate things; he punched, Craig punched back, they shoved and hit and slapped and kicked. The sounds of their strikes against one another echoed through the locker room, joined by their groans and insults. In no time at all, Craig had a black eye, and Stan had a bloody nose.

Their classmates had filed out by then. The last remaining person watching the fight with glee was Cartman, but Kyle, with a pointed, fiery glare at Stan, shooed him out of the locker room. The air was still around the two boys as they kept going, neither one ready or willing to admit defeat.

They allowed each other a brief moment of reprieve for Craig to whip off his hoodie, and Stan to wipe the blood from his nose with his forearm, leaving streaks of red along the pale skin of his arm.
and then, from his arm brushing against it, his torso.

For a moment, it seemed as if they were done. They glared at each other with heaving chests and curled fists and maybe they were about to call it off, Craig was at least considering it.

Except, Marsh just wouldn’t shut the fuck up.

“Fuck you, Tucker.” Stan spat

“Fuck you and your girlfriend.” Craig tossed out, flatly, nonchalantly, and Stan’s hands clenched into fists.

“She’s n—“ Stan’s eyes flickered with uncertainty and then, a mere split second later, utter rage. “I bet you wish your boyfriend was here to kiss you better, huh? But he’s not, is he? He’s in the loony —“

Craig had never been a peaceful, gentle soul. He’d always been quick to become irritated, and quicker so to truly anger. But he’d also never quite understood the term *seeing red* until now. It was like one moment he was standing by the lockers, face hot with anger and his fingernails digging into his palms hard enough to leave marks, and the next, his vision flashed pure crimson and then he had Stan pinned underneath him, his arm twisted behind his back, and his neck in the crook of Craig’s elbow.

“Say you’re sorry,” Craig croaked, squeezing his arm.

"No," Stan muttered through a hiss of pain. Craig's grip on him was tight and uncomfortable, but Stan was just as stubborn, just as angry. It was Craig's fault, he started it. If he hadn't said anything about Wendy--

He struggled against Craig, shifting in an attempt to break free. *That* was when he felt it. Stan groaned, pressing against Craig's rage-filled erection.

Craig could feel Stan grinding back against him. He squeezed, his grip on Stan tightening as he pressed his cock against his ass. "Didn't know you were such a faggot, Marsh."

“You’re a fucking faggot, Tucker,” Stan said, voice a reedy whine, as his body went slack. “Fag,” he repeated, weakly.

“How original,” Craig monotoned, and gave Stan’s arm a good, wrenching pull, “Calling the gay kid a faggot, when I really think it’s you. " Craig punctuated this statement with a roll of his hips, and Stan fucking moaned.

Well. This certainly took a turn.

Craig was worked up from the fight. That was all. It was just anger leading to blood flow leading to a natural bodily reaction but what could he say for Stan? He was the one who started this shit.

And Craig was pretty sure he knew why.

Craig sniggered and flattened himself against Stan’s back, lips brushing against his ear.

“You know what I think, Marsh? I think you like this, you little fag.”
There was a sound caught in Stan's throat, and he was relieved that he was able to choke it down. He didn't want to give Craig that satisfaction, even if he wasn't that wrong about this particular thing. It was obvious, too, with the way his body responded to Craig's lips against him: that shot of electricity ran down his spine, back arching to press against Craig more firmly.

"Fat chance in hell," Stan managed, already panting with arousal. "Wishful thinking on your part, thinking I like this. You'd suck at fucking just as much as you suck at passing gym exams. Bet you don't even know what a point guard is."

A growl rumbled in Craig's throat, and in his angry, clouded judgement, he reached around to grab Stan's cock. Hard and throbbing in his hand, he squeezed none too gently. "You're pathetic."

“Fuck you,” Stan gasped, shimmying his hips and pressing against Craig’s palm, “You’re — hah, oh my god — you’re pathetic.”

Craig began to move his hand, slowly, yet roughly, keeping a hard grasp on Stan’s erection, causing as much uncomfortable friction as he could. “You know what else I think, Marsh?” Craig asked, lazily, although his voice was so deep it was almost a growl. “I think, one —” he released his grasp on Stan’s throat, causing his head to hit the cold, concentrate floor, and moved to seize one of Stan’s ass cheeks, giving it a crushingy firm squeeze — “You suck ass at comebacks. And two —” he gave Stan’s ass a smack — “You started this because you fucking want me and it drives you insane. I see how you always look at me, you asshole.”

Stan scoffed, as if his face wasn't burning, as if his cock wasn't throbbing under Craig's touch, as if he wasn't into the idea of Craig wrecking his ass. "As if. But the way he said that wasn't fooling either of them. Especially with the way he continued pushing back, trying to get more contact, trying to get anything. "I'm not into you."

"Sure, but that doesn't mean you don't want me. Or want this." Craig spread Stan's asscheeks, grinding himself between, groaning at the friction that resulted in the movements, even with their gym shorts between them. "You want me, don't you."

“Yes,” Stan groaned.

"Then don’t you dare, don't ever fucking talk about Tweek like that ever, ever again." With that hissed, harsh declaration, Craig brought his lips, and then his teeth, down upon Stan's shoulder. He bit Stan hard enough for the other boy to yelp, and stretch his arm behind both of them, frantically grasping and clawing at Craig's back just to find something to cling to, something on which his fingers could paw at and dig into to distract himself from the pain.

Stan's nails were sharp when he raked them down Craig's back, and, for that, Craig bit even harder, and surged his hips forward while both hands gripped either side of Stan's ass hard enough to leave bruises. Fucking payback for that black eye.

It was a tangle of limbs, a frenzied rush of movement as they rocked and scratched against each other, Craig’s dick sliding in the cleft of Stan’s full, hairy ass and, when he shoved his tongue in Stan's mouth and gnawed at Stan's swollen lower lip, he was greeted with the coppery taste of blood.

The kiss was hot, clashing teeth and tongues, with Craig’s hand fistig his hair, yanking harshly as he rutted against him. This was obscene, but it wasn't nearly enough. He needed more, wanted more, until the fire raging between the both of them was extinguished.
"I'm going to destroy your ass," Craig growled, lips swollen as he pulled away from the kiss. His gaze darted across the locker room. "You better find something for it unless you want to die." Said indignantly, as if fucking Stan raw wouldn't wreck his dick either.

"Oh," Stan said, rather dumbly, his irritation at Craig forgotten as he looked about for inspiration. He wasn't an idiot who was going to even consider something like hand soap--that wasn't a proper lube, and just the thought of it going up someone's dick hole--

It was a line of thought he didn't want to follow anymore. Squirming, he moved out from under Craig and got to his feet. "Kyle's got lotion in his locker," he said, immediately inputting the lock combination. As he got it open and grabbed the tube, he heard Craig scoff. With narrowed eyes, he shot Craig a look. "What?"

"D'you share toothbrushes with him too? For fuck's sake, Marsh."

Stan scowled, getting back onto the floor, pushing the bottle into Craig's hands. "Shut the fuck up, or I'll make you."

"Love to see you try," Craig sneered. It was a challenge, and Stan knew it.

Maybe another time he could show Craig just how well, how hard he could make him shut up. Today, he wanted Craig to deliver. When he instigated this fight, everything he said and did was bait to get Craig as worked-up as possible, because ever since Tweek left and Craig became all sulky and smart and angry, it was as if he was instantly about ten times hotter. And Craig had always been really hot but this, oh man, this was something else altogether.

"You're fuckin', um, covered in blood," Craig observed, as Stan, on all fours, heard him pump a generous squirt of lotion into his palm.

Stan flushed. The fight had been... well, it'd hurt but it was satisfying, like scratching an itch or flossing your teeth or something. "Your fault, ar-tard," he murmured, groaning as Craig pressed lotion-slick fingers against his crack, rubbing small, yet hard circles against the pucker of his entrance.

"It's fuckin' hot, I don't care. Turn around so I can see your stupid face."

It something they were an agreement of. Craig's eyes scanned down, looking over Stan's chest as he finally pressed one of his fingers in. Stan was hot and tight, and he could just imagine just how it would feel to get his cock properly lodged in there.

As he moved his finger in and out, eventually adding a second finger in effort to properly stretch Stan out, his gaze flitted over Stan's chest. For being only eighteen, Stan was hairy, but Craig was into it. Into seeing the blood from their fight drip down his chest, tangling in those short curls.

Leaning over, Craig dragged his tongue up his chest, lapping up the blood. When he reached his collarbone, Craig sucked a bruise there, continuing to work his fingers. Stan responded beautifully, tilting his head back and groaning, rocking against his fingers.

"More," Stan breathed, reaching down, touching and scratching at Craig wherever he could reach.

"You're fucking getting it."
They lapped at each other's mouths with neither rhythm nor finesse, Stan crying out into Craig's mouth and wiggling his hips as Craig added a third finger, stretching him out, fingertips grazing, then curling against his prostate with every movement. Stan wanted all of him, all of this, anything that this aggressive, unpleasant fucker of a guy could give him; he was rocking into Craig's hand, begging without words for more, so much more.

And Craig knew it. He captured Stan's earlobe between his sharp, crooked teeth and gave it a tug, shaking his head slightly back and forth like he was tearing into prey. He wanted every part of Stan to remember this, to feel all of it days after.

"I'm gonna fuck you so hard, Marsh." His cool blue eyes bored into Stan's.

Stan felt like he was on fire. "Do it, or shut the fuck up," he countered.

Craig growled, removing his fingers to grab the lotion once more. He pumped a gratuitous amount into his palm, and after tugging his gym shorts down, stroked the (fortunately unscented) white cream over his dick. He wasted no time in positioning himself, free hand resting on Stan's throat as he pushed in with one fluid motion.

His grip on Stan's neck wasn't too intense, his breathing wasn't obstructed or anything, but the way Stan looked up at him, seemingly begging for more, was enough that Craig didn't move it. His other hand rested on one of Stan's hips, hardly giving Stan a chance to adjust at all before he began driving into him, hard and rough.

Stan's breath hitched, his groans quickly growing louder as he moved with Craig. At this rate it was only a matter of time before they got caught, but he didn't have it in him to care yet.

Their squelching, slapping, skin-on-skin noises, their moans, their whispers of fuck me and fuck YOU and fuckin' fag and you're my bitch, Marsh filled the air, bouncing off the walls, and if they were going to get caught, it would totally be worth it but then again, Stan was being really, really loud.

Not that Craig didn't love it. Not that he didn't want to hear every filthy, hateful thing that Stan had to say to him pouring out of that bloodied-up, beautiful mouth because fuck did he ever, but there was still this tiny part of Craig that was overly aware they were fucking in the locker room and they should keep it down. He slapped his palm over Stan's mouth, muffling his cries as he plunged and pounded into Stan's tight, willing hole.

"You need to shut the fuck up," he growled into Stan's ear, not actually wanting him to shut up at all, and licked along Stan's neck, down to his chest, before he clamped one of Stan's puffy nipples in his teeth, and pulled.

It was enough to send Stan over that edge. The roughness of the sex, Craig's hands and mouth on him, the way he told him to shut up, it was just too much, too intense. His moans were muffled under Craig's hand, and when he came, he made a mess of Craig's chest. He'd feel bad about it, maybe, but when Craig got his some thrusts later, Stan knew he'd have to take another shower before he headed home.

It was worth it.

When Craig was done with Stan, he got to his feet, grabbing his towel that he left on a nearby bench. He turned his back to Stan as he cleaned himself off and got dressed. Once all of his stuff was gathered, he tossed a cool glance over his shoulder. "I have a boyfriend."
Lest Marsh get any ideas. That said, he left the locker room, leaving Stan alone with the mess.
Chapter Summary

Raven enjoyed watching that douchebag conformist with his name on his shirt work out at the gym. Kyley-B wasn't oblivious, and had his own plans for him in mind.

The gym was a place for conformist, wannabe posers. Stan — *Raven* to his friends — only started going because his doctor freaked him out with phrases like *hardening of the arteries* and *high body fat percentage* and *smoking kills, try exercise, you'll feel SO much better*. As much as Stan liked the concept of death, the beauty behind it, he didn’t actually want to die any fucking time soon, thank you very much. So, he went.

It wasn’t like he was *fat* or anything, it was just that smoking and coffee and poetry and *darkness* were far, far more important than pumping iron in a room full of testosterone-laden meatheads. But, whatever. He stuck to the machines, stayed clear of the free weights, and kept his head down for the most part.

But if anyone he knew caught him here, it would be so fucking embarrassing. Nevermind that, to catch him here, the other party would have to be at the gym as well. That didn’t fucking matter; he still didn’t want to be counted as one of those sweaty, grunting douchebags who had giant holes in their tank tops to show off their rippling muscles because that just wasn’t *him*.

So, he stuck with going at night. Raven *loved* the nighttime. Usually, by the time he got there, it was relatively empty, save for a few people here and there, and most of those people minded their own business....

Except for that poser guido redhead who was always staring at him.

The guy wasn't there *every* time, and Stan was sure that sometimes the guy was there when *he* wasn't, so it wasn't like he was being stalked or anything. Which was nice. The only things that had business **stalking** others were the horrors and abominations, the creatures of the night what lurked in the shadows, not muscular Jersey boys.

But the staring began the very minute Stan started working out there. The first time, he was on the elliptical -- and that sucked balls, because he felt like his lungs were going to totally fucking explode, and quickly learned his lesson that he couldn't wear his hat while working out lest he be completely drenched in sweat -- and he felt it. That pins-and-needles sensation on the back of his neck like someone, some **thing** was watching him. He turned his head around, and it was the **guy**.

*What the fuck are you looking at*, Stan thought at him, as if somehow he could read his mind. The guy curled his lip into a scowl, green eyes flashing as he continued pumping the 50lb barbell in his hand, bicep rippling with every curl. It happened a few times after that. A flash of eyes. A curl of the lip. But, not once, did they talk to each other, and it was **infuriating**.

God, the gym fucking **sucked**.
The worst, most horrible part about all of this -- the gym, the fact that he had to go to a gym, and his frequent onlooker -- was that this dude was irrefutably sexy. Stan could kick himself for thinking that. He didn't like *meathead jock assholes*, he didn't hang with *conformists* and he *certainly* didn't associate with people who wore *gold fucking chains*, but here he was. Hoping that the guy would be there, every night he stepped into that weird-smelling gym.

Stan found himself holding his breath when he entered the weight room, his hoping the guy would be there--and as luck would have it, there he was, laying in the weight bench with the bar loaded down with more weights than he thought a guy that lean could lift.

But there he was. What was that, 200, 250 pounds? Holy shit.

The guy noticed Stan watching, though, and unlike any other indirect interaction they'd had, this time the guy said something. Green eyes narrowed, scowl on his face. He looked like he was gearing up for a fight before he even spoke. "What's youse lookin at?"

*Goddamn,* the guy was a walking stereotype, but Stan already knew he didn't want a fight with this guy. He wasn't the fighting type, and he didn't feel like getting pummelled. Even if the bruises would look cool. Even if he could brag later about how *painful* it was, just like life itself.

"It's impressive, or whatever, that you can lift that much." Stan said lamely. It wasn't the best response, and it definitely wasn't *edgy* enough but it got the guy to stop looking like he wanted to rip him into pieces.

Instead, Kyley lowered the bar back to the rack and sat up, legs spread on either side of the bench. Sweat beaded off of his forehead, down his exposed arms, his tank clung to him. It was exactly the image that Stan shouldn't have found so attractive, but here he was, feeling like he was internally melting as Kyley smirked at him.

"Yeah? Wanna sees somethin' else impressive?" He got to his feet, only to drop down to one of the mats to do push-ups. One, two, the third with only a single hand supporting himself. And his form was exemplary. He didn't have to have his knees on the mat or anything. "Sit on my back. I'll still be able to do it."

And right then, this became one of the strangest, most surreal moments of Stan's life. Even more so as he did as directed, situating himself cross-legged on the middle of this guido's back.

"How many ya think I can do?" The redhead tossed out over his shoulder, sending Stan a shit-eating grin. His face was slick with sweat and his teeth perfectly straight and white. Too white, actually, like he'd overused those over-the-counter white strips that Stan tried a couple times, but had to stop using because they made his teeth ache. This dude was *clearly* so concerned about outward appearances that he wouldn't give a shit about anything like that.

Fucking conformist.

"One," Stan said, rolling his eyes and scoffing. Truthfully, Stan knew just from watching him that he'd be able to do many more than one, but just wanted to be contrary. He *hoped* it'd be more, because the heady, musky aroma of this man's sweat (with a hint of some kind of cologne underneath, that basic citrus shit that every dude-bro in the history of ever seemed to own) and the feel of his broad, firm back beneath Stan's ass were already doing him in.
He knew for a fact that it was difficult to hide a boner in gym shorts. This was gonna be really embarrassing.

Kyley scoffed. "Totally 'bout to prove ya wrong, fuckin' gloomy-ass bastard."

Stan wavered a bit, almost losing his balance on Kyley's back as the other man, in one fluid motion, lowered himself to the ground, and then back up, like it was nothing.

"You're gonna have to move. There's no way you're stayin' on me like that. Straddle me, like a horse."

"What the fuck." That was the weirdest way to phrase things, but he moved all the same, letting his legs fall to either side of Kyley, though he didn't allow any of his weight to rest on them.

"What, d'you emo shits not know what horses are?" There was something that almost sounded like teasing in his tone as he began doing his pushups again. This time, it was with a lot more ease, as Stan was a lot more stable on his back.

Stan couldn't roll his eyes harder--though that wasn't the best way to phrase it, not when he was more than aware of the growing erection beneath his shorts. "I know what a horse is."

Kyley snorted, and for few moments he said nothing. When he did speak, though, it was abrupt and straight to the point. "Do you have a fuckin' boner?"

"No! Shut up, conformist!" Stan shot back, incredulously, although he felt his face burn bright red. "I'm not a fucking emo and I don't have a fucking boner!"

"Then what the fuck is this, then?" The guy shimmied, so his lower back rubbed over the tent in Stan's gym shorts. Stan had to bite his lip to hold back his gasp. "You's got a fuckin' boner and you's been starin' at me fa weeks now." There was a hint of amusement in the other man's voice.

"You're fucking staring at me!" Stan made no move to dismount from the other man. He'd been secretly fantasizing about this moment -- well, maybe not this exact moment; he never thought that, in the rare event that they ever did something about the constant staring, it'd involve Stan acting as extra weight for this dude's workout -- for a long time, and the dude was probably going to tell him to fuck off soon enough. He wanted to soak up as many touches as he could before that happened.

Instead, Kyley responded with a snigger, and his voice took on a raw, husky edge. "Fuckin' right I've been starin' at ya. Don't get a whole lotta eye candy around here anymore."

"Wait what. " Stan was surprised, completely floored even. This hot, conformist asshole thought he was attractive? Surely he didn't hear this right, because nothing about it made sense.

Somehow, Kyley was still doing pushups, and the movement was going to drive him wild.

"I didn't studdah, toots. So while I've got you here all hot an' bothered, maybe yous and me go take care of that." Kyley stopped moving at that point, slipping out from beneath him to look at Stan properly.

Stan sucked in at his bottom lip, eyes wide as he studied Kyley. This couldn't be real life, and he felt like he was still reeling. "What makes you think I'd be that easy, asshole?"
"Just seen how ya look at me, an' obviously you seen how I look at you."

Stan knew there was no God. But he still fucking thanked him that there was nobody else in the gym. As sat dumbly on the somewhat sticky floor of the free weight area, arms hanging at his sides and legs splayed so that the obvious erection in his shorts would've been on full display, Kyley reached out and, with somewhat sweaty, strong hands, clasped Stan's chin between his thumb and forefingers, and lifted Stan's chin so their eyes met.

Kyley's were green, and narrowed, and intense. Stan liked intense.

"Listen up, ya fuckin' emo," Kyley whispered, "Nobody comes here this time'a the night 'cept us. Sauna's open."

Stan considered his options. The rational sane voice in his head told him that this was insane. This wasn't the 1970s, and it would be foolish to essentially go into a bathhouse with a stranger. This was Colorado, not Fire Island, for fuck's sake.

But he couldn't kid himself; the idea was enticing. The guy might've had Muscle Milk for brains, but he was hot and for the life of him, Stan couldn't remember the last time he'd had a satisfying hook up.

"You better not be a waste of time."

The smirk on Kyley's face only grew. "Baby, I can lift you against the wall and drive you wild."

"Oh my fucking god, shut up, poser," Stan scoffed, although the tiniest hint of a smile on his face betrayed him. "As if that kind of corny pickup line is gonna work on me."

It absolutely did.

They exchanged a glance that said everything it needed to say, gave the gym a final once-over to make sure they were truly alone, and, next thing Stan knew, he was pinned up against the locked door of the steam room, being devoured with wet, open-mouthed kisses. The dude tasted like fruit punch pre-workout, which was kind of gross, but whatever. It was still fucking great.

Lips moved toward Stan's neck, and a hand slid up the front of his shirt, and Stan figured now was as good a time as any to ask. "What's your name, anyway?"

The guy pulled away and, with a predatory stare, said: "It's on my fuckin' shirt, baby."

Kyley-B. You have got to be kidding me.

Stan scoffed a chuckle. "Take that stupid fucking thing off."

"Take it off for me," he quibbled, and though Stan rolled his eyes, he slid his hands under the hem of Kyley's tank, pulling it overhead. This was better--not only was that eyesore out of his line of vision, but he was also rewarded with finally getting to see and feel what Kyley was like between his clothing.

It was a major improvement, with hard and defined muscle rippling down his chest. Honestly, it wouldn't have surprised him at all if Kyley was actually a roider, but as long as it didn't impede his ability to get what he wanted from the guy, Stan didn't care.
Kyley didn't say anything further for the moment, instead licking, kissing and sucking at his neck. They were both sweaty, and Stan wasn't sure he tasted that great right now--but there Kyley was, insistent on tasting him anywhere he could reach while grinding against him.

Stan slid his hand from the small of Kyley's back to his stomach, and he swore this dude had like, an eight pack or something, and just feeling every bump of hard muscle made Stan's cock throb, a little wet spot forming at the front of his shorts. He'd never given much regard to whether or not he found this kind of thing attractive, all this hard, sinewy muscle, having always cared more about whether someone was just like him — as in not a fucking conformist, not as in a scrawny fuck with a beer gut — but holy shit did he ever. This was like, some kind of gay-ass awakening and it was freakin' sweet.

He wanted to run his tongue along those abs, to dip into every ridge and lap up the salty sweat that gathered there. He wanted to suck on that lower-v right above the guy's crotch, which he was now caressing as he reached to undo the drawstring on Kyley's workout shorts, and nip at it and leave little marks. Kyley growled against Stan's shoulder, sinking his teeth into the slight bit of muscle that was finally beginning to form right alongside Stan's neck as he wrapped his fist around Kyley's cock.

They were so sweaty that everything was slick.

Kyley was rock-hard and pulsing in his fist, and the muffled groans and grunts the redhead made against his shoulder were wonderful. Stan was determined to draw more of those sounds out of him. Before he got much of a chance to do that, Kyley hoisted Stan up more, bending him over his shoulder.

It was impressive, because Kyley didn't nearly seem strong enough to do that, but Stan supposed it was doable considering he wasn't holding him like that for long at all. Instead, he laid him down on the one of the wooden benches.

"I don't got lube here," Kyley commented, which really was a damn shame, but it wasn't like he came to the gym intending to get laid. He just saw a moment and decided to seize it by the balls. "How 'bout I suck ya off?"

Stan's chest was already heaving at just the prospect of having that terribly accented mouth on his cock. "Fuck yes." But that wasn't enough, because he had things he wanted for himself. "We could 69-it."

The smile on Kyley's face spread into something much more mischievous. "I like the way you think, emo kid," he replied, approving of the idea. He moved over Stan, facing his cock, immediately wrapping his hand around Stan's dick.

"It's Stan," he breathed, hands settling on Kyley's thighs, squeezing as he ghosted his lips along the length of Kyley's cock. "My name's Stan."

"Nice t'meet ya," Kyley tossed out, before he engulfed the head of Stan's cock in his mouth.

Kyley sucked cock the way he worked out -- intensely, roughly, and expertly. Stan's eyes rolled back in his head as, almost immediately, Kyley took him to the root, nose pressing up against Stan's balls, wet, sloppy sucking noises filling the foggy air of the sauna. For a couple moments, all Stan could do were let out a stream of whining moans and pump his hand around Kyley's dick,
losing himself in the feeling.

Stan whined loudest of all when Kyley popped his mouth off his cock after a particularly slobbery, drawn-out lick around its head. "Don't leave me hangin' here, Stan," Kyley groaned, replacing his mouth with one of his strong hands. "Suck me."

"Mmph, sorry," Stan managed. It had been easy to feel so overwhelmed with how good Kyley's mouth felt around his cock, bobbing and sucking on him in just the right ways. The absence of that, the replacement of it with just Kyley's hand--which still felt great, but not as much--was an incentive enough to follow through.

His hands slid up, taking hold of Kyley's ass. He squeezed and pulled him down while Stan lifted himself up a little more. He dragged his tongue around the tip of Kyley's cock, before quickly taking him in. He was salty and musky, and Stan was certain he'd come right then if he didn't possess a modicum of self-restraint.

"That's better," Kyley responded, gently rocking his hips down so Stan could take more of him in with ease. It was then he redoubled his efforts, sinking his mouth back down on Stan.

Stan dug his fingers into Kyley's firm ass, which was just as built as the rest of him, but compact rather than bulging, the perfect size for Stan to fit a cheek in each hand, giving it a hard squeeze before dragging sweat-slick fingers down to feel the contours of his solid thighs as he took him all the way in. Red curls brushed against Stan's face as he gripped those thighs as hard as he could and opened his throat, allowing the other man to fuck his mouth in deep, fluid thrusts.

It was an overwhelming array of sensations as Kyley practically sucked the life out of him -- maybe Stan spoke too soon about all that creature of the night thing because this guy was like some kind of vampire. But with dick sucking instead of blood. Which was pretty fucking goth, once he thought about it -- and squeezed Stan's head with those strong thighs.

It was hot. Stan loved the feeling of Kyley fucking his mouth, the feeling of Kyley's mouth on him, his muscly body pressing against him. He was so sure the other man could absolutely crush him with his thighs and just the thought made Stan's stomach flip-flop in a way that made him struggle to hold out longer.

He didn't give Kyley any warning beyond a series of muffled moans around his cock, which resulted in Kyley doing something similar, rocking his hips with more vigor into Stan's mouth. Kyley swallowed him down like a champ, bobbing his head through the entirety of Stan's orgasm. Even after, he kissed and licked and touched him.

It was all the more reason for Stan to redouble his efforts. His heart was racing, his body relaxed in the aftershocks of what was an intense orgasm, but he didn't indulge in that feeling as much as he'd like to. He could enjoy that reprieve from his pain and suffering later; instead, he sucked more sharply at Kyley's dick, palming at his balls until he got Kyley off.

The redhead came with a semblance of Stan's name, and a few moments later, rolled off of him in favor of laying on his back just to the side of the bench. "Hey, we should go out. Get some drinks. Beers. Maybe some nachos, then you let me take you back to mine."

Stan glanced down at him, brow quirked. "I don't have anywhere else to be."

"I'm not going to some pussy emo bar though," Kyley decided, lifting his hips to pull his shorts
back on and over himself.

"Well, I'm not going to some conformist club."

"Fine, I know a dive. Get your ass up, let's go."
Tweek has been experiencing weird sensations, like actually being able to feel what someone else is feeling. He decides to get to the bottom of this and do whatever is needed to make it stop.

"I am fucking, nnngh, so fucking sick of this shit and if I figure out who you are, I will find you and I will fucking kill you!"

Tweek screeched into the still air as he paced the length of his dark, messy room, tripping on a pile of clothes and assorted whatever, but saving himself at the last second from a fall with an outstretched hand and clumsy, one-person dance of feet. It had been two fucking weeks since he could get a proper night's sleep because it usually happened in the middle of the night. Tweek had never been a particularly good sleeper in the first place, but what really didn't help was being awakened by being in someone else's body.

Sort of. It was weird, one of the weirder things Tweek had ever experienced, which was saying a lot, because Tweek was no stranger to weird. It was all a bit hard to explain, really. It was like he was seeing everything happen, feeling everything happen, through another's eyes. He was simultaneously present and elsewhere, himself and someone else, and he'd fucking had it.

Getting zero sleep sucked ass, but it was worse when it happened in the middle of the day. He could be going about his business, pouring up a triple-shot-pumpkin-spice-whatever-the-fuck-latte just like he did any other day, and he'd get hit by it. His cock would be hard, then a vision of a cluttered bathroom and someone's hand jerking off a dick that was thinner and longer than his own, surrounded by darker-blond, curly pubes would take over his mind, causing him to falter with tunnel vision and feel it until he came in his pants.

Or it could be a view of some chick from behind, some girl with fire-engine-red hair getting pounded and it'd feel really, really good -- if that was what fucking a chick was like, maybe Tweek wasn't as gay as he thought. But no matter, it was still fucking annoying.

It was embarrassing, it would've gotten him fired from his job long ago had he not owned the place himself, and it just fucking sucked.

If Tweek was going to have some weird telepathic sex-curse happen to him, couldn't it have been with someone who wasn’t perpetually horny?

He thought it couldn't get worse than it happening in the middle of the work day. But Tweek had never been more wrong in his life. The next time it happened, he was enduring a stifling, awful dinner with his parents. He didn't want to be there, didn't want to have to deal with his father, but he couldn't easily get out of his mother's birthday dinner.
His mother was talking about... something, god, he couldn't even remember where the conversation was going at all when it hit him. A pressure against his ass, fingers that weren't really there probing inside him, brushing against his prostate.

Immediately, Tweek flushed, tucking his heel under himself as he attempted to keep himself from making a sound that would give away his predicament. Fortunately, he'd always been verbal, his parents had always been unobservant, so they were none the wiser when he abruptly excused himself to bolt to the bathroom.

He frantically fled into one of the stalls, locking it behind him, and made quick work of his belt and pants. By the time he got his fist around his cock, the fingers he felt were replaced by someone's dick. Who they were, where they were--all of it was beyond him. He wished he knew, just so he could figure out how to stop this.

But fuck, in the moment it felt fantastic. There was nothing actually in him, but he could feel the thickness of it, the length of it, pounding into him. His cries bounced off of the walls of the bathroom, and when it was all said and done, he fixed his clothes, washed his hands, and tried to pretend like he was semblance of normal.

Dinner ended, finally, and he escaped as soon as he could, feeling like he needed at least three drinks.

If anyone hit on him at the bar, if any guy even hinted at the idea of buying him a drink or wanting to dance with him or anything, Tweek wasn't above clocking them square in the jaw because the prospect of sex, with another person, after that bullshit at dinner, made Tweek want to scream.

He supposed he could've gone to a dive, somewhere he knew nobody would bother him, but he went to this particular bar so often that it was habit. Not to mention that they had great drink specials, and two-for-one Tuesdays were too good a deal to pass up, regardless of whether or not he'd get flirted while he was enjoying said drinks.

Plus, who went out dancing on a Tuesday?

Well. Apparently lots of people, because Tweek found himself sitting at the bar, elbows resting on hardwood with his head in his hands as bass thumped around him and, behind him, at the dance floor, a sea of people -- mostly men -- grinded against each other. But, no matter. Tweek didn't have to be out there with the rest of them. He just wanted to fucking be left alone and, so far, that goal had been more than accomplished, and everything had, for once in the past couple weeks, went according to plan.

Then the music started sounding... funny. Like he was wearing headphones that didn't quite conceal any background noises, but simply muffled them slightly. And the background noise was somehow the same as what he was hearing, but stronger, louder, and....

Holy fuck.

Holy fuck the guy was fucking there.

Tweek's mind was racing, this heart throbbing in his chest. He couldn't think--what was he
supposed to do with this? That guy was somewhere here. Was he watching him? Did he know? Did he get off on feeling whatever Tweek was feeling? Did he feel Tweek experiences his sexcapades?

This was going to fuck him up even more than he already was.

He sat at the bar for a while, throwing back drink after drink. He'd hoped inebriation would somehow lessen the sensation, that he'd end up comfortably numb and able to forget about everything. Of course he wasn't that lucky. He'd never been that lucky in his entire life.

Tweek knew then that the only way to get to the bottom of this was to figure out who the guy was in the sea of people. All he had to go on was what he was feeling—and, well, probably someone blond. Unless the guy dyed his hair, which was going to make this even more complicated.

But he could feel the sensation of grinding against someone, of a hand against his ass, his dick. That didn't really mean anything, not when there were so many drunk bodies bumping and grinding on the dance floor. Eventually, however--

Eventually, he spied a mop of blond tucked away in a dark corner with a chick. Tweek could feel hands on his cheeks, could feel nails scraping against his scalp, fingers threading through his hair and tugging. He saw those actions mirrored in the scene before him.

That had to be the guy. Had to be. In another situation, Tweek would've considered cornered him later, but he'd been suffering for weeks. The guy deserved to be interrupted, and it was with that in mind that Tweek marched over and seized his shoulder, tugging him back.

"YOU FUCKING— Kenny?"

"Tweek! What’s up, dude?" Kenny’s eyes were glassy, his lips smudged with a ring of hot pink, either his lipstick, or the girl’s—nobody could ever be quite sure with Kenny—and he was very obviously both highly inebriated, and very horny. Not only could Tweek see the bulge in his pants, but he could feel its every throb, not to mention the loss of contact from being rubbed against the girl’s thigh once Tweek pulled him to his feet. Something about the proximity of it, being right next to the source made a simple erection feel almost better than what he'd experienced earlier in that bathroom stall. “Two for one Tuesdays, am I—"

Tweek pulled him in by the collar of his white tank top. "You, ” he growled. “It’s fucking you. ”

Kenny simply raised his arms in a shrug. “I was wondering who got hit with it this time. Usually it takes ‘em awhile to find me.”

"Hit with WHAT! " Tweek screeched, the moment there was a lull between songs. Heads around the dance floor turned to look at the two of them, until the music started again.

Kenny had to practically shout in order for Tweek to hear him. "It's a long story that all started when I was born, so let’s just say that weird shit happens to me. It’s just this thing."

Tweek licked his lips, eyes narrowing as he searched his face. He was sure he was within his right to be angry, because this situation was so messed up -- "Like that thing where you die but you don't stay dead and no one notices?"

"What--"
"What do I gotta do to stop this? I can't live like this, man!"

A smirk spread across Kenny's lips. It was an expression that Tweek recognized immediately. Anyone who knew Kenny even remotely recognized that expression. "There's a room in the ba--"

"I'm not fucking you, Kenny."

Kenny snorted a humorless laugh, and rolled his eyes. "You know what, I don't want to fuck you either, dude, you're not really my type. But if you want this to stop, we're at least gonna have to do, I dunno, hand stuff."

"Hand stuff!?" Why did Tweek always choose to shout when there was a lull in the music? This time it was right before the bass drop, and the group of girls dancing near them tittered as Tweek's face burned with anger, embarrassment, and a bit of arousal.

"Hand stuff." Kenny nodded, sagely. "As the Ancient Ones have declared."

What the fuck was he talking about?

There were too many eyes on them, and even when everyone was back to not giving a shit, back to dancing and whatever they were up to in the dark, Tweek wasn't entirely convinced that they weren't still paying attention to them.

"We do hand stuff and this shit stops?" If it actually worked, it'd be worth a shot. Almost anything would be.

Kenny shrugged. "It worked for the last ten people."

"Ten?!"

"Do you wanna break this curse or not?" A verbal answer wasn't really necessary, not when the answer was clear when Tweek grabbed Kenny's wrist, dragging him into the hall that led to the bathrooms. It was brighter there, the music was more muted, but it'd do.

He immediately lunged for Kenny’s zipper, and was just about to reach in and take care of this shit when Kenny grabbed his hand and stopped him. “Dude. Have some decency, here. We're in public.” Kenny’s crooked smirk was fucking infuriating, but no more so than the intense pulses of arousal — his, Kenny’s, both — that coursed through Tweek's groin.

"Wasn’t fucking stopping you with that, ngh, that girl!” Tweek hissed as they raced toward the bathroom, pushing past a group of guys who were socializing in there for whatever fucking reason to find an open stall, and lock themselves in.

“Her name is Lexus and she’s my girlfriend. Tweek, would it kill you to be respectful?” Kenny laughed, and, with a flash of a grin, pushed Tweek against the flimsy partition between stalls.

"You have a girlfriend?" The question was hissed, but the concerned Tweek had right then was more than apparent. "We gotta find another way to do this, man, I don't want her to slash my tires 'n shit."

Kenny laughed at the suggestion, feeling up Tweek between his pants. "Don't worry, it's cool. We've got this whole open thing going on." That was all he felt like saying on the matter, intent
instead on getting into Tweek's pants as the other blond did the same.

It was the most surreal experience of his life, and Tweek was immediately overwhelmed. It had been one thing to just feel things by proxy, but he could feel how it felt for himself, to have Kenny stroking him off, at the same time he could feel what he was doing for Kenny.

There was no way he'd last long at all.

"Want me to kiss you or whatever?" Kenny tossed out casually, his sweaty, lipstick-smeared face shoved between Tweek's neck and shoulder.

And, as Tweek hissed a moan while Kenny dragged his thumb against the head of his cock, before pumping him again with vigor, Tweek couldn't deny that he was curious. Kissing and simultaneously being kissed was something that he'd never have the opportunity to experience ever again. "I guess!" he squeaked, and Kenny hummed low in his throat before licking and sucking kisses all along Tweek's neck, traveling to his mouth.

The only word for it was wet. He didn't know whose tongue belonged to whom, and he tasted cigarettes, and the rum and coke he was drinking earlier, and something really fruity because of course Kenny would drink something like that. Or maybe it was the lipstick, but then again there was the slight waxy taste that would account for that, so maybe it was what Kenny's girlfriend was drinking, but Tweek couldn't let himself dwell on it, because it was one of the most interesting things he'd ever felt.

Gasping into Kenny's mouth, Tweek captured his lower lip between his teeth, and he could feel it in his own when he tugged.

The entire experience was completely overwhelming, there was no way around it. It was incredible, and it felt like something right out of Black Mirror. How could this be real life? That he was able to know, firsthand, exactly what each stroke of his thumb, each twist of his wrist was doing for Kenny?

Especially when Kenny's expert hands were working him in just the right ways.

Tweek couldn't handle it, and when he got off, it was intense, and in the moment his head banged against the stall partition. He thought he couldn't have ever felt any better in his life, but before he even completed his own orgasm, he felt Kenny's with every fiber of his being.

Never had he been so wrecked, so fucked out in his life. Fringe stuck to forehead as he attempted to catch his breath, and Tweek was certain that if he wasn't careful, he'd just doze off right there.

Kenny tucked an arm around his back, helping him out of the bathroom. "Since I've you here, how about you, me, and my girl--"

"No, no way, man."

The group of dudes they'd passed on the way in snickered under their breath. "He's so fucking drunk," Tweek heard one of them say, but he couldn't find the energy to snap back or even lift his middle finger as Kenny practically dragged him along the hallway, and into the main room of the bar.

"Suit yourself," Kenny said, depositing Tweek at the bar. "Guess I'm gonna get back. Nice seeing
you!" He bounced on his toes before pressing a quick, friendly lipstick-kiss to Tweek's forehead, and disappeared into the crowd.

Once he'd caught his breath, Tweek lifted a finger, signaling for the bartender, who was regarding him with a disdainful, raised eyebrow. "Rum and coke," Tweek wheezed.

The bartender laughed in his face. "I think you've had enough, buddy."
day 11: buttman ( object insertion )

Chapter Summary

day 11 | buttman | object insertion

Eric and Butters have a cam show, and they'll do whatever their viewers ask them to do, for the right price.

"Oh hamburgers. Eric, I don't think I can do this!"

"For fuck's sake, Butters!" Eric spoke through gritted teeth. He leaned over his computer, peering at the screen. A corner of the screen showed a preview of what they were recording, which at the moment was a view of Eric's stubbly double-chin. There was also a chatroom, and a window that tracked their income. "He already gave us five dollars, fuckin' do it."

Butters looked positively hesitant, but he did as was directed, walking out of shot to grab a Sharpie from Eric's desk. He sat back down on the bed, in view of the laptop, and laid down, lifting his hips to tug his underwear to his knees. He slicked the Sharpie down with lube and pushed the end of it against his hole.

"He wants you to push it in deeper," Eric said, reading the message that was sent next. "Fuck yourself on it or whatever."

"Eric, the cap came off!"

"God damn it, Butters! You weren’t supposed to put the fuckin’ cap in first!"

“I didn’t! See?” Butters stuck his cute, round little ass toward Eric to demonstrate. The sharpie was purple; Eric could tell from the exposed, felt tip sticking out of Butters’ anus like a weird little beacon.

“Fine.” Eric sighed, heavy and overly dramatic. “I’ll pull it out. The things I do for you, seriouslah, Butters.”

A new message came through on the chatroom. It was a message that filled Eric with outrage. "I'm not gonna pull it out with mah mouth! That's sick dude!" But after that protest, a ten dollar payment went through.

God damn it! Ten dollars was a lot, a hell of a lot more than they usually pulled in for individual actions on their show. "I swear to god, Butters, if you fart on me--"

That was all he said before he leaned over, teeth clenching on the shell of the marker, careful not to let his tongue brush against the felt tip as he pulled it out.

"Aw, jeez, Eric, your mouth is all sticky," Butters whined. "What'd you eat?"

Eric sighed. "Diet soda is horrible for you, I saw it on Dr. Oz, so I switched back to regular
Mountain Dew." He'd take a little extra sugar over holes in his brain or whatever.

Butters gasped. "Eric! I told you, you're gonna get diabetes, I read--"

"Ay! Shut up, Butters, we're working! There's no time for chitchat!" Eric punctuated this statement with a quick, light smack to Butters' ass. "Okay. Okay, seriously, we gotta concentrate."

Ignoring Butters' indignant sputter, Eric turned his attention back to the computer screen, and the slowly-moving text in the bottom right corner. They didn't have many viewers, because some people couldn't appreciate a big-boned, beefcake, sexy bitch like Eric, but their regulars were dedicated, and generous.

Eric peered at the tiny chat window.

10inchesurprise: wat else u have there
10inchesurprise: stick that remote up his butt lol 20 bucks

Butters propped himself up on one of his elbows, still spread-eagle but unable to read the screen. "What's it say?"

Eric frowned, ignoring Butters entirely while glaring at the screen. "Fuck you! Hell no! I watch TV with that, Kinny!" But it would be a lie to say Eric wasn't swayed by money. He didn't know where this person who was obviously Kenny McCormick got his money, but... When the offer was raised to a whopping $25, Eric was tempted. That was enough for a full lunch at McDonald's. Or half of a lunch at KFC.

"This fuck-o wants me to put a remote up your ass for $25."

When Eric made no effort to move, Butters went up to dig around Eric's room for the television remote. He eventually found it half under the bed. "That's enough for a tank of gas." At least one of their priorities was a reasonable one.

"But Butters," Eric whined, "That's for my cable and it's expensiveeeeee and if it goes up your butt then I'm gonna have to buy a whole new one and I'll have to talk to Comcast!"

It was a fair point. Nobody liked dealing with Comcast. But if they kept at it, the money would add up. It already was, and Butters' student loans weren't going to pay themselves.

"We can sanitize it, don't you worry, buddy!" He placed the remote in Eric's outstretched palm with a small thwack, and bent over, his pale, hairless ass hovering somewhere near Eric's face. "You might want to start with some fingers first, that thing's pretty darn big."

"Fiiiiine, whatever, Butters." As far as he was concerned, they should've been getting paid even more, since this was basically just an extra that their viewers (viewer) was getting for free.

"Just gotta... get our special lube." Eric waved the bottle in front of the camera for a moment. Pompeian Extra Virgin Olive oil, robust.

10inchesurprise: l o l srsly

"Shut up! It's healthy. Good for the heart and... anti-inflammatory or whatever..." The details didn't matter. Olive oil was an important part of his diet, now. Slathering up his fingers with it, he pushed
two fingers in, making sure to position himself the laptop camera captured the best views. "God, Butters, I've already got two fingers in you, you're such a slut."

"Uh huh!" Butters chirped, wiggling his ass against Eric's fat fingers. "Sure am, aren't I?"

He wasn't, not really. Just for the camera. But the people on the other end didn't need to know that and, besides, even though Eric was... Eric, there was always something about his nonchalant dirty talk that always made this particular money making scheme of his enjoyable for Butters. It was, as hesitant as he was to admit it, pretty gosh darn hot.

"Maybe you should stick three of 'em up there, huh?"

"I'm getting to it! It's just...my hand cramps when I do that." Why should he do anything that inconveniences him? But for the sake of money, he did exactly that. Butters made these cute little sounds as Eric fucked him with his fingers. It was worth it for that, for the money, for the string of emojis they earned from their audience.

Once he had Butters stretched good and proper, Eric returned his attention to his remote. It was rather large, with copious buttons. One side was thicker than the other, and after demonstrating that for the camera, he slathered the thicker end of the remote with some of the olive oil. Surely it would be okay. There was just... the cracks between the buttons to worry about. And the section where the batteries went in. No big deal.

"I swear to god, Butters, if you fuck this up for me and break my remote, you're responsible for getting me a new one." That was when he pushed it in, until only the last inch or so stuck out of Butters's ass.

Butters yelped. It didn't feel bad, exactly, just really... funny, what with all the bumps and ridges from the buttons, but it was a nice shape, nice and big just like that dildo that their favorite viewer -- the guy who Cartman was convinced had to be Kenny for some reason -- sent them a couple weeks ago.

"It's not gonna get stuck up there, is it?" Butters' voice rose an octave. "It don't have one of them, um, a flared base, y'know?"

Eric huffed. "Seriously, Butters, don't even worry about it, your hole is so loose that it's like throwing a hot dog down a hallway, it's not gonna get stuck."

10inchsurprise: fuck him with it hahahahaha
10inchsurprise: be careful lmao
10inchsurprise: it wont get stuck i do this all the time

"No you fuckin' don't, your poor ass can't afford cable!"

"You know Eric, it might not actually be Ken. He sure does work an awful lot and stuff! He probably doesn't have time to watch this."

Eric followed the suggestion from their 'generous donor' all the same, but it didn't mean that he was any good at it. He moved the remote in and out of Butters with the same level of interest that one might hit an elevator button, or wait in line for a tub of KFC gravy--

Fuck, he was hungry.
"You like that, Butters?" It came after a slight delay; Eric had to stop thinking about large amounts of KFC gravy. Maybe one day they'd do a show with that. The gravy would have to be poured on Butters, of course, because like hell was Eric going to willingly share the most delicious liquid-ish substance known to man.

"O-oh, yeah, Eric! Gosh, it's really good!"

10inchsurprise: $5 if u jack him off

Cartman rolled his eyes. "Fine, whatever." Butters was cute and everything, he guessed, but the smell of their special lubricant really reminded him of Olive Garden's unlimited soup, salad, and breadstick deal and that, with the thoughts of Butters covered in gravy, was making his stomach growl. That was way more distracting than the half-chub in his basketball shorts.

Eric looked great in basketball shorts. He was a studly, strong man and fuck anyone who said otherwise.

Yawning, he kept his grip on the remote, and reached around to tug at Butters' dick. "Oh, yeah, you like that, don't you bitch," he said, with zero excitement.

"I do, Eric, I do!" Butters was always so eager, so willing to do a good job, so into having Eric jerk him off right then. Eric wasn't giving him much, sure, but Butters knew how to move into Eric's hand to garner more friction, and with the remote still inside of him like this, the movements felt even better.

Eric just hoped Butters would get off soon before his wrist started hurting. How was he going to be able to game properly if he was in pain. "You getting there yet, Butters?"

"Oh yeah, gosh! I'm close, I'm close!" It was moments like these where it was hard to say whether it was genuine or an act. Not that Eric could blame him either way. Fortunately, he finally did splooge, and that meant that Eric could drop the sexy dom act.

Glancing over to the computer, he saw a new message.

10inchsurprise: take the remote out and lick it

"Hell fucking no I'm not licking the fucking remote, KINNY, what the fuck!" Cartman did take the remote out, quicker and more carelessly than he probably should've, since Butters let out this disgruntled little wail, but Eric was far too taken aback, far too disgusted by the suggestion to care.

Butters sighed, slumping onto his chest, head resting in his hands. "You coulda been way more careful with that, Eric! The buttons felt all funny comin' out."

"They want me to fuckin' lick the fuckin' remote!" Eric was waving said remote, all slippery with olive oil, in his fist like it were a magic wand. "What the fuck, Kinny."

"Aw, jeez." With a little grunt, Butters adjusted himself into a seated position, slumping onto Eric's massive frame. He was like a real big teddy bear, or would be if he weren't such a freakin' jerk. He sure felt nice, though.

10inchsurprise: $50
"Eric! Fifty bucks is a lot of money!"

That was the problem. That was a lot. There was so much he could do with $50, and if he was licking that remote, all of it was going to be his. Really--most of the money would be his. What did Butters even do? He just knelted there the whole time.

"Ugh fine, but only because the payment's already gone through!"

Squeezing his eyes shut, Eric brought the remote close to his face, dragging his tongue along the length of the remote. It tasted like olive oil, and distinctively like ass. But it was worth it. It'd totally be worth it. When he finished, he tossed the remote aside and turned to the computer.

"We're done here," he announced, slamming the laptop to a close

Just a couple houses down, wheezing laughter filled the second floor bedroom of Kyle's childhood home. He leaned against his best friend, tears streaming down his face with unbridled delight.

"He did it. He actually fucking did it. This is the best day of my life."

He wasn't the only one laughing; Kenny was double over on the floor, and Stan as well. But Stan was the one, who once he calmed down, attempted to play devil's advocate. "I feel kind of bad for Butters, dude."

"No way," Kyle insisted. "We just paid them nearly $100."
day 12: staig (pet play/licking/rimming)

Chapter Summary

day 12 | staig | pet play/licking/rimming

Stan is a good boy.

Craig had his tells when he wanted to play their game.

A nod. Sit there, Stan.

A snap. Stop. Put that down.

A nudge of his foot to Stan's shin, under the dinner table at Buca de Faggoncini, where they were sitting with Bebe, Clyde, Kenny, and Token. Bad boy, Stan.

A caress, Craig's shoe dragging its way up to Stan's thigh, stopping just short of his cock. Good boy.

And Stan felt like he was going to explode, to make a fool out of himself in front of a significant portion of their friends, and the breadstick he chewed on felt like it was made of cotton with how dry his mouth was from sheer shame. But they didn't know what Stan and Craig were up to. Craig was just weird, everyone knew that.

Craig, however, knew that his actions, however imperceptible to others' eyes, were reducing Stan to putty and, by the time they got home, he would be nothing but Craig's obedient pet.

This was exactly how they liked it.

They couldn't get home fast enough. Craig parked the car in the garage, and since the entry to the interior of the house was through the laundry room, Stan stripped down to nothing as soon as crossed the threshold. His cock was already aching, hanging at full mast between his thighs as he dropped down to his hands and knees.

"Good boy," Craig cooed, smoothing his hand though Stan's hair as he toed off his sneakers. Like any good pet owner, he knew that positive reinforcement was the best way to train and discipline a dog, and while this was just a game, the philosophy was the same.

Snapping a collar around Stan's neck, Craig sidestepped him, heading to the living room to flop down onto the couch. He stretched out one of his legs on it, the other resting on the floor as he grabbed for a remote to put on whatever bullshit as a pretense.

Stan settled between his thighs, nuzzling his face against Craig's legs, his groin, relishing in the fingers massaging the back of his neck as unspoken praise.

Craig lifted his hips, slightly thrusting out his pelvis as he threaded a hand in the back of Stan's soft, thick hair, holding his head in place. Stan picked up on the cue right away, opening his mouth
and flattening his tongue against the developing erection in Craig's jeans. He shook his head back and forth, aided by Craig's hand in his hair, drooling happily as he fastened his mouth around the outline of Craig's dick, bringing him fully to hardness.

Stan met Craig's eyes to see the other man looking down at him fondly, yet intensely. "Good boy," Craig repeated, and, with his free hand, patted the cushion of the sofa next to him. Stan climbed up quickly, settling into a curled-up position with his head upon Craig's lap. Making a contented sound in the back of his throat, Craig reached down to stroke Stan's hair, pausing every couple moments to scratch behind his pet's ears.

Stan, of course, seemed to have ideas beyond simply being petted. He was still clumsily mouthing at the bulge straining against Craig's pants, dragging his tongue up and down his denim-clad erection, and sucking on the head.

It didn't take long at all before Craig decided he wanted more, and dislodged his hand from Stan's hair in order to unfasten his pants. He pulled his hard cock out, smirking as Stan immediately brushed his cheek against it.

Stan inhaled his scent, relished in it, and began lapping at it. He licked the length of Craig's cock, paying special mind to that thick vein on the underside. It meant the weight of Craig's dick was resting against his cheek, but that was exactly what he wanted.

He knew better than to talk, not when they were playing the game, lest he be punished... even though sometimes, the punishments were worth it -- if he got spanked, or that feeling of on-edge anticipation that came with being disallowed orgasm for hours, or sometimes days -- but he didn't feel like sleeping on the floor that evening. It was something they'd agreed upon and consented to, and something that didn't happen often. But, the prospect of spending that particular night without being able to curl up next to Craig, to nuzzle into the crook of his arm and wrap his body around the thinner, taller, harder one of his boyfriend was something on which Stan did not want to dwell.

So, Stan settled on looking up at him, and giving him a wide-eyed look that asked everything it needed to ask, and Craig knew. They'd been playing this long enough for Craig to know, and that realization caused a pull of arousal in the pit of Stan's stomach.

"Who's my good boy," Craig murmured, running a finger down Stan's neck, pausing to caress the buckle on his leather collar.

Stan swallowed thickly. He liked wearing the collar, liked feeling possessed by Craig, and his boyfriend's fingers on the buckle like that only reminded him of this fact. He longed and ached to be touched, now more than ever, but he knew he had to earn it. If he continued to be a good boy like this, Craig would give him the world. He knew that.

Maintaining that eye contact that with Craig, he swirled his tongue around the tip of Craig's cock, dipping it against the slit, dragging it across so he could taste every bit of him.

The moan he drew from Craig was low and long, his eyes fluttering to a close for a moment, and that's how Stan really knew that Craig was enjoying this as much as he was. "I want you to do something for me," Craig said, finally, and as soon as he shifted, shimmying his pants and underwear to his knees, careful not to kick Stan as he turned onto his stomach, Stan knew exactly what he wanted.

Stan positioned himself on all fours. He didn't use his hands, not when they were doing this. Not to eat, not to hold things, and especially not to touch Craig. He bent down, sniffing in the heady,
familiar scent of his boyfriend's arousal, and placed a series of sloppy kisses and long licks along his thighs, the cheeks of his ass, and his lower back. He tasted salty, and clean, and Stan could never get enough of it.

Underneath him, Craig hummed a small moan, spreading his legs slightly, which Stan knew was his signal to lick him, *there*, but he was enjoying laving and lapping his tongue against every other part of Craig far, far too much to go there, *yet*.

Craig, however, was getting impatient. And, Stan supposed it was disobedience. He knew well enough what Craig wanted, and he supposed -- *knew* -- he deserved it when Craig reached behind him and yanked his hair hard enough for Stan to yelp. The momentary sharp pain made Stan's cock ache. "Don't be bad," Craig growled, "Do what your master wants."

Stan whimpered, though it wasn't an upset sound. Just needy, just trying to convey that he was *going to be a good boy*. He rubbed his face against Craig's ass cheeks, panting. But after that, he didn't waste Craig's time.

He dragged his tongue over his entrance, and he felt his heart swell with pride as he drew a low moan from Craig. Stan was diligent, licking him with the flat of his tongue. Stan loved doing this for him, loved tasting him, but it was always interesting when he was doing it like this. His entire methodology was different, but at least Craig seemed to enjoy it, shifting back against him.

Craig allowed it to go on like this for a few moments longer, Stan licking slowly, lightly upon Craig's hole, answering every touch of tongue with a light sound of approval. After a bit, just when Stan was beginning to zone out, to lose himself in the rhythm and the taste and the sounds he was drawing from his boyfriend, Craig snapped his fingers. Stan knew that was his cue to look up.

When he did, Craig was peering over his shoulder, staring all dominant at Stan with blown-black, glassy eyes and open mouth. Just that look was enough to make Stan's neglected, leaking cock twitch. "Get your face in there, go faster. Fuck me with your tongue," Craig commanded in a charged, heavy murmur. "Gimme what I want and you'll get a reward."

Stan felt his stomach do a somersault. Craig knew what it to him when he talked like that. It was moments like this where Stan was sure that he could come, untouched, just from Craig talking to him like this. *Fuck*, he'd do anything he asked.

He complied, teasing with his tongue more firmly, before finally pushing it in, probing, straining to get his tongue as deep as he could. It would've been easier if he had proper use of his hands, but it only meant that Stan tried even harder. He wanted his boyfriend keening and aching just like he was.

"Good boy," Craig said, followed by an unbridled moan that only further proved how *good* Stan was right now.

Stan responded to Craig's noises in kind, letting out a throaty, muffled moan which only caused Craig to buck against his face, so Stan did it again, and *again*, probing and circling his tongue, spit running down his chin and all over Craig's ass. And Craig was reaching down, reaching to grasp his cock in his own hand and pump himself, thrusting into his hand, against Stan's tongue; Stan could feel Craig's thighs twitching, could feel the tremors wracking his body that indicated he was *close*, and it made Stan's pride swell to know he was being so *good*, being a good boy and making his boyfriend, his *master* feel so amazing.

Craig reached his other hand around, fixing it into the hair upon the crown of Stan's head, pulling
him off roughly. "I'm gonna come all over myself and you're gonna lick it all up," Craig rasped, releasing his hand, and turning around.

Stan's bright and blue eyes were wide once Craig repositioned himself, trained on that hand vigorously pumping Craig's cock. It was a magnificent sight; Craig just looked so sexy with his half-lidded eyes, with the way he sucked in on his bottom lip as that tension coiled up within him before he finally reached his climax.

His release splattered across his stomach, and Stan leaned in, hands resting on Craig's thighs. Gaze flitting up to Craig's, he slowly dragged his tongue over Craig's chest, flicking it over smooth skin and muscle until he'd cleaned away every trace of cum.

"All right, my good boy," Craig hummed, reaching out to stroke Stan's head, scratching his scalp, massaging behind his ears and along the place where his leather collar aligned with his skin, "Floor." Craig nodded curtly in the direction of the ground, pointing at the carpet. "On your knees, touch yourself."

Stan swiftly obeyed. The promise of orgasm would cause him to do just about anything for Craig, and the act of obedience just made the need for release even stronger. He wrapped his hand around his cock, trailing his gaze upon the form of his boyfriend's body, stomach and chest still wet, as he began to pump his hand.

Craig snapped his fingers again. "You need to look me in the eyes while you do that."

Oh, fuck, this was too hot. Stan could barely handle it. Obeying Craig's command, he looked up into Craig's eyes as he continued stroking himself. It was even more intense this way; Stan flushed under Craig's gaze, could feel the burning from his cheeks to his ears, down to his shoulders.

He wanted to tell Craig how much he was into this, how much he loved this, loved him, but it needed to wait. He didn't want to break out of his role until the game was over. But ultimately, it didn't take him long at all to get off.

He was too worked up to last too long, but it was the perfect opportunity to illustrate everything he couldn't verbally express yet. He came hard, loud, cupping his hand over his tip lest he make a mess of the carpet and side of the couch. As the aftershocks of his orgasm rippled through him, his expression was one that Craig understood well. Did I do good?

Craig moved, then, leaning down to capture Stan's lips as he brushed his fingers through his hair. "You were perfect."
day 13 - pc principal/strong woman (distracted sex)

Chapter Summary

Strong Woman has a deadline to meet, but that doesn't stop her from engaging in a consensual liaison with PC Principal.

Chapter Notes

We were originally going to write some Cryle for this chapter... then, we started, and it turned into a 60-page epic that necessitated a bunch of content warnings, so we uploaded it separately. That can be found here.

"I would like to engage in consensual sexual activity with you."

PC's clearly communicated, progressive words caught Strong Woman's attention. She was still at her home office desk. It would be a lie to say the suggestion wasn't one well-met, and it would be nice, since they hadn't copulated since--

"I consent to that, but I need to finish this work as well. Do you consent to my multitasking?"

"Absolutely. I fully support your prerogative. Do you consent to me using a condom?"

Strong Woman tore her gaze away from her screen to look up at those sexy sunglasses. "Yes. I don't want five more PC babies."

PC gazed at her through his reflective Oakley's, mouth opening in a contented sigh to show the top row of his teeth as Strong Woman stroked down the side of his face, feeling the coarse hairs of his perfectly-maintained goatee and the small triangle of the soul patch right below his lower lip. She captured his mouth in a firm, mutually consensual kiss before bending herself over her desk, positioned as to be able to access the mouse and keyboard with ease.

PC carefully slid the fabric of Strong Woman's professional, yet fashionable skirt up the length of her well-built legs. From her personality to her physique, she was truly a strong woman, thighs thick with muscle and defined, sturdy calves from hours at self-defense classes. She shaved her legs, not because she felt a societal obligation to remove her body hair, but because she enjoyed the sensation of smoothness against her sheets, and especially against PC's hands.

"Do you consent to the removal of your underpants?" asked PC, running his hands along the curve of her ass, against the practical cotton underwear covering it.

"Yes, I consent," she responded, continuing her work. There was no room for ambiguity in their sex life; they were, after all, politically correct, and they couldn't move forward with anything if they
weren't in agreement.

"I hear you and am acknowledging your response." He tugged her underwear down, hands smoothing over her skin. PC loved her, and absolutely did not ever intend to objectify her, but she truly was just an extraordinary woman. "How much foreplay would you like to engage in?"

Strong Woman tossed a glance over her shoulder as she typed away. "Minimal. I can't stop what I'm doing to actively participate in thorough foreplay right now."

"I respect that decision," PC said, confidently. He unbuckled his belt, undid his khakis, and pulled his heavy erection out from the slit of his boxers. After their incident, PC began carrying condoms with him, continually hopeful that, when visiting Strong Woman at her home to take care of their five PC babies and assist his colleague with spreadsheets, they would eventually engage in consensual sexual relations.

As he sheathed his cock with the slippery, thin piece of latex, the realization dawned on him that this wasn't exactly what he had in mind, bending her over a desk while she glared at Microsoft Excel; however, Strong Woman had her priorities, and deserved her independence. It would be totally un-PC to try and crush that puss in a manner with which said puss's owner was uncool, brah.

PC had the permission he needed to continue, so within the following moments, he positioned himself and pushed in through the front door, arms wrapping around her waist, groaning against the back of her neck. It had been a long time since he saw this sort of action, and while Strong Woman wasn't nearly as slippery-slick as she was the last time they engaged in such relations, she was warm and tight.

The movements of his hips were shallow at first, then deeper, pushing in until he was fully in, only to pull back until he was almost out. He knew she liked it when he dragged it out like this, but Strong Woman was so focused, that the sounds she made were soft, quiet, and almost delayed.

He knew where the clitoris was, though, so he reached around, rubbing his thumb against it as he rocked into her.

"What's -- oh. That feels quite nice," Strong Woman said in a breathy moan, pausing her typing and reveling in the sensation of PC's large thumb upon her clit, circling her hips ever so slightly to indicate the rhythm she wanted from him. In most other circumstances, she would have closed the window on her computer, flipped her position, and pulled PC in for a passionate kiss before giving him all the affirmative consent he needed for him to take her, right on the desk...

But she really needed to finish this spreadsheet. They had a deadline. Come to think of it, it wasn't the most professional of behavior of her boss to pause their work for consensual sexual relations, but it felt, as she'd said, quite nice. She took a deep breath, and, as he increased the speed of his thrusts, it also became a bit more difficult to type. "What's the date of the non-denominational winter pageant? I'm -- just a little lower with your thumb, please -- I'm having trouble recalling."

PC groaned, driving into her with more, more force, a different angle, relishing in the friction he created for himself. Keeping a consistent rhythm with massaging her clit was difficult like this, but he was diligent in continuing his efforts.

Truly, he had nothing but respect for Strong Woman's ability to keep focused in the heat of things like this. He struggled to think about the school calendar at all. "December 14th," he managed, finally. "The 7th is Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day--and the sixth night of Hanukkah. But the 14th--we, we, fuck, don't have any religious or national holidays."
"December 14th, god, yes," Strong Woman moaned, vision going hazy for a moment as PC drove his cock in and out of her, hitting, on each inward thrust, that spot that made her thighs twitch and toes curl, especially in conjunction with his thumb favoring her clitoris in exactly the manner that she'd requested, and consented to. Biting her lip, feeling her face go hot, she scrolled down her spreadsheet, found the date in question, and began to type, non-denominational winter pageant.

But, when PC positioned his hands, strong from frequent use of his grip strengthener, on her hips, tilting her pelvis and circling his hips against her with vigor, harder than before, the combined feeling of the head of his cock against the most sensitive spot inside of her, and his thumb moving faster, applying more pressure, made her lose it.

Non-dddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd, read the cell of her spreadsheet, as she shut her eyes, tossed her head back, and lost herself in the feeling.

Naturally, she willed herself to come back to the present just as quickly, if not quicker, than she’d left it. She had work to attend to.

It was the sort of reaction he wanted from her, it was reassurance that he was doing this for her properly. She was still consenting, still enjoying this. He peered over her shoulder when he heard the clacking keys resume, in this face it was deleting the extraneous letters.

"I'm almost done with this spreadsheet," she said. Her voice was controlled, in that way she did when she was trying to ignore how she was feeling specifically when trying to focus on the task at him. It was so admirable.

PC grunted in response. He was another sort of almost done, but he was a respectful partner and was going his best to hold off until he was sure that she was completely satisfied first. Or he would do his very best to, in any case. "Then maybe after, we can--"

"No, there's still so much I h-ah-ve to do." Somehow, she managed to keep composure even when it was obvious that she was into what he was doing to her. "Our babies' futures and future college funds depend upon it."

Our.

PC was sure he was going to lose it all right then. The way she felt and pushed back against him did wonders for his dick, but her acknowledgement that these children were also his too did wonders for his heart. "That's important--but--Oh, Strong Woman, what we really need is universally tuition-free universities for all students, regardless of -- fuuuuck -- regardless of social status or race." He tilted his head back with a loud groan.

"Oh yes--yes!" It pushed her over the edge too, and in the moments following, after she finished the spreadsheet and saved the file, she turned, pulling him into the kiss they both needed.
**day 14: bendy (cunnilingus)**

Chapter Summary

**day 14 | bendy | cunnilingus**

Bebe has a revelation regarding her best friend and decides to address it as soon as possible.

Chapter Notes

We're a little behind on kinktober after finishing the other part of Day 13 - we have linked that into the notes of chapter 13, so if you haven't read that, please check it out! This is also our first time writing f/f so please be gentle <3

---

i have a tinder date.

Wendy let out a clear laugh upon receiving the text message from her best friend.

**like that's anything new for you. Lol love you!**

Turning her attention back to her computer, Wendy gnawed on her lip. There was no logical reason for it to bother her that Bebe was going on all these dates. She was single, she was safe, and, most importantly, Bebe had autonomy over her own body. If Bebe was choosing to run off and explore her sexuality with a bunch of random guys, it wasn’t Wendy’s place to tell her to stop.

She sighed, clicking through to the next page of her job application for an entry-level administration assistant, which was quite below her skill set, but everyone had to start somewhere, and it seemed as if South Park had run dry for available jobs. They wanted her to enter all her previous employment experience. When she'd just uploaded, and attached, her resume. *Ridiculous.*

Against her desk, her phone buzzed.

**its with a girl.**

Wendy stared at that text for longer than she should have. It wasn't any of her business, she shouldn't have felt as she did now. Like her heart clenched up, like she felt—

Jealous.

It was stupid, and she couldn't blame it on surprise. Bebe hadn't dated a girl before, as far as Wendy knew, but it wasn't like her best friend hid her pansexuality. There was no reason for her to, anyway.

Finally, after leaving the message open long enough to seem like she left her on read, Wendy
responded.

Good luck, girl. Let me know how it goes.

Bebe sent her a string of sparkly heart emojis, then, just as Wendy began busying herself in her job application, her phone went off again.

Idk what I’m doing!!
I’ve never dated a girl what do I do?

And there was jealousy, sure, in the way her stomach dropped, but there was also a fondness. Bebe projected confidence, at all times. One would never think she wasn’t sure in all her actions... except Wendy. It made her feel... weird, but a good weird that her best friend chose her to confide in.

You date men all the time!
And you said it yourself, gender doesn’t matter.
I’m not sure why you’re so worried.

idk! this girl is just really cute and i don’t wanna mess it up
what if i’m too much of a spazz?

Upon seeing those words, Wendy was able to brush her own feelings aside and offer her best friend the sort of reassurance that she seemed to need. The small smile that graced her lips as she responded tasted bittersweet, but no one but her needed to know that.

First of all, anyone would be lucky to date you. You're funny, cool, and so much smarter than you give yourself credit for.
Just be yourself. She'll love you.

Wendy knew that was true, because she’d known Bebe for so long, had loved her as a best friend for years and—

girl you always know what to say
im goin in! wish me luck

Bebe signed off with a series of kissing-heart emojis, and Wendy set her phone back down. She returned her attention back to the application window, and when her phone didn't buzz again immediately, it was all the more reason to focus on job hunting.

On a good night, she could send off ten or fifteen of them before she burnt out, for anything she remotely qualified for. For here, for Fairplay, Boulder, Denver—anywhere. But that wasn't the case tonight. She couldn't focus, her thoughts wandered.

Before she realized it, the application screen she was on timed out. It was just her luck that none of her progress was saved.

It wasn't like Wendy to worry, to check her phone every few minutes for an update from Bebe, because she knew that, eventually, her friend would message her with a play-by-play of the date. But, as the night progressed, as she frustratingly tried to busy herself in re-entering all of the information that was deleted from the application for a job she didn't actually want, and then tried to get comfortable in bed with Netflix, she found herself doing exactly that.
It was worry, or maybe it was annoyance. Which was stupid, wasn't it, because it wasn't like Bebe did anything to her. It wasn't as if Bebe were, like, cheating on her or anything, because they weren't even dating, but...

But. There was always a but, no matter who Bebe went out with. There was always something about the person that Wendy ended up disliking, the most mundane things like a weird mole or a stupid haircut. And she and Bebe had nothing going on, but...

What if they could?

When her phone did buzz finally, she couldn't have opened it quickly enough. Wendy almost wished she hadn't been so proactive with her security; with the settings she had on her phone, the push notification only told her it was from Bebe. Nothing more. Adrenaline coursed through her veins as she unlocked her phone and clicked on her messages.

Her heart skipped a beat as she read the words on her screen.

ok so that was something!

What did that even mean? Wendy tried to bottle up what she was feeling so she could be the friend for Bebe that she needed to be. It went badly?

no. i mean. i prolly just won't see her again idk. im kinda into someone else?

I thought you liked her.

i thought i did too but it was just one of those dates that put things in perspective. know what i mean?

Not really. Wendy's response was an honest one. She didn't know where Bebe was going with this at all, and she wasn't sure she wanted to know. She could surmise that she must have been referring to an ex or something...

She didn't even try to restrain her groan.

can i come over?

Oh, this was just great. Wendy was more than used to providing wise words, a shoulder to cry on, wine, and snacks for Bebe whenever she was feeling down about any of her exes (usually, but not always, Clyde), but she just wasn't in the mood tonight.

Well. It wasn't that she wasn't, really. She was always up for seeing Bebe.... and, with a lurch in her stomach, Wendy realized that always wanting to see Bebe was maybe, possibly part of her problem that night.

Door is always open <3

Bebe didn't text back, which likely meant that she was en route from wherever she was. Which meant it would only take a few minutes for her to get there. It wasn't like South Park was a town that was barely more than ten square miles.
Her parents were still watching television in the living room when Bebe knocked on the door, but they were adults, and Bebe was over often enough that they didn't mind at all. Wendy offered her a smile as she let her in, and neither said anything until they were both in Wendy's room, the door closed.

Bebe looked weird. Not in the physical sense—she was beautiful, and her outfit was fashionable and cute. But just like earlier, she just seemed un-Bebe-like. Vulnerable, wringing her hands.

"Wendy..."

Wendy knitted her brows, sitting down on her bed, patting the spot beside her. "What's going on?"

As Bebe joined her, it was like she was folding in on herself. Crossing her arms around her legs, which she pulled up to her chin, which rested on her knees, Bebe jiggled her feet as she bit her lip. It made the bed shake. Her eyes, framed with perfect winged eyeliner — and Wendy was always so jealous of her ability to do that to her eyes like it was nothing — were wide, and anxious, but somehow shining bright.

"Did something happen?"

"No, it’s just..." She sighed, rolling her eyes to the sky, not in an exasperated manner, but as if looking for guidance. “It’s just, we kissed, which was cool, but it totally got me thinking, like... and you’re totally gonna be mad at me, or something, but it got me thinking...” She took a deep breath and, adjusting herself so that she sat cross-legged, said, in one breath, “I don’t know, I maybe like you or something and that’s stupid because you’re my best friend and it would be weird, right?"

Wendy's breath caught in her throat. This was the last thing that she was expecting. She'd had all night to think about why she was bothered by the whole date thing, but she never considered that Bebe could be feeling the same way.

"I'm not mad and it's not stupid." Her words were but a whisper, watching her friend. Forcing herself to take a deep breath, she continued. "It's not stupid because I... I like you too, probably for a lot longer than I realized."

Bebe's uncertainty faded away, and a slow smile graced her lips. Reaching over, she rested her hand on Wendy's. She leaned over, pressing a peck of a kiss against her lips.

Wendy's breath caught in her throat at that first unsure, tentative press of lips, and the very moment she started wondering if maybe they should pause and talk a bit more about things was the same moment that her body had other ideas. Almost automatically, her hands tangled themselves in Bebe's thick curls, pulling her close, and her mouth opened, tongue darting out to deepen the kiss.

When Bebe let out a soft, high moan into her mouth, Wendy knew they didn't need to talk about it at all.

Wendy wasn't sure how quickly it happened. At first, they were kissing, Bebe beside her, but then the blonde was in her lap. Bebe's tongue brushed against hers, her hands tangling in Wendy's thick hair.

It was wonderful. Bebe was warm and soft, and as Wendy slid her hands over Bebe's leggings, she loved the way that felt. In the back of her mind, it occurred to her that she should've locked her door, but she doubted her parents would bother them. Not this late.
The weight of Bebe's body, curvy and soft and so, so nice, on Wendy's lap was great, but it wasn't enough. None of this was enough, not Bebe's hands running down her back — and then her front, cupping her breasts — through the thick material of her sweatshirt, not the way her ass felt in Wendy's hands with those leggings in the way, nothing.

It was as if they were hurtling toward something inevitable. Like years of things unsaid, of a decade of glances and touches that Wendy tried to tell herself were just what friends do, were finally coming to a head, with no turning back. She pulled back, panting, and, wordlessly, reached for the hem of Bebe's top.

Bebe broke the kiss then, pulling back just enough to tug her shirt off of her head, revealing the cute bra that Wendy was sure that matched her panties. The way this was going, sooner or later she was going to end up finding out, she was sure.

Wendy kissed her neck, her collarbone, mouthed at the swell of her breasts as she unhooked said bra, freeing Bebe's breasts with a bounce. Wendy inhaled sharply, cupping her, stroking her thumbs over her pert nipples.

The mewl Bebe made was hot, so much that Wendy felt the need to shift, to press her thighs together. And as if that wasn't enough, Bebe leaned in, catching her ear lobe between her teeth. "There's something I want to do for you, if you'll let me."

"You can do anything," Wendy found herself saying, already out-of-breath and hoarse.

Bebe grinned, widely, near-predatorily, and just that smile made Wendy throb. "I've never done this before, so let me know if I'm doing something wrong, okay?" Bebe's voice was all sweetness and light, like always, but this was better, this was amazing. The hint of slight nervousness in her expression was honestly cute as hell, especially combined with the hitch in her breath as she hooked her fingers into Wendy's leggings, coaxing up her hips to slide them down.

Wendy scooted further back onto the bed, laying back against her pillows. "I will but you'll be great." It wasn't like Wendy had done that either, not that she'd done much with anyone since she and Stan permanently called it quits, but—

That was okay. This was going to be good, this was going to be amazing because it was with Bebe.

Bebe, who offered her those sweet smiles as she pulled her leggings the rest of the way off, then her panties. She ran her hands over Wendy's legs, fingers brushing against the smooth of the inside of her thighs.

She scooted between Wendy's thighs, laying down in a manner so Wendy's knees were over her shoulders. Bebe kissed the thighs, sucking at a couple spots when she felt Wendy squirm beneath her.

Pushing Bebe into doing anything wasn't Wendy's intention when she reflexively reached down and threaded her hand into that mess of blonde curls.... but it was obvious by the way Bebe simply looked up, smirked at her, and, in one fluid motion, hooked her arms around Wendy's thighs that not only was Bebe into that, but they had exact same idea about what to do next.

And, when Bebe lowered her head, eyes still trained on Wendy's own, and slowly, agonizingly slow, lapped her tongue, tentatively...

"Holy shit," Wendy gasped. It wasn't much, at least not at first, but after a few of those same,
cursory licks, each just a bit harder than the last, Bebe let out a moan, circled her tongue, and closed her lips around Wendy's clit.

It felt fantastic. Her muscles contracted, hips twitched. It had been a long time since Wendy had seen any action, but even if she had, this still would've been great. Bebe's tongue was wet, slick, and moved with intent.

Bebe grinned, pleased with the response she drew from her best friend. As she continued her work against her clit, she slipped two fingers within her, pumping and curling at just the right spot, against those ridges that made Wendy all but cry out.

Immediately, Wendy threw an arm over her face, muffling the sounds she made as her hips jolted. They'd only just begun, but Bebe was working her just right, that she already felt that coiling feeling within her. The one that had her jerking her hips more fervently, for more friction against her clit, against Bebe's mouth and fingers, chasing after that feeling. She finally reached it, back arching, toes curling, heart thrumming in her chest. "Bebe," she moaned, and as she glided through the aftershocks, ignoring just how keenly she could feel her face burning. Wendy lay there, thighs twitching, the light of the room barely peeking through the arm covering her eyes, whimpering when Bebe extracted her fingers and pulled away. Part of her wanted more. Part of her wanted to hold Bebe's head right there, or, better yet, switch their positions and grind on her face until she came again and again....

She just didn't know if she'd be able to handle that right now, without short-circuiting. Just the sensation of Bebe's lips ghosting her thighs, then nudging up her sweatshirt to press firm kisses against her lower stomach, dipping her tongue into Wendy's bellybutton for but a moment, was almost sensory overload in and of itself.

Everything was too damn bright when Wendy finally took her arm off of her face, and she was greeted with Bebe's lips on hers.

Kissing Bebe against felt right, and it nearly took her breath away. She could taste Bebe, taste herself on Bebe's lips, and it only just made her want more, as soon as it was something she could handle.

"Wow," was all she could manage, and Bebe echoed the comment with a giggled. Wendy turned, flipping them both onto their sides, and for a moment she occupied herself by carding her fingers through Bebe's hair again.

"You don't get to just do that and not get something in return," Wendy told her, a mischievous smirk spreading across her face as she pushed Bebe all the way onto her back, and proceeding to make quick work of her leggings.

Before the night was over, Wendy was certain to give back to Bebe, and then some.
Jimbo and Ned have a furlough in Saigon.

cw: era-appropriate slurs

"Sarge says we got a furlough in Saigon." Jimbo told him, sitting beside him in the barracks. "Guess we been having too much fun on the log rides, eh, buddy?"

Ned laughed, reaching into one of his pockets for a pack of cigarettes. He tapped the pack, knocking one of the gauloises out, and subsequently lit it up as soon as it was between his lips. "I'm sure we can find something to do."

"How bout you and me, we get some dew, maybe a hootchgirl--" But once they were in Saigon, tucked into a small motel room with cracked walls and a leaky faucet, there was no hootchgirl, no mama san. Just them, the dew, the beer.

But it was what was intended all along. Ned's interest in women was fleeting at best, and Jimbo wasn't much different. He sat on the bed, cigarette between his index and middle finger as he watched Jimbo start to take off his uniform.

Jimbo, with his square jaw and broad shoulders, Jimbo who was like a hunk of meat, muscle under some fluff-- "Keep it on, Jimbo." Smashing the lit end of his gauloise in the ashtray, he stepped over, running his hands over his formals. He was so used to seeing Jimbo in his fatigues, but this--

This was something else entirely.

“I’ll keep it on, but you’re takin’ yours off.” He snorted a laugh under his breath and, as he turned around, there was something uncertain in his eyes as he glanced at Ned, like all six-foot-whatever of him was about to get his ass kicked for being a fairy or something. Never mind that they did this kinda shit whenever they could. Never mind that Ned was currently running his hands along the contours of his pecs, over the patches and pins on Jimbo’s dress greens, then grabbing his hips, bringing their bodies together.

It was damn funny that Jimbo still got nervous every fuckin’ time, and Ned couldn’t help his snicker.

“No sweat,” Ned shot back, and began undoing his buttons.

Ned took his time, eyeing Jimbo's chest, admiring how he looked as he slowly stripped down out of his own clothing.

Under all those layers he knew how Jimbo felt, what it was like to have him pressed against him, skin-on-skin. It was on the docket, later, but there was plenty he wanted to do first.
Once he was stark naked in front of Jimbo, he sank down to his knees, running his hands over Jimbo's pant legs, looking up at him. It was the sort of look that took Jimbo's breath away. "Hell yes."

Jimbo felt himself throb, aching for what was in store when Ned's hands started on his belt.

"Hell yes," Ned repeated, flashing a grin up at Jimbo, who licked his lips, and buried his hands in Ned's hair. They'd had a shower and a shave, and Ned's straight, fine hair was soft and clean, and he'd grown it out as long as he could get away with and still be in compliance. It looked damn fine, damn fine indeed, and Jimbo wondered if Ned would let it grow long, provided they ever got back to real life.

But, what was even better than his hair was the five o'clock shadow on his jaw, and how it scratched against the wool of Jimbo's pants as he nuzzled his face upon Jimbo's cock, which was hard and radiating heat. "C'mon now, there," Jimbo said, in a shaky mutter.

"I hear ya." Ned took a second to mouth his erection, through his trousers, before unzipping them, and taking him out of his briefs.

Ned's hand wrapped around Jimbo's dick. It was a wondrous muscle, in Ned's opinion. Where it lacked in length it made up in thickness and he loved how it felt beneath his palm. He gave it a few tentative strokes, moving his palm over the length of it, feeling the skin move.

He didn't make Jimbo wait long for what he really wanted, though. What Ned himself wanted. He swirled his tongue over the tip before taking him fully into his mouth. Immediately, Jimbo sighed, and it was a noise that hit Ned square in the nads.

Groaning in response, he popped his head, taking more of him in each time. His jaw was going to be sore, but it was worth it, even more so when he heard Jimbo murmur, "Doin' a mighty fine job there, soldier."

"Mmmhm," Ned affirmed around Jimbo's dick, nodding slightly as he slobbered all down the front of Jimbo's nice dress pants.

Jimbo tightened his grip, holding steadfast in Ned's hair. "This uniform is U. S. Army property, if ya wanna get technical," he said, moving his hips in shallow thrusts in and out of Ned's mouth. He wasn't long enough to make him sputter, but it definitely made his jaw ache. "Defacin' government property, is what this is." There was an edge of bitter humor to his voice that Ned definitely picked up on, and he pulled his mouth off with a pop.

"'S'what we are, man," Ned said, chuckling sardonically before diving back down.

"Yeah, we are," Jimbo's words echoed his own, but neither followed that line of thought. Better to focus on the very present rather than the circumstances beyond their control. Fortunately, it was easy to do, especially with how tight Ned's mouth was around him as he sucked with all his might.

Ned was a such a good cocksucker, such a goddamn faggot, but Jimbo was the same. Were it not for the confines of this cheap motel room, it would've been something that would've scared the shit out of him, but he was safe. No one had to know what they really were. As long as it stayed that way, there'd be no dishonorable discharges on the horizon.

"Get trigger happy for me, Ned," Jimbo said, licking his lips as he looked down at him. Threading
his fingers through Ned's hair, tugging, encouraging him. Not that Ned needed much encouragement, wrapping his hand around his own cock, stroking vigorously as he continued working his mouth and lips against Jimbo's.

As easy as it'd be to pick up some poontang, a little bit of sucky-sucky in Saigon, neither ever did, and the time to jerk off for any reason other than pure necessity was a luxury neither had, so release came quicker than either hoped. Ned groaned as he shot off, all over the leg of Jimbo's dress greens. Jimbo followed mere seconds after. Ned stared up at him intense and unblinking, as Jimbo came into his mouth with a shout.

"Not gonna spit me out, are ya?" he asked, breathlessly, as Ned pulled off.

Ned's answer was a shake of his head, a smirk, and a swallow.

But, nobody needed to know about that shit. Much like the rest of their time in 'Nam, there was what actually happened, and what they said happened. And, in the town of South Park, Colorado, when Jimbo's 17-year-old nephew, Stan, was about to take his girl out to the woods and made a big to-do about needing to borrow Jimbo's truck for some midnight romancing, Jimbo had a little story prepared about that sucky-sucky in Saigon.

"So! Fucker pulls her offa me, and he was about to take my girl, right, Ned?"

"Mmmmmright," said Ned.

"So I was lookin' at him, right in the eyes, and I said, 'Ya fuckin' slope--'"

"Uncle Jimbo!" Stan pinched his nose, shut his eyes, and shook his head. "You can't say shit like that anymore."

"Oh, right." This generation and all their obsessions with bein' pc, swear to god, Jimbo didn't understand that shit. "I said, 'Ya fuckin' zipperhead--'"

Stan made some kind of strangled, offended sound. "You can't say that either!"

Jimbo merely shrugged in response. "Am I allowed to say anything anymore?" It was a rhetorical, and fortunately he remembered what prompted all of this in the first pace. Fishing the keys to his truck out of his pocket, he placed them in his nephew's hands. "Take good care of her, Stan. 'N don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"Uh-huh," Stan responded. The keys in his hand were almost worth having to hear all of this. "Thanks Uncle Jimbo."

It wasn't much later at all that he was leaning across the seats, opening the passenger door while the truck was running, in park. He straightened immediately after, allowing his passenger to slip in. There was but a moment or so of silence before Stan cleared his throat. "Yeah, so, I told my uncle I was taking my girlfriend out camping."

He could feel the daggers being shot at him. Stan stole a glance over, and sure enough. He was being glared at.

"I'm pretty sure your uncle and that guy he lives with are gay. You could've just said you're dating a guy." Craig's response came as a deadpan.
Silence hung between them for a moment. "Oh. Are they? Huh. Next time, I guess."
day 16: stendy ( body worship )

Chapter Summary

Being a president is tough work, and no one knows that better President Testaburger, who, after a rather long and eventful day, needs to wind down.

"We have reached an agreement with Planet Tester Xizxak and joined the Galactic Federation of Planets," she said, addressing the nation. Back straight and hands resting on the podium. Her words were clearly enunciated, tone calm. Technically she read from a teleprompter, but she knew what she was saying. Had written it herself, practiced it in the time between the time the negotiations were completed and now. "This is the dawn of a brand new era for not only the United States, but for the entirety of our planet."

The lights on her were bright and hot, but she didn't let it distract her, just as the flashes of the cameras didn't cause her to stumble on her words. "In the coming months, I, as well as other world leaders, will be working closely with the Federation to open our countries up for galactic trade and travel. This partnership will be greatly beneficial to woman-and-mankind, in bolstering our arts, sciences, and technology, and our continued fight against climate change."

The speech concluded, and as was expected for giving an address in the press room, there were immediately a plethora of questions. Wendy took a few herself before parting ways, allowing her press secretary to handle things as well.

She had plenty of things to take care of, and she couldn't very well finish what she absolutely needed done tonight if she was answering questions for the next few hours.

It was late into the night when she finally retreated from the Oval Office to the Executive Residence. On nights like this, she expected to eventually make it back to the bedroom she shared with her husband to find him sleeping, their rescue dogs Rosie and Betty curled around him.

That wasn't the case this time. She found Stan leaning over the island in the kitchen with a bowl of cereal, watching the news. Well, it wasn't the news, and it certainly wasn't something Stan needed to be watching, not when Wendy heard exactly what was being said.

"—How can he be the first man of our great country if he can't even eat a steak?"

"Exactly. Veganism hardly counts as a real diet. What does he eat, cardboard? Not my President's husband."

Stan glanced over his shoulder, while gesturing at the television with his spoon. "Can you believe this?"

Wendy fished a yogurt out of fridge and saddled up next to him on a stool. "Don't listen to them. Their opinions don't matter. Look how late they're slated to be on, and this is live."
"—Honestly, not my President either. Did you see that press conference? Here's my prediction: this whole ‘thing' with 'the galaxy' is going to be a disaster. She's a terrible negotiator, and not fit for the job. Have you noticed how much she's aged since she's taken the job? A year in and she's gone from this tight piece of ass to a sixty-something year old blob. And all that grey hair—"

Wendy reached for the remote at that point, turning the television off entirely to finish her yogurt without hearing from the critics.

“Hey, I was watching....” Stan trailed off as he realized not only what he’d said, but how Wendy was practically stabbing her yogurt container with her spoon, her face contorted into a frown. “Don’t listen to them either, honey,” he said, around a mouthful of Cheerios and almond milk, “It’s obviously not real news if they’re resorting to attacks on how you look.”

Wendy shot him a piercing glare before spinning on her heel, and tossing her spoon in the sink with a clatter.

“Oh! Oh, no, no, dude- uh, honey. No!” Stan wiped a bit of almond milk off his chin. “No, I’m not agreeing with them! On any of it, you’re so beautiful!”

This prompted a groaning sigh from Wendy, as she aggressively threw her yogurt cup into the garbage. “I shouldn’t let those ignoramuses at Fox get to me, but...”

"And all that bullshit about you being a terrible negotiator? It’s just that — bullshit.”

Wendy's shoulders slumped. "I know," she murmured. "That agreement we sorted out today—Garrison never would've been able to broker that.” Nor had any of the world leaders between his presidency and hers.

"Yeah, see? What you're doing is awesome."

"I know, I'm just drained," she said, words muffled as she dragged her hands down her face. It wasn't that she didn't know what she was getting into with this career path; it was just some days left her more exhausted than she already always was.

Stan abandoned his cereal to move behind her, sliding his hands over her shoulders, pressing his thumbs in the divots between her shoulder blades. Feeling her somewhat relax under his touch, he leaned close, pressing his lips against the side of her neck. "I meant it, you know. You're so beautiful, so sexy... I can show you how much.

"Stan," Wendy sighed, sounding a mix of exasperated and pleased, "I'm really tired. Exhausted. In fact, exhausted doesn't even begin to cover it." She still let out a small gasp when Stan sucked on her earlobe, and she did that telltale press of her ass against Stan's front, that little shimmy of her hips that Stan knew full well meant she wanted him to proceed.

Stan made a pleased, small hmm of a moan as he slid his hands against her hips. For anyone to have the fucking gall to call his beautiful, amazing wife a blob... If the First Man weren't so well-known for being outspoken about his pacifism, he swore he could kick their asses. Wendy had filled out a little, sure, but they were in their forties. Stan wasn't exactly lean himself, not anymore. "You don't have to do anything, Madam President." He moved his lips down, peppering light kisses on her neck. "You just lay back and I'll take care of you."

Wendy laughed, clear and bright. "People call me that all day, hon, I don't need it from you."
"Sugar. Pumpkin. Baby." He murmured against the side of her neck. When she turned, facing him directly and pressing close, her beautiful brown eyes were aflame with desire. She looked as exhausted as she claimed, but she wanted him, that much was clear.

"You're ridiculous," she said fondly, cupping his cheeks as she pressed a gentle kiss against his lips. When Stan lifted her, intent on taking the not doing anything to heart, even up to the point of carrying her to their bedroom, she wrapped her arms around his neck.

When they got there, Stan laid her down. Wendy started to sit up, to take off her heels, but Stan squeezed her hand instead. "Let me."

Deft fingers unfastened the strap of her heels, discarding them to the floor before moving further onto the bed between her legs. Wendy sighed in relief, curling and uncurling her toes. Stan couldn't imagine wearing those shoes all day, especially doing what she did. He took a second to reach down, and rub the arch of one of her feet, causing Wendy to shut her eyes.

"Keep that up and I'll probably fall asleep," she said, a tiny, content smile on her face.

"Mm, better not, then." Stan placed a chaste kiss on her lips, which Wendy deepened, wrapping her arms around his waist.

It was a sweet kiss, one that was easy to get lost in. Wendy tasted sweet, like the strawberry yoghurt she'd had earlier, but also just so distinctly like herself. It wasn't something he could pinpoint, but something that he'd known, something that had long since become something of a comfort for him, ever since their stolen moments under the bleachers at their high school.

God, he loved her so much, and after all the years together, the ups and downs, the break ups while they were trying to figure their own shit out, that hadn't changed. If anything--as cheesy as it was--he loved her more now than he had when they were practically kids.

It was a true statement in every way. Stan loved the kind of woman she'd grown up to be, so strong and certain and courageous--and physically, too. It was something that he was more than aware of as he unbuttoned her blouse. He cupped one of her breasts over her bra, brushing his thumb over the smooth skin that was exposed.

She sighed contentedly as Stan brushed his thumbs lightly over her nipples, through the satin fabric of her bra, the sigh turning into a soft moan as he kissed down the length of her neck, then her collarbone. He ran his hands along the front and sides of her body, feeling every curve. She was perfect, no matter what those morons on Fox said, in mind and body. He eased her up to almost-seated with a gentle hand on her lower back and, placing languid licks on her breasts, just the parts that were exposed over her bra, eased her blouse off of her.

In moments like this, it was easy for Stan to forget that they were ostensibly the most powerful couple in the free world... and, in a way, that was exactly what Stan needed. He never quite got used to it, even though Wendy had fought tooth and nail to get where she was now, and took to her position with what, to an outsider, would seem like near-effortlessness. Stan knew, though, that it wasn't. She tried, so hard, every single day, and the least he could do was to make her feel as amazing as possible.

He unhooked and removed her bra, never taking his mouth off of her skin, and Wendy hummed in the back of her throat as he fastened his mouth around a nipple, swirling his tongue around the erect nub. Easing her back fully onto the bed, he let his hands wander, slowly unzipping her skirt.
Wendy unfurled beneath him wonderfully. He knew her well, knew her responses perfectly, and one of the best sights for him was exactly this moment, when he could see the tension and stress washing away. It'd be back in by mid-morning tomorrow, undoubtedly, but Wendy having this reprieve now meant everything to him.

Her breath hitched, back arching upward, pressing against him as continued working his mouth against her nipple, pausing only to give proper attention to the other one. Stan would've been content to just do this but he wanted more for her, and the way she moved beneath him, the way she breathed his name, he knew she did too.

He pulled back only to properly get her out of her skirt, allowing that to drop to the wayside. When he leaned back down, he was more properly aligned with her again, taking a moment to catch her earlobe between his teeth, kiss her neck again as he ran his hands over her bare stomach.

"Don't you dare give me a hickey somewhere visible," she told him, somehow having it in her to sound stern, even though there was no heat to it.

He pressed a sloppy kiss to the side of her neck. "You know I won't." He hadn't, not since her career started to take off. If he had, he was sure he would not have survived to even see her governorship, much less her presidency.

"You're so beautiful." Smiling wistfully at Wendy, Stan gave her a brief kiss, ever so slightly brushing his tongue against hers before pulling away. Remembering some of the stuff those horrible people on television said about her, Stan decided to let Wendy know exactly how wrong they were. "Your hair is pretty," he said, placing a kiss to the crown of her head, and then leaning in and inhaling the sweet scent of her shampoo, combing his fingers through her long, silky strands.

"It's grey," Wendy said, a resigned statement.

"It's beautiful." And, truly, it was. Even if her black hair was streaked with silver and white, those greying strands reminded Stan of Christmas tinsel, and the shock of silver on her bangs was actually quite striking. It made her, her.

"I keep considering touching it up, but--" Wendy didn't finish the statement, but she didn't need to. At this point he understood politics, understood what she was combating against with her critics enough to know why she couldn't. It was both too late for it, and left her open to criticisms about vanity.

She couldn't win in that regard, they both knew that, but he was still glad that she pursued this life for herself anyway. Stan was certain she would've been unhappy if she'd settled without at least trying for this.

"You don't need to. I like it," he offered, and the smile Wendy offered him was enough to let him know that she believed him.

His hand rested on her hip for a moment, thumb stroking over the skin and bone there, before sliding further down. Over her smooth thighs, and further up between her thighs, and up still, brushing his fingers against her in just the ways he knew made her squirm.

"I like everything," he continued, brushing his lips against her ear, and then her neck. "Everything." He emphasized the word with a circle of his thumb on her clit, and grazing the fingers of his other hand down her bare stomach. "They don't know what they're talking about—" he moved lower,
whirling his tongue around the nipple he hadn't previously favored, and then lower still, to nuzzle his chin against the softness of her stomach —"Because you've never stopped being perfect to me."

Wendy's mouth caught open in a gasp as she delicately moved her hips against Stan's hand.

"Stan—“ His name was practically a moan, ringing in his ears like the most melodious hymn. His heart swelled. He loved her, he just loved her so much.

With his thumb still circling her, he pushed two fingers inside of her, spreading and curling, working against her in a way that drew out one of those louder, sharper gasps. The ones that told him this was exactly where she needed his touch.

"I mean it. Marrying you was the best decision I ever made."

He kissed her at the hip, sucking on her skin hard enough to make a mark, just savoring every bit of how she felt and tasted. It wasn't long until Wendy's hands were twisting in his hair, and she was clenching and gushing wet over his hand as she came, gasping.

And, after he'd removed his fingers, and tasted her —he always did, after, because she always tasted just so beautiful — Stan continued pressing light kisses up her body, feeling the soft, slight curve of her belly, the fullness of her breasts, the planes of her collarbones and shoulders and the length of her neck.... just, everything he loved, and cherished, and found so amazing about her. And it didn't matter if she didn't look the same as she used to. He wouldn't want anything, or anyone else.

He lavished her in touches, kisses, caresses until she was sated, until he was certain she was sated. His own pleasure didn't matter, not right now. Maybe later he'd steal away to the bathroom. But now, all that mattered was laying beside her, stroking the side of her face.

"I love you," she told him, and he returned those words as he pressed a kiss to her temple.

For a while they laid like this, curled up in one another, comfortable in the closeness, the silence. It didn't last forever, though. "What's your game-plan with all the space stuff?"

"Hm?"

"Are you sending an ambassador or whatever or are you—" Stan did his best to downplay his concern with the whole thing. Which wasn't to say that it wasn't fucking awesome that Wendy'd managed to get this to work. It was more just... the idea of his wife literally leaving the planet didn't sit well with him.

Wendy yawned, tucking her face into his shoulder in effort to suppress it. "Oh. So far the negotiations have been held remotely, but I'm considering sending someone in my stead for one of the summits. It's been fine to leave the country for things, globally, but I'm not sure about leaving the planet..."

“Well... if you leave, I’m going with you.” Stan stroked her back, digging his thumbs into those tense spots between her shoulders. “If anything happened... yeah. I’m totally going.”

Wendy just laughed. “Ambassador it is.” She caught his eyes before pressing a kiss to his temple. “I don’t want you to leave the planet.”

Stan gave her a sweet, small smile. “Good. I’m staying wherever you are.”
“I have someone in mind, actually, for the summit. He’s part of the Space Force, the Marines... let me grab his file, it’s in my briefcase, somewhere—“ Wendy said, beginning to sit up and ready to dash back to the other room, before Stan pulled her back down, holding her close.

“Work can wait til tomorrow, baby. You need to rest, okay?”

Wendy rolled her eyes, but smiled, and draped an arm around Stan. “Okay.”
day 17: kydi (masturbation)

Chapter Summary

day 17 | kydi | masturbation

Kyle feels guilty about potentially hooking up with Heidi, so she offers an option that functions as a loophole in the interim.

They weren't supposed to be doing this. It was wrong on so many levels, but mostly because her ex was someone he still sort of hung out with. Eric didn't deserve the respect of him following the bro code. They weren't bros, not really.

But Kyle shouldn't shake off that there was something forbidden about this, just like he couldn't shake off the fact that she was one of the few girls he was ever attracted to. And for once, somehow, for some reason, Heidi felt the same.

Stolen kisses, fleeting touches, all of which were done while tucked away in the back storage room of the gas station Kyle worked graveyard on. There was always a list of tasks he had to attend to, but by mercy of being a locally owned store rather than a corporate one, he often caught up on homework during his down time. Which was usually most of his shift.

But the time spent with Heidi, the times he had her pinned to the wall, hand sliding up under her shirt, beneath the waistline of her pants, touching her in those ways that made her rock against him while making those beautiful breathy sounds—

It was wrong. It was a slight against someone he claimed to hate, and yet.

And yet, when he was visiting her at her apartment—

"We can't do this," he said, attempting to clear the lump in his throat. Heidi merely quirked an eyebrow at him, an expression that suggested he needed to explain himself more clearly. "I mean. We shouldn't, right? Because of—"

"Because of Eric? Seriously, Kyle?"

Kyle's eyes were wide as he looked over at her. "It's not to say that I don't want to. I do. I like... I like touching you, but maybe we shouldn't."

"Okay." Heidi said slowly, in a way that suggested that she didn't necessarily agree, but she was finding a way around that. "We can still... You know, without touching each other. Until you stop feeling guilty or whatever over literally nothing."

"It's not literally nothing!" Kyle sputtered, throwing his hands up. "Can't you imagine what Eric would do to me if he knew? To you?"

"Eric is the last person I want to think or talk about right now." Heidi reached over, placing her hand lightly on Kyle's knee, to which he stiffened slightly and did not reciprocate. "But if it bothers
you that much, I told you, we can still do... that." She swallowed, shifting slightly so her legs were parted. Her skirt was long enough that, even in her current posture, Kyle couldn't see anything, and yet... he knew that she always wore those stretchy, almost silky underwear that were sleek and soft against his hands, and just the thought of them was enough to make him flush.

Kyle cast his gaze appreciatively across her body, but did not let it linger. The moment she caught him looking, he looked away, which he supposed was kind of silly because it wasn't as if they hadn't touched each other, or looked at each other... but it was never like this. The gropes and kisses in the backroom of his job were rushed, with one goal in mind, and they'd never exactly seen each other... But, god, had he ever wanted to, ever since the first time they kissed.

"Yeah." Kyle exhaled shakily, running a hand through his hair. "Yeah, okay. We can."

"Good," she responded, shifting so she could lean against the armrest of the couch. While maintaining eye contact with him, she tugged her shirt overhead, unhooked her bra, discarding both to the floor.

For a moment, all Kyle could do was sit there, staring wide-eyed at the breasts that he'd already had in his hands before. They were plump and soft, slightly more than a handful each, and getting a chance to look at her like this properly was out of this world.

Kyle swallowed thickly, feeling his pants become more uncomfortable as time went on. They could do this, they could not touch and it was would be the perfect loophole that Kyle needed to do what he wanted without feeling guilty about it.

He tugged his shirt off. She lifted her hips and slipped out of her shorts. He tugged off his jeans. Layer by layer, their clothes made their way onto the floor until they were both naked on her couch, watching each other. Taking each other in.

Kyle's heartbeat quickened, his stomach lurched, and his cock throbbed as he watched Heidi run a hand down her body. Over the curves of one of her breasts, over her stomach. She stroked her fingers over her pussy, teasing herself while maintaining eye contact.

He thought for sure he was going to die.

He was well aware that he was staring, open-mouthed, in awe of Heidi’s body and just how heart-stoppingly beautiful she was. It would be easy, so easy simply to lean over and touch her, to close the gap between them that was merely about a foot but felt like miles, like an insurmountable barrier and yet....

He couldn't. he had to be content with simply the visuals, and his imagination, thinking, as he wrapped his hand around his cock, stroking slowly, lightly, of what it would feel like if he were touching her. If he were inside of her and oh god that was another step that they hadn't taken but he wanted to, more than words could even describe he wanted to.

Heidi was working up a rhythm with her fingers, rubbing in slow circles at first, and then quicker, all the while not taking her eyes off of him.

Kyle stroked himself, fingers curled around his cock. He squeezed, loosened his grip on his cock, tightened, alternating the pressure he gave himself as he watched Heidi. She was getting into this, making soft sounds as she massaged her clit.
It was hot; Kyle was more than aware of this. He groaned, feeling himself throb beneath his own ministrations. He couldn't look away from her, whatever spell was between them would break if he did. With his free hand, he grasped his balls, kneading them gently.

At that point he couldn't help it. He broke eye contact, eyes closing briefly as he groaned.

"Don't stop looking at me," Heidi gasped, breath hitching, and if Kyle possessed even a shred less of self control, he would have lost it right then and there over that sharp, yet hushed command.

When he opened his eyes, Heidi was biting her lip, the muscles in her thighs quivering as she slid her other hand down her body, stopping to tweak a nipple, then slipped a couple fingers inside herself.

"Oh, my god," Kyle moaned, mouth opening in lustful shock. What he wouldn't give to do to her exactly what she was doing to herself, curving and moving her fingers, grinding against her hand when she went in deep, all the while favoring her clit. He could smell her, the heady smell of arousal, of sex permeating the living room and it made him wonder what she tasted like. He wondered, if he buried her face in her sex and licked what she tasted like. He wondered, if he sucked on her clit and buried his fingers inside of her all the while, if she'd grab onto his hair, if she'd guide him, and not let him up until she'd decided he was done...

The thought made him throw his head back, a clear moan escaping his lips as he increased the speed of his strokes, muscles tensing as he thrust upwards into his hand.

Kyle knew when Heidi got off; he saw the way she trembled, the way her hips jerked, the way she sounded as she climaxed. It was too much, and not long after, he found his release as well.

He slumped back against the couch, panting heavily. The entire experience was made even better by just watching her. It was hot, and even as he sank into the aftershocks of his orgasm, he couldn't stop thinking about what he'd seen, what he wanted to do if only—

"You need to get over this guilt thing," Heidi told him, shifting so grab her panties from the floor. "Because this was hot. But next time, we're actually going to fuck."
"You want me to go to space. For you?" The question came slowly, with clear hesitation. It wasn't that he didn't want to go into space--it was easily one of the only things he cared about. But he wasn't certain of President Testaburger's rationale for sending him on a diplomatic mission.

The president quirked a brow at him, crossing her arms. "Is that a problem? You're Lieutenant General of the Space Force, Tucker. I'd think this is an opportunity you'd jump on."

Immediately, Craig raised his hands, palms up and fingers splayed. "No, it's not that. I just would've thought there'd be someone with a higher rank or something that you'd prefer to go to represent you."

"Represent us. Our nation. You're level-headedness is an asset and I trust you to make sound decisions that best serve us, and our planet well."

At that, his lips quirked, the semblance of a smile on his face for but a moment. "Madame President, isn't this nepotism?" Wendy scoffed at that, but hugged her long-time friend all the same before they parted ways.

Perhaps there were merits to having known the leader of the free world since elementary school.

The orders were for the following morning, which meant Craig had enough time to pack what he needed and not get a wink of sleep. Which was fine; he would have preferred this over having to wait for a few days, or a few weeks. The anticipation would've been the death of him. Leaving on short notice wasn't a big deal, anyway. He lived on his own, so at most all he had to do was arrange a friend to check on his place for him.

The diplomacy aspect was going to be boring--and the following afternoon, after he'd sat in on meetings, after he read a prepared statement in front of an assembly of representatives from across the galaxy, after watching their reactions came delayed after his words were translated into languages he couldn't even begin to parse out, he knew he was absolutely correct in this assertion.

It was an incredible opportunity — horribly dull, horribly bureaucratic, but he didn't feel completely out of his element.

Still, when the assembly adjourned for the day, freeing Craig to explore the world in which the meeting was held on at his leisure, he was relieved. He took photos and videos, used an app one of the aliens--though he supposed, he was the alien, now--gave him to translate the written script here
to English in real time.

When he found a bar, it seemed like a prime opportunity to get a drink. Who was he to turn down the chance to drink space beer? Or whatever they served, he wasn't going to be picky. He sidled up to a bar, and after some gesturing and consulting the aforementioned app, the bartender understood enough to give him something strong.

It was a little sludgy, a little gelatinous, but the distinct taste of alcohol burned down his throat he didn't have it in him to care much about how it all settled in his stomach.

"You're a human." The observation came from something--some one --sitting at the bar a few spaces away. Craig didn't even know how to describe him. His face almost had humanoid features and peachy skin, but where he should've had hair, he had an elongated, rigid red skull. Like he was part lobster, part whatever that thing from the Alien franchise was.

"Sure am," Craig responded, ever the conversationalist.

The guy scooted closer, taking up the empty seat beside Craig, holding out his hand. His claw? It was difficult to describe--it was like he had two rather long, thick fingers and a thumb, red and fleshy. Craig shook it. "I'm Clyde," he said.

Clyde. This alien's name was Clyde? "Let me guess, your actual name is something so long and convoluted I couldn't possibly be able to understand it."

This so-called Clyde chortled heartily. "Actually, no. My parents were super into humans and gave me an Earth-name."

Now that was puzzling. "We only joined the rest of the galaxy in this federation recently."

"Oh, well, yeah, everyone knows that. But well before that, Earth was a reality tv show. Didn't you know?"

Craig took a sip of his space booze, and laughed lightly. "They took that show off the air years ago, didn't they?"

"Yeah, well, they brought it back for a few years, but it didn't last, which totally blows, man!" The alien had what Craig could only describe as a stereotypical bro-voice, probably the result of watching a lot of television.

"Can't imagine why," Craig said sardonically. He swallowed down the rest of his drink, already feeling warmth spreading across his stomach. Space drinks were apparently quite strong, which was nice, because the exchange rate from US dollars to Xizakian Droompes was pretty poor at the moment, so they were also damn expensive. "Because Earth is sooo interesting."

That elicited a groan from the alien next to him. "Yeah, dude, it was somethin' about the North Korean War being inappropriate for children, and it was total fuckshit! I 'member watching the Iraq arc when I was a kid and they didn't censor shit, bro!"

"Huh." Craig didn't really have a response to this, because this whole situation was just so incredibly surreal. There were a million questions he could ask, about how exactly his planet was portrayed on Space TV, a million questions about this... guy’s — Was Clyde a guy alien? Craig supposed so, maybe, but it was hard to say — planet, but he settled on flagging down the bartender
for another drink.

"I'll get this one," Clyde asserted happily, digging some iridescent disk from a pocket of his shirt to hand to the bartender as he spoke in some language that Craig wasn't certain at all was spoken with mouths at all. "It's just so cool to mean a real-life actual Earthling. You know, I cosplayed one at Kepler-Con a few oscillations ago. You wouldn't believe how hard it is to reproduce hands like yours!"

Perhaps the best way to handle this was to just let Clyde keep talking. No training Craig ever had quite prepared him for something like this. "Yeah?" Clyde took that as a cue to keep talking, and Craig was able to get away with not putting much effort into the conversation as their drinks arrived not long afterwards.

Every now and then Craig commented here and there, and when he was able to suss out that Clyde was, in fact, a male of his species, his thoughts began to drift. He felt comfortably warm as he finished off his drink. "Did you ever want to see more of a human man before?"

Clyde's eyes widened for a second. "Are you propositioning me?" The shrug that followed was one that made Clyde smile, licking his lips. It was only then that Craig realized that Clyde's tongue was much longer than his own, almost serpentine, and thick. "I don't know if we're biologically compatible, but there's a few things I'd love to do to you."

That was all he needed to hear, he decided, getting to his feet. "My hotel isn't far from here."

"Sweet!"

After Craig installed his outdoor breathing apparatus, and made doubly sure that he had his wallet and hotel key on him, Clyde followed him out of the bar like a puppy, albeit a tall, alien puppy, and, after they reached the exit, reached out to stroke the back of Craig's neck.

His hands didn't feel drastically different from that of a human man, save for their interesting shape, and large size, and the fact that the texture of his skin was just a little off. There was something smooth, almost amphibian-like about them, but his hand felt warm, and the way it almost slid across the surface of Craig's skin made his hair feel like it was standing up, and a shiver run down his spine.

"I can call a taxi," Clyde offered, shooting him a grin. His teeth were also surprisingly humanoid, but had an almost bluish undertone to them. His hand drifted down, long... fingers? Appendages? Whatever those were, they were skimming underneath the collar of Craig's shirt, stroking and pressing the top of his spine.

"Uh huh." Craig nodded, at a loss for words.

The possibility that he'd someday fuck an alien wasn't the only reason Craig joined the Space Marines. After he'd been through basic, after he'd seen battle and went on a few peace missions with his task force, he'd almost forgotten that it was sort of, maybe, kinda a pretty big factor in why he chose the branch of the military he had. Green-or-blue-or-purple-skinned women were plentiful on previous missions, but he'd always left that to his buddies, resigning himself to the fact that there would never be an alien dude.... But holy shit, now there was and he couldn't even fucking believe it.

"I'm, um, pretty excited to find out about our biological compatibility," he said, lowly, as soon as
the floating taxi arrived and they secured themselves in the back.

"Me too," came Clyde's response, but for the short taxi ride, neither of them discussed it further. It was for the best; Craig wasn't sure how many people here understood English, but he certainly didn't want to take that risk.

It didn't take long to arrive to the hotel, and once they were in Craig's room, Clyde's lobster-like hands were on Craig's hips, pulling him into a kiss. Craig was a little buzzed, so, relaxed and without hesitation, he cupped Clyde's face as he responded to the kiss. Part of Clyde's long, alien tongue brushed against Craig's curling around it as Craig's hands slid upward. This was where he'd normally tangle his fingers into the other man's hair, but there was none. Instead his fingers snaked further and further back over the ridges of his skull.

The kiss didn't last long, as both were eager to see what was beneath their clothing. It was obvious, at least to Craig, though Clyde felt the need to announce that was what he wanted as he pulled away.

Both men made quick work of their clothes, and within moments were standing before each other, stark naked. In many ways they were biologically similar, except for minor things.

Like their cocks.

Craig stared at Clyde's for far too long, studying the literal alien specimen before him. It wasn't terribly long, but it was thick, red, and at the tip of it, it almost looked like a suction cup. He was curious, and couldn't help himself, really. Standing close to Clyde, he ghosted his fingers over the length of it. He assumed it was a sensation Clyde enjoyed, as that suction-cup tip flared open.

"Whoa." Craig's eyes went wide and a grin spread across his face as he stroked his finger gingerly upon the open tip.

Clyde hissed between his teeth, a shaky, almost snakelike noise that was close to the way a human would sound if they were overstimulated... something underneath it, something primal and rattling made it entirely inhuman, though, and it was that aspect that sent a jolt of arousal straight to Craig’s balls. “Sorry, dude, just.... been awhile, ya dig?” Clyde’s mouth contorted into something resembling an apologetic smile, only laden with obvious arousal.

“Oh.” Craig moved his hand to the shaft, pumping like he would a human cock, which Clyde seemed to enjoy. “This is the coolest thing I’ve ever seen, not gonna lie.”

"Yeah, you like it?" Clyde grinned, all teeth showing. Craig could only nod, licking his lips as he rolled his thumb over one of the sides of the flare. He wasn't sure at all what to compare it to, but it was as fascinating as it was hot.

But-- "I'm not at all sure this is something that can go in me." Not without potentially causing extreme discomfort and possible injury.

Clyde shrugged at that, seemingly not at all bothered by it as he ran a hand over Craig's side. "That's fine. With women in my species, my piece and theirs kind of press together and connect rather than really going in. But that's why I've got my tongue."

"Holy shit. Can I..." Craig bit his lip, and raised his eyebrows. He'd noticed Clyde's tongue earlier, its length and thickness, but it was just a glimpse. Before he finished asking his question, he pulled Clyde in for another kiss, and let that tongue probe into his mouth, sliding and twisting against his
own in a way that no human could ever manage. The sensation of the long, sloppy kiss made his cock twitch and leak against Clyde's thigh, the skin of which was hairless, with the same sort of smoothness as Clyde's hands.

When they pulled away from each other, Craig was panting. "Can you stick it out for me? I wanna see."

Clyde obliged, sticking his tongue out. It unfurled, stretching out far enough that Craig was certain that if he wanted, he probably could've licked his own forehead.

"Whoa," was all he could manage, his imagination getting the best of him as he imagined all the things Clyde could do with a tongue like that. All the places he could reach. "So what... what were you thinking about doing."

Clyde looked almost bashful for a moment. "I've seen humans mate before," he admitted. His hand drifted past Craig's hip, grasping one of his asscheeks. "I wanna fuck you. With my mouth."

Oh hell yes.

"Awesome."

Craig reached between them to give Clyde’s really rather fascinating cock or... whatever it was actually called a few more strokes, and noticed that it was leaking. But, it wasn’t from the tip; it was more like it was oozing, a sticky, thick fluid coming from all sides that Craig could only compare to a mixture of syrup and cooking oil. “That’s so fucking cool,” he whispered under his breath, unable to stop his grin from returning.

“Oh, yeah, that... wow, that feels really good, broseph!” Clyde let out a half-moan, half-hiss, that same rattling noise from before. Craig wondered if he could elicit more sounds like that from the man, if he’d sound less and less human the more turned-on he was. It was a prospect that made heat rise in his belly. But he also wondered...

“Where’d you learn to speak English, anyway?” He asked, before leaning over to place his mouth on Clyde’s neck. His skin felt unnaturally smooth, devoid of all the pores and hairs that Craig was used to on human men, and tasted sweet, like some kind of unidentifiable fruit.

“Oh, shit, y’know, watched a butt ton of Earth! And there’s this human show called Jersey Shore that’s really—“

“Ah, yeah, all right,” Craig cut him off, before sucking at his neck. He didn’t need to hear any more of that.

Clyde seemed more than content not to continue talking, instead he focused his attention on touching, on feeling, and making those pleasured sounds Craig found himself increasingly into.

It didn't take long at all for things to get even more heated, and abruptly Clyde pulled away, pushing Craig toward the bed. He was more than happy to lay back on it, resting against the plush pillows.

Clyde crawled between his thighs, lifting Craig's hips as he dragged his tongue against Craig's entrance. His tongue was warm and slick--more so than Craig anticipated--and he wasted no time in teasing him, pressing the tip of his tongue against him until Craig gave way.
It was like nothing Craig had ever experienced before. Clyde's tongue writhed inside of him, circling against his walls, pressing and probing... and when he found Craig's prostate, it wriggled.
God, it was fucking weird, but did it ever feel amazing, making his vision go fuzzy and more stars than he'd seen in the sky on the way to this planet burst beneath his eyelids when he shut them, rocking his hips against Clyde's face.

And, fuck, it felt so wet, like Clyde had filled his ass with some kind of expensive lube... he let out a deep, growling moan when he realized that it was probably the same substance that Clyde secreted through his dick, briefly wondering what exactly would happen between two beings of this species during reproduction. That, however, wasn't a thought upon which he spent a significant amount of time, because Clyde had reached between his legs, taking Craig's achingly hard cock between the appendages on his hand.

It was weird, it was overwhelming, and it was easily an experience that was going to stand out in his memory, serving as wank fodder for a long time to come. Craig was a writhing mess, jerking his hips up into Clyde's lobster hand, rocking himself back against Clyde's face.

When he finally lost it, when he was finally unable to hold back his own orgasm, it was when Clyde took to properly thrusting his tongue in and out of him. He wasn't sure how he did it, but right then, he didn't care. He was simply grasping at the comforter, crying out loudly as he came.

Before he even had a chance to really soak in that post-orgasm feeling, he was ushering Clyde further up onto him, just enough so he could wrap his hand around Clyde's member, pumping him until Clyde's strange-but-endearing hisses were punctuated, echoing off the walls. He secreted what Craig assumed was Clyde's specie's form of ejaculate, a series of small translucent balls, not at all unlike the sticky hands he used to get out of quarter machines.

"Whoa." They'd landed on his chest, all hot and tacky, and curiosity got the best of him. He picked one up, rolling it between his thumb and forefinger, and found that it was similar to half-dried rubber cement by how it stuck to his skin and stretched when he parted his fingers. "Are these, like, eggs or something?"

Craig suddenly realized that, for a member of the Space Force, he wasn't quite up to snuff on his knowledge of alien species. He made a mental note to talk to his superiors about education -- it would do wonders to bolster relations between planets, and surely Wendy would get behind that, one-hundred percent.

Clyde laughed, a deep, nasal laugh that Craig found strangely cute. "Nah, it's pretty much the same as when you dudes get off. It has to do with how chicks' parts are structured, like, inside or whatevs. Not that I really fuck with chicks of my species all that much. Humans are where it's at and I'm just over here like... dude! It's awesome I finally got to do some fuckin', uh, smoosh-smoosh with a human!"

Craig didn't bother to hide his snort. “Play your cards right and you can have another go tonight.”

“Oh! You wanna play a game? Cool! Can I fuck you again afterwards?”

Before the night was over, it was more than clear that Craig would have to teach Clyde proper slang.
Day 19: Crenny (Formal Wear)

Chapter Summary

day 19 | crenny | formal wear

Craig and Kenny hook up at an office Christmas party.

"Should aaaaauld acquaintance beeee forgot—"

"That's for New Years, dumbshit." Craig lightly cuffed Clyde in the side of the head, ending his very drunk friend and coworker's attempt at bringing their colleagues together in song. Said colleagues, gathered around the open bar and dressed to the nines for their annual Christmas party, sounded a mixture of polite giggles, groans, and outright laughs as Clyde shrugged.

"Whatever! Same, like, general season, yeah?" He loosened his tie as he took a long swing of his fifth beer in two hours, and clicked his tongue while shooting finger-guns at Amy from HR, who regarded him with indifference. "Heeeeey, Amy."

Craig sighed. "Why the fuck did I let you talk me into this?"

"Because," Clyde said simply. "What would you be doin' if I let you just 'stay at home' during the best work party of the year?" He quirked a brow over his shoulder at Craig before giving a head nod to the next smoking babe he saw.

"I'd actually be having fun." At home, in sweatpants, in front of his television. What he wouldn't give...

Clyde immediately scoffed at that. "No you wouldn't. You'd be all quiet and sad and mopey. I'm not gonna let you bojack-your life up, bro."

With a click of his tongue and a roll of his eyes, Craig lifted up a hand, and the bartender immediately came over to serve him another vodka soda, with lime. As uncomfortable and out-of-his-element as Craig felt, wearing some navy Calvin Klein suit he got on clearance instead of the button-up and jeans he was used to as he worked at his desk, he had to admit that the venue was pretty damn nice, and the bartender was on-the-ball. He hadn't had to wait for a drink for more than a minute or two all night.

Still. He could be drinking vodka soda at home, maybe watching a nice movie, or playing a video game with his long-distance buddies from his hometown. "Whatever. It's still a fucking work party," he said, swigging on his drink, and let that statement speak for itself.

"Dude, I'm just trying to cheer you up!" Clyde smacked Craig on the back, a little too hard, which made Craig choke on his drink.

"You just need a wing-man for whatever chick you're trying to pick up, which is probably the stupidest decision ever," Craig said, once he'd gotten his breath under control. "If you're going to stick your pen in the company ink, maybe stay away from Human Resources. If Amy—"
"Yeah, well, that janitor dude you're always eyeing up is here!" Clyde cut him off, practically in a shout.

"....Wait, really?"

Clyde gestured in a manner that suggested that he was trying to communicate something to him, but it wasn't anything that Craig could understand. Except the last one—don't look over at 3 o'clock, right then? Except too bad, he did.

And there he was. The janitor. Except he wasn't wearing those Dickie coveralls that he always did. Just like everyone else at the party, the blond was dressed up. It was an ill-fitting suit, baggy in places where it should've been fit.

But that suited him well. It was attractive on him.

Craig knocked back his liquid courage, discarding his glass and clasping his hand on Clyde's back. "See you later."

For a few minutes, Craig waffled around the outskirts of the table where Kenny was sitting with a few other guys, all drinking beer and laughing amongst each other, not a one of them paying attention to the jazz band their work had hired as entertainment. He had a little bit of a buzz, but was it enough to actually talk to the guy?

There was no way he could do this without another drink in his system. Luckily, there was a second, smaller bar close by, at which Craig ordered another vodka soda, taking sips through the straw before heading back over. God, Kenny looked sexy.

They'd only ever exchanged pleasantries in passing, a how ya doin' from Kenny in the corridor, and usually a nervous nod of the head from Craig. He hated that the blond's striking, blue eyes — eyes that he swore were checking him out, mentally undressing him; he was always flushed and half-mast by the time he got back to his desk after those interactions — and the exposed bit of chest in those coveralls, and his sinewy, broad shoulders always made him clam up like he was an idiot high school boy all over again. But, it wasn't as if Craig was known for socializing among his coworkers. Kenny probably thought him as cold as everyone else did.

If he only knew how often Craig wanted to stay late, find Kenny in an empty conference room, unzip those coveralls, and sink to his knees. And now, in that suit.... Craig could imagine peeling off every layer, and it was enough to make him flush and bite his lip.

Tossing back his drink in a long swallow, Craig took a deep, unsteady breath, and headed over to the table. He didn't sit directly next to Kenny, because he didn't know those other guys at all, but instead on an unused end of the table, watching the band as pretense.

Craig wasn't sure how long he sat there, watching the jazz band. They weren't awful, but it was even more boring to observe the band perform when he was pretending to intently to be into it. Meanwhile he was trying to listen in, trying to figure out a way to get Kenny's attention.

But he didn't have to wait long, nor did he have to be the one to do it.

"Hey, it's Craig, right?"

He looked up and there Kenny was no longer in his original spot, but standing close to where he
was at the end of the table. His hands were in his pockets, and he was giving Craig one of those smiles that made him squirm.

"Yeah. Sup, man?"

"Name's Kenny, if ya didn't know." He had a bit of a drawl to his voice, which Craig found pretty damn sexy... it wasn't Southern as much as it was the generic accent of someone born and raised in a rural area, and Craig briefly wondered what brought the man to Denver, and from where. Maybe he'd ask, someday. Kenny nodded at the drink in Craig's hand. "Need another? Or do you like jazz that much?"

Fuck, Kenny had a disarming grin. Craig hadn't even noticed that his drink was empty, save for ice cubes and a bit of water at the bottom of the glass, nor had he realized that he was stabbing at the melting ice cubes with his straw. Craig looked up into those shining, blue eyes as Kenny placed his hand on the back of his chair, and gave him a tiny raise of brows, and a jerk of his head, toward the bar. "It's on me, if you're comin'," Kenny joked, Craig knowing full well that neither was paying a cent for those drinks.

"Okay," Craig said, his mouth feeling suddenly dry.

For a moment, he felt like he couldn't get his legs to move, and when he was finally on his feet, walking with Kenny back to the bar, it felt like someone else was doing the moving for him. It wasn't a bad feeling; really, it was more disbelief that Kenny wanted to get a drink with him.

Once they were there, it took no time at all to realize that Clyde was no longer at the bar. Instead, he was on the dance floor with some woman that Craig recognized from the accounting department.

Craig leaned back against the bar, watching Kenny as Kenny hailed the bartender and ordered their drinks. "Some party," he managed, rather lamely. Small talk was never something he excelled at, and now was no different.

"It ain't too shabby," Kenny agreed, passing Craig his drink over. Where Craig lacked in starting conversations, Kenny made up for it by commenting about this or that, and it became increasingly easier to just talk to this guy that he'd admired from afar for so long.

They knocked back drink after drink, and a couple shots, all the while talk about work, and then a little bit about the movies they liked — Craig learned that Kenny was an action movie kinda guy, which was somehow exactly what he'd expected — and, then, quite a bit about each other's lives. He learned that Kenny was from a small town a few hours away, and had moved here for school, but never finished. He learned that Kenny was single, and lived alone.... and, at that, their eyes locked for a few moments, an unmistakable, intense heat between them.

Or, maybe it was just the liquor. But if it was just the liquor, it wouldn't explain the fact that their legs were touching, flush thigh-to-thigh, and that Kenny's hand was then gripping Craig's thigh, right above his knee, strong thumbs massaging him all hard and urgent.

"You've got a nice suit," Kenny said, raising his eyebrows as he took a large swig of beer. "Usually see you in jeans, and you look pretty fuckin' good, but even better like this." He moved his hand higher, dragging it up Craig's thigh until it was near the crease where it met his pelvis, and so fucking close to his dick that if he just moved a fraction, the entire fucking company would see him getting blatantly felt up at the Christmas party.
It was tempting, but he'd noticed that a few people were already staring. He was drunk enough not to care about them touching, but not drunk enough to do that. At least, not in public.

Craig noticed that his mouth was hanging open, like a drunk moron, and he licked his lips, then took a sip of what felt like his millionth vodka soda. "Yours is hot too."

Kenny was suddenly close, much closer, leaning in. Craig could feel his warm breath against his neck, his ear, and it sent a chill down his spine. "Wanna go somewhere?"

In that moment, Craig would've said anything, anything at all to take off with Kenny. As tempting as his own office, or even the utility closet was, he knew better, and the ramifications wouldn't be worth it. Not when there were so many witnesses, when it was almost certain that they'd get caught. "Hell yes," he said, nodding. "Not somewhere here, though."

"My place isn't far."

And it wasn't. They took a cab because it was just cold enough that the walk wouldn't have been worth it, but the drive didn't take more than a few minutes. For the entirety of it, they stole touches, slid their hands over one another's thighs, but never grasping hold of what really counted.

But it was fine. Almost unbearable, but it just meant that Craig was all the more eager to stumble out of the cab and up to Kenny's studio. The door had scarcely closed before he took hold of Kenny's tie, tugging him close into a searing kiss.

Their kisses were clumsy and wet in their drunkenness, all tongues sliding against one another and teeth catching on lower lips, pulling, biting. Kenny, although a bit shorter than Craig, wasted no time in taking control of the situation by grasping at the front of Craig's dress shirt, and shoving him against the door. He wedged his thigh between Craig's long legs, pressing against the erection tenting his dress pants while Craig rocked against him, pulling him close with one hand in Kenny's shaggy hair, and the other twisting the fabric on the back of his suit coat.

"Could fuck you right here," Kenny said against Craig's ear, his voice having dropped into a heavy, fucking sexy growl. "You want it, don't you? You've wanted me to fuck you for a long time, yeah?" Eyes a mix of heavy with drink, and blazing with arousal, Kenny yanked roughly on his tie and gave Craig's lower lip a sharp bite before his hands traveled down, flattening on his chest to rub his nipples before he fucking ripped his shirt open, sending a few buttons onto the floor of Kenny's small studio.

Craig was far too drunk, and much too turned on to be angry about it. "Fuck yeah," he moaned.

"Wanna hear you say it." Kenny fixed his teeth upon Craig's earlobe and tugged as he ran a hand along the exposed skin underneath Craig's shirt, favoring the trail of hair that peeked out above his trousers. His hands were rough, calloused, and hot; Craig couldn't wait to feel them wrapped around his dick, or inside him, or gripping his hips as he drove into him. "Tell me you want me."

Craig shuddered, as Kenny thrust his hips against his thigh hard enough to make the door shake. Shutting his eyes to lose himself in the sensation caused the room to spin, so he settled on keeping them open, but still tried his hardest to concentrate on the feeling more than anything else — not that Kenny's apartment was dirty or anything, just small, but he just wanted to touch, to taste, to be touched and shut out the rest of the fucking world around him.
"I want you so bad," Craig rasped, gripping Kenny's ass, which was small, but built, "Think about it all the time, you just bending me over, me sucking you off in the office, just, fuckin...' He moaned, and Kenny licked the shell of his ear, making his moan morph into a whimper. "Just fuckin'... do it, c'mon."

"Oh, you're a naughty boy, Craig," Kenny practically purred, making quick work of Craig's pants. Once they were unfastened, he slipped his hand beneath Craig's underwear. He had Craig keening as his rough hand wrapped around his cock, stroking as he nipped and sucked a dark bruise upon his neck.

Craig moaned, tilting his head back against the door. His hands slid over Kenny's sides, to his hips, following his waistline until he found his belt buckle. He unhooked it, unfastened his pants, just as eager to touch. "I want you to fuck me. But we need—"

"I gotcha covered, toots," Kenny said, tone light and teasing as he fished out a condom and small tube of lube from his pocket before his pants dropped from his hips entirely.

"You just had that with you, huh?" Craig breathed out, wavering slightly on his feet as he moved to unbuckle his belt. He cast his unfocused gaze appreciatively up and down Kenny's body, on which he'd unbuttoned his shirt, exposing his lean stomach, hairless but for a few smatterings of golden blond here and there, like above his waistband. His cock was hard, long, and thinner than Craig's, and Craig couldn't wait to get his hands around it, to get it inside of him.

Kenny cocked an eyebrow. "Was hopin' you'd be at the party, is all. Turn around." Kenny ran his tongue over his top teeth, smiling ferally at Craig as he nodded a wordless command for Craig to do what he said.

Craig almost toppled over as he turned around, tripping over his feet to get himself adjusted, pressed against the door. Then, those rough hands were on him, shoving down his dress pants and boxer briefs to expose his ass to the cool air of Kenny's apartment, and then gripping his ass, digging into his cheeks — Craig hoped that Kenny was doing so hard enough to leave little marks in the morning; he wanted to be bruised up, fucked up, wanted to walk around with reminders that what he'd been looking forward to for the last... forever imprinted onto his skin.

"Call me that again," he moaned, as Kenny briefly moved his hand back to Craig's hair, yanking back his head to dig his teeth onto the long length of his neck.

"Such a slut. You really want this, don't you."

"Call me that again," he moaned, as Kenny briefly moved his hand back to Craig's hair, yanking back his head to dig his teeth onto the long length of his neck.

Kenny's low, raspy laugh caused Craig's cock to throb. "What, that you're a naughty boy?"

"Fuck yeah."

"You're a naughty boy, Craig," Kenny happily told him, tone low and sultry. He timed it well, pushing a slicked down finger against his entrance. Craig shifted back, pressing against Kenny's finger with a low moan.

Kenny wasn't terribly gentle, working his finger in an out of him, and he was quick to add a second. His ministrations pulled hisses and groans from Craig, especially as he stretched his fingers, seeking out just the spot to make Craig squirm.

"Such a slut. You really want this, don't you."

Craig had one hand planted firmly against the door, upon which his cheek was also pressed, as the other drifted behind him, to clutch at Kenny's ass. "Give it to me," he said, in a desperate moan.
He normally wasn’t so bold, but, damn he was wasted, and he was always a horny drunk.

“Gonna,” replied Kenny, curling his fingers and rubbing against Craig’s prostate in a way that made his eyes roll back in his head out of sheer pleasure.

"Since you can't see what I'm doing," Kenny said, as he pulled his fingers out of Craig's ass. He gave one of his cheeks a firm squeeze before ripping the condom wrapper open. "I'm sliding this condom over my big, hard cock. Ribbed for your pleasure, baby."

Craig wanted to roll his eyes, it never quite happened; instead they fluttered back as Kenny aligned himself and pushed into him in one fluid movement. "Oh fuck."

Kenny drove his hips hard and fast, right away, reaching up to twist Craig's tie around his hand, and pulled his head back. Tongue-first, he led Craig into a sloppy, wet kiss. Due to the odd angle, their mouths didn't exactly connect — instead, they just lapped at each other, catching their lips when they could, when Kenny was on his inward thrusts deep inside of Craig, during which he circled his hips in a way that made Craig's knees buckle.

He wasn't in any danger of falling, though, because Kenny had him pinned against the door, his other hand circled tightly around his cock. Although he wasn't pumping his hand, he was using one of those rough thumbs to brush against its leaking head, the force of his hips causing Craig's dick to move just enough that there was some friction.

As they continued, Kenny drove into him harder, pulling out nearly all the way before driving back into him. The movement caused Craig to jerk forward, garnering more friction between his cock and Kenny's hand.

The sounds Craig made were loud and unbridled, more so than anything he would've done while sober. This was just hot, it felt fantastic, and he didn't want it to stop.

Kenny kept his grip steadfast on Craig's tie, using it almost as if it were a leash, as leverage to ram his cock inside of Craig, so fucking hard. It wasn't cutting into Craig's neck enough to choke him, or to obstruct his airflow, but it was just enough pressure to make Craig feel utterly possessed. His head tipped back, which Kenny took as invitation to lick, and suck even more bruising, purple hickies onto it.

As Kenny rocked his hips in a circle, buried deep into Craig's ass, he let out a shuddering moan against Craig's ear, his breath, upon which Craig could smell the alcohol even from there, causing little jolts up and down Craig's spine, the tingling, throbbing sensation at the base of his balls and the tip of his cock intensified from hot, low, primal moans against his ear. Kenny's thrusts were becoming increasingly erratic, his thighs twitching and his breath coming in short, heaving gasps.

Craig knew he was getting close, and fuck, Craig was, too. But he wasn't about to get off before the person to whom he'd surrendered control. "Wanna make you come," Craig grunted out, through clenched teeth.

"Then make me," Kenny whispered in his ear, voice low and husky, before burying his face into the crook of his neck. Craig groaned, pushing back against him. The way Kenny said that to him sent a chill down his spine, and he was so determined to do what he could.

They moved together, the sounds of skin-on-skin filling the room, and when Kenny came, there was a litany of swears against Craig's skin and he nearly came right then. Instead, he kept moving against him, rocking against Kenny as the blond worked through his orgasm.
It didn't take long for his own to follow, and it was after that, that the full-force of his intoxication hit him. He was exhausted, and the two eventually wound up passed out on Kenny's bed.

The blindingly bright sunlight roused him, and Craig groaned, as his head pounded. It took him a few moments to remember where he was, and it didn't really sink in until he saw the mop of blond beside him. Fuck.

Careful not to wake Kenny, Craig scooted off his bed and eventually found the bathroom. Not only was he going to have to do the walk of shame in his wrecked suit, but his neck was littered in hickeys. Great.

He was hunting around for his shoes when he looked up and saw Kenny leaning against the wall. "Hey. You don't have to go yet. I got some sweats you can borrow, and we can kick it and get a pizza or whatever."

Craig looked up at that mess of dirty blond, those bright blue eyes, and he felt his heart clench. "I'd like that."

He could worry about what his coworkers would say about his neck come Monday.
day 20: cryle (dirty talk)

Chapter Summary

day 20 | cryle | dirty talk

While Kyle is away on a business trip, Craig figures out the best ways to work him up.

cw: teacher/student roleplay

"It's only a week. Not even then. More like five days." There was a waver in Kyle's voice as Craig pulled into the drop-off lane at the airport. Objectively speaking, it wasn't that long of a time to be away from home at all. It wasn't even the first business retreat he'd had.

But this was the first one, since they'd been together, that Craig hadn't been able to get off. When he'd had to go to San Francisco, New York, other places, they'd been able to work it out so Craig could go too. Tack on some extra days for an actual vacation, have a good time with it all.

This time was different. Craig had deadlines to meet, quarterly reviews, and a plethora of other things that meant that there was absolutely no way he'd get the clearance to take off for a week or so. Especially not to fucking Tampa, when all of Boulder County was dreary and covered in snow and ice.

It wasn't the end of the world.

"It's fine, babe. It just means I'm going to eat takeout in my underwear until you're back." The smile Craig offered Kyle was one of his lopsided ones that made his chest flutter.

Kyle snorted, a rather unbecoming sound, before leaning across the console to kiss his boyfriend. "I've got to jump right into things as soon as I'm there, but I'll shoot you a text when I land. Love you," he added, getting out of the SUV. Once he grabbed his carry-on, he waved goodbye, and headed inside to check in.

These early morning flights were awful, and given the two hour time difference in addition to the three and a half hour flight, the entire day was gone by the time he got checked into his hotel, the entire day was gone. Fortunately, it meant that there was just an welcome dinner to attend to, the basic sort of schmoozing that didn't require much mental energy.

It was the following day that really got to him. He could handle seminars and workshops, but team-building exercises were so cheesy. By the time he had time to himself, all he wanted to do was call Craig and complain about how pointless it was to draw fucking stars on a piece of paper, with each point being a hope or aspiration, or some bullshit fact about him that no one actually needed to know.

Even though the day was mostly spent sitting on his ass in various conference rooms, swilling watery hotel coffee in an attempted effort to be alert enough to concentrate on all of that cliche, motivational bullshit the speakers were pitching, once Kyle got to his hotel, he was overcome with the same sort of tension and exhaustion he experienced after a particularly grueling day at work.
He shucked off his button-down and khakis, haphazardly hanging them on the rack by the door, and flopped onto the bed in his boxers and undershirt, phone in hand.

Craig answered on the second ring. “Hey, babe.”

Relaxing into his pillows, Kyle smiled. “It’s so good to hear your voice right now.”

On the other end of the phone, Craig laughed. “That bad, huh?”

"Ugh. Don't get me started yet." Yet. Because he was absolutely going to need to vent. It was just going to suck, not being able to eventually end up with his head in Craig's lap as he did. Craig always threaded his fingers through his hair when he went on his work-related tirades, and it always felt so nice, and helped ease the frustration. "How are you?"

"I'm fine. Work was work. I got one of those pizzas loaded down with onions and pepperoncini since you aren't here to complain about it."

"Ugh, gross," Kyle replied, though it was without any real heat. A smile ghosted his face as he stretched out, rolling onto his side as if to cradle his phone against the side of his face, as if it would close the distance between them at all. "Enjoy it, because you're not having that around me when I'm back. How's our boy?"

Kyle could hear shuffling, and for a moment Craig's voice sounded distant, a little too far from the receiver as he heard him say want to talk to your dad? Really, he couldn't help but roll his eyes.

"Say something, babe, I've got you on speaker."

"I'm not going to distress—"

"He's only going to be more distressed if you don't say something to him."

A sharp whine came through, loudly enough that Kyle pulled his cell away from his face. "Hey Bernie. I hope you're being a good boy," he said, addressing their Eskimo Spitz. "You know he can't understand a damn word I'm saying, Craig."

"Sure he can, he's wagging his tail. Now he's bringing me his toys. Trying to bribe me into letting you come home."

"It's just going to be four more days," Kyle said, training his eyes on the generic, floral painting on the wall adjacent of him in his hotel room.

"Four days too— Bernie! Drop it! Hold on a second." There was a shuffling noise as Craig set down the phone, and muffled noises of Bernie's collar jingling, and Craig sternly commanding him Drop it! Give me that! A small, short bark and the noise of Bernie scampering into the other room were heard more clearly as Craig picked up the phone again. "Sorry. He got a piece of pizza."

"Seriously? Are you eating pizza on the couch?"

There were a few moments of silence on the other end. "No."

"Are you eating pizza in bed!?"
"Maybe."

"Craig! I swear if the comforter gets pizza grease on it—"

"Relax, babe," Craig said with a low chuckle. "You're forgetting I actually know how to do laundry. You've got nothing to worry about. Tell me about your day."

Kyle huffed, but obliged. It wasn't going to do him any good to worry about the state of their comforter when he was so far away. "It was so pointless. I can get behind meetings and conferences in which representatives from all of the different branches across the country attend, but a retreat where an entire day is dedicated through team building exercises? What's the fucking point? I don't need to know about Janice from the Austin branch having thirty cats because she's trying to fill the void a loveless and childless marriage has left her. For fuck's sake! I only email these people. At most we might remote into the same all-staff meeting but I literally never interact with these people enough to have do these hokey exercises—"

“Babe. Relax.” Craig’s voice was smooth, and low, with a hint of amusement to it. In the background, Kyle could hear him walking across their bedroom, and the click of their door as he shut it. “I know all that stuff is bullshit, but it was just one day, yeah?”

“I guess. Tomorrow we’re supposed to split into departments comprised of the different branches, and actually talk about work, but we’ll see if that even happens. I’m fully expecting at least one more bullshit team-building thing, and I swear to god—“ Kyle sighed, curling his arms around one of the many feather pillows on his hotel bed. At least they hooked everyone up with nice rooms, and he was by himself, not randomly assigned some person he barely knew as his weeklong roommate. “—Swear to god, I don’t wanna deal with all of the forced, oh isn’t that special when I tell them I live with my partner. I hate having to say partner, anyway, but boyfriend just makes it sound like, I don’t know...”

Craig snickered. “Yeah, I know. Boyfriend sounds like high school shit, in that kind of setting. I have to deal with it at work, sometimes, too.” There was a rustling on Craig’s end of the line, like he was adjusting himself as to get comfortable in bed. “So. What’re you doing right now?”

“Just laying around, back at the hotel.”

"Are you comfortable?"

"I guess.” He paused, brushing a hand back through his hair. "I'm just glad they put us up at a nice hotel. I'm fairly sure we have some sort of contract with Courtyard Marriot with as often as they send us to these hotels. I still checked for bed bugs and everything. Though I should've packed a set of sheets, because if I think too much about—"

Kyle fell silent for a moment, picking up on Craig's heavier breathing. "Are you fucking jerking off?"

Craig let out a half-laugh, more of a jagged sigh than anything else. "Mm, kind of. Just kind of touching myself, really slow."

"What!? Why!" Kyle's face felt suddenly hot, with a prickling sensation on the back of his neck, and in his loins.

"Just miss you so much, babe." Craig's voice dropped into something breathy and sultry. "Just wish
Kyle frowned, sitting up and leaning against the padded headboard of the hotel bed. He wasn't adept at this sort of conversation at all. "A shirt and underwear."

"The underwear," Craig breathed into the phone. "Is it that green pair that clings so snugly against your cock? I love —"

"They're boxers. White ones."

"Hm," Craig grunted, although he didn't sound exactly put off by it. If anything, it seemed only to cause him to redouble his efforts in doing... whatever it was he was trying to accomplish. "I'll tell you what I'm wearing, then. All I've got on are those black briefs you like. The ones that you think are so soft and that you love feeling me through when I'm all hard and ready for you. Nothing else. And I have my dick out. I'm so hard."

Kyle cleared his throat, his mouth feeling wet with saliva upon that frankly very hot mental image. "Oh." He felt his cock twitch, half-mast from Craig's words alone.

"Mhm," Craig continued, "Wish you were here touching me, babe."

"Oh." Kyle repeated, sucking in on his bottom lip, shifting on the bed. He needed to say something, something sexy, except this was not something he was adept at all. He could get by in the heat of the moment, but— "Well. I—I'm not there, so I can't."

That was just the fact of the matter. What else could he even say about it? Nothing. Clearly.

Craig exhaled, long, through his nose. "Well, what if you were? What would you wanna do to me?" He paused, but when Kyle just let out a nervous, strangled sound, continued. "Or... what would you want me to do to you?"

"I—" Kyle fell quiet for a long moment. The thing was, he knew quite well the sort of things he'd want to do with Craig, but those ideas were stuck somewhere in the back of his throat, locked away some place he couldn't articulate.

Naturally, the response he managed with was one that edged on irritability. "I'm not going to just tell you things like that when we're so far apart!"

"Babe," repeated Craig, patiently, "You can tell me anything."

"I know, but—"

Craig seemed to pick up on Kyle’s trepidation. "I'll just keep talking, then. Unless you don't want that, then we can stop."
Kyle made something of a strangled noise. His cock was straining beneath his boxers, and as he worried his bottom lip, he weighed his options. A bad as he was about this, it wasn't like he minded Craig talking to him like this.

It was hot.

"You can keep talking."

"Mm, okay," Craig sounded like he was holding back a moan, but there was nothing on his end of the line to indicate that he was touching himself any faster. "So. I was thinking about how hot your ass looks in those green underwear of yours earlier today. It was pretty much all I could think about at work, how I wanna just bend you over and spank it. Would you like that, babe?"

He felt his cock throb, and it almost felt unbearably. This was new, something they'd ever discussed before and it was hot. "I, actually. Yeah. I." Kyle took a deep breath, lifting his hips to tug his boxers down. He wrapped his hand around his cock.

"For clarification. Would you bend me over your lap or our bed?"

Craig’s breath hitched. "I was gonna say our bed, but I think I'd love to bed you over my lap," he said, voice slow, and slightly constricted. "If, um." Craig cleared his throat, and then let out a slight grunt of a moan. "If you’ve been bad, and I think you’ve been very bad, that’s where you’re gonna be. Right over my lap with your hands behind your back, and I’m gonna spank your... god."

He paused, breathing heavily into the receiver. "I’m gonna spank that sexy ass of yours til it’s red."

Kyle tried his best to keep his composure—as to why he really couldn't say, apart from being stubborn—but he failed. He groaned, fist tightening around his cock, stroking it.

"Oh. You know. You could also. Bend me over the desk in the home office. But it wouldn't be the home office. It'd be your office. And I, uh. I'm in trouble for cheating on my finals but I really don't want to get kicked out of my program."

Craig's husky laugh went straight to Kyle's dick. "Okay. So. I'm your advisor, or something, and you're my student, is that how you wanna play this, Kyle?"

"Uh huh."

It was a moment before Craig spoke again. When he did, his voice hadn't changed much, as Craig wasn't much of an actor, exactly, but his drawling, near-monotonous tone took on a rougher, harsher edge. "You're in big trouble, Mr. Broflovski. I expected more from you. You've always been one of my best students, such a good boy, and then you go and do this." A groan caught in the back of Craig's throat. "You've been a very bad boy, Kyle."

Kyle inhaled sharply, stroking his thumb over the tip of his cock. "I-I'm so sorry, Mr. Tucker. Dr. Tucker? I think doctor, that would be hot. I really didn't mean to cheat, I just didn't have time to study, but I'm really sorry."

"I'm afraid sorry doesn't cut it, Mr. Broflovski—"

"But I'll do anything. Anything at all to make it up to you. I can't get kicked out of the program. I can't flunk this class, either, not after everything."

"Anything, huh?" There was that rumbling, sexy laugh again, which made Kyle's hips twitch and
heart catch. "Normally I guess I'd report you to, uh, the dean? That's how they do stuff like that, right?"

Kyle sniggered. "Yes. It is."

"Okay. Well. I think I can take your punishment into my own hands, Mr. Broflovski." Craig moaned something under his breath that was either yeah or oh god or both, before inhaling sharply and continuing down this really rather unexpected path of pure hotness. "I'm reaching over, I'm grabbing you by the hair, and making you look right at me, right in the eyes, and I'm kissing you, but it's really rough. I'm making you kiss me," Craig said in a quicker drawl than normal. "And then I'm gonna have you drop your pants. Bend over my desk, Mr. Broflovski."

"Wait, is this supposed to be a hypothetical of what you'd do in this scenario or am I supposed to pretend this is something that you're actually doing to me? Because I'm not sure how to do that since you're not here. I mean, I know what it feels like for you to kiss me and pull my hair but you've never—"

"Babe. Slow down. You're really overthinking this." Craig's voice was all smooth and patient, and it made Kyle's stomach do a flip because, fuck, he just loved him. "Hypotheticals, I guess. Use your imagination because I know you have one," he teased.

"Right." Kyle took a deep breath. "Okay. So you'd bend me over your desk. And then you'd spank me really hard for being a terrible, reprehensible student. And I— I really deserve it."

He could use his imagination. He really could. Stroking himself a little more fervently. "Maybe— Maybe you have a paddle, and really lay in on me. Really teach me a lesson."

"God, yes," Craig moaned, "Fuck, that's so hot. " His breathing was heavy, ragged. "I have a paddle, and it's made of wood and it's really hard, that I use on bad boys just like you. But you're the worst of them all, just terrible, so you're really gonna get it. Fuck," he groaned, "Kyle, god... I'm gonna start out real slow but then I'm gonna go harder, and harder. You're gonna have to really dig your hands on the side of the desk, really hold on, 'cause it's gonna hurt, so bad. But I think you like it, don't you, you dirty little boy?"

He was coming undone. Craig's words were getting to him, the way he sounded, the moans he made. Kyle moaned loudly, jerking his hips into his hand. He got caught up in it enough that he dropped his phone, and had to scramble to pick it up.

"Yes. Yeah, I like it a lot. I love it. My ass is gonna be so red, but I'd love it so much. So much that I might just... knock all of your papers and office supply organizers off your desk. So you'd have to punish me more."

"You naughty bitch," Craig growled, but that only lasted for a second, before he gasped, sounding almost embarrassed. "Is that okay? Can I call you that?"

Kyle made a sound, something nasally. He was quiet just long enough that it was obvious that he was thinking about it. It was the sort of thing that would make her temper flare in normal circumstances, but— "Yes. Yes, I'm your naughty bitch."

"Fuck." Craig’s voice came as a guttural groan. “Naughty bitch, I can’t believe you’d ruin my office like that. I should shove my cock down your throat, that’s what bitches like you are good for, yeah?”

"Yeah," he agreed. "It's all I'm good for. You'll have to flip me over and push me onto the floor."
But I'd be ready for it. Ready for you to use me up."

"Yeah? I'm gonna shove you on the ground, to your knees, and I'm not going to be gentle. I'm gonna take out my dick, and it's so hard, spanking my little bitch like that has me so worked up, so..." Craig shuddered. "So ready. You gonna open up for me, ready to suck it?"

"I'm always ready for you. You can fuck my mouth as hard as you want. I can take it, and I'll suck you so hard." He made a strangled noise, speaking perhaps too close to the receive. "God, baby, I wish I were back home. I miss you."

"I miss you so fucking much," Craig practically whined. "I love you."

Kyle's high, clear moan bounced off of the walls of his hotel room. "Love you."

Craig answered Kyle's noise with a keen of his own. "I wanna fuck your mouth so bad, I wanna just fuck you up.... I can't believe you wanna do this, it's so hot." Kyle had an easy time imagining Craig's breath hot and heavy against his ear, which made his toes curl, heat rising in his belly. "Gonna fuck you too, hard as I can, bend you over my desk and just slam into your tight little hole."

"I wanna do a lot of things with you," Kyle assured him. Which was true; he just wasn't always quick on the uptake with new things. But right now? That didn't matter. He just wanted Craig, wanted to actually try this.

"When I'm home. I want this, actually. I want you to fuck me just like that. Hard, pin me against the desk. You know I can take it."

"Oh, fuck yes. You're gonna take it." Craig was gasping, like it was getting more difficult for him to form proper sentences. "You're gonna take whatever I give you, 'cause you're mine, 'cause you're a slut." Craig said it unashamedly, not bothering to check if it was okay, like before, and it absolutely, completely was. Kyle threw his head back, eyes fluttering shut, as he bucked his hips into his hand.

"Mhm, I'm yours, I'm your slut," Kyle moaned, jerking himself vigorously. It wasn't really a surprise to him that he was into this sort of degradation, but what came as a surprise was just how much he was into it. "I want it all so badly," he said, moaning. "I'm gonna come. Have I been good enough to come?"

"Me first," Craig rumbled, "I'm gonna, fuck, babe, you little slut—"

Craig seemed to lose himself for a moment, every gasp as he stroked himself bringing Kyle that much closer to the edge. Craig's orgasm was obvious, the same unrestrained moan as always. That was a noise Kyle loved hearing, he'd make it his fucking ringtone if doing so wouldn't be horribly inappropriate in many ways. It was just a few moments until Craig's breathing evened out. Kyle felt like he might just die right then and there, squirming from embarrassment and burning arousal when Craig rasped out, "I'll let you come if you beg me for it."

"Please, Craig," he pleaded, rubbing his thumb over the tip of his cock. "It's killing me, it hurts so much. Craig, please, please, let me come."

"Come all over yourself," Craig said, voice having evened out a bit. "And send me a picture."

"Craig. " It would've been a shriek, except in the moment it was fucking hot. He groaned, stroking himself off, and when he climaxed, it was with a loud, hitched sound. "You still with me?"
"Mhm, that was hot. Lemme see you."

Kyle kept him on the line as he took a selfie, showing the mess he'd made of himself on his shirt and the parts of his stomach that was visible. He sent it off once he determined it was acceptable enough. "That work for you?"

"You look sexy," Craig said, which made Kyle snort a laugh.

"It's mostly of my shirt."

"Don't care, still you, so it's still hot." Craig let out a contented noise, and there was a rustling on his end, presumably from him sinking into the pillows. "You really wanna do all that stuff?"

"Yeah," he responded. He was unable to just relax as much as he wanted to, instead putting Craig on speaker phone as he got up to clean himself up. "Do you?"

"Hell yeah. I just didn't think you'd be into any of this."

"When I'm home, we could try it..."

That same pleased sound as before came from the back of Craig's throat. "Totally. And now I know how to get you all worked up, all week, 'til you come back to me."

"You're set on torturing me, aren't you?"

"From the bottom of my heart, babe."
day 21: clenny ( food play )

Chapter Summary

day 21 | clenny | food play

Clyde bakes cupcakes for Kenny. Except no baking actually happened at all.

Chapter Notes

This one's dedicated to our girl lordjenjen and her glorious tiddy sprinkles.

“Hey babe-a-licious, I made you some cupcakes!” Clyde’s voice sounded in a clear shout from his bedroom the moment Kenny used his spare key to unlock Clyde’s apartment door, and shut it behind him.

“Sweet!” Kenny projected back, heading the few paces to Clyde’s kitchenette. Which was as barren as always, dishes piled in the sink for oh, you know, whenever I have time, and stack of empty pizza boxes on the counter top. He checked the cupboards, and then the fridge, and even the oven just in case Clyde forgot to take them out... no cupcakes. What the fuck? Someone can’t just say there are cupcakes if they don’t fucking exist. Come to think of it, the apartment didn’t smell like anything had been baked in it, well, ever. It was the same generic bachelor pad funk that always hung around Clyde’s place.

“No you fuckin’ didn’t!”

He heard Clyde laugh, loud and snorting, from the bedroom. “No, in here!”

"Oh, okay," Kenny called back, heading toward Clyde's bedroom. The great thing about Clyde was that Kenny really didn't know what to expect. There were both spontaneous, free-spirited men, but Clyde had this edge about him that made him completely unpredictable.

Needless to say, what he didn't expect was to see Clyde naked on his bed, man tiddies iced. Like, well, cupcakes. The empty icing container was on the nightstand, and Clyde had even gone so far as to put maraschino cherries over his nipples.

"Surprise!" Clyde explained, and as he he sat up, the cherries rolled off of his chest and landed on his thighs. "Aw shit. They weren't supposed to do that!"

Kenny couldn't help but laugh—not in any mean way; this was just hilarious and endearing —and crawled onto the foot of the bed, moving toward Clyde. "I'll take care of that, you sexy lil studmuffin."

"Cupcake."
"Cupcake, of course." Kenny laughed, and nipped a kiss onto Clyde's lips before running his hands down the other man's body, careful not to disturb the frosting. He gave the fleshy softness of Clyde's slight belly a pinch, which made Clyde giggle, before reaching down to his thighs, retrieving the cherries. "Lost your cherry, huh?"

Kenny thought Clyde's laugh was probably the cutest laugh in the whole world, always, and now was no exception. "Yeah, man! My cherries just popped off!" he exclaimed, chuckling.

Kenny snickered, gingerly pressing the cherries back to their spots on Clyde's nipples. At least for now, they stayed how he wanted. "You gotta be careful about that shit, man. You don't wanna just go losing your cherry for just anyone."

Clyde reached over, threading his fingers in Kenny's hair while trying his damnedest to keep a straight face. "Good thing you're here. I want you to take my cherries. Just steal 'em and suck 'em right up!"

Kenny shot him a cheeky, somewhat seductive grin, with a wink and a click of his tongue. "I'll take your cherries any time!" Once he and Clyde made eye contact, both sputtered out with small, respective fits of giggles, finding that they couldn't actually look at each other during this, because it was just too ridiculous.

"Gotcha some sprinkles, too," Clyde said, snickering and indicating the bedside table with a jerk of his head. "Didn't know if you liked sprinkles on your cupcakes, so those are there if ya wanna decorate 'em." Sure enough, there was a shaker of rainbow sprinkles between Clyde's lamp, and their bottle of lube.

"Hell yeah, I like sprinkles!" Kenny leaned down to give Clyde's lips another kiss, deeper this time, their tongues entwining together. Clyde tasted sweet, like he'd been dipping into the frosting during his preparations.

Kenny kissed him until he felt breathless, until the taste of the frosting was no longer on Clyde's lips. He reached over for the sprinkles afterwards, uncapping the lid. What started out as just a light dusting of the sprinkles turned into Clyde's tiddy cupcakes being absolutely covered in sprinkles.

"Oh fuck, I can't wait to gobble you all up." Kenny told him, and when Clyde gave him that look just asking for it, he leaned down, flicking his tongue along the edge of the icing.

"Oh no," Clyde said, all over-dramatic, and in this weird, squeaky affectation, "Don't eat me, mister, I'm just an innocent, tasty little cupcake!"

At that, Kenny laughed so hard that he ended up with frosting in his nose. He brushed it away with his hand, then brought that same finger to Clyde's lips. The other man let out an appreciative groan as he closed his mouth around Kenny's finger, diligently licking every bit of frosting and sprinkles off of Kenny's flesh, and then some. He kept his mouth closed around his finger, and bobbed his head, swirling his tongue around it, just like he did when he gave Kenny those fuckin' great bj's.

Kenny swallowed thickly, following that line of thought for just a moment. But he could get a blowjob from him later. Really, how could he let those cupcakes go to waste?

"Don't worry, lil cupcake, I'm just gonna taste you a lil bit." He waggled his eyebrows at Clyde, which sent the man into another fit of giggles, particularly when Kenny followed it up with dragging his tongue over one of Clyde's nipples, taking the cherry with him.
He held the cherry between his teeth, by the stem. “Sharing is caring,” he articulated as best he could, given his clenched jaw, and brought his frosting-covered face up to Clyde’s.

Clyde snatched it up with his tongue, then ripped off the stem, flicking it somewhere across the room. He stared into Kenny’s eyes as he slowly chewed, and swallowed, then Kenny pressed a sugary kiss against his forehead before returning his attention to Clyde’s sweet man-tiddies. He positioned his hands on Clyde’s chubby hips, massaging his thumbs against his warm, yielding flesh as he laved his tongue against those cute little cupcakes. It edged on too sweet; there must’ve been a whole tub of frosting on those things. But, the salty taste of Clyde’s skin underneath offset that enough that Kenny was happy to keep licking, keep eating.

The reward at the end, once he finished the first, was Clyde’s puffy, erect nipple. Groaning, Kenny took it into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the nub, and tugging slightly with his teeth.

Clyde moaned, threading his fingers in Kenny's thick blond hair. "Oh, yes, gobble me up just like that Ken-cakes. You're so good with your tongue. You must be the muffin man to my gingerbread, because babe you caught me."

Kenny nearly choked, and in the resulting movement, he wound up getting his cheeks covered in icing. "I don't think that's quite right, babe."

“It’s not?” Clyde looked thoroughly confused. “Doesn’t the muffin man catch... Oh! Yeah, no, you’re right, he’s the one who lives on... Nevermind, keep doing that thing to my nipples, baby.”

Kenny flashed him a smile, and Clyde grinned right back at him, all toothy and endearing. He continued sucking on Clyde’s nipple, letting his hand wander down to Clyde’s thick, half-hard cock, and pumped him leisurely. “Still got one more cupcake,” Kenny observed, and turned his attentions to Clyde’s other man-boob.

Kenny gave proper attention to that cupcake, licking all the frosting up, eating the cherry for himself this time, still stroking Clyde as he licked and sucked on his nipple.

Clyde moaned, rocking his hips into Kenny's hand. After a moment, he tugged Kenny a little further up, pulling him into a sweet kiss. He dragged his tongue along Kenny's bottom lip before slipping it into his mouth.

Clyde's hands tangled themselves in Kenny's hair, as he opened his mouth and moaned into the kiss. The frosting on Kenny's cheek rubbed off onto his wrist, which Clyde brought up to his own mouth once they broke their kiss, shuttting his eyes in pleasure as he licked the sweet, sticky substance from his own skin. "Keep that up with your hand, baby, and I'll give you my special frosting."

Kenny snorted. "Jesus Christ, dude."

"You know you want a taste." He gave Kenny an exaggerated wink with both eyes. Kenny snorted, kissing him once more, and it didn't take long at all for Clyde to get off in Kenny's hand.

Clyde came with a loud moan, and in the moments following, he sat up and leaned against his pillows. "I'm hungry," he announced, reaching for his phone to order takeout for them. "It'll be here in twenty minutes."

He quirked a brow at Kenny. "Plenty of time for me to—" There was no need to finish the sentence, as he immediately dove down, intent on giving Kenny the most sloppy but earnest
blowjob of his life.
Chapter Summary

day 22 | style | handjobs

Thanksgiving, like all family holidays, is hell.
cw: racist and homophobic slurs, stressful holiday-related stress

"I think we should tell them."

Kyle paused in his folding, glancing over at his boyfriend with a quirked brow. Rather than saying anything immediately, he finished tightly rolling up the t-shirt, tucking it into the suitcase resting on their queen size bed. "Tell our parents that we're in a relationship?" There was hesitation in his tone. Rather than reaching for the slacks from the pile of clothing on the bed, his hands rested on the frame of the suitcase as he frowned. "They already know we live together."

"Yeah, as roommates. They think the dude cave is my bedroom."

"Don't call it that."

"Look, I just think it'd be a good thing. We're adults, my parents adore you, and I know yours like me. Plus, they're like three and a half hours away."

Kyle turned, sitting in the foot of the bed as he studied Stan. "That's close enough for my mom to be invasive. Before you say anything—she absolutely would make a spontaneous trip out here. But before that even happens, I'd have to go through her whole 'processing thing.' She probably thinks I'm saving myself for a nice Jewish girl."

Stan snorted at that, not only at the prospect of Kyle being interested in women, but also at the idea of him having a shred of innocence about him. Closing the distance between them, Stan leaned down, pressing a kiss to Kyle's temple. "Just think about it. If you don't want to, we won't. I just think it would make things easier. None of the 'when are you gonna settle down' questions. Hell, we wouldn't even have to pack two different suitcases, and no one would bat an eye at us getting a hotel instead."

Kyle snorted, grabbing hold of Stan's hips, pulling him into his lap. "That's what it's really about," he teased. "You don't want to sleep in your childhood bedroom by yourself."

"Yeah, totally," he agreed with a laugh, cupping Kyle's face between his rough palms as he leaned down to kiss him.

Kyle made quick work of Stan's pants—not that it was hard to do, as he'd opted to change into sweats not long after he came home from work—tugging them past his hips. His hand wrapped around Stan's soft cock, stroking it to full mast.
Stan moaned against his lips, breaking the kiss to tease him. "You told me not even an hour ago that we couldn't do anything until we were finished packing."

Kyle made a strangled sound of annoyance in his throat, hooking an arm around Stan's waist to throw him further back onto the bed. "We still have time to finish in a bit and still get a full night's sleep before we head out. But if you're concerned..."

He started to move off of Stan, only for those large, hairy arms to wrap around him, holding him in place. Stan held him in such a way that when he bucked his hips up, his hard cock pressed and rubbed against Kyle's. "Not at all concerned."

"I'd just like to get as much of this—" Kyle rolled them onto their sides, and slid his hands down to cup the cheeks of Stan's ass, giving it a squeeze "—as I can, before we have to deal with them." Them being, of course, their families. Certain members of their respective families, if one wanted to get particular about it. But, it was neither here nor there in the moment, as Stan made a pleased noise of agreement, and brought their lips together in a deep, slow kiss.

Kyle's hand remained firmly planted on his ass, pressing Stan firmly against himself as they kissed. They had a time crunch—relatively speaking—but it wasn't to the point where this needed to be a quickie; he was intent on milking this for all it was worth.

Stan understood quite well, slipping his hand under Kyle's shirt, rubbing his thumb over his hip bone. As his hand traveled upward, over Kyle's ribs, eventually to one of his nipples, it was almost effortless and languid.

He undressed Kyle quickly, only breaking their kiss to shuck off Kyle's shirt and throw it in the general direction of their laundry hamper. Then, they moved together, deftly ad with the familiarity of knowing each other's bodies perhaps better than their own. Stan's hands tangled in Kyle's hair as they ardently rocked against one another - quick, but not rushed. When Kyle pushed him on his back, nibbling a line of kisses down Stan's body until he grasped at Stan's hips and took him into his mouth, Stan's head tilted back with a gasp, and his grip in those beautiful, red curls was steadfast.

They took their time, touching and caressing each other, and much of the rest of the evening was spent filling their bedroom with the sounds of their moans, of their bodies working against one another, the scent of sex and sweat.

When they were done, they drifted to the shower, still touching, pinning each other against the shower wall in the midst of their cleaning up. It was only after that Kyle's focus was back on finishing up the packing, and it was with reluctance that Stan did the same.

"Maybe it won't be so bad," he told Kyle, throwing his outfits haphazardly into his suitcase, a complete antithesis to Kyle's more methodical approach. "You can sneak into my window like the old days."

Kyle made a face as he placed a few rolled-up pairs of socks inside of his dress shoes, which he then wedged between a couple pairs of jeans. "Because that's exactly what I want to do, climb up a trellis like I'm fifteen again." He sighed, taking a step back to observe his suitcase. "You know what, maybe we should tell them."

Stan's face lit up. "You think?"

"Yeah. You're right that it would make our lives a lot easier. Besides, what are we going to do if
we decide to get—" Kyle's face flushed, and he quickly picked up his toiletry bag, examining its contents a bit too intently. "If we're still together, you know, for a while? Which I, personally, think we will be."

Stan couldn't help but grin, knowing quite well what Kyle stopped himself from saying. He was just so fucking cute. He moved away from his suitcase, coming up behind his boyfriend to wrap his arms around his waist, pressing a wet kiss to the side of his neck. "We're in for the long haul, baby."

The way Kyle tensed up, seeming to stare even intently at his packing, Stan knew that his face was burning even more. Especially given how he deflected entirely. "We have to finish packing, Stan, we have to leave early tomorrow."

Stan gave his cheek a quick kiss. "Whatever you say."

When they finally fell into bed, sleep came quickly for Stan, all sprawled out on his back, drooling, and snoring as always. Kyle, however, wasn't as lucky. He watched the digital display on his bedside clock change from ten, to midnight, to two, all while anxious thoughts of what was in store for them back in South Park danced across his imagination.

When fitful sleep finally caught up with him, Kyle dreamt of his mother. He was at Thanksgiving dinner, but it wasn't Thanksgiving dinner at all, instead that Chinese restaurant he and Stan went to every other weekend. As dream-Kyle sat at the table, which was the only table in the restaurant, covered in a white cloth and so long that it stretched from end-to-end of the room, himself and his parents on one side, and Stan on the other — but Stan was turned around in his chair, silent and straight-backed so Kyle couldn't see his face — Sheila lectured him.... on his grades? Something about getting a B-minus in geometry, when Kyle hadn't taken a geometry class in ten years.

He tried to call out for Stan, he needed Stan, needed backup, but it took at least four tries. And, when Stan turned around, it wasn't Stan at all. He had glasses. Crooked teeth. And when he opened his mouth, it was with a resounding cry of, "I'm baaaaa-ack!"

"What the fuck!" Kyle jolted awake, sweating, panicked. Their room was still dark.

Stan merely grunted in response, rolling onto his side and throwing an arm over Kyle's chest. "Mmpf?" He was never one to rouse easily; there were times where Kyle could have full conversations with him when trying to wake him up. He'd almost be tricked into thinking Stan was awake, but then he'd start snoring again.

"It's nothing, go back to sleep." Which was pointless to say, because before he finished the sentence, Stan's face was pressed against his shoulder, drooling on him.

There was still another hour until the alarm went off, and at this rate, Kyle knew he just wasn't going back to sleep. It was pointless to try, and Stan would just have to deal with driving them back to their hometown.

After laying there for an additional ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, he gave up. Kyle slipped out from Stan's hold, out from under the covers, and padded into the kitchen. They were already going to be out of town for a few days, so he decided to finish off the eggs and milk in the fridge by cooking them breakfast.

The smell of food and the coffee Kyle brewed wafting from the kitchen woke Stan, as Kyle did not hear the blaring of their alarm from the open door of their bedroom. Stan staggered into the
kitchen, bleary-eyed, his hair sticking up in all directions and in nothing but a pair of boxers, and immediately wrapped his arms around Kyle’s middle as he stood at the stove, nuzzling his stubble-covered chin into the crook of Kyle’s neck, and pressing his very obvious morning wood against Kyle’s ass.

“Mornin’,” Stan murmured, voice scratchy with sleep.

Kyle didn't turn his attention away from his cooking, lest he burn their breakfast. It didn't stop him from shifting, pressing his ass against Stan's cock. It was as part of the morning routine as sharing a pot of coffee, and Kyle was even more determined to make the most of this morning than usual.

Except for the fact that there really wasn’t time to do anything about it.

"Sleep well? Breakfast is almost ready."

Stan's response came in the form of a murmur, kissing Kyle's neck and shoulder. "Are you on the menu?"

“Sorry, we’re all out,” Kyle joked, nevertheless snaking the hand not busy with stirring their scrambled eggs behind them, up into Stan’s hair, running his fingers through those fine, black strands and giving his scalp light scratches. “We have to — mm, okay.”

Stan effectively cut him off by sucking on the back of his neck. Kyle allowed himself to give in to the sensation, his eyes closing for but a moment before anxiety hit him twofold — first, the eggs. Which were fine, pretty much finished, actually, but then... “Stan! Not there.”

If his mother saw, he’d never hear the end of it. Even if they went back on their original plan, and Kyle lied and said whatever mark Stan was bound to leave came from a nice girl he met on JDate, she’d still freak — in fact, lying about that could, in many ways, make things even worse.

Stan whined, and Kyle sighed, a slight smile on his face. Stan was always so eager. “At least not so hard. But!” He continued, stiffening his posture. “But, not now either, okay? We have to get on the road soon.”

"Can't believe you're being all responsible." Stan said with a click of his tongue.

Kyle laughed at that, portioning the eggs onto the plates he'd set aside. "You can't? Guess you haven't been paying attention." He pulled away from Stan, grabbing his own plate and his cup of coffee. He moved to the bar, settling there to eat. "I'd like us to be on the road in the next half hour."

Stan was already digging into his eggs as he poured his mug, still standing at the counter. "I'm sure we can manage that."

Forty-five minutes later, they’d loaded up Stan’s Jeep. An offer to navigate, if Stan drove, from Kyle was met with a smile and raise of eyebrows as Stan very obviously observed the shadows under Kyle’s eyes, the general air of exhaustion that permeated his expression. Then, they were off.

As the soundtrack to their short road trip, Stan chose some Spotify playlist featuring nothing but acoustic guitars and breathy vocals, and Kyle reneged on his navigation within ten minutes. The soothing music and hum of vibration from tires-on-road lulled him to an actually rather restful sleep, considering he was sat upright with a seat belt around him.
It was when the Jeep slowed and came to a stop that Kyle was roused. Well—not quite. He was exhausted enough that the sound of the motor turning off, of the door opening and closing of the door, was something that he only half-registered.

It was only when the door opened again that Kyle woke more, partly driven by the instinct to make sure some backwoods madman hadn't slipped into the driver's seat. But there was no madman there, just his boyfriend offering him a smile.

"Where are we?" Kyle was still overcome with exhaustion, but he straightened, an obvious attempt at being more alert. It was obviously a rest area, one that actually seemed rather nice and had signs for a trailhead. If only it were viable to camp instead of going home...

"Just outside of Glenwood Springs. Had to take a leak," Stan informed him, turning to face him with his hand on the back of Kyle's seat. Unsurprisingly, Kyle immediately made a disgusted sound, shifting as far away from Stan's hand as he could. "I washed my hands, dude."

"Did you really, though?" All it took was Stan mentioning that he didn't always wash his hands one time when they were children and Kyle never let it go.

"Promise." He leaned over, kissing Kyle's cheek. "You know, no one else is here. We could take a half hour or so in the back seat..."

Kyle couldn’t help his derisive snort. “Really? That’s so—“ he yawned, wiping sleep from his bleary eyes. He was face-to-face with Stan’s eager smile and bright, shining blue eyes. “So stereotypical, don’t you think? A rest stop, Stan, really.”

Stan shrugged. “It’s not like we’re cruising on each other in there, or whatever,” he muttered, jerking his head back toward the path from whence he’d came. “Anyway, I thought you wanted as much of my ass as you could,” he added, matter-of-fact.

Kyle studied Stan’s face, gazed into those blues for literally a second as he made his decision. “Get in the back.”

Stan all but barreled over the back seat. The Jeep wasn't the most spacious place, but there was still something thrilling about doing this here. Sure, he'd parked along the far edge of the parking lot, but if anyone were to pull into the parking lot...

The thought made it even hotter.

Kyle took the longer, perhaps more sensible route, of getting out of the Jeep and opening the back door, climbing in that way after stretching his arms and legs. He closed the door behind himself and from there wasted no time; his lips were on Stan's immediately, as his hands made quick work of Stan's pants.

As trashy as Kyle thought it was for two men in their late twenties to be hooking up like this, at a rest stop in broad fucking daylight when they had a perfectly good bed at the home they shared together and the means to get a motel instead, had they so chosen, the thrill of being caught balls-deep in his boyfriend definitely made it worth it....

But it wasn’t just that. It was that being squished together in the back of a Jeep like this was so fucking nostalgic. There was Stan half-on the seats, and half-on the floorboards, contorting himself to something resembling a kneeling position as to properly get all of Kyle’s cock in his mouth.
And then, Kyle pushed him onto his back; their clothing was haphazardly tossed into the front seat, and Kyle was capturing his mouth in blazing kisses, rubbing their lengths together and then spitting on his palm and stroking them in tandem, all the while Stan hooked his legs onto the back of Kyle’s thighs.

There was none of the fumbling, the accidental head-butts and the embarrassment of coming far too soon of their times in the back of a similar, older car as teenagers. But, ever the sentimental fool, as much as he’d deny it, Kyle was reminded of their first time, and then the times after that, and of how everything just seemed to get better every time... and, god, of how much he loved Stan. Loved him then, loved him even more now.

It really was tempting to dig into their suitcases for the lube, so he could drive into him and draw out those delicious sounds Stan made when he grinded against his prostate in just the way he liked. But it would've been a hassle for more reasons behind needing to move off of Stan just enough.

Instead he stayed how he was, stroking them as he rocked his hips, moaning against Stan's mouth as their cocks slid against one another.

Stan's hands tangled in Kyle's hair, tugging as he thrusted his hips upward, teeth catching Kyle's lips as their kiss became more frenzied. His hands slid downward, over Kyle's back, smooth freckled skin over the leanest of muscle, until his hands found his ass. Gripping a cheek in each hand, he pulled Kyle more firmly against him.

"Feels good, baby," Stan gasped against Kyle's ear, hot breath sending shivers down Kyle's spine. His hands kneaded the pert cheeks of Kyle's ass as he latched his mouth onto the long expanse of Kyle's neck.

"No hickies," replied Kyle, too turned-on to really be annoyed, reaching up with his free hand to pull Stan's mouth away, lightly yanking at the hair on the crown of his head. Sloppily dragging his tongue down Stan's neck, collarbone, and chest, he then caught Stan's nipple in his mouth, eliciting a mewl from his boyfriend when he clasped it between his teeth. Delicate at first, Kyle increased the pressure of his bite when Stan moaned once more, thrusting his hips upwards with urgency.

"Not gonna last too long," Stan breathed, raggedly, before giving Kyle's ass a light smack with both his hands.

Kyle almost laughed... maybe this wasn't so different from their high school encounters, after all.

That assertion was further proven when Kyle realized that not lasting too long meant a tighter squeeze, a more fervent movement of his hand, was all it took for Stan's voice to hitch, his hips to jerk up with irregularity as he came, shooting up against Kyle's bare chest.

As Stan looked up him with those big, deep blue eyes full of fondness, Kyle worked on finishing himself off. As soon as he was finished, he sat up looking around for something to clean himself off with. Clearly, they hadn't thought this through very well.

"It's perfectly reasonable to say that it was just from the ride. You mom isn't going to interrogate you over that," Stan responded as he reached to the front for their clothes. It was a little more difficult to dress in the confines of the backseat than it was to undress, but as soon as soon as they
were presentable, they were both barreling out of the Jeep.

Kyle straightened his clothes, frowning down at himself before glancing over at Stan. "I'm going to go wash up," he announced, moving toward the sidewalk.

"What, you don't want your hands smelling like dick when you get home?" Stan was snickering, almost keeling over at his own joke. Kyle merely rolled his eyes, not deigning it a response before he headed up toward the building ahead of them.

It didn't take long to get back on the road at least. Kyle was more alert, actually awake, resting his hand on Stan's thigh as Stan navigated the winding mountain highway. Things were pleasantly quiet between the two of them, both content to enjoy the music and scenery.

However, when a certain John Denver song began to play, Stan laughed in that way he did when he remembered something nostalgic. "Hey, remember—"

"—you insisted on listening to 'Rocky Mountain High' before you smoked, every single time? Yeah, I haven't forgotten."

It was easy to fall back into talking about their childhood adventures, the sneaking around in high school that Kyle's parents never wised up to, that Stan's didn't care about. A lifetime together, and they still never seemed to run out of things to talk about.

The conversation was interrupted when they finally were in an area where they got reception. Kyle's phone immediately exploded with notifications, including one from his mother, a response to the photo of the pumpkin crumble he baked yesterday to bring—

Shit.

Shit.

"Stan, we gotta turn around."

"*"What."

"I forgot the pumpkin crumble. It's the one thing our parents wanted us to bring—"

"Dude, we're almost there, we're not turning around." Sensing his boyfriend's rising anxiousness over the situation, he reached over, squeezing Kyle's hand. "We'll stop at King Soopers. It'll be fine."

Kyle raked a hand through his hair. "And try to pass off something from there as homemade? She's gonna know, dude."

"She's not gonna know," Stan replied, moving his hand to Kyle's knee.

"Yes she is!"

Stan clicked his tongue. "She might know," he reluctantly conceded. "Look, if she says anything, I'll just tell her that I made... whatever it is we end up with?"

In response, Kyle simply let out a series of panicked, nervous chuckles, patting Stan's hand.
About an hour and a half's worth of driving remained until they reached their hometown, during which their conversation shifted back to the nostalgia of their teenage years, and even of their childhood and all of the antics they got up to... or, more often than not, were dragged into by a certain overweight friend of theirs. What they conspicuously avoided discussing, however, were their families.

It wasn't as if they were *dreading* it, exactly, but both men knew that *something* was going to go wrong this Thanksgiving. It always seemed to, every year. With the prospect of finally coming out to everyone looming ahead, Kyle almost wished Stan had just turned around when he mentioned the dessert. They could feign illness, or make up a story about their car breaking down... anything to get out of this weekend in South Park.

No matter how much he wished that they would somehow not arrive, he couldn't change the fact that they were moving, each moment travelling closer and closer to what he felt was impending doom. When they hit Breckenridge, Kyle decided it was as good a time as any stop at the grocery store.

It was hell.

Of course they weren't the only ones who had last minute Thanksgiving shopping to do. The lines were long, the aisles were packed. Kyle's fingers entwined with Stan's, and as soon as he dragged him to bakery section. As he looked over what was left, he made a sharp, nasally sound of frustration. "Everything's cleared out."

Stan dislodged his hand, shaking it out as he moved to look at one of the other tables. "There's a pecan pie."

Kyle looked over his shoulder, frowning at the corn syrup-filled dessert. "It'll have to do," he said, sighing heavily.

And then it was just enduring the long lines, ignoring the buzzing in his pocket, delivering the string of *where are you* texts. From his mother out of concern, from Ike, undoubtedly, so he didn't have to endure it alone.

An eternity later, they were back at Stan's Jeep, and Kyle sank down into the passenger's seat. "It really isn't too late. We can just turn around. Or get an AirBNB here."

Stan laughed. "It's Breckenridge, dude. I *guarantee* there's not even a motel room available."

Kyle shot him a pleading look, eyebrows threaded together in the middle, his upper lip curling.

"We're gonna be *fine*, okay, baby?" Stan leaned across the center console to press his lips firmly against Kyle's in a reassuring kiss. This time, Kyle did not make any effort to deepen it, choosing rather to wrap his arms around Stan, pulling him into the kind of crushing embrace that conveyed his worry more than words ever could.

They were silent for a while as they drove, the scenery a blur outside the car's windows and Stan's music playing a bit louder on the stereo than he'd had it when they began their journey. It was possibly twenty, thirty minutes before Stan finally exhaled, roughly, exasperatedly, his hands gripping the steering wheel harder than they needed to do so.
"Kyle..." Stan chewed on his lip, then darted his tongue out to nervously moisten them. "I don't know why you're that worried. It's not like any of our family are... bad, exactly. Nobody's ever done anything, I don't know, cruel to us or... you know?"

Kyle crossed his arms, huffing. "I know that, Stan. It's just... Thanksgiving with everyone is always bad enough, especially when my goddamn cousin is around, and we finally agreed to tell them, so... I guess I'm just a little keyed up right now."

"It'll be fine," Stan said assuredly. "And look. If things get unbelievably bad and you want to bail, we'll bail. But we need to make an attempt first."

He exhaled. "You're right." But the feeling of unease didn't subside, especially when they turned onto that country road that led to South Park. When they turned onto Avenue de los Mexicanos.

Stan parked the Jeep on the side of the street between their two houses. "Here we are," he announced, unbuckling his seatbelt. He wanted to lean over to kiss Kyle one last time, but Sheila was already slipping through the front door, waving at the two of them.

"I'll sneak the pie in later. It'll look better if I cover it in cling wrap. More convincing." Taking a deep breath, Kyle got out of the car, heading over to hug his mother.

"Bubbeh!" Sheila pulled him into a rib-crushing hug, like she hadn't seen him in a million years, when, in fact, he'd seen them just last month at Ike's choir concert (mercifully one of the last he'd have to attend, given that Ike would finally be earning his Bachelor's soon... at least Kyle hoped, because with the way Ike was slacking, it might take another four years at that rate). Just when Kyle thought he was going to pass out from the smell of his mother's liberally-applied Chanel No. 5 combined with the weight of her arms around his middle, she pulled back, and studied him intensely, clicking her tongue.

"You look thin," she said, narrowing her eyes. "You boys aren't trying to survive on ramen noodles like back in college, are you?"

Kyle rolled his eyes. "Ma," he started, "We're not fuc—"

"No, we're eating pretty good!" Stan chirped up, having just joined them with their suitcases in tow.

"Oh, hello, Stanley." She crossed over to him to give him a quick hug and peck on the cheek, which left a smear of red-orange lipstick. "You're looking..." She pursed her lips. "Very healthy."

Stan's cheeks tinged with pink at the comment. Maybe he'd put on a few pounds since he last saw her, but he was determined not to think of it too much. "Nice to see you too, Sheila."

"Oh! You didn't have to grab my bag, dude." When Kyle reached to take it off of Stan's hands, his fingers brushed against Stan's. It was a swift movement, one that Sheila didn't catch. "I'll go take this up to my room."

"Alright bubbeh, but hurry back over to Sharon's when you're done. You boys are very late, we've been waiting to have dinner."

Kyle was already walking toward the front door of his childhood home, leaving Stan to depart to his, but he didn't leave Stan hanging there, at least. "Yeah, sorry about that, Ma. Traffic in Breckenridge. Tourists not knowing how to drive, you know how it is."
This answer seemed to satisfy his mother, as she gave a nod, and disappeared into the house. Just as Kyle was about to walk Stan back to his car, to give him what he was sure would be the first of many quick, stolen kisses over the weekend, Sheila poked her head out of the door again. “Don’t forget the crumble, boys!”

"Shit," Kyle groaned as the door shut, his eyes rolling so hard that his head jerked along with them. After a quick glance around him, Stan patted Kyle on the shoulder, a gesture which, to any outsider, would just look like a friendly offer of comfort. By the way Stan’s hand lingered, then brushed against the back of his neck, Kyle at least knew it was much more.

“Okay, well, I guess I’ll see ya in a bit,” Stan said with a crooked smile, once they reached the car. His eyes focused upon Kyle’s lips, and, as his tongue darted out to moisten them, Kyle couldn’t help the split-second kiss that followed.

They'd celebrated Thanksgiving this way for years. At this point, Kyle wasn't sure when it happened, but somewhere in his childhood, his family stopped celebrating at his house, instead piling over at the neighbors'. He'd never had a complaint about that as a kid, because it meant sitting at the kids' table with Stan and Ike.

Sometimes that was ruined by Shelly existing, or by his awful cousin opting to spend the holiday with them. But for the most part, it was still worth it.

When he headed over, he braced himself for he'd come to expect: his parents, his brother, his cousin, Sharon, Stan, Shelly, and Randy in some sort of state of intoxication. But what he opened the door to was much worse.

He immediately wished he'd bothered to check his phone before entering, just in case there was some warning from Stan. But it was too late, and there was no option but to tackle this situation head-on.

Not that he had much of a choice. As soon as he stepped into the Marshes' living room, he acknowledged him. The only person who could've made this obligatory dinner even worse than his cousin.

"Oh, hi Kahl."

"What the fuck is he doing here?" Kyle gestured toward the hoggish man sprawled out on the couch. Not just that, looking like a pig in shit, leaning against—

"Don't be rude to my boyfriend, turd!"

“Oh, my fucking god!” Kyle nearly dropped his store-bought pecan pie on the floor at the shock.

"Kyle! You watch your language, young man!” Sheila’s mouth opened in forced shock, as if she hadn’t heard him utter profanities a million times before. She had a frilly, pink apron over her smart sweater dress and leggings, and set a dish down on the table, where Randy already sat with beer in hand, before turning her patented mom-glare toward him.
From the easy chair near the sofa, Ike, head buried in his phone and sporting a truly ridiculous- 
looking, overgrown beard, snorted. “Pretty sure we’re all adults here, mom.”

“Yeah! We’re all adults here!” Randy nearly shouted. “Hey.... Hey Sharon! Gimme another beer!”

"You've been drinking since this morning, Randy," Sharon began, and Kyle was sure there was a 
comment about him needing to slow down in there somewhere, but he couldn't concentrate on that 
impending disaster and the one that was right in front of him.

"Sorry Ma," Kyle said, for her benefit more than actually meaning it, before looking back over at 
Cartman. And Shelly. And how the fuck was he supposed to process this? Why was this piece of 
shit here on this particular Thanksgiving, the one where they were going to finally—

That couldn't happen.

He couldn't give Eric Fucking Cartman the benefit of being here to hear this firsthand. He shot 
Stan a look that he could only hope relayed just how much any confessions absolutely were not 
 happening.

"Well." He said, finally, through clenched teeth. "I'm going to take this into the kitchen. You two... 
 keep being disgusting, I guess."

Whether it was a good move or not, it was hard to say, because he was walking right into his 
mother's clutches. "Oh, Kyle, once you put that down, help me finish bringing the food out. We 
 already have the sitting arrangements sorted. You and Stanley are going to sit over there," she 
gestured after setting down some kind of casserole. "Next to your cousin."

Kyle felt his face going red, felt the familiar sensation of anger, along with anxious nausea, 
bubbling in his chest and stomach. He was a fraction of a second away from protesting against 
sitting next to his mouth-breathing weirdo of a cousin, when he felt the welcome weight of Stan’s 
hand clasped firmly on his shoulder.

“You’re ok, dude,” he mumbled, tossing a sidelong, but still radiant, glance and smile toward Kyle. 
“Let’s get the food out, ok? Mom! Where do you want the pie?”

"The counter's fine for now, Stan," came Sharon's reply.

Almost immediately, which was absolutely no surprise at all, Sheila immediately turned her 
attention to Kyle as her son set the pie on the counter. "What happened to the pumpkin crisp?"

"Oh, it—" For being a man who was sharp and quick-witted, Kyle found himself at a loss of 
words. It would've been easier to just tell the truth, but...

Fortunately, Stan was quick to jump in. "Kyle made the mistake of letting me have a taste and I 
just at it all." To which Sheila made a face, a pointed look at his gut, but said nothing more about 
it.

It hardly took much time at all to get the food out, and everyone took their seats at the table—
except for Gerald and Ike, who somehow got lucky enough to sit at card table that once served as 
the kids' table. What Kyle would've given to be there instead.
It would've been better than this. And it was already off to a great start.

"Stanley, why don't you carve the turkey," Sharon suggested, passing the carving knife and fork to her son.

Whether it was intended to set Randy off or not, it did. He stood up from his spot at the end of the table, directly the opposite of his wife. "What the fuck, Sharon. I'm still the man of this house, I can do it."

"Randy, you're staggering. Sit down."

“Sure, mom,” Stan said, his face contorting into something thoroughly confused. He rose to his feet and, with a shrug, took the carving knife and fork in hand.

It soon became apparent that everyone would’ve perhaps been better off had Sharon allowed a very drunk Randy to take on this task. When Stan and Kyle ate meat at home, it was always Kyle who prepared it, Stan making the claim that it was just too gross to handle.... and, naturally, had never carved a turkey in his life. Kyle watched with gritted teeth as Stan basically mutilated the poor thing, cutting it against the grain into large, misshapen chunks.

Naturally, it was Cartman who spoke up. “This turkey better be properly marinated, because someone is makin’ it look like crap!”

“Oh, please, you’d probably eat the whole thing even if it wasn’t cooked, fatass!” Kyle bit back immediately, unable to stop himself.

“Don’t talk to him like that, turd!”

"Oh, geez, can we not talk about fecal matter? I have a very weak stomach!” Kyle Schwartz quickly exclaimed as he served himself a hearty serving of potatoes before passing the serving dish along.

Cartman immediately chortled in a manner that made his chest and each of his chins jiggle. "Fuck, I can't, you're such a stereotypical ki— OW! What the hell, Kyle? Did you just kick me?"

"You better not bruise his gams, turd!"

Sharon pinched the bridge of her nose. "Can we just get through this dinner?"

"Stan, stop mutilating the bird and pass it down," Randy chimed in helpfully.

“Shelly, can you please pass that bottle of Riesling over here?” Sharon sounded as exasperated as Kyle felt.

“Oh, yes, some wine would be lovely. Bubbeh, did you bring some wine?”

Kyle made a strangled whine toward his mother. “You said we only had to bring the crumble—pie! The pie! And how come Ike and Dad get to sit over there?”

“Sucks to suck, doesn’t it,” Ike chimed in, taking a sip of the same type of beer Randy was imbibing, not taking his eyes off of whatever game he was playing on his iPhone.
“Ike Broflovski! What did I tell you about—“

“That kind of language, yeah, I know.” Ike arched his brow. “Everyone just, like, have some booze and chill the hell out.”

Stan watched Shelly pass the bottle to their mother, and as he passed the plate of turkey, he took his seat. "Do we need more wine? I don't mind running to the store to get some." The look Kyle shot him was one of betrayal.

"We should be fine," Sharon told him, nearly filling her glass to the rim. Manners were cast aside; the moment she was done, Kyle was reaching across Stan for the bottle as if his life depended upon it. "There's more we can pull out if needed."

Kyle filled his glass, filled Stan's, and dug into the wine before he bothered with his food. He just needed to calm his nerves. If Kenny were here, he'd get a Klonopin off of him, but this would work just as well. He just needed to drink enough.

And he'd started at just the right time. Conversation quieted for a few minutes once everyone had their food, but Cartman decided to break the silence. "So whattaya'll think about all the towelheads comin' up to invade us with the wetbacks?"

Immediately, the dining room was in an uproar.

Kyle drained his wine glass in one long gulp. It was then a volley of back-and-forth with Randy, who threw his silverware on the table with a clatter, pushed his chair back, and began yelling about America being the land of opportunity, goddamn it, that means for everyone! and Cartman, who continued stuffing his face through his drawled, half-formed racist rhetoric, with outraged noises of disdain rising from Sheila and cousin Kyle.

"We need more wine, going to the kitchen!" Stan suddenly rose to his feet, scampering into the other room and leaving Kyle in the dust.

Kyle's jaw dropped, staring at the back of his boyfriend's head as he disappeared into the kitchen. He lacked his own excuse for leaving, and he swore, if Stan didn't come back — but fortunately, he didn't have to finish that thought.

Because Stan did eventually return, with wine that couldn't get into Kyle's glass quickly enough. It was needed, between Randy and Cartman, and his cousin choosing then to tell him about how his eczema always flared up whenever he came out here.

"That's enough," Sharon said, deciding to be the loud voice of reason.

It was that tone that made Randy freeze and look over at her with wide eyes. "Sharon are you—"

"No! But I am tired of the arguing. No more talking, unless it's about something positive. It's Thanksgiving, for God's sake!"

The resulting lull in conversation, silent save for the clinking of silverware and the truly disgusting sounds of both cousin Kyle attempting to breathe through his mouth and chew at the same time, and Cartman making little moaning noises as he devoured his first plate, and then reached for another was...

Awkward didn’t begin to cover it. It was excruciating. The only solace was that Stan nudged Kyle’s
foot with his own, and then, after a cursory glance around the table, reached down to give his knee a squeeze. Kyle sighed, reaching for the bottle of wine to refill his glass.

“You know, it’s the weirdest thing.” The worst possible person chose to break the silence. “Usually I’m so bothered by dairy, because it makes this rash I have on my inner thighs really, really just terrible, real aggressive, like it starts oozing. But I can eat mashed potatoes with butter, and it doesn’t aggravate it at all!”

“Well, Kyle One, make sure not to scratch at it. It could get infected!” Sheila gave her favorite nephew an ear-to-ear smile, and Kyle balked, both at the topic, and the fact that she still used that nickname.

“Oh, holy shit, I can’t believe you invited—“

Whatever insult Cartman was about to hurl at Kyle Schwartz was interrupted by Stan, loudly clearing his throat, taking a long sip of the beer he’d at some point switched to, and saying, “So. Um. Kyle and I have something to tell you guys. It’s pretty important, so don’t freak out, okay?“

Kyle’s heart rate accelerated, panic coursed through him. Did Stan not understand the look he’d given him earlier? The one that very obviously said we can’t mention this around Fatass?

“What, you admitting to being a couple’a fags?”

This couldn't be how it was going to go down. Kyle wasn't going to allow it, so he quickly spoke up in effort salvage the situation. "We might be moving into a bigger apartment. So Stan's girlfriend can stay over."

Stan kicked him, and Kyle did his best to hide his grimace as he kicked him back.

"Oooh, shit. Stan, you dog! Look at you, gettin' laid." Randy said through a mouthful of green bean casserole. "Is she hot?"

He wasn't prepared to answer this question, that much was obvious, but he tried his best. "Yeah. She's got. Uh. Really big boobs."

Both Gerald and Randy responded in unison: "Nice."

Kyle kicked him again, really digging into his shin with the toe of his socked foot — of course, Sharon had insisted they remove their shoes before coming into the living room — and Stan responded by wrapping his own foot around Kyle’s, pulling his ankle between Stan’s calves, and squeezing. Kyle had to grit his teeth as he stabbed at his plate of food, and tried to extract his leg as carefully as he could, without making it obvious.

Stan was having none of that. His grip was steadfast and, what’s more, he dropped his fork, taking a sip of beer as pretense, and reached down to pinch Kyle’s leg, causing him to choke on a mouthful of stuffing.

“What does she, like, do or whatever?” Shelly glared at her brother.

“She’s uhhh.” All eyes were on Stan as he frantically tried to come up with something. “She works IT at a dispensary?”
Kyle squeezed Stan’s hand hard enough to bruise. Stan yelped, quickly coughing to try and cover it up.

“Oh, well, isn’t that great! That’s what Kyle does, too! Do you know her, Bubbeh?”

"My job's not exactly unique, Ma—"

"You know, Kyle, your career, if we can call it that, really isn't viable in the long-term. What are you going to do if Utah legalizes? You'd be obsolete." The last thing he ever wanted was for his cousin of all people to talk down to him like this.

He gritted his teeth, and when his hand rested on Stan's thigh, it was with a tight squeeze that channeled just how frustrated he felt. "Good thing my field isn't weed, otherwise that would be a problem, huh."

"I'm just saying, Kyle Two—"

"Don’t call me that."

―Kyle Two,‖ his cousin continued, sipping at his wine with his fucking pinky up. “What are prospective employers going to think when your resumé is all cannabis-related? It's not too late to go to law school, like uncle Gerald.”

Kyle dug his hand into Stan’s thigh, dragging his thumb against the soft fabric of his well-worn jeans. “I don’t want to go to law school; information technology is always going to be—“

"Yanno, Kyle,‖ Gerald piped up, “There’d always be a job at the firm for you.”

Kyle exhaled raggedly, continuing to massage against Stan’s leg. “Whatever, yeah, maybe someday.” It was best not to engage them. It was best to just pick his battles, and right now, the battle seemed to be Stan reaching a little too high on Kyle’s leg. He swatted at his boyfriend’s hand.

Stan patted his thigh, lifting that hand to join the other at the table to continue picking at his food. It took a valiant effort to ignore just what Kyle’s hand was doing to him. He knew that right now, he was essentially a stress ball for Kyle, but he couldn't help but hope that Kyle's hand would just move a little bit upward...

"Just say the word, Kyle," Gerald pressed, and it took everything within Kyle not to snap.

His hand nudged upward, the side of his hand brushing against the tip of Stan's dick. But instead of moving his hand away, Kyle's hand moved over it, running over the length of it through his jeans. Stan struggled to keep his face straight and focus on his food, but it was a feat he doubted he could accomplish.

Randy didn't seem to notice, and jumped back into the conversation. "Tell me more about this girlfriend, Stan. Why didn't you bring her around?"

"Oh—um. She had plans already."

Kyle sucked on his cheeks to hold back his laugh, as he gave Stan’s cock a squeeze, feeling him begin to harden under his touch. With the way Stan was already getting flustered, face flushing and
eyes widening, this was going to be some sweet, sweet payback for bringing up their coming out at all.

The best part was, nobody even seemed to notice, all family members busy with food and drink. Not a brow was raised in their direction, so Kyle concentrated on keeping his upper arm and shoulder as still as he could, and rubbed his palm against Stan’s half-chub.

“Oh, shit, that sucks.” Randy cracked open the beer he’d had on reserve. “What’s her name?”

Stan swallowed thickly, voice coming out in a yelp. “Uh, shit. Jack... Jacqueline!”

“So how big's her dick, Stan, 'cause we all know you're not a pitcher,” Cartman chimed in.

"Whoa, hey," Randy pointed his finger in Cartman's direction, words slurring. "My boy was a pitcher the whole time he played baseball."

Kyle's face was burning, the wine hitting him just enough that it was almost easy to zone all of this out. Keeping a deadpan expression, he ate a bit of turkey, moving his hand away from Stan's cock to the waistline of his jeans. It took a bit of effort, but after a moment he managed to get the button undone.

The zipper was something else entirely, but Stan seemed to be along the same line of thought, as he bent over his plate, throwing himself into a coughing fit, as Kyle made quick work of the zipper, shoving his hand under Stan's underwear.

Stan’s cock throbbed the moment Kyle wrapped his fingers around the shaft, moving in impossibly slow, languid pumps to bring him to full hardness, while Stan nibbled on a roll dipped in gravy. He chewed slowly, and deliberately, as if he would choke if he took too full a bite.

Randy scraped his empty plate with the side of his fork. "Shelly!"

Kyle tried not to look too closely to the scene in front of him, lest he literally vomit right there. Shelly's arm was draped over Eric's meaty shoulders, the sharp, pointy acrylics on her hand digging little indents into the corpulent flesh underneath his hoodie. Fucking gross. "What." With a snarl of her upper lip, showing off her straight teeth which were probably the only attractive thing about the girl, she turned her glare to her father.

"Shelly! Go get the pie! Take your, um, your boyfriend with you, looks like he needs the exercise.”

Kyle moved his hand up to the head of Stan's cock, running his thumb over the tip as if in celebration of Cartman departing their table, if only for a moment.

They'd still gone unnoticed, but Kyle was careful. Keeping an eye on everyone else, he moved his hand only when he was absolutely certain that there weren't eyes on him. That was even easier once Shelly and Cartman returned with the store-bought pie.

In the following moments, the pie got passed around, and all it took was one bite of her pie before Sheila was calling Kyle. "Kyle, this isn't how I taught you to make pie crust. You used far too much butter."

Kyle swallowed, stealthily moving his hand over Stan's cock still. "Oh, uh. Stan made that pie."

"Did you." Sharon's tone was clipped as she washed down a bite of pie with white wine, narrowing
her eyes in his direction.

And, all of a sudden, the attention was back on Stan. He stared down at his pie, sure that if he'd look away, if he tried to talk, a conspicuous moan would come forth from his lips. Nodding quickly, he picked up his fork, and poked at the gelatinous substance underneath the crunchy layer of pecans.

"This ain't some vegan hippie pie, is it?" Cartman asked, nonetheless shoveling bites in his mouth like he was a starving child. "Shit, dude, this is pretty sweet. You really made this? I call bullshit."

It was then that Kyle moved his hand lower, ghosting his fingertips over the velvet, fuzzy softness of Stan's balls.

"Oh, fuck yes!" Stan gasped out, bucking his hips, then immediately cutting himself off with a strangled squeak. "I, um, fuck yeah, dude, I, mm, I made the pie," he quickly added, breath coming in gasps as Kyle gently tugged on his sack.

Shelly stared at Stan, scowling across the table at her brother, who was flushed and working up a sweat. "What the hell's wrong with you?"

"Yeah, Stan," Kyle added. "Are you okay?" He feigned concern as his fingers massaged his balls with intent.

Stan did his best not to moan, he did, really. "I'm fine."

The sound of a fist slamming on the table was enough to draw the eyes from him at least. But it wasn't a sound that existed for no reason; it was Sharon at her wit's end. "Stanley, that's enough. If you're going to mess around with your boyfriend, at least have the decency to do it in your bedroom."

"What-what-what!" Sheila led the resulting chaos, the room filling with nearly as much chatter and shock that filled the dining room during the incident that would, for years to come, cause this day to be referred to — by Stan, at least — as That One Thanksgiving Where Cartman Tried to Fight My Dad.

"Holy fucking shit, I knew you two were faggin' out!" Cartman cackled, clapping Shelly on the shoulder hard enough for her to lurch forward, bumping into the table and causing all of the dishes spread across Sharon's Thanksgiving-themed tablecloth to clang against each other.

It was a scramble for Kyle to yank his hand out of Stan's underwear like his dick had suddenly caught fire, and for Stan to zip up his pants, both men beet red with embarrassment, unable to meet anyone's eyes. As if they'd planned it, both took a long, much-needed drink, slamming their respective beverages back onto the table at almost exactly the same time.

There was the disaster Kyle had predicted, and then there was this. Holy fucking shit was right.

"Wait, what? What's goin' on?" Randy jerked his head up, having begun to nod off in a drunken stupor. He gave his bleary, unfocused eyes a rub with his knuckles. "Shelly! What're you doin' with that, ah, fat boy?"

"Ay!"
Cousin Kyle gingerly set down his fork, pushing his half-eaten slice of pie away from him with a sour expression. "Oh, no, not Shelly. Kyle Two was over here rubbing Stanley's penis, Mr. Marsh. And is this pie disagreeing with anyone else?"

It took Randy longer than it might have otherwise to process all of this. "What about Jac—Jackie? With the big tiddies?"

Stan wrung his hands. "I don't actually have a girlfriend, dad."

That, of all times, was when Ike decided to join the conversation. "Yeah, they're dating. Been fucking since I was in middle school, like every time they had sleepovers. Sometimes they'd sneak each other in. Imagine, being a young, innocent middle schooler, having to hear that shit all the time. Stan moans like a little—"

"IKE, SHUT UP." Kyle all but shrieked.

The younger of the Broflovski brothers merely shrugged. "You're the one who stopped buying my silence."

Stan pinched his nose. "Well. Happy Thanksgiving, I guess."
day 23: style ( Master/slave )

Chapter Summary

day 23 | style | Master/slave

The Elf King and his faithful right hand man play a game.

cw: rough sex, gagging,

It was a game.

It always was, one that had gone on for quite some time. Because the king actually prided himself in self-sufficiency. He didn't truly need help drawing a bath. Or washing his hair. Or dressing.

But periodically, the signs would be there. The quirk of a brow, the tilt of his head just so, a subtle expression that told Stan Marshwalker everything he needed to know: that the elf king wanted his hands on him, wanted him to touch him in a way he allowed no other.

Every time, Stan could feel his heart beating faster, could feel its reverberation up to his ears and throughout his body. His mouth went dry, as if he were a parched man without a canteen in the desert. His hands sweated, and before he ever dared to move closer, he wiped his hands off on his britches.

Never, ever did he say no. If he wanted to, he could have. But it was an honor and a privilege to service the king in this way. And more than that, on a personal level, he wanted this for himself. The pride in knowing that he was the only one permitted to do any of this.

He protected him with his life, and always would, but he'd also give anything to spend the rest of his life running a washcloth over the king's pale back, to feel those long fingers in hair, to feel him brushing against the back of his throat.

Now was no different. Apart from the sentry at their posts, the castle was asleep. Except for them; Kyle insisted on late nights and Stan was reluctant to part ways until he was dismissed.

He almost thought that would be the case, given the darkness around Kyle's eyes, the waning of the oil lamp. But that wasn't the case; Kyle gave him that look that immediately had Stan feeling like he was going to die if he didn't get his hands on his king soon.

In the privacy of the king's quarters, there was little to worry about being seen. Kyle stood there by his desk expectantly, and Stan, still in his full armor, cleared the distance between them, smoothing his hands over his chest, making quick work of the layers of fine clothing.

The dwindling lamplight cast an ethereal glow upon the king's pale skin as Stan peeled off Kyle's delicately-embroidered robe, allowing it to gather around his feet like a lush, velveteen pool, and then his tunic. He took a moment to caress the length of Kyle's lithe torso, soft skin warm
underneath Stan's calloused hands, rubbing his thumbs against the hardening, pink nubs of his nipples, to which the king emitted a pleased, muted hum, emerald eyes fluttering shut for but a moment, mouth opening a mere fraction.

Just as Stan was working on the clasp at Kyle's trousers, he was halted. The king grasped him by the wrist, nails digging into Stan's flesh. "My lord?" Stan asked, blue eyes going saucer-wide, darting up to meet Kyle's own. A near-imperceptible expression graced his face. There was arousal, of course, evident in the darkness of his blown pupils, but it was clouded by a furrowed brow, by lips held in a thin line. Worry, perhaps; anger, possibly. Whatever the meaning of the expression, it caused Stan's heart to stutter.

"My lord, is something the matter?"

Kyle hummed, it carrying no traces of the contented noise from mere seconds ago. "Marshwalker." The king spoke clearly as always, his articulate, even voice just over a murmur. "You are aware, I assume, that there is a specific manner in which you are to address me, to interact with me whilst at council, correct?"

"Of course." Stan's reply came quickly, brows furrowing as he watched his king with trepidation. "I always strive to conduct myself in an appropriate manner--"

"You didn't. Not this time." His tone was clipped, his words harsh. It wasn't often that Stan was on the bad side of the king's temper, and while this was far from the explosive outrage that he'd seen in the past, it still didn't feel great. To know he'd disappointed his king.

He worried on his bottom lip. "What did I do?" What could he do to fix it?

"You looked at me like you were a puppy. You cannot gaze upon me with that sort of regard." Like there were feelings involved. "Anyone could have seen."

"Well, you--" Stan stopped himself before he could begin. Well, you look at me the same way.

Stan was free to express himself, of course, but always endeavored for a certain decorum around his king when they were playing their game. He could say it later. He could tell Kyle that he knew Kyle enjoyed the way Stan looked at him, he knew there existed between them an affection that went far beyond that of a liege and his lord. It was an affection, an attraction, that they were free to act upon behind closed doors.

But, only then. There could not exist a true partnership between an elf and a human in the land of Zaron, for there would come a day that Stan's mortality would catch up to him. There would come a day that Kyle would be left behind. They had to be content with this, exactly the way it existed in that moment.

Kyle regarded him with an arch of his slender, red brow. "Are you backtalking your king, Marshwalker?" There was an obvious hint of amusement in his voice.

"No, my lord. I didn't finish the thought."

Kyle chuckled derisively. "Remove your armor," he commanded with a resolute nod.

"As you command," Stan quipped, taking a step back as he took off his armor, piece by piece. The armor piled on the floor by his feet, until only his underclothes remained. "Should I remove this
The king didn't respond verbally. Instead it came from a swift movement, and the crisp sound of the back of his hand connecting with Stan's cheek echoed through the air. "I didn't give you permission to speak, Marshwalker."

Stan's eyes fell to the ground, intent on keeping up with the game, with feeling ashamed, as if the sudden, sharp pain didn't make all the blood rush to his cock. As if he wasn't up for whatever punishment Kyle had before him before he shoved him down onto his knees.

But that didn't happen. Kyle tugged him closer, tugging his robes over his shoulders, pulling it off of him. "You're going to be punished for disrespecting me today, Marshwalker. What to you have to say about it?"

Stan licked his lips, suppressing the groan in the back of his throat as Kyle's nails scraped over his pert nipples. "I deserve it, my lord."

"You do," Kyle agreed. He leaned close, lips brushing against the side of Stan's neck. That earthy scent, of the forests and pine, that scent that was Kyle invaded his nostrils, and Stan was certain he nearly whimpered when Kyle's teeth bit into his flesh. "I know what you want. You want to be on your knees, want me to fuck your mouth, don't you."

That groan wasn't one that Stan could suppress. It was low and desperate as he nodded. "Yes."

"Which is why you're not getting it."

Stan released a whine loud enough that it echoed off the stone walls of the king's quarters, reaching out as if to grasp, to cling to Kyle, desperate for the feeling of warmth and rightness that came with chest-to-chest, full body contact with his lord. Kyle caught on, immediately grasping Stan's wrists, wrenching his arms behind his back in one swift motion.

"You are not to touch me without permission, understood?" Kyle's emerald eyes blazed, flashing mischievous arousal. There was a hint of anger, yes, but it lacked real heat. Stan knew well enough that Kyle wouldn't punish him out of actual rage.

Nevertheless, Stan trembled, arching his back and purposefully jerking his wrists in a half-hearted attempt to break free of Kyle's grasp. Kyle was so, so close, close enough to feel the heat of his body despite the fraction of space between them, close enough for Stan to smell his arousal.

"Understood?" Kyle repeated, leaning forward so that his lips only just brushed against Stan's, but pulling back at the last second, before they could truly kiss.

"Yes, my lord." Stan's voice came as a throaty whisper. His head was slightly bowed, but his round blue eyes glanced upwards just in time to see Kyle's brow arch.

"Your lord?" Kyle's voice was husky, low, and commanding in its smoothness.

Stan's lower lip caught on his teeth as he reflexively opened his mouth in a gasp. "My Master."

"Good boy," Kyle praised him, flitting his gaze over him. For a moment, he didn't say anything more, and Stan felt that gaze on him. Those piercing eyes that could see right through him. Fuck, did it make his cock throb.
He knew better than to move, than to speak or even look up at him before he was addressed again. Kyle loved making him squirm, and that's exactly what happened.

"Get on my bed, Marshwalker. On your stomach."

Stan obeyed, climbing onto the down feather mattress. He was barely there long at all before Kyle was following him, straddling his back while fastening Stan's wrists to the headboard.

The warm smoothness of Kyle’s erection pressed against his back. Wanting so desperately to feel his cock slide between his cheeks, all Stan could do was shut his eyes and breathe deeply in effort to be still, to refrain from hitching up his hips in effort to coax him downward. Stan had not yet been commanded; while at the mercy of the king, he knew with certainty that disobedience, that letting on just how badly he needed Kyle to drive into him, impossibly hard and rough, would result in the opposite.

Kyle dragged his well-maintained nails along Stan’s spine, causing Stan to shiver, to pull against his binds. Then, he leaned forward, laving his tongue against the shell of Stan’s ear. The resultant moan from Stan’s lips was unavoidable.

“You seem to believe that you are permitted to speak out of turn. That you are allowed to do as you please, at your leisure, as if you don’t answer to your king.” Kyle punctuated his words with a sharp bite to the side of Stan’s neck, which would surely leave a mark.

“My lord, I—"

“No.” He ended Stan’s protestation as quickly as it began, yanking on the back of Stan’s hair to wrench back his head, and unceremoniously shoved two fingers into Stan’s open mouth. Stan moaned around them, swirling his tongue as he would were he worshipping the other man’s cock.

Kyle pressed his fingers further back, not relenting until he felt Stan gag around them. After a moment, he had the graciousness to remove them, instead grabbing a sash from one of his robes to shove into Stan’s mouth before reaching for the artisanal oil.

"You're going to learn not to be so insolent,” Kyle told him, his words low and husky, and as he pushed oil-and-saliva slick fingers inside of him, it was without the gentleness he might've otherwise had.

Stan's groans were muted, muffled around the fabric of the sash. He could easily spit it out, but he wouldn't dare, not only because he shuddered to think of the days, weeks of punishment and denial that would follow, but because he wanted it. He craved it. While he was the Elf King's sworn protector, ever ready to defend him, he was expected to be nothing but stable, capable, and strong. It was moments like this, where he could truly let himself go, where he could shed his carefully-constructed persona of brawny fortitude, moments with his King, his lover, his Master that he cherished above all.

He needed it.

Deft fingers buried to the hilt assailed Stan's prostate, curving into him at precisely the correct angle to make his vision go hazy, his neglected cock to throb, and his hips to buck upwards, circling in a grind against Kyle's hand. The king brought his other palm upon the curve of Stan's ass, instantaneously beating down a barrage of sharp, unrelenting blows.
Eyes rolling back in his head, Stan gritted his jaw, the fabric of the gag being the only thing stopping his teeth from grinding together. The pain was razor-sharp, yet, mixed with the exquisite pleasure of Kyle's fingers inside of him, it only served to deepen Stan's arousal. Heat pooled in his stomach, across his back, blossoming atop his neck and all the way up to the tips of his ears.

"I'm not going to continue your punishment in this manner." Above Stan, Kyle sounded as if he was trying with all his might to keep his own composure in check, to hold back just as loud a moan as Stan. "It's simply too predictable, don't you think?" His final slap to Stan's ass was hardest of all, causing it to radiate tingles in the aftershock, the cool air of Kyle's chambers so soothing against his flesh that it was near painful.

Stan frantically nodded his head. "Mmhhf," was all he could get out.

Kyle removed his fingers from Stan's ass, having deemed him stretched sufficiently. "You're not going to get off until I tell you that you may." He waited until he saw a nod from Stan before he shifted off of him, spreading his thighs enough that it made his muscles burn.

Stan's groan was muffled by the makeshift gag, listening to the sounds of his king moving behind him. He couldn't see him, but he could hear the sound of Kyle slicking his cock down, could feel his shifting on the mattress well before he spread Stan's asscheeks. He spread them open and pushed himself in, a fluid motion.

Little time was spent on allowing either of them to adjust; Kyle quickly built up a rough pace, mercilessly laying into him as he gripped the back of Stan's neck, pressing his face into the pillow.

Kyle hitched Stan's hips upwards, then reached around to firmly grasp at Stan's erection, pumping him with an oil-slicked hand in tandem with the unrelenting rhythm of his thrusts, and Stan was positive that he would not be able to hold on, not for one second. In an attempt to signal this to Kyle, he turned his head to the side, taking in a sharp breath through his nose, and cast his eyes in the direction of his king.

There was but a moment he was able to do so, and the look on Kyle's face, one of pure concentration combined with overwhelming lust was almost more than he could handle. Kyle bit his bottom lip, the upper curling into a sly, playful scowl, and it was then that he shoved Stan's face roughly into the pillow once more, while simultaneously pulling his hand off of Stan's cock.

"Not yet, I've only just started, Marshwalker."

A low moan escaped his throat, and Stan merely buried his face into the pillow. He felt the loss of Kyle's hand keenly, but he knew better than to let on about it. To indicate at all that he missed it beyond the sound he'd made.

But it made it even more unbearable in the best way. Untouched for now, focusing only how Kyle pounded into him. The slap of skin on skin, the grunts and groans Kyle made, it was overwhelming. It was hot.

Stan took a gasping, gulping breath when Kyle, without warning, yanked the sash from his mouth, tossing it across his chamber in time with an outward thrust, only the tip of his cock inside Stan’s entrance. A steady grip on Stan’s ass held him down, prevented him from jerking backwards against Kyle. “I want to hear you,” Kyle panted, “To hear you scream, to--” he plunged himself hard, and so deep into Stan, grinding his hips in a circle-- “To hear you speak to me how you
should.” Kyle’s hand returned to his cock, thumb circling against the leaking tip.

Stan keened, his moan turning into a high-pitched, near animalistic growl as Kyle began to pump him, quick and unyielding. Finding the words Kyle wanted to hear would be impossible, not while attempting to ward off his impending, inevitable orgasm. “Yes, Master,” he choked out as best he could.

Atop him, it was evident that Kyle was holding back, his breath coming in stuttered, heaving gasps and thrusts slow and deep as he continued his ministrations upon Stan’s aching cock. “You want to come, don’t you?”

Just that question alone caused a fire in Stan’s belly. His toes curled into the plush bed coverings as he nodded, vigorously. “Yes, Master, please, god, please let me come, let me--”

His head was wrenched back, and his mouth was captured in the deepest kiss Kyle could manage to give him, considering the angle, a paradoxical sensation against the sudden loss of contact upon Stan’s erection. “No,” Kyle whispered against his mouth, and increased the speed, the ferocity of his thrusts, filling the room with the filthy, base sounds of skin-on-skin.

Kyle was relentless, and despite his efforts, Stan couldn’t hold out as long as he knew Kyle wanted. His loud moan as he came cut through the air and his hips jerked as he rutted against the mattress.

It elicited a growl from Kyle, who managed to find it in him to fuck him harder. “Just because you're finished doesn't mean I am.”

It was torture; Kyle was relentless, fucking him hard and fast even after he felt so drained and raw. In no time at all, it felt unbearable. Stan was left groaning, edging into discomfort as the aftershocks of his orgasm faded away. But he didn’t complain, didn’t do anything to displease his king. And then, eventually, he earned Kyle’s release.

Kyle’s hands dig into his hips, his teeth latching onto his shoulder as he fucked his orgasm out of himself, hips only slowing once he was soft. He pulled out and rolled over after that, untying Stan’s wrists as he sank back against the headboard. “You’ve earned sleeping in the bed,” he told Stan, with a wry quirk of his lips.

Stan flexed his hands, and rubbed his wrists, before turning onto his side, and wrapping his arms around Kyle. Despite his heart pounding against his chest, which was still heaving with deep breaths, he laughed lightly. As if Kyle wouldn’t let him sleep on the bed. He knew quite well that any threat indicating otherwise was just for show. “Thank you so very much, Master,” he replied, sarcasm evident.

“Mm,” Kyle responded, leaning over to kiss him as he cupped his cheek.
day 24: stendy ( pegging )

Chapter Summary

day 24 | stendy | pegging

Wendy pegs Stan. There's not really a plot here.

"Your ass is mine tonight." She whispered the words into the shell of his ear as she passed him, slapping his bottom as she passed. It was the first thing she said to him upon coming home, and it was sexy.

Stan watched her head into the kitchen to pour them both glasses of wine, something red and fruity. Wendy brought one of the glasses over to him, which he accepted, looking over his girlfriend and her sleek and fashionable suit. It was professional, business formal, but it clung to her in just the right ways.

"Yeah?" He said, taking a sip of the wine. "You're so good with your cock, babe, I can't wait--"

Wendy pressed her index finger against his lips, smirking at his eagerness. "Drink up, Stanley, I want you relaxed."

One glass turned into two, which turned into three and then another bottle was opened, during which he and Wendy migrated to their couch and turned on the news program Wendy enjoyed watching each Friday evening. Wendy, having changed into her usual evening attire of yoga pants and an old sweatshirt of Stan's, her hair tied into a messy bun atop her head, stretched out her legs down the length of the couch, resting them in Stan's lap.

It would be the perfect picture of domestic bliss, were it not for Wendy driving him crazy with want as she lazily pressed the arch of her foot against the swelling erection in Stan's lounge pants. She wasn't paying him any particular mind; her gaze was focused upon the television, but the sly smirk on her lips betrayed what she was really thinking about. And, it was maddening.

The show ended and it was only then that she looked over at him properly, stretching her legs out, rubbing her foot against his crotch more firmly. Stan swallowed thickly, licking his lips as they held eye contact.

Wendy didn't say anything when she stood and headed to their bedroom. But she didn't need to; the half turn, the curl of her finger, beckoning him to follow, was more than enough. Stan nearly tripped over himself as he followed, and as soon as he caught up with her, wrapping his arms around her waist from behind, pressing a kiss to the side of her neck.

She responded in kind, running her slender, nimble hands up the back of Stan's shirt as she attached her lips to the space where his neck and shoulder met. Her kiss was urgent and deliberate — just like in every other aspect of Wendy’s life, she meant business.

She lifted the hem of his shirt, breaking the contact of her lips on his skin for a mere moment to pull it over his head before she was back at it. This time, her kisses were accompanied by teeth, by
her tongue swirling patterns on the flesh of Stan’s shoulder, by her lips sucking small marks onto
him.

Stan's hands slid down her sides, hands sliding under the hem of her sweats. He squeezed her ass,
but only had a moment to indulge before she pulled away, moving to their closet to dig into their
toybox. "Told you, your ass in mine, Stan."

She glanced over at him from the walk-in. "Take your clothes off."

“You first!” Stan countered, playfully.

This was met with a clear, bright laugh as Wendy glanced over her shoulder. Without saying a
word, she turned around, shucking off her sweatshirt and tossing it across the room. Underneath,
she wore a purple sports bra that accentuated her trim waist and strong shoulders. Her pants
followed.

"Nice." Stan's reply was the same sort of stupid comment he’d made when they were teenagers, as
if he hadn't seen her naked hundreds of times. Still keeping his gaze on her, he made quick work of
his clothes.

Wendy only came over once she had her strap-on fastened, and Stan felt his cock throb as he
observed her approach. Hooking one arm around his neck, she pulled him into one more fervent
kiss before pushing him onto the mattress.

"Hands and knees, baby," she told him, and he was more than happy to oblige.

Stan rested his chin on his arms, ass raised proudly into the air, grinning blissfully as he listened to
the familiar sound of Wendy rifling through her bedside table for the lube, then the click of the
cap. He tossed his head back with a contented sigh when he felt the drizzle of the cool, slippery
liquid hit his ass, and relished in the wet noise of Wendy slicking her fingers.

“Ready?” Wendy’s voice had taken on a harsh, yet teasing edge that went straight to Stan’s dick.

"I'm always ready for you, Wendy. You're so hot, so beautiful, you're so good with your-- ah. " His
rambling was cut off by Wendy's fingers pressed in, wasting no time in brushing against his
prostate. His back arched, shifting back against her fingers.

Wendy chuckled, stroking along inside him in the ways that had him keening. "You really are."
She added a third finger, fucking him with her fingers. "Are you ready for more, you filthy boy?"

Too lost in the sensation of Wendy's fingers deliberately favoring his prostate, combined with the
rush of slight, yet satisfying humiliation in his chest at her words, Stan found himself unable to
form a proper reply. Instead, he writhed against her, wiggling his ass so she could go just as deep
as he wanted and emitting a satisfied whine of a moan.

"Taking that as a yes," quipped Wendy. Stan felt the bed shift beneath him as Wendy knelt, and
then her body was draped across his broad back, her lips sucking and nipping at the nape of his
neck.

The way she felt against him, the way she shifted, Stan knew she was positioning the strap-on, and
in the following moment, she pushed in, slow and steady. Stan moaned, pushing back against her as
the toy entered him to the hilt.
"That's good, Wendy. So good--" He clenched his eyes shut, focusing on the feeling of her hips moving, the toy moving in and out of him.

Grasping tightly onto Stan's hips, Wendy draped her body across him, breasts brushing against Stan's back as she pumped in and out of him in slow, heaving thrusts. Between the curve of the toy hitting his prostate perfectly with every thrust -- he could tell, by feel alone, that she'd selected his favorite that evening, the smooth, shiny blue one -- and the feeling of her teeth and lips pulling on his earlobe, Stan couldn't hold back his high, trembling moan.

"Like it, baby?" Keeping one of her hands on his pelvis, she slid her other one up Stan's torso, thin fingers raking through his chest hair to settle upon and pinch one of his nipples.

"Mhm, yeah," he nodded, licking his lips. "So good. The best. You're fucking me so good, baby. Just like that, just like-- mmph fuck, Wendy."

As if she wasn't driving him crazy enough, Wendy slid her hand down, wrapping it around his cock. She pumped him in time with her thrusts, grip firm, thumb rubbing over the tip. It was amazing, it was perfect, it was--

"Come for me, Stanley."

It was over far, far too quickly for Stan's liking, but there was just something about Wendy commanding him, telling him that was what she wanted from him...

"Fuck, Wendy," Stan cried out, screwing his eyes shut as, without warning, shuddering release wracked through his body. He shot into Wendy's hand, which continued its deliberate strokes, milking his orgasm out of him, which felt so fucking amazing combined with the toy pressed against his prostate that it was frustrating, nearly painful.

She continued moving, thrusting into him throughout his orgasm, only slowing her pace and pulling out of him once his cock got soft in her hand. Stan groaned as she did, and rolled over onto his back. He reached out, running his hand along her thigh as she fussed with the strap-on.

"You can sit on my face, babe, you know I'm good for it," he told her, offering her a lopsided grin.

She leaned over, pressing a kiss to his forehead. "Let's take a shower and you can do whatever you want to me."
day 25: clybe ( boot worship )

Chapter Summary

day 25 l clybe l boot worship

Bebe buys a pair of boots and Clyde's into it.

He never expected to see her again.

Four years had passed, and during that time they went separate ways, didn't keep in touch. There hadn't been a reason to, which was sad, but Clyde had told himself, told everyone else, that he was over it. She was living her best life, and he took over his dad's shoe store.

But she was here, as beautiful as ever, and Clyde was more than aware that she still took his breath away. But he couldn't give into that feeling. The butterflies in his stomach. He had to play it cool. He could do that.

Chest puffed, he walked over, leaning against one of shoe displays, assuming his best cool guy pose, giving her one of those little head nods. "Hey Bebe." So what if he proceeded to knock said display over? She quirked a brow at him, but she also smiled and Clyde was so sure his heart was going to just burst out of his chest. Kind of like an alien, but in a romantic way. "What can I do you fo---can I help you with something."

"Hi, Clyde. Was hoping you'd be here." Bebe's smile was somehow more beautiful than he'd ever remembered. The lush red of her lipstick framed her teeth perfectly, making them shine a radiant white, and Clyde totally got a bunch more butterflies in his stomach. It was a whole damn swarm of butterflies, like those videos he watched in high school science class about the monarch migrations where they'd all flutter out of a tree in one giant mass. And if he kept grinning the way he was grinning in return, he was sure his face would just fall right off his head.

"Totally!" His voice rose an octave, practically to a squeal. So much for playing it cool.

"I was just kinda looking around. It looks different here. Better different!" Bebe's brows rose for a split second, as if embarrassed. "How long have you been in charge?"

"About a year," he said. Clyde was hopeless, he knew that, but he still didn't want to completely embarrass himself in front of The One That Got Away™. "Dad promoted me to manager after I got my business associate's." But that wasn't cool. It really wasn't, not when she was probably off somewhere where all the hot guys had fucking PhDs in being awesome and not totally lame. "But I'm taking night classes too."

Bebe looked over the boots, but when she spoke, she looked over at him, smiling that smile that always devastated him. "That's great, Clyde! I'm glad to hear it."

She was glad, and Clyde felt over the moon. "So... you're looking at getting new boots? Those ones right there, they'd be great. You've got the calves for them." He paused. "I mean. Yeah that's what I said, but I didn't mean to be object-i-flyin' or nothin!'"
Bebe laughed, shaking her head. "You're fine, Clyde." After a little more perusing, she pulled a box from the shelf and sat down on a nearby bench to try them on.

Clyde made a concerted effort not to stare too much, to straighten up boxes that didn't need to be straightened. "Do you like them?" He asked, once she was standing, walking toward a full-length mirror to appraise.

"I do. I think I'll get them!"

He ushered her over to the register, using the box to ring her up. The transaction was completed, and he loaded the box up with her old shoes. She would leave, then, Clyde knew, so he tried to muster up his nerves to ask her--

"Is there an old friends discount?"

His brows furrowed, staring over at her in confusion. "You already paid."

Bebe lifted herself, sitting on the counter as she swung her legs around the side so she could look at Clyde directly. "I know. And I don't actually want a discount." She reached over, dragging one of her long, manicured fingernails along his jaw. "But I'm not dumb. I saw how you were watching me, and I wasn't confident that you'd actually say anything. It seemed the best way to catch you off guard."

Clyde could feel his cheeks burn. "Well, it worked." He swallowed thickly. "I was wondering if you'd like to get drinks. Or dinner. Or something!"

Bebe hummed, swinging her legs gently. Clyde couldn't help but slide his hands over her calves. They were right there. "You like my new boots?"

"Huh? Yeah they're se-- they're nice, but that's not what we were talking--"

"I'll tell you what. Show me how much you like them, and I'll go to dinner with you."

"Am I pickin' up what you're puttin' down?" Clyde asked, with a crooked smile that he hoped did not betray the thumping of his heart and the giddy, floating feeling in his head.

Bebe laughed. Damn did Clyde ever miss that laugh, the way those bright blue eyes lit up like a Christmas tree, that smile. She crossed her legs at the knee, smoothly and purposefully, and did a little circle motion with the toe of her knee-high boot, almost like she was beckoning him.

He dropped to his knees, right behind the counter, no further questions needed.

When he looked up at her for the briefest moment, she quirked her brow, giving him that look that always hit him square in the dick. He licked his lips and turned his attention to her boots.

Sleek and sexy, he couldn't help but run his hands over the smooth leather, over her taunt calves. He brushed his face against one of her boots, and only once he felt himself straining against his work khakis did he let himself do what he wanted: drag his tongue over the toe of the boot.

Fuck. "Oh, Bebe, you could step on me with these boots and I'd die happy."

"Hmm... maybe I will."
Clyde hummed in the back of his throat, eyes glancing upwards as he slid his tongue against smooth, patent leather. After what was basically a lifetime of working in this shoe store, Clyde had never really thought about the shoes *themselves*... but, as soon as a beautiful woman, particularly the beautiful woman right in front of him, put them on, his head would start filling with all of these ideas, impossibly *hot* ideas....

This was like a dream come true, being on his knees in front of Bebe with a front-row view right up her skirt, underneath which she was wearing lacy, black underpants that Clyde wanted to pull down with his teeth. As he reached his hands up to rub along the sides of her boots, their glossy material gliding underneath his fingertips, he used his thumbs to massage Bebe's calf through them, eliciting a pleased sound. He continued to kiss them, to flatten and drag his tongue along the soles.

"I can't believe it, Clyde." Bebe's voice was smooth, and teasing. "You own a shoe store, and you have a shoe fetish?"

Clyde snickered, pulling away for a moment. "Nah... I just have a *you* fetish, baby."

"Oh my god." Bebe giggled, and lightly nudged the toe of her boot against Clyde's cheek. "That was so lame."

Clyde nodded, relishing in the leather against his cheek. "I'm always lame for you." Which wasn't the best response ever, but *boy* did this girl make him dumb in the best ways. Fortunately, for his own sake, he didn't say any more.

He turned his attention instead to the other boot, running his hands over that calf, licking the leather there. Not long after he'd started, he dropped one of his hands, palming at himself through his khakis.

Although he couldn't see Bebe looking down at him, he could feel her gaze boring into him, making him feel all exposed and squirmy, and when she lightly giggled, it was a sound that went directly to his dick. He moaned, sloppily mouthing and drooling on the toe of her boot.

"You're *such* a naughty boy," Bebe observed, voice lilting and sultry, "Touching yourself, doing this at work. Why don't you take it out for me?"

"Mmhmm," Clyde nodded as best as he could.

As he reached for his zipper, the chime on his shop's door jingled.

His blood ran cold, his heart raced for an entirely different reason than it was just a moment ago. He didn't want to get caught like this, he *couldn't*. For the moment, however, the customer's view of him was obstructed by the counter.

He just had to stay down, just a little longer.

"Hi there. Need any help?" Bebe's bright voice filled the store as she turned, looking away from Clyde."

"Just lookin'," came the reply.

Several moments passed, and then Bebe was sliding off the counter, urging him up to his feet. "Guess I'll see you later," she told him, winking.
And just like that, she was gone.

"Fuck," Clyde exhaled under his breath, shoulders slumping, and hands plunging deeply in his pockets. His stomach did a flip, but not the good kind; there were no butterflies, no *anything*, just the same kind of emptiness he’d been feeling since she’d left their small mountain town in the first place.

As he began to walk over to the older woman he’d never seen in his shop before, he willed a smile on his face. His erection was *long* gone, so there would be no chance of this person knowing what was happening underneath the counter, but appearances, appearing *happy* was important. About halfway there, however, he felt his phone vibrate.

He nearly dropped it when he took it out of his pocket, and *read*, upon his screen: *If you're not busy tonight, let's get dinner! Sorry for leaving so fast <3*

He couldn’t help but smile, couldn't help but feel elated that he *had* earned that dinner with her. *I'll pick you up!*
day 26: cryle ( roleplay )

Chapter Summary

day 26 | cryle | roleplay
After days of phone sex while Kyle was on a business trip, he and Craig make some of those fantasies a reality. ( Sequel to Ch. 20 )
cw: daddy kink, teacher/student roleplay, degradation

Chapter Notes

If it interests anyone, this chapter and chapter 20 are in the same AU as our other Cryle piece: i'm starting to think (maybe you need me)

Fluorescent lights hung overhead, the buzzing of too many machines on a single floor offered the dullest symphony. For perhaps the fifth time in the past half hour, Craig knocked his mouse as his screensaver came on.

It was boring. He was bored, waiting for the time to pass. It was a Friday, one he was leaving early on, he just needed to get to that point. He leaned back in his chair, allowing himself zone out while looking at the photos on his desk, the images pinned to the walls of his cubicle.

He was adept at blocking out the chatter of his coworkers, but it was only a matter of time before they were leaning into his cubicle, trying to get his attention. "What?"

"I was saying, Dave's wife's on a rampage so we're just gonna hit the bar after work and watch the game. You in?"

Craig merely quirked a brow at his coworker for a moment. He didn't give a shit about the game; Kyle was the one who was obsessed with the Nuggets. "I have plans."

"Whaat, c'mon Tucker, it'll be fun. What could be better than this?"

"Spending time with my boyfriend," he supplied, opening Minesweeper. "He's flying back in this afternoon."

"Man, you're so lucky you're gay. It must be sweet to be able to hang with friends and still get laid."

Craig didn't respond.

He couldn't get out of there quickly enough. It still took nearly an hour to get to the airport, much longer before Kyle's flight actually let passengers off, but waiting there for him, looking for that familiar mop of red curls was better than sitting at the office.
It had barely been a week, but a long one with late night phone calls where he talked Kyle into loosening up and letting go of his restraint. It helped the week pass, but it made him miss Kyle even more. That was keenly felt when he spotted the redhead, who immediately beelined for him.

Having Kyle back in his arms, holding onto each other like their lives depended upon it, caused relief to wash over him. Kyle was never one for overt public displays of affection, which meant it came as a surprise when he hooked an arm around Craig's neck, pulling him into a deep kiss.

If people were staring, neither seemed to care at all. Surely people were, because as soon as their lips locked, Kyle was dragging his hands into Craig's hair, tangling into his short strands as best he could as he positively devoured his mouth. Then, Kyle very deliberately, very obviously pressed their hips flush against one another... he was goddamn hard. After flying, which should have been the utter anthesis to getting turned on in any capacity....

Had Craig really worked him up that much over the past week?

It was with regret that Craig rested his hands on Kyle's shoulders, pushing him back just enough. He didn't want to stop kissing, to stop feeling him pressed close like this—but they were in public and did need to get home at some point.

"Did you drink on the flight?"

The tell was there, as soon as Kyle smiled. The one that looked like he was on the precipice of laughter, the one he only had when he was comfortably buzzed. "I had a scotch. Or two. Or three."

"You didn't taste like scotch."

Kyle giggled, which was even more evidence of his state. "I brushed my teeth."

Craig shook his head with a snort. "Of course you did." He threw an arm over Kyle's shoulder, leading him toward the baggage claim.

Kyle barely removed his hand from the small of Craig's back as they collected his luggage, and navigated the labyrinthine halls of the airport and parking garage to where Craig parked his SUV. By the way he was wavering on his feet just the tiniest bit, like it took far too much of his attention and concentration to walk in a straight line, it was obvious that the alcohol was still affecting Kyle more than he'd ever let on.... It was adorable, in a way, because either Kyle was simply stressed and letting loose from his long week, or he was trying to loosen up. Given what they'd been talking about, it was probably, at least mostly the latter, which made Craig's stomach do an excited, anticipatory flip.

Once they'd loaded Kyle's luggage and situated themselves into their respective seats, Craig leaned over the center console. He wanted to pull Kyle in for another kiss, but first, Craig slid his thumb along Kyle's soft, plump lower lip. His boyfriend's eyes fluttered shut as he darted out his tongue, getting one good lick upon the tip of Craig's thumb before Craig dragged his hand out of reach. He allowed himself a moment to gently wrap his fingers around Kyle's long, lithe neck, simply holding him there, rubbing his thumb purposefully upon the space behind Kyle's ear.

Kyle's eyes opened and, looking directly into Craig's, burned with more arousal than Craig could recall seeing in a long while. With a curl of his lip into a teasing grin, Craig threaded his hand into the back of Kyle's curls, and their lips crashed together in a fiery, wet kiss.
It was easy to lose himself in this for a moment. Kyle was so eager, so fervent, that Craig wouldn't have been surprised if his boyfriend crawled over the console. But they were still in the parking garage, and even buzzed, Kyle seemed aware of that.

When the kiss ended, Kyle licked his lips, looking around. "We should get home."

"On it," Craig responded, turning the ignition over. As he backed out of the spot, he rested his hand on the back of Kyle's seat, glancing over his shoulder to the rear window.

At first, they didn't talk, with Craig concentrating on rush hour Denver traffic, grumbling under his breath about *assholes* who insisted on hovering in his blind spot in the far left lane. Kyle fussed with the stereo, leaning back in his seat when he was done, resting his hand on Craig's thigh.

Eventually, though, Craig rested one of his hands over Kyle's, lacing their fingers. "I ordered a paddle, by the way," he said, stealing a glance over at the redhead. "It hasn't arrived yet, though, but we can put it to good use if you misbehave for your daddy."

The first night they'd had one of those *conversations*, he'd been able to get Kyle to admit his student-teacher kink, or whatever it was. The unexpected development, a couple nights later, had been Kyle calling him *that*, and Craig couldn't resist teasing him now.

Whatever response Kyle had in mind got caught in his throat, turning into a stifled squeak of a moan, not for lack of anything to say, but because it was one thing to talk about it on the phone, with over a thousand miles between them, and another thing entirely to do it in *person*, when he could feel the way Craig's hand tightened over his, could hear the sharp breath through Craig's nostrils, could smell the subdued citrus of Craig's cologne.

It was enough to make Kyle strain against his jeans, and slide his hand higher up Craig's thigh.

Craig stopped him, with a low rumble of a chuckle. "I guess we'll have to wait, anyway, because of the game and all."

"The game!" Kyle's voice rose a couple octaves. He *never* missed a game, if he could help it. He couldn't always attend Nuggets games, but he was always certain to have the right cable package to have the channels that aired them.

Sometimes, they went to the bar with Craig's coworkers. But silence that followed was indicative of Kyle working through it. "I can DVR it," he said finally. "We can watch it later. I can just avoid twitter until then."

"Really?" Craig tossed a sidelong glance in Kyle's direction, brow quirking. "That excited, huh?" His grip was firm and steadfast upon Kyle's hand, preventing him from doing what he really wanted to do, which was to palm Craig through his jeans, maybe even unzip his pants even while he was driving and tease him to the point of wanting this just as badly as Kyle did.

Face burning, Kyle nodded, swallowing thickly. "Yes."

"Almost home," Craig said, voice dropping into a breathy growl. "Daddy's gonna take real good care of you."

Kyle didn't miss the flush covering Craig's face, nor the way the corners of his mouth turned up into a smirk, as if trying to hold back laughter. In fact, it only served for Kyle to let out a sharp
laugh himself.

Craig bit his lip, and took a deep breath to compose himself. "What? It's what you wanted."

"It is." He admitted, licking his lips. His eyes darted away, looking out of the window, as if that was going to help him at all. "I told you I wanted all of the things we talked about."

Craig stole another glance. "Tell me. Were you on your best behavior on your flight back or am I going to have to punish you?"

He had to focus more on the road, but even so he could see Kyle squirm from the corner of his eye. "I was really bad."

"Oh yeah, I bet you were. What'd you do?" Craig stole his hand away, in order to merge onto the exit closest to their neighborhood.

Kyle's heart thumped with anticipation, balls already aching with arousal. "I read all our texts," he replied in a near-whisper. He was referring, of course, to all of the teasing messages Craig sent him while he was trapped in those idiotic team-building meetings, all of the filthy things they'd continued confessing throughout Kyle's business trip. Despite their nightly phone conversations, Craig couldn't help but tease him almost constantly that week. "I got so turned on, 'cause I was drinking."

Craig hummed in exaggerated, faux-disapproval. "Naughty slut. That's not all, is it?"

Kyle shook his head. His face was so hot that he felt he could explode, right then and there. "I touched myself in the bathroom."

"The one on the plane?"

Kyle worried on his bottom lip. "Yeah. I had to be quiet, because there were seats right by, but I don't think anyone noticed. Maybe they did, but I didn't care, because all I could think about was what we talked about." His face was burning, enough that he covered his face with his hands, as if that would help at all.

"Tsk. You're absolutely incorrigible, aren't you."

"I don't know. If you chastise me enough, I might not be."

Craig chuckled, lightly, and reached out to place his hand on Kyle’s shoulder, giving it a squeeze. Familiar buildings and houses began to come into view, and were Kyle not concerned that they’d either get a speeding ticket or hit some unsuspecting pedestrian, he wouldn’t have hesitated to tell Craig to floor it.

Craig’s hand returned to the wheel as he made another turn. “What about your, uh.” He cleared his throat, and Kyle glanced at him to see that he was blushing just as hard as Kyle. “Your homework? I take it you didn’t finish that, either, did you.”

He shook his head slowly, his his curls falling loose, bouncing around the side of his face. "I didn't. I'd tell you that I didn't have time but—" He tilted his chin up, somewhat defiantly. "But I just didn't want to. I was on spring break in Florida, I spent the whole time beaching."

Which wasn't the case at all, but boy did he wish.
"What you're saying to me is, I went out of my way to help you bring your grade up, Broflovski, but you chose to be ungrateful and not bother at all."

"Yes, exactly. I'm the worst sort of student and show no initiative whatsoever."

Craig nodded. "The worst. I should fail you right here and now."

Kyle whined melodramatically, turning his face toward Craig. Hoping that looked appropriately anxious — given that he wanted nothing more than to be thrown on the ground the moment they walked into the door and used, he was sure he looked more excited than anything else — he did the best pouty, pleading expression that he could manage. "C'mon, Dr. Tucker, please don't do that."

They were merely a couple blocks from their house, which was two blocks too far away. Kyle chewed on his lip, reaching out for Craig's thigh, only to be halted by strong fingers circling his wrist, squeezing sharply. "Give Daddy what he wants and you'll get your grade."

"What do you— Wait." Kyle's brows knit in the center of his forehead. His tendency to overanalyze just about every situation tended to pop up at the most inopportune times. "Are we doing the Daddy thing, or the professor thing, or.... Why am I calling you 'Daddy' if you're my teacher, anyway? Shouldn't that be something that's established after we start my being punished?"

"Babe. You're overthinking it again. Maybe you're just a naughty student who has a daddy kink." It seemed a reasonable enough explanation, and as far as he was concerned, the details didn't matter. He pulled into their driveway, and as soon as the SUV was parked, he reached over and squeezed Kyle's knee. "Welcome home."

Kyle smiled, but didn't linger in the vehicle; it was pointless when their house was right there, with their bed and desk and everything else. He grabbed his luggage from the back, and the moment he was in the foyer, their dog was at his feet.

The excited spitz yipped and yapped, jumping and jittering with full-body tail wags. There was no way Kyle could resist. Luggage set aside, he crouched down, lavishing the dog in pets, nearly falling back when Bernie tried to climb into his lap.

Craig followed him in not long after, a hand brushing through Kyle's hair as he shucked off his coat. "He missed you. You should take him for a walk."

Immediately, Kyle looked up at him. "What? I mean, yeah, later. But I wanted to, you know..."

“I’ve been walking him all week. He’s your dog too, you know.” Craig didn’t sound frustrated; it was just a statement, but Kyle nevertheless scoffed.

“Can’t we just let him out?”

Bernie, meanwhile, at the mention of a walk, was already jumping, licking at Kyle’s face. “Yes, yes, I know.” Kyle cooed at their dog, and immediately caved when Bernie sat on his haunches and whined. “Fine. But it’s gonna be short, because, well.” He glanced up at Craig, not particularly wanting to bring up what sordid activities they were about to get up to, as if their dog could somehow understand what they were saying.

“Just take him around the block, that’ll give me enough time to—“ Craig cut himself off, clearing
his throat.

"Enough time to what, Craig?" Kyle asked as he hooked up Bernie’s leash, a teasing edge to his voice.

"Nothing. You’ll see."

Kyle merely quirked a brow at that. "Alright. We'll be back." And thus, he went back out into the cold with the leash in hand. Even though it was only around the block, it still a long walk. Bernie was intent on taking in all of the smells in the air, in the snow, the mailboxes, and Kyle didn't have the heart to rush him.

Eventually, they made it back home, and Kyle was intent to warm up all over again. He started taking off his layers, rubbing his hands together. "Craig, we're back."

Craig didn't answer immediately, instead appearing from the upstairs hallway to the top of the stairs. Rather than the more casual outfit he'd had on earlier, he was dressed in slacks, a dress shirt, a sweater vest that Kyle easily recognized as his own. He'd even combed his hair over and put on his reading glasses.

Oh no.

Kyle's mouth went dry as he looked up at him.

"Bernie, go lay down," Kyle said, slowly. It was as if his body was springing into action before his mind could even process anything, leading him up the stairs and face-to-face with Craig so quickly he may as well have flown.

"You look so fucking hot, I can't—"

Craig seized Kyle by his wrists, effectively cutting him off with the look on his face alone. It was one of blazing, determined lust — his eyes narrowed, his mouth, with its thin lips and perfect Cupid's bow open slightly. "That's not how you talk to your professor, Mr. Broflovski," Craig murmured smoothly, hotly. The fact that Craig was already so into this, so good at taking on any sort of role whatsoever took Kyle by surprise, but he didn't let himself dwell on why. If he'd done this with someone else before, well... even better, because Craig was all his now, and at least one of them would have some experience.

"Sorry," Kyle said, not sounding sorry in the slightest.

Craig merely quirked his brow at him for just a moment, as if to question Kyle's sincerity—or obvious lack thereof. "Step into my office, Mr. Broflovski. We can discuss your homework situation in privacy."

Kyle followed him into the home office, a medium sized room with a single window. The walls were lined with cherrywood bookcases and shelving, and the desk in the center of the room had the same finish. The room was as immaculate as it always was.

Craig held the door open as Kyle stepped inside, closing the door behind him before moving to sit at the desk. Kyle sat across from him, and as Craig took his glasses off as he folded his hands together, Kyle felt his cock twitch. Craig was unfair.
"Mr. Broflovski. I have given you multiple opportunities to improve your grade. I let you retake
your exam, I gave you additional assignments upon your request, which you didn't do. What do
you have to say for yourself?"

“I don’t really have anything to say.” Kyle jutted out his chin, trying his hardest to look as defiant
he could, when, in reality, he could already feel himself buckling under Craig’s harsh gaze. “I told
you, I went on spring break. In Florida.”

“Hm.” Craig rifled through a stack of papers that Kyle recognized as his monthly bills — but that
wasn’t what they were, not then. They were his assignments, his record. The way Craig intently
pretended to study them, pushing his reading glasses down on his nose as his eyes narrowed and lip
curled into a slight grimace almost felt real.

“I don’t understand you, Mr. Broflovski. Your assignments toward the beginning of the semester
were exemplary. But now...” With a heavy sigh, Craig folded up his glasses once more, resting his
chin upon steepled hands. “Now, it seems like you’re acting out. I don’t know if you’re going
through something, and frankly, I don’t care. I assume you know there are consequences for little
boys who act out. Correct, Mr. Broflovski?”

Heat pooled in Kyle’s belly... Craig was just too good at this.

He worried on his bottom lip, debating what route to take with his role. Kyle wasn't an actor at all,
but he could try to put himself in this scenario, if it was real. Sort of. A little.

Not really at all, since he was certain he wouldn't have actually ever been in this position. He was a
good student when he was in school, and definitely would've prioritized his assignments over
vacation. If this were real, it would've happened on some fluke, and he would've been pleading to
rectify the situation in the most unsexy way possible.

Which meant he needed to take the opposite approach. Crossing his arms, he tilted his chin up
defiantly. "Do you think I care about consequences?"

Craig's mouth twitched, an almost imperceptible smile playing at his lips for a split second, before
he slammed the papers down, palm making a loud thwack against the hardwood desk. "I have half
a mind to fail you right now, Broflovski." Craig's voice dropped into a cool, low rumble that sent
shivers down the back of Kyle's neck. "You don't really want to fail, now, do you?"

Kyle swallowed, tongue darting out to lick his lips. "No, Dr. Tucker," he said, shifting
uncomfortably in his seat.

"You're going to apologize for your insolence and make up for me going out on a limb for you like
this, Broflovski."

Kyle could feel his heart racing. They'd talked about this so much that he'd even had dreams about
it while he'd been away on his business trip. And now? Now he was nearly trembling with
anticipation. "I'm sorry. There, are we good now?"

Craig leaned back in the comfortable leather office chair, tapping a pen against the table. "Not even
close."

Despite his stomach doing excited flips, his cock standing at attention, and his face burning, Kyle
rolled his eyes. “I don’t get what you want from me, dude,” he scoffed, looking Craig square in the
eyes as he drew out the last word.
Craig’s hands stilled, resting on the desk. He was poised with a straight back, too upright, too still, almost as if he were trying not to pounce. With a sharp inhale through his nose, Craig rose, diligently walking over to Kyle’s side of the desk. It was like Craig was looming over him. As Kyle looked at the floor, he could practically feel Craig’s eyes boring into him, and it was fucking hot.

“Stand up and bend over my desk, Broflovski,” Craig stated, all cool and collected.

Kyle inhaled sharply as he rose to his feet. He wanted to keep up the defiant charade almost as much as he wanted Craig’s hands on him. "What? You think corporal punishment is gonna make me suddenly be a better student?"

"No," Craig admitted, watching his boyfriend grip the side of the desk as he bent over. "But you must learn that your actions have consequences." He ran his hand over the curve of Kyle's ass, allowing himself a brief moment of self-indulgence after being apart for so long.

When he raised his hand and brought it back down, it was without warning. Kyle grunted in response to the impact, but it wasn't enough. He wanted to hear the crisp sound of his hand on Kyle's ass. "Take your pants off."

“Oh, fuck you,” Kyle said, sharply, taking far too much enjoyment in his defiance. This wasn’t something they’d discussed at all — during their conversations, he was always so apologetic, so eager to please....

But this, mouthing off like this, was eliciting exactly the reaction he so craved. Craig’s hand twisted in Kyle’s curls, jerking back his head roughly. His breath was hot and heavy against Kyle’s ear, voice a gruff, cutting growl.

“I said, take your fucking pants off, slut. I’m not gonna tell you twice.”

"Or what?" The sass was rewarded with a sharp bite to his neck, one that drew a low groan from his throat. Craig followed the bite up with a lick, one that went up to the shell of his ear, one that made his knees weak...

"You're not in the position to continue defying me, Broflovski." Craig's voice still had that edge that sent chills down his spine. "Take your pants off."

Kyle licked his lips and nodded, unbuckling his belt and tugging his pants and boxers down to his knees.

Craig wasted no time in bringing his palm down on Kyle's ass, cupping it as to dull the sensation. He wanted both to warm Kyle up to this, to get his ass ready for what was soon to come, and to tease the hell out of him. Knowing how eager Kyle was to just get down to it, the small, frustrated grunts he made each time Craig lowered his palm only made Craig want it more, too.

Kyle seemed to have the same idea, as he tossed a glare over his shoulder. "I'm not going to learn anything from this, Dr. Tucker," he said, catching his lower lip in his teeth, and then slowly licking his lips as he wrapped his hands around the hard edge of the desk in anticipation.

Craig's short laugh was low, and predatory, and, without further warning, he sharply smacked his hand upon one of the pert, freckled cheeks before him. Kyle hissed, his breath hitching as he shut his eyes, mouth falling open in a silent moan.
"You're completely—" Craig delivered a similar slap to the other cheek — "Correct, Broflovski. Naughty, insolent sluts like you get the ruler. Isn't that right." Another stinging smack, and Craig was off to the other side of his desk, rummaging through the drawers.

Kyle's heart leapt into his throat, his cock throbbing as he caught Craig's eyes. Blushing furiously, that embarrassing redness that had a tendency to creep down from his face and onto his shoulders and chest whenever he was this turned on, Kyle could only answer in a vigorous nod.

Craig hadn't mentioned anything about this, either, but Kyle was nothing but ready for it.

Craig pulled a wooden ruler from the drawer and rounded back around the table. For a moment, he set it aside on the desk, and when he reached up to brush his fingers through Kyle's hair, it was with his usual gentleness, like how he might've done when they were watching a movie.

He leaned over, pressing a kiss to the back of Kyle's neck. "Is this too much? You can use your safe word, baby, if you need. I love you."

Kyle felt his heart swell, and he couldn't help but smile. "I love you too, and this is great. I can handle it. Trust me."

And just like that, Craig was back in his role. He straightened, detangling his fingers from Kyle's hair. Almost as soon as he had the ruler back in hand, he was smacking it on Kyle's ass. The sound of impact cracked in the air, and the sound of Kyle crying out followed.

Each smack of the ruler was methodical, hit after hit steady, but varied in placement so it formed an uneven, red checkerboard on Kyle's perfect ass. The way it rippled under each hit, the way Kyle whimpered and moaned with such unbridled desperation with his face pressed sidelong on Craig’s desk calendar, how his eyes shut and mouth dropped open as he began to lose himself in the sensation was just too much for Craig. He took a moment to palm his erection through his slacks, relishing the sight before him of Kyle’s body trembling as he let out a shuddering exhale.

"Think you’ve learned your lesson yet?" Craig asked, breathily.

Kyle’s head rose, and he made a point to give Craig the most petulant smirk he could manage. "No, Daddy."

Craig swallowed down a lump in his throat. The look Kyle gave him hit him square in his cock, and he felt himself throbbing, straining even more against his slacks. As tempting as it was to unzip them, to get his hands on his dick, he wanted to take this slowly. Wanted to draw this out and make this last as long as either of them could bear.

"Very well. " The subsequent spanks with the ruler were harder, drawing louder, more weepy and desperate sounds from Kyle. But he didn't do the safeword, and even went as far as to push himself back toward Craig, as if begging for more.

Craig paused, running his fingers over one of his ass cheeks, over the thin welts forming. When he squeezed the raw and tender cheek, Kyle sounded like he was going to cry. "Are you sure this isn't too much?" He asked, voice barely above a whisper.

"Don't stop, " Kyle hissed.

"God, Kyle." Craig's whisper was awed, almost reverent. It wasn't often that Kyle let go of his
careful, near-upright temperament, and for him to trust Craig enough to simply let those walls down around him, let alone do something like this... Craig felt a rush of affection pull at his chest, and was glad that Kyle didn't see the no doubt sappy look on his face; his expression was surely a far cry than one that belonged on the character he was supposed to be playing.

Tucking the ruler into his pocket, Craig allowed himself a moment to brush his hands along Kyle's aching, red cheeks, stroking his thumbs lovingly against each welt. He leaned into him, pressing his crotch against the heat of Kyle's ass, eliciting a pleased moan from the redhead. Kyle keened when Craig gripped Kyle's hips hard enough to bruise, sliding his clothed erection against the crack. "So, you don't want me to stop."

Kyle shook his head decidedly, desperately. "Please don't."

Craig nipped at Kyle's neck. "What I'm hearing," he murmured against Kyle's ear, red curls brushing against his nose, "Is that you want it harder. Is that right, Mr. Broflovski?"

"Not that I think you can," he sniffed, making an obvious effort to muffle his own sounds. Kyle may have been a horrid actor, but he didn't have to try at all to sound haughty, to sound like he doubted Craig's ability to do anything at all.

Craig smirked and straightened, looking down at that pert ass so close to him. Later, he doubted Kyle would want to sit properly on anything, but he also seemed to be egging Craig on for this. He wanted this, and it was hot.

But he had the sense enough not to use the ruler again. Instead, he laid into him with an open palm, and the way Kyle's clipped sounds echoed off of the office walls, Craig knew he made the right call. The hard slaps against tender skin seemed to be more than enough to give Kyle what he wanted.

"This is such bullshit," Kyle managed slowly, each word punctuated by the spanks. "You're not teaching me anything. " He insisted, and just as he'd suggested he would, outstretched one of his arms, knocking over the supply organizer, spilling pens and paper clips and such things onto the floor.

Before either could really process what was happening, Craig’s hands were tangling in Kyle’s hair, jerking his head back and pulling him upright to his feet, so his back was pressed right against Craig’s front. He dragged a hand down to Kyle’s neck, squeezing slightly, gently. “I don’t appreciate your insubordination.”

His growl against Kyle’s ear, and the resulting lick against the sensitive shell of it, and then his teeth pulling firm and sharp on its lobe elicited an unrestrained moan from Kyle as he ground his ass against the erection straining the front of Craig’s trousers. He should’ve had a comeback, he really should’ve, but Craig knew exactly the spots on his neck and ears to kiss and bite, reducing him to a blushing, moaning mess.

“Get on your knees, Broflovski.” Craig released his hold on Kyle’s neck, raking his hand up the back of his shirt, dull nails leaving raised lines on his flesh.

Kyle shivered. “Make me.”

His hand gripped Kyle's shoulder tightly, thumb stroking over taunt muscle. Craig didn't give Kyle any warning when he shoved him onto the carpeted floor. The redhead fell, catching himself on his
hands and knees. Before Kyle had a chance to push himself up to his feet, however, Craig grabbed a fistful of those curls and jerked.

Kyle gasped, but quickly complied with sitting on his knees. His cock was throbbing, unabashedly dripping before him. Narrowed green eyes looked up at icy blue, but Kyle's attempt to maintain an expression of contempt only lasted for so long.

Especially when his gaze fell to Craig's waistline, watching him undo his pants. Once his cock was freed, Craig circled his fingers around it while fisting Kyle's hair. "You're going to learn not to talk back." With that said, he pushed the tip of his cock past Kyle's supple lips.

Their eyes locked as Kyle dutifully opened his mouth, moaning at the salty, familiar taste of Craig’s swollen cock, at the musky smell of arousal that he missed so much during his week away. Craig did not allow him the moment he wanted to swirl his tongue along the tip and lap up the oozing droplets of pre-come that gathered there, instead tightening his grip in Kyle's hair, pushing him down to the hilt.

Kyle sputtered when his nose made contact with the patch of short curls which framed Craig’s dick, his throat contracting around the head as reflexive tears gathered in the corners of his eyes.

"You're such an insolent slut," Craig told him, rocking his hips into Kyle's mouth. Hot and tight, he couldn't help but allow an unrestrained moan escape his lips as he tugged on Kyle's hair.

Kyle took it well, despite gagging a couple times when Craig's cock pressed against the back of his throat. He could handle this, was determined to prove himself, and made sure to rely that by squeezing the back of Craig's thighs.

Clutching the back of Kyle’s head, Craig circled his hips forward, moaning raggedly when he felt Kyle’s throat spasm around the head of his dick, his fingernails digging firm into Craig’s thighs.

Kyle was already such a wreck, his face burning bright red, eyes watering so hard he was practically crying. And, when Craig pulled Kyle’s head back, abruptly yanking his mouth off his cock so that just a trail of drool left them connected together, Kyle’s lips were swollen and wet as his mouth opened in a panting gasp.

Kyle looked up at him, pleading without words to just keep going. All of the desperation and vulnerability apparent on Kyle’s face was honestly one the sexiest things Craig had ever seen, and it was made even hotter when Kyle stuck out his tongue, attempting once more to make contact.

Craig’s hand in his hair stopped him from getting far at all. “Can’t get enough of this, can you,” he chided in a teasing murmur.

Kyle narrowed his eyes, attempting to communicate all that he wanted to convey like this rather than using his words. Rather, in that moment, he issued a nonverbal challenge, daring Craig to give him more.

And he was more than happy to rise to said challenge. Without warning, he jerked his hips, thrust into Kyle's mouth, causing him to gag and sputter as the tip of Craig's cock pressed against the back of his throat.

A reasonable man might've tapped out, but Kyle didn't. Every moment of pain and discomfort turned him on more, and he went as far as bobbing his head as he sucked sharply enough his cheeks caved in.
While having Kyle on his knees like this was hot as fuck, his mouth and throat working around Craig’s cock a truly incredible feeling, Craig was well aware that if they kept things up as they were, everything would be over far too quickly. The idea of spilling himself down Kyle’s throat like this was appealing, but given that they’d talked about this scenario enough during the preceding week, Craig was determined to keep going, to give Kyle, and himself, exactly what they wanted.

He tossed his head back as he thrust deep into Kyle’s throat, moaning lowly. “I still don’t think you’ve learned your lesson. Do you?”

Craig’s voice was like silk, and Kyle could only shake his head back and forth as best as he could, attempting in vain to enunciate a sobbing no around his mouthful of cock.

"I'm not done with you yet," Craig told him, smoothing his hand through Kyle's hair before shoving him back roughly. "Don't move until I'm back and don't even think about touching yourself. You're a greedy slut, and I'll know if you do."

Craig left him there, and on the floor of the cold office, Kyle was tempted to defy the command, to be as obstinate as ever. He was hard, his cock practically begging him to touch himself. But the problem lied in the fact that Kyle was far too caught up in this game.

As he rubbed his aching jaw, he was far too focused on attempting to suss out whether his character would obey. Would he have learned anything yet, or would his character be wising up, trying to get on the best side of his professor-slash-daddy?

He should have developed the character more, he realized, far too late. Kyle had yet to reach a conclusion when Craig returned with a bottle of lube, which he placed on the far side of the desk.

"Pick that up, bitch."

Kyle quirked a brow at him, slowly looking over his shoulder, though he couldn't see much of the surface of the desk from where he was. "Fine." Getting to his feet, he stretched his legs and arms and turned. His character was clearly a sexy character, so he attempted to portray that, leaning over the desk languidly. He arched his back, making sure his ass popped so to speak, as he reached for the bottle. As soon as it was in his hand, he looked over his shoulder. "Is this what you want, Daddy?"

Craig’s mouth thinned into that unmistakable line that always stretched across his face whenever he was trying his damndest to hold back laughter. And, he would've been able to, if Kyle hadn't felt a fit of giggles rising in his stomach the moment their eyes locked.

"What!?” Craig's lips twisted up into a grin, a barking laugh shaking his shoulders. He crossed the meager amount of distance between them to spin Kyle around, pulling him into a close, tight hug.

And, for some reason, Kyle had no idea why, this only made him laugh harder. "Don't ask me what, you're the one who looked at me like that!"

"I did no such thing." It was a blatant lie, more than obvious with the quirk of Craig's lips, the way he rubbed his thumbs over the small of Kyle's back.

Kyle rolled his eyes, lips pursing in an attempt not to smile. He failed, and as his cheeks burned, he looked off to some other part of the room while he composed himself. "Whatever. Anyway,
His words were cut off by Craig's warm hand suddenly clasping the side of his neck, thumb stroking over his earlobe. Suddenly he was back in character, his voice low and husky. "That's not what you're supposed to call me. Try again."

Kyle sucked in on his bottom lip, teeth sinking in as he pressed the lube into Craig's other hand. "Daddy."

"That's right," Craig practically purred, dragging his hand around to the front of Kyle's neck, then clasping his chin roughly. He tilted his head up slightly, forcing their eyes to lock as he traced his thumb against the outline of Kyle's parted lips. "Now, are you gonna be a good boy for your Daddy, or are you going to keep acting like a stupid fucking whore?"

The contrast of how patiently and smoothly Craig uttered those words with how filthy they were elicited a low whine in the back of Kyle's throat, and caused his cock to twitch. His hips bucked forward, and he groaned in aroused frustration when Craig perfectly timed his movement so as to prevent Kyle from making the contact he so craved.

"I don't think you've learned your lesson. In fact, I don't think you're capable of learning a thing. I think you're just a slut who fucks for your grades." Craig moved his grip lower, large hand wrapping around the front of Kyle's neck. When he raised a single eyebrow and pursed his lips, Kyle knew exactly the answer he was looking for.

"I'm not— No. I can't. Can't learn anything. I'm just a slut," Kyle all but whispered, looking heatedly into his boyfriend's eyes. "Daddy."

"That's right," Craig said, turning Kyle back around. "You're going to have to earn your grades this way." He bent Kyle over, pressing his palm against his spine. It ran downward, resting it on the small of his back while he lightly kicked the sides of Kyle's calves to urge him to spread his legs more.

When he was satisfied, Craig slicked his fingers down with the lube Kyle handed him. Resting his hand on Kyle's hips, he pushed one of his fingers inside of him.

It brought a rush of relief that Kyle could only express with a loud moan as he clutched the edge of the desk. Craig was rough in his handling of him in the best ways, and Kyle was living for it. He rocked back against Craig's finger, and as a second was added, he groaned. "I need more, Daddy."

"Bet you do, you dirty bitch." Craig enunciated his words through gritted teeth as he curled his fingers, favoring Kyle's prostate for but a moment as he squirted another line of lube onto his crack. Kyle whined in irritation when Craig removed his fingers, tossing a glance over his shoulder.

And, Craig was glad that Kyle caught his eyes, because it meant that, when he crammed three of his long fingers into the tight heat of his ass, Craig could see the way his eyes rolled back in his head, how his mouth dropped open in a mewl. His face was absolutely overtaken by pleasure, which made Craig positively ache to be inside him... but, he wanted to keep doing this, to keep teasing and talking and making Kyle beg.

"You take this so good." Craig murmured, grabbing a handful of Kyle's ass and squeezing roughly. "Such a filthy whore, bet I could fit my whole fuckin' hand up there and you'd be able to take that..."
too, no problem." It wasn't that he was going to, at least not then, not without talking about it and lots of planning but it was worth threatening it, just for Kyle's reaction.

Kyle practically squeaked at the threat, eyes wide. Part blown with arousal, part utterly freaked by the suggestion. But it didn't stop him from being stubborn, from egging Craig on. "I can take anything you have to offer. It's not like it's much at all. Tiny fingers, tiny hands, tiny cock."

In truth, there really wasn't anything small about Craig. Kyle knew that, Craig knew that. "Small, huh? You certainly can feel this can you?" The question was timed with another curl of his fingers, firmly pressing and stroking against his prostate.

The sounds that drew from Kyle were loud, his nails attempting to dig into the surface of the desk as he rocked back into Craig's hand. The taunting was over, apparently, as Kyle was all but pleading. "Please, please, really give it to me."

As tempting as it was to continue teasing him, urging Kyle to beg, Craig was reaching a point where it was going to be a disservice to himself to prolong this. He slathered his cock with a generous squirt of lube and, after extracting his fingers, as he slid slick between Kyle's waiting cheeks, grasped hold of those beautiful curls once more, pulling Kyle's head back and, leaning over, pressed their lips together.

They kissed deep and passionate in a slow, languid entanglement of tongues, moaning into each others’ mouths. It was a momentary break of their current dynamic for each to reassure the other that they loved this, loved each other. Craig smoothed his hand over Kyle's hair, then down his back as he pulled back from the kiss.

"I'm gonna give it to you so hard," Craig whispered, voice dark with lust. He braced one hand upon a round, raw cheek of Kyle's ass, and used the other to guide his cock, plunging himself inside with ease, aided by Kyle pushing back into him, shamelessly rocking against him.

In a fluid motion, Craig was fully seated within him, drawing out those muffled groans Kyle always made when he bottomed. They were lovely, sounds Craig enjoyed hearing. But he didn't allow himself to dwell on it, didn't allow Kyle much of a chance to adjust at all.

He jerked his hips, pulling back so only the tip of his cock remained within Kyle's ass before thrusting back in, building a deep and rough pace from that point, driving into Kyle at just the right angles that pulled the best reactions from the other man. "Fuckin'... bitch, I'm not small."

Kyle bit at his bottom lip, a vain attempt to suppress one of his moans. But it didn't take long at all before he was so caught up in this that he didn't care how he sounded. "What... I barely- ah - feel you."

It was a challenge, and Craig knew it. A challenge he was more than happy to accept. Slamming his hips forward so he was buried to the hilt, he grinded his hips against Kyle's ass, and brought down his palm. The crack of the slap echoed against the walls of their office, joined shortly by the sound of flesh smacking against flesh as Craig pounded his hips, each thrust drawing more of those delicious sounds from Kyle.

"Feel that, bitch?" Craig leaned over to bite Kyle's neck, sucking on it hard enough to leave a purple welt that Kyle would probably bitch about later but, whatever, in the moment it was fucking hot.

Kyle's answer was nothing but a loud, keening moan as he screwed his eyes shut as to block out
everything other than the feeling. It was nearly involuntary when he made to reach between his legs in effort to wrap his hand around his neglected cock, but Craig was far too quick to notice. He captured Kyle's wrists swiftly and firmly, twisting his arms behind his back to hold them there in one of his strong hands.

"Don't fucking think so," he all but growled, "You don't get to touch yourself, slut, you're just — fuck, Kyle." Craig's thrusts had slowed, but somehow became more intense, more powerful, each movement of his hips driving him in impossibly deep.... he knew he couldn't keep going quickly, because he didn't want this to be over, ever. "You're just a whore," he groaned, pushing his sweaty bangs off his forehead with his free hand, and caught his lower lip between his teeth for a moment, surprising even himself with how he was talking. "You're just here for me to use."

A cacophony of moans filled the room. Overwhelmed by pleasure, desperate. Kyle pushed back against him, vainly attempting to garner more contact between them, to get Craig somehow in him deeper. "Yes," he murmured, a breathy sigh as Craig plunged into him just the right way. "I'm a slut, I'm a whore, I'm nothing, just nothing, use me up until there's nothing left of me."

Craig groaned, his grip on Kyle's wrists tightened as he popped his hips. "That's right. You're mine to use, and when I'm done I'm gonna throw you out like yesterday's trash."

As much as he wanted to stay in this moment, focusing only on the tight warmth around his cock, the friction created from his movements, it wasn't possible. His own climax was coming sooner or later, and there wasn't a way around that. "I'm not going to touch your cock," Craig told him. "You don't deserve it. You're just getting me in you, and nothing else."

This was everything Kyle was hoping for, and more, so much more, and he could barely stand how good it felt having Craig slam into him like that, how those harsh, degrading words made his heart pound and cock throb. The denial of Kyle's release only served to turn him on more, to make him work harder to milk Craig of every last drop of his own. He began to move against Craig in quick, rough thrusts, trying as best as he could to practically ride him.

"I want it," Kyle breathed, unable to raise his voice over a murmur, unable to bring himself to continue talking back, "I want you to come inside of me, please, Daddy."

"Fuck, say it again," Craig gasped atop him. Kyle could feel him shaking, could clearly tell how Craig could barely control the rhythm of his hips, and he knew he was close.

"Please." Kyle shuddered a moan. "Please, Daddy, fill me up, it's what I deserve, it's all I'm good for, I'm just a hole, I'm—"

And, just like that, Craig was turning his head, and cutting him off with a heated, wet kiss, capturing Kyle's lower lip between his own with a whine as those words fucking did him in.

He kept fucking him until he was going soft, only pulling out at that point, letting go of Kyle's wrists. Combing his hand through Kyle's hair, kissing his shoulder. "Oh, baby, that was so good. You were so good, and I didn't mean it. You can touch yourself. Come for me, honey."

Those words hit Kyle at his core, and he nodded slowly, murmuring an acknowledgement as he reached down, wrapping his hand around his cock. He stroked vigorously, haphazardly, focused solely on getting himself off. He'd scarcely touched himself before he came, groaning and rutting against his hand.
"Thank you Professor. Daddy." Professor Daddy. Fuck, he could never think straight in these moments. "This was what I needed."

"Me too." Craig's arms were around him, heaving him up, spinning him around to pull him into a close, caring embrace. As he stroked Kyle's back underneath his t-shirt, he pressed his lips against his forehead, and then into his soft mane of curls, inhaling the familiar scent of his boyfriend's shampoo, one that he'd missed so, so much over the last week. "You get an A-plus, or whatever, by the way," he added halfheartedly, chuckling.

Kyle snorted, squeezing Craig around his waist. "Thanks."

They stayed like this for a few moments, Kyle pressing his face against Craig's shoulder and running his hands along his broad back, until his necessity to always clean up after sex won out. "I'm gonna get water, and then we should shower." Giving Craig a peck on the lips, he grabbed a Kleenex out of the box that somehow, miraculously, had stayed on the desk during this whole endeavor, and gave himself a cursory wipe-down before hitching up his jeans, and heading downstairs.

The stairs brought some discomfort, but it was worth it for the sake of something to satiate his parched throat. He grabbed a glass out of the cabinet once he was in their kitchen and opened the fridge to pull out the Zero Water pitcher.

Kyle was on autopilot, and had poured his water into his mug, and was putting the pitcher back in the fridge when he finally noticed the entire top shelf was filled with Glacier Freeze Gatorade.

His reaction was, of course, completely sensible. The pitcher found its spot on the bottom shelf. He drank his water, and as he leaned against the countertop that divided the living room and kitchen, he peered up at the stairs. "Um, Craig? Care to explain why there's an entire shelf of Gatorade in the fridge?"

The response didn't come immediately, but eventually Craig leaned against the railing, looking over at him. "Oh. That. I was thinking we could just fuck all weekend, if you're alright by that."

Kyle hid a grin behind the rim of his glass as he finished off his water. "I'll consider it. After we watch the game, of course. Start the shower."
Chapter Summary

day 27 | cryle | gun play/degradation

Lt. Craig Tucker has a complicated relationship with one of Denver's more frustrating
villains, the Human Kite.

cw: everything is problematic, gun play, anti-gun rhetoric, poor gun usage, anti-cop
rhetoric, villains that think they're the heroes, completely consensual grey areas

"We've got an APB out on a suspect. Five-eleven, 145 pounds, white male. Suspect wearing teal-
green jumpsuit, white boots. Calls himself Human Kite. Armed and dangerous, approach with
cautions. Last seen in sector 7. Do not shoot, we want this one in alive, guys. Over."

Lieutenant Craig Tucker sighed, and picked up his coffee from the center console of his squad car.
It was still too hot, and it burned the shit out of his mouth when he took a sip. Great. Now, on top
of dealing with Kite again, Craig would have to deal with his mouth being all raw and fucky for the
rest of the day, and that was bullshit. Just like the crackling announcement on his radio —
complete and utter bullshit.

Kite wasn't dangerous, and Craig knew it for a fact. The guy was a little misguided, and incredibly
quick to anger, and sometimes his laser eyes might have, just a couple times, put holes through
buildings and people's houses. And cars. And a couple airplanes... but dangerous? Nah. Out of all
the villains in their city, he was just a few steps above Professor Chaos, who was a mild nuisance
on a bad day.

Those other cops just didn't know how to handle him, was all.

Over the past year, since the Human Kite started showing up on the radar, he'd had a couple run-
ins with the man. Enough that he had a few ideas of where to look for him. Technically he
shouldn't have done this without backup—but he worked better alone.

Craig stopped in on particular grocery store, another business, before finally driving to one of the
abandoned warehouses. As he parked his car, he spotted a figure leaning against the wall, quickly
moving inside.

He followed, and had just entered when the Human Kite cornered him. "I know you've been
looking for me."

Instinct overtook him, and he switched their positions, pinning the other man against the wall,
forearm pressed against his collarbone. "You robbed a Bank of America, Kite."

The redhead scoffed, shoving at the taller man, but Craig wasn't one to budge. "I didn't rob it.
Technically. And if anyone is robbing, it's multi-trillion dollar corporations like that stealing from
the people financially and environmentally—"
"Cut the shit," Craig growled. Kite was infuriating. He didn't care about the self-righteousness. How the hell did this guy get off on having the moral high ground when— "You've committed multiple felonies and one of the tellers had a heart attack."

"Oh, so some old woman has a heart condition, so I'm the problem. Fuck off with—" Kite's venomous words were cut off when Craig's other fist collided with his jaw.

"What the hell, dude!" Kite was quick to leap away, straight upwards. The toes of his boots caught on the brick behind him as he used it to push himself to the other side of the narrow room, landing on the other side of Craig with barely a thud. "Not cool, Lieutenant Tucker. Cops like you are part of the problem, you know." Kite rubbed his jaw with the heel of his hand, chest heaving in enraged, deep breaths.

"You're not even going to change anything!" Craig spun around and flattened his back against the wall of the barren, slightly small room off the main warehouse area, into which he'd followed Kite. The last thing he wanted was to leave himself exposed. He was close to positive that Kite worked alone, but in the unlikely event that Kite had an accomplice... Hand sneaking to his waistband, and curling around the grip of his weapon, he didn't allow himself to follow that line of thinking for another second. "You think you're some kind of Robin Hood, when you're really a second-rate villain who— don't even think about it."

His gun was drawn as quickly as he saw Kite's eyes flash red.

Kite's lips curled into a snarl. "I could kill you before you even pull the trigger, Lieutenant."

The grip on his gun tightened. "You're not going to." It was said with absolute certainty. Craig had seen what those laser beams could do, had seen the devastation of buildings, public and private, across Denver as a result of them. But if there was one thing that Craig was certain of, when it came to this hooded man, was that Kite didn't needlessly harm people.

People got hurt. People died. But never directly from Kite's hands. Or eyes, for that matter.

Kite snorted, but just as quickly as the glowing red overtook his eyes, it was gone, leaving narrowed emeralds glaring in his direction. "No. But you're not going to arrest me, either, so you might was well tell me why you're here."

Craig's eye twitched, his lip tucking into his mouth, half snarling, half sucking it between his teeth. His heart thumped, his stomach did a flip, and just as soon as he opened his mouth, he shut it again. Nevertheless, he kept his grip steadfast on his gun, glaring down the barrel at the man in front of him.

Kite smirked, crossing his arms and cocking an eyebrow. "We both know damn well why you're here, Tucker." His deep green eyes blinked, slowly, before he cast his stare up and down Craig's body, blatantly lingering on his arms, the broad shoulders stretching against his uniform, his legs, his cock. "As if you'd have it in you to do anything at all. You're useless. You're a poor excuse for the law. As if you—"

"I could've killed you five seconds ago during all that monologuing," Craig bit back, raising his brow in turn, allowing his eyes to linger upon the tight spandex covering Kite's bulge. "Enough is enough, Kite. You're under arrest, for real this time, you dick. You have the right to—"

Kite's eyes blazed. It was a near-miss, chunks of brick, clouds of dust raining down from the wall
just behind, and a bit to the left of where Craig was now crouched, covering his head with his arms, gun still gripped in his fist.

The dust hadn't even settled when Craig charged. If he let his guard down, let himself be thrown off by a wannabe supervillain doing things that were potentially dangerous, he had no business being a cop. His shoulder collided with Kite's lean torso, knocking them both to the ground, gun sliding out of reach.

He succeeded in winding Kite, who wheezed upon impact. A skirmish followed. Neither of them allowed themselves an opportunity to process anything beyond the instinctive need to win.

Craig saw the moment Kite's eyes fell onto the gun, and as Kite attempted to shimmy for it, Craig elbowed him in the side and grabbed his shoulder. Kite kicked him in the shin. A tangle of limbs resulted, rolling and tumbling on the cold concrete as they exchanged blows and jabs.

It filled him with shame the moment Craig watched Kite reach for the gun again. In a vain attempt to stop him, as Kite's fingertips grazed the side of the butt, Craig grabbed him where he could. He'd intended to squeeze the nape of his neck, but he latched onto Kite's stupid Spandex outfit.

Craig tugged, and rather than stopping Kite from grabbing the gun in full, he tugged it right off of Kite's neck. From the limited vantage he had, all he could see was the sudden poof of red curls. Very little thought was put into it, as he was still intent on trying to get the gun from Kite, even if it meant risking life and limb for it.

But he was met with the sound of the magazine clattering to the ground.

He tugged on Kite's elbow, and in another bout of what was essentially wrestling, Kite wound up straddling Craig, pressing the barrel of the unloaded gun against his temple. "Bang."

It was a taunt, one that Craig didn't fully process as he stared wide-eyed up at the Human Kite. It wasn't the first time they'd taunted each other, nor was it the first time that he'd allowed himself to be in a compromised position like this, where he could feel Kite's erection pressing against him, where Kite could feel his. But it was the first time he'd seen Kite's face fully unobstructed, with bright red curls framing his high cheekbones. For a second, Craig forgot how to breathe, and that was when he realized he was royally fucked.

There was a hint of something panicked on Kite's face, his brows rising to his hairline, his eyes going wide for but a moment as the realization dawned on him that Craig knew exactly what he looked like. But, it was gone as soon as it began, replaced with a predatory grimace of a smile as Kite dragged the barrel of the gun down Craig's face, shoving it in the soft spot of flesh between throat and jaw. Craig winced, his stomach and chest heaving with quick, shallow breaths, and he didn't think his cock could be any harder.

God, this was so fucked up, and Kite, or whoever he actually was, was fucking beautiful.

"Like what you see, Lieutenant?" Kite chided, pressing his hips against Craig's with a shallow thrust. When Craig's answer never came, his voice caught somewhere between chest and throat, Kite hummed teasingly, rubbing his free hand over Craig's badge, and then across his chest. "How's this, Tucker... you tell anyone what I look like, and I'll fucking kill you, understand?"
Craig nodded, feeling his mouth go dry. That seemed to satisfy Kite, who stopped pressing the gun against him so firmly. Instead, he dragged the barrel across his jawline and back, finally resting it against his bottom lip.

If he hadn't known that it was already unloaded, he would've been more apprehensive about being in this position. But it wasn't loaded, and he knew this piece had a magazine safety. Perhaps he should've taken this situation more seriously, given that a wanted criminal had him in this position but—

"Suck on this barrel like it's the 1%, you complicit pig."

—it was hard to take seriously. Craig couldn't help his bark of laughter, even though that meant that the moment his mouth was open, Kite was pressing the barrel deep into his mouth.

Years of firearm safety training had taught Craig many important, vital facts: Keep your finger off the trigger, unless prepared to shoot. Always, always treat every gun like it's loaded. Never draw your weapon on anything, any one you don't intend to injure or kill. Certainly never put it in your mouth, or let someone else put it in your mouth, and close your eyes and moan and run your tongue along the cold metal of the barrel like it's someone's dick while some mediocre villain pins your wrists above your head and bites your neck but that last one?

Yeah. That was exactly what Craig did.

He should've been terrified. He should've been scrambling for his radio and calling for backup, should've been fighting tooth and nail to finally get this guy in the back of his cruiser, but instead he was bucking his hips upwards, straining his wrists against Kite's grip, desperate to feel him, to get him out of that really rather unfortunate choice of a costume and scratch the fuck out of his back, to get his hands in those curls, god....

Wanting just to look at him, Craig opened his stinging, watering eyes, spittle gathering at the corners of his mouth as Kite ever so slowly moved his weapon in and out of his mouth, like he was fucking it.

"You like that, don't you." It was a rhetorical question. Kite could see quite plainly that the lieutenant was into this, as he palmed at Craig's throbbing cock through the confines of his pants. "Thin Blue Line, indeed."

Craig made a sound of protest at the implication of what Kite was suggesting, but it only earned the barrel touching the back of his throat. He gagged, glaring at Kite, but the heated look was only met with a smirk.

"Indignant is good look for you," Kite commented, squeezing Craig's cock while continuing to fuck his mouth with the barrel of the gun. "Tell me, how does it feel to be a failure of a cop? No one likes the dirty cops, deep in the pockets of the mob. But what would they think about you?"

"Fuhhh," Craig managed to get out from around the gun, his eyes meeting Kite's, which were narrowed and arousal-blown. "Fuhhh oooou."

Kite snorted derisively. "Fuck me? You have it all backwards, Tucker. I don't know why I'm surprised, because that is exactly what I'd expect from a pig like you." He traced his thumb roughly around the tip of Craig's cock, before dragging his hand along the length, and giving his balls a tug. Craig gasped, writhing against his touches. "What would the boys down at the station
He moved his hand upwards, toying with the waistband of Craig's slacks for just a moment, which made him whine a series of incomprehensible, muffled syllables around the barrel. Kite's resulting laugh was cruel, which made Craig's cock twitch. "I hear you, Lieutenant, but it's not going to happen. You don't deserve it. But imagine, if I did. Imagine if I had big, bad, Mister Policeman on all fours, begging for it. Maybe pressing this—" he twisted his wrist, rotating the hunk of metal taking up far too much space in Craig's mouth — "right up against your temple while I fuck you. That's what pigs like you deserve, is it not?" He pawed at the front of Craig's trousers again.

Craig nodded slowly, tears pricked in the corner of his eyes. It was all the fault of the barrel pressing too far down his throat, but he couldn't help but feel a little mortified by it. Especially when Kite was watching him so closely. He hadn't said anything about it, so maybe he didn't notice, but if Craig wiped his eyes, he definitely would.

But he did have use of his arms. Somewhere between now and when Kite started rubbing his cock, he'd forgotten that. He rested them on Kite's thighs, running upward toward Kite's constrained cock —

"Did I say you could touch me?" Kite's eyes narrowed, and as he pressed the barrel further down, he squeezed Craig's cock so firmly that it hurt.

He lifted his hands, the pair frozen and hovering over Kite's legs but not touching as Craig gagged and coughed around the barrel.

"Enough of that," Kite drawled, quickly yanking the barrel out of Craig's mouth. Craig shuddered as his teeth scraped against hard metal. "Don't want you throwing up on me. Wonder if you're any good at deep-throating, or if you'd be just as useless as you just were."

Craig gasped, finally able to take a deep breath, and brought up his arm to wipe his mouth, and massage his aching jaw. His voice was hoarse, barely over a whisper. "Wanna find—"

"Shut up." Kite pressed Craig's gun, wet with spit, against his cheek. "It was a rhetorical question, Lieutenant. I know you'd be terrible."

"I would not!" Craig countered, unable, as always, to keep his mouth shut.

Kite released his grip on Craig's cock, and just as soon as he did, the back of his hand collided with Craig's cheek in a stinging slap that echoed off the walls of the warehouse. "That's for me to decide, pig," Kite nearly growled, eyes narrowing. A whine cut itself off in Craig's throat, half arousal, half fear as he saw a telltale flash of red come and go in the villain's eyes.

Craig felt the now-warm end of the barrel pressing firmly against the side of his head as Kite leaned down, biting the side of his neck hard enough that he couldn't help but tense up. That was going to leave a mark, and there was no way to ignore the throbbing of his neck—or the feeling of the barrel against him—and it made his stomach lurch, his dick throb painfully.

"You're so easy, Tucker. I've barely done anything and you're practically keening," Kite observed, a hint of arrogance in his words. His fingers found the tip of Craig's cock through his pants, rubbing firmly. "You like this, don't you. Answer me."

"Yes," Craig breathed, lifting his hips, rocking into Kite's hand for an attempt for friction.
A chill ran down his spine as Kite licked the side of his neck where he bit, as his lips trailed up toward his ear, catching the lobe in his teeth. Craig couldn't hide his moan, and he couldn't even feel bad about knowing the reason Kite knew exactly where to get his mouth one him was because it was far from being the first time.

"I should fuck you with your gun," Kite said, fingers mercilessly working against his cock. "You'd like that. That's what fascists like you love more than anything, your guns. More than the well-being of anyone who has to exist around you."

"Oh now that's rich, coming from you, murder-eyes," Craig managed to gasp out, as if the threat didn't make his toes curl and his hips lurch forward, circling against the pressure of Kite's hand. His comeback only served to egg on Kite, the villain digging Craig's gun firmly into his temple. "Shut up," he repeated, and then, without any further ado, his mouth latched to Craig's. It wasn't a kiss, not really. It was Kite's teeth digging into Craig's lower lip, yanking and gnawing hard enough that the distinct, coppery taste of blood filled Craig's mouth and it fucking hurt, and Craig knew he wasn't going to hold on much longer.

Kite knew, too. They'd done this enough that he always seemed to know. He pulled away, licking a droplet of red off his lips as he grinned, and it was then that Craig could see within him the villain this man so desperately wanted to be. "I'm going to make you come in your pants," Kite purred, and moved to lick a long line up Craig's neck, and then his ear. "And you're going to go back to the station, reeking of sex, and everyone's going to know exactly what you did."

Craig's breathing became more ragged, a plead caught in his throat. He absolutely didn't want his squad to even suspect what he was getting up to, but Kite's words struck him somewhere deep down and primal. Maybe just because he was so close, just on the precipice of reaching that peak he could ride down.

"Fuck off," was Craig's response, but it lacked any genuine heat. He didn't want Kite to fuck off, not yet, not when he was so close. His moans echoed in the empty warehouse as he came, hips bucking against Kite's hand. Shame crept up his neck—

_Click._

—and was quickly replaced with fear, adrenaline, and rage as he realized what Kite had done.

Sitting up abruptly and knocking the other man off of him, he wrenched his firearm from Kite's grasp. "You have no respect for gun safety. What the fuck is wrong with you?"

Kite's nostrils flared, chest puffing, irritation leaking into his voice as he spoke. "I don't? You were the one who just let me face-fuck you with your own gun. Do you want me to just melt it down? Because I fucking will—" He reached to reclaim the gun, but Craig was quick to put it back into his holster. Kite didn't try to take it from him.

"That's completely unnecessary, Ki—"

"—I fucking should, I'll melt down every single gun you assholes carry. Then we'll see who's tough—" Whatever Kite was going to say turned into an unintelligible, muffled sound as Craig clasped his hand on the back of his neck and pressed their mouths together into a kiss. A _real_ kiss.
It lasted longer than it should have. Craig's lips were soft against Kite's, a sharp contrast from just moments before. He dragged his tongue along Kite's bottom lip, Kite willingly parted his lips, beckoning Craig to slip his tongue in, brush it against Kite's—

And as abruptly as it started, Kite was shoving him away, red brows furrowed as he scowled at the officer. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Good question." Craig rose to his feet, sticky-wet in his briefs and an unidentifiable sinking feeling in his chest. Shame, anger, rage, sadness, everything... because he wanted so, so bad for that kiss, their first actual kiss over the last he didn't even know how many months, to continue, to never, ever stop. He wanted to live in that kiss, to exist somewhere where none of all this bullshit of cops and villains and trying so, so hard to be the good guy despite everything being stacked against him existed. "We're not all bad, you know." He dusted off his pants.

Kite sat cross-legged on the floor, shooting him a half-hearted glare. "It's not you. It's the institution." Long fingers brushed through wild, red curls, and Craig didn't want to feel that weird pang in his chest, but he couldn't help it.

Despite that, Craig rolled his eyes. "Yeah. Well. If anyone asks, I never saw you, won't tell anyone, same shit as always."

Just as he spun on his heel, Kite stopped him. "Wait."

Craig stopped, trying his best to ignore the way his heart was racing. He turned, intentionally keeping his expression as stoic as possible as he made eye contact with Kite one last time. He needed his walls up, needed Kite not pick up on how he felt right then. "What."

He watched as Kite stretched his long legs, crossing them as he leaned against his palms. "Don't get any ideas, Tucker. I know where you sleep."

Something tugged within him. Something bittersweet, something hopeful. It wasn't a threat, it was a promise for something he knew then they both wanted. "Yeah. Okay. So, uh, do I get to know your name?"

Kite laughed. Something real and genuine, the complete antithesis to every time he tried to sound threatening. "I don't think so. You don't get to know that yet."

Yet. As Craig left the warehouse, it was that word that he hung onto, rather than worry about the ramifications that would inevitably come from traveling down this path.

Yet.
Craig felt like he was going to die, to just dissolve and melt into a puddle in front of all of these people he'd never seen before and would probably never see again. Logically, he knew that nobody was looking at them. They were just a couple of dudes, doing their weekend shopping — to an outsider, they'd likely be pegged as roommates, or friends; only a more astute observer would notice that they were a couple, and that of course wouldn't bother Craig one bit under normal circumstances.

But, today wasn't normal. It wasn't often that Stan wanted to do this. His being in charge was a rare occurrence, even less so if Craig hadn't goaded him into it in the first place. Every time Stan wanted to do this, it was always intense and weird. Which was fine, Craig loved intense and weird, thrived off of it, really, at least in terms of their sex life... but this was the first time it'd ever happened anywhere but the privacy of their own home. Every time Stan wanted to do this, he wanted it a certain way, and today was no exception.

Craig hated that he loved both the embarrassed, squirmy feeling in the pit of his stomach, and the unfamiliar sensation of silken, stretchy lace under his clothing, but he was, as always, more than happy to do this for his boyfriend.

He had to keep reminding himself that nobody except them knew he was either wearing what he wore underneath his jeans and hoodie, or that every step, every movement made him squirm, the plug in his ass only just missing his prostate. It didn't stop him from flushing all over, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth as he reached the top shelf to pull down a can of pasta sauce, yanking down his hoodie as best he could with his free hand, to ensure it wouldn't ride up.

He stuck it in the cart with a pointed look at Stan. "There you go," he said, flatly, as he caught Stan's eye in a fleeting glance.

That was when Stan pulled him in, grip tight on his wrist, their bodies with barely an inch of space between them. "You're so pretty," Stan leaned over, and whispered against Craig's ear, eyes darting around the bustling grocery store to make sure nobody was looking. When it was determined nobody was, or at least that's what Craig assumed, being that he was too involved in looking at Stan's lips than their surroundings, he slid his hand up the back of Craig's shirt, calloused fingers catching on the lacy material between their skin. "Such a pretty girl."

"Shut the hell up."
Craig jerked away, turning his back to Stan as he consulted the grocery list on his phone. There were only a few more items left to pick up, and with his focus almost entirely on that, it was easier to ignore how furiously his cheeks burned.

He wasn’t surprised at all that Stan was getting under his skin; his boyfriend had a gift for it. He looked sweet and innocent… but, in reality, Stan was far from it. He was just as capable of being as filthy and depraved as Craig. Sometimes, he was even worse. "Let’s just hurry up and get out of here," he told Stan, making an effort to sound particularly grumpy.

Stan's response was a chipper hum. "Whatever you say, dear."

Ugh. It was then that Craig decided that he was going to punch Stan before this was over. Right in the face. With his mouth. Maybe with teeth and tongue.

Rather than saying anything about it, he rounded about the endcap at the end of the aisle to head down the next one. The sacks of flour he needed were at the bottom shelf, so it was with the intent of being careful that he squatted down, tugging at his hoodie— but.

He felt Stan’s hand on his shoulder as he leaned down to whisper in Craig's ear. "I can see your thong."

Craig shuddered a sigh, feeling the flush on his face spread down his neck and chest. As if he wasn't already overly-aware of his half-hard cock rubbing against the small patch of slinky lace that barely contained his balls, of the thin strip of fabric wedged too closely between the cheeks of his ass, bumping against the base of the plug with every slight movement. If he wasn't so fucking tall he could've worn a longer sweatshirt... he'd especially need one now, to conceal the growing bulge in the front of his jeans, his cock throbbing as Stan ghosted his fingers along the nape of his neck.

He stood up as quickly as he could, each movement making him even more cognizant of the lacy tank top rubbing against his nipples, of the plug, of the fact that one of his nuts just fell out of that goddamn stupid thong and he couldn't adjust himself because they were in public and everyone would know. He held the flour sack in front of his crotch as they began meandering down the rest of the aisle— at least, until Stan snatched it up, sticking it in their cart next to the bag of sweet potatoes.

"You don’t have to carry that, sweetie," Stan said airily, his smile broad and cheeky.

Craig grumbled something under his breath, indistinct syllables being all that he could manage to say, and cleared his scratchy, dry throat. Blue eyes met his, and Stan reached out to give what, to any outsider, would look like a loving pat on his lower back. Craig knew that the touch was nothing more than Stan being a little shit, acknowledging that he was well aware the amount of embarrassment he was putting Craig through.

Stan's fingers played with the edge of his hoodie. "We just need milk, eggs, and frozen stuff, right?"

"Mhm." Craig licked his lips, gaze darting to the overhead signage. He just needed to go over one more aisle to the frozen vegetables. The end of that aisle intersected with dairy, and then all they would need to was double back to the checkout line.

They could do this. He could. He was just going to have to willfully ignore the presence of every
other person in the store. But that wasn't so easy, not when he could see their glances, feel their judgement. Like they knew. What the fuck was he going to do if he got banned from the one grocery store in their town, all because he was a freak?

"I can take the cart," he offered, reaching for the handle bar.

"A purty lady like you shouldn't be doing such heavy lifting—or pushing," Stan told him, content to keep the cart as they continued their shopping.

"Stan, god damn it," Craig groaned, giving his boyfriend's hand a crushing squeeze atop the cart.

"Dude, ouch! What the hell!" Stan snatched his hand away, rubbing it, and was quickly bumped out of way, Craig ushering his boyfriend aside with a knock of his hips. They glared at each other mischievously, smiles pulling at their mouths, before Stan rolled his eyes, and shook his head.

"Fine. All yours, princess." His voice was husky, yet smooth, as his wide, round eyes lingered on the front of Craig's jeans. He cast another furtive glance down the aisle, making sure that the little old lady on the other end wasn't looking at them — even though Craig fucking knew she was — before leaning against Craig, pressing his face against his cheek, and even going as far as cupping his hand to conceal what he whispered from any potential passers-by. "Someone's excited. Knew you'd get off on this. What a bad little girl."

Craig clutched the handle of the cart as hard as he could, and grit his teeth to prevent himself from literally moaning, out loud, right there in the fucking Safeway. "Let's just get the fucking milk and go, okay?"

"'Kay!" Stan shrugged jovially, a spring in his step as he grabbed a couple bags of frozen broccoli, and practically bounced over to the ice cream.

Craig kept pushing the cart, leaving Stan with the ice cream. They didn't need the ice cream, it wasn't on the list, but if it meant Stan was distracted long enough for Craig to just grab a gallon of milk without Stan making a fucking scene, he could've gotten enough to fill their freezer for all he cared.

When he came back around with the milk in the cart, Stan was still mulling over the ice cream options. He threw a glance over his shoulder at Craig, frowning. "Do I want salted caramel pretzel or salted caramel pecan?"

"They're fundamentally the same. Just grab one. I'm getting in line." If there was an edge of impatience in his tone, it was clearly only because he hated spending any amount of time in Safeway, not because he was eager get home for other reasons entirely.

Stan made a sound of acknowledgement, brows furrowing as he scrutinized the half gallons of ice cream. When he finally joined Craig at the checkout line, he had one of each in hand and was more than happy to set both of them down in the cart. He caught the look Craig gave him, and Stan couldn't help but smile broadly as he fished his wallet out of his back pocket. "Don't worry, lady, I've got this."

"You're the worst," Craig informed him dryly.

If there were small mercies, it was that they managed to get their items rung up without issue, the clerk hardly batting an eye at their antics. But by the time they got the groceries loaded into the back of their car, Craig was certain he was dying.
Although the door was open, and his seat right there, the car surely warmer and more inviting than the cold mountain air around them, Craig kept his hand on the hood of their Outback, glare focused on his boyfriend as he situated himself in the driver's seat and turned on the ignition. The ride there was bad enough, but now that he was fully worked-up, it was sure to be so, so much worse — well, better, really, but fucking worse, because he'd have to deal with every single bump on the roads on the way home, a-fucking-gain. As if once wasn't bad enough.

Stan smiled at him far too innocently. "What's the matter, pretty baby? Have a seat."

"I hate you so much right now, just for the record," Craig grumbled, not really meaning it at all, as he braced himself with a sharp breath, and lowered himself to seated, instantly slamming the door shut. "Fuck," he moaned, feeling the plug shift within him, the tip hitting him in just the right place like the whole weight of his body was pressing into it.

"Oh gosh, you aren't uncomfortable, are you? I'd hate for that to be the case." Stan commented, pulling out of the parking spot, and in the following moments, turned onto the country road that led to their house.

It wasn't that far on the outskirts of town, relatively speaking. Craig didn't respond to him, merely shifting again and trying to keep his gaze trained on the road ahead. Soon they got to the outskirts of town, and the engine had been running long enough that the heater was blasting warm air.

Craig didn't think much about it, until it was blatantly too warm, and Stan made no effort to turn it down. He reached over to turn the knob himself, but Stan's warm hand stopped him.

"If you're feeling hot, baby girl, you should take those layers off."

Craig whined — out of arousal, out of discomfort, embarrassment, anger, all of it — as Stan's fingers threaded into his own, giving his hand a squeeze much gentler than Craig's earlier one while they fought over the cart. Keeping his eyes on the road, Stan guided Craig's hand to his lips, giving it a soft kiss before dropping it just as quickly, and wrapping his fingers around the steering wheel once more. "My car, my rules," he said, a crooked smile on his infuriatingly adorable face, "Don't touch the thermostat, okay, honey? You're probably too dumb to know how it works, anyway." It was said matter-of-fact, almost sweet.

"Yeah," Craig replied, voice merely a hoarse whisper as a feeling of shame bubbled in his chest, and arousal blossomed in his groin. He shifted against the back of the seat, trying in vain to get the plug even deeper inside of him, like it was possible. He knew he wasn't stupid — he had a Master's, for fuck's sake. Stan knew Craig wasn't stupid perhaps more than Craig himself did. But they both also knew that, when they were doing this... whatever it was they were doing, when Stan was in charge, nothing turned Craig on more than being put down like that. He palmed at the front of his jeans, so close to popping open the button.

The only thing stopping him was how mortified he felt, and how badly he wanted to stay there and soak up that feeling for as long as he could.

"God damn it, it's sooo hot in here," Craig drawled, as dramatically as he could, with an exaggerated roll of his eyes.

"Then strip." Stan reached over for a moment, stroking his hand along Craig's neck.

"Someone's gonna see, though." Said as if the threat of someone seeing wasn't exactly what he
"Strip. I wanna see your pretty panties." Stan's thumb dragged against the shell of Craig's ear.

Craig made a strangled sound in his throat, as if he were actually reluctant to do this. As if he was only complying out of obligation, and not as eager as he actually was. "Fine." He said, the word clipped as he tugged the hoodie up and over his head.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Stan could see the pretty, lacy black tank that Craig wore. It was see-through, making his nipples perfectly visible, just begging to be pinched. "You're so pretty, Craig, so delicate."

He shot a glare over at Stan as he shifted, shucking off his shoes and then wiggling beneath the constraints of the seatbelt to tug his pants down. The panties matched the tank, and they failed to hide anything: the sides and tip of his throbbing cock were perfectly visible. With a reminder that anyone they passed on the highway could potentially see him like this, he palmed at his cock.

"Look at that," Stan murmured, stealing a glance at Craig as he touched himself, "You're so turned on, baby girl."

"Stop calling me that, asshole," Craig grumbled, like he didn't absolutely squirm when Stan called him that, as he wrapped his hand around his erection, through the lace. It felt wonderful on the sensitive skin of his cock, soft and not nearly as scratchy as it looked, especially given that, as soon as he sat down in the car, he was at full mast, straining cock leaking droplets of pre-come against his underwear.

"You love it, though." Stan ran his hand along the length of Craig's neck, making him shiver, and when he reached down to pull lightly at a nipple, Craig couldn't hold in his unrestrained moan.

"Shouldn't you be driving, Stanley."

It was like he said the magic words, because rather than answering Craig directly, he pulled over onto the shoulder of the country highway. There was no oncoming traffic, no one visibly behind them. It was just them and open ranching land.

Stan put the car in park, turned the engine off. And turned the hazards on. And with their community being as it was, it was a near-guarantee that a stranger would stop to check in on them if they passed.

The idea of potentially getting caught like this turned him on even more. He stroked his fingers along the sides of his straining cock, licking his lips as he looked over at Stan. "Are you just going to watch?"

Stan drummed his fingers against the steering wheel. "Maybe."

Craig tried to look annoyed, but underneath the earnest gaze of his boyfriend's big, impossibly blue eyes — even when he was doing this weird domination thing of his, Stan still reminded him of a dumb puppy dog — Craig just felt exposed, and it certainly showed in his face. Craig's mouth opened in a gasp when Stan shot him one of those smiles, all crooked and cute, and then ran his tongue along his full, pink lips.

"How 'bout you show me your ass," Stan said, voice that sweet, low murmur he always got when he was acting like this. His teeth, for but a moment, trailed over his lip, and Craig ached to feel
them on his nipples, instead. "I wanna see how sexy it looks in the underwear I got you."

"You know exactly what it looks like, because you couldn't stop fucking staring at me all morning." Craig definitely couldn't look irritated then, a small smile instead tugging at his lips, remembering how Stan had started this whole thing, how nice his hands felt cupping his ass, and spreading him open, and.... "Fuck," Craig gasped, thighs twitching as he slowly pumped his hand around the head of his cock.

"C'mon, be a good girl." Stan unbuckled his seatbelt, leaning across the center console to cup one of Craig's cheeks in his hand, thumb dragging along the stubble on his chin. "You look so sexy, wanna see you bend over."

"It's not gonna work in the front seat, though, is it?" It was nearly impossible for Craig to make himself sound dumb, let alone feminine in any way, but he did his best, furrowing his brow and sucking on the tip of his finger for good measure. "It's gonna work a lot better in the back seat." After a moment of catching his boyfriend's eyes and cheekily raising his brow, Craig added, "But I'll totally fall on my face if I have to climb over. See my problem, here?"

Stan's eyes flashed dark, his face taking on as close to a predatory smirk as someone like Stan could, tongue running over the top row of his teeth. "So get out of the car, and walk to the back."

Craig's whole body flushed. "People are gonna see," he mumbled, staring at the floor. Not a single vehicle had passed them yet, but it'd be just Craig's luck that the moment he'd step out of their car, one of the farmers from down the road would see their unfriendly neighbor from the end of the lane standing on the side of the highway in a fucking thong.

"You can say no, you know our safe word." Stan's voice was kind, and his lips were soft against Craig's forehead.

Craig scoffed. "Oh, fuck a safe word."

The car chimed when he opened his door, cold air biting at him as he stepped out of the car. It didn't matter that he was born and raised in Colorado, with the weather being as it was, with him being dressed as he was, there was no getting around the fact that he was going to be cold.

He hugged his torso as he hopped out, careful not to fall down the off of the shoulder of the road into a bur-filled ditch. As soon as he got the back door open, he crawled onto the seat, resting his elbows against the far side of the seat behind the driver's side.

He was barely there a moment alone before Stan was getting out of the car and rounding about as well. After closing the door behind himself, he settled on Craig's calves, running his hands over the backs of his thighs. He cupped his ass, stroking his thumbs over the the lacy hem of the thong. "You're so beautiful, Craig."

Craig shifted, spreading his legs apart slightly as his eyes fluttered shut as to revel in the feeling of Stan’s large, strong hands kneading the cheeks of his ass, then running down the strip of fabric between them. “Thanks.”

“That’s all you have to say, baby?” The weight of Stan’s body was against him, then, those hands hitching up Craig’s hips, his crotch pressed right against Craig’s ass, hitting against the base of the plug in the best way possible. “That’s really all you can think of? Thanks?” Stan reached around, rubbing his thumbs on Craig’s nipples through black lace. “Man. You’re so stupid.” His voice
remained kind, yet heavy with faux-disappointment, and very real arousal.

“Yeah,” breathed Craig, pressing back into Stan in a desperate shimmy of hips. “That’s all.”

Stan chuckled, giving Craig’s nipples a brief, yet harsh tug. “If you can’t give me a real thank you, maybe I should just leave you outside in the cold, huh?” Voice not wavering a bit from it’s sweet croon, Stan continued, pausing to shuck off his sweater and toss it in the front seat, before turning a moment of attention toward Craig’s neck, nipping softly at the nape. “Bet you’d get picked up right away dressed like that. One look at a pretty little thing like you, and I bet someone would decide they’d wanna take you home and pass you around, with their friends. Use you up like the slutty little girl you are, huh Craig?”

Craig’s face burned, and cock ached. “You’re such a freak, Stan,” he tossed out, without any heat behind it.

"You like it, don't you." Stan all but purred, grinding his crotch against Craig's ass as he raked his fingers down over his chest. As Craig rocked back, moans caught in his throat, Stan pressed a kiss to his neck.

"Just, get on with it," Craig said, an edge of impatience etching into his voice. Every movement against his ass brushed against the plug, and while it was shifting within him just right, it didn't change that itching feeling for more.

Stan slid his hand between them, fingers latching into the hilt of the butt plug. "This isn't enough for you, is it? I bet not," he said, tugging the plug out. "Your lil boy pussy is so wet for me."

"Stan."

“What?” Stan asked innocently, fishing around in his front pocket for the packet of lube he’d stashed away when they left the house, just in case.

“That is, by far, the dumbest thing that’s ever come out of your mouth, you fuckin’ freak,” Craig droned back, quickly gasping once he felt the drizzle of lube hit his crack, and Stan’s fingers carelessly shoving the string of the thong aside, then probing against his hole. “You can’t just — mm, yeah — you can’t just say that, it’s fuckin’...”

Oddly hot, really hot, and I sort of hate myself for thinking so, Craig finished in his head as his voice cut itself off with a strangled gasp as Stan fucked him with his fingers, hooking them against his prostate on each inward motion.

“Hm. Doesn’t seem like you really think so, baby. Seems like you’re pretty into this.” Stan used his other hand to stroke along the length of Craig’s spine, taking his time to feel each vertebrae through the thin layer of lace. “You’re so pretty. Tell me you want me to fuck your pussy.”

To say this was just... dumb would be a bit of an understatement. To say that it was completely fucking humiliating would be an even bigger one, and to say that it didn’t turn Craig on to the point of feeling like he might explode would be an outright lie. He hissed a moan through his teeth as he palmed at his throbbing, leaking cock, hyper-aware of the feeling of the underwear’s elastic digging against his sack. “Fuck off, Marsh,” he grunted, rocking his hips against his boyfriend’s hand.

Stan hummed, a noncommittal sound as he extracted his fingers, eliciting an irritated groan from
Craig. “Fine. I’ll just leave you out there and someone else can have you.”

"No," Craig said abruptly, desperately. He could feel the absence of Stan's fingers keenly, it left him with a hollow feeling, like there was a void that needed to be filled before he couldn't bear it anymore. "No one will do it better than you. It has to be you."

Stan hummed, sounding perfectly pleased with this statement. "Maybe you aren't so stupid, after all. You know I'm the only one who can fuck you right," he mused, running his hands over Craig's ass. He didn't make Craig much longer after that, and as he pushed in slowly, he earned a loud groan from Craig. "You sound so beautiful, so good, baby. Your pussy's so hot, so tight—"

"Just fuck me, Stan, Jesus Christ."

Stan hooked his fingers through the string of the thong, holding it just enough out of the way to really let him slam into Craig's ass, dragging each thrust out deeply and slowly, but close enough that he could feel the material sliding against his cock, all soft and delicate. As he pressed his chest against Craig's back, moaning appreciatively at the sensation of the lacy tank against his nipples, he reached for the crown of Craig's hair, yanking his head back to expose his long throat, upon which he flattened his tongue, dragging it up in a slow lick to trace his ear.

"My pretty girl," Stan murmured, the soft, yet dominant tone of his voice going straight to Craig's dick, "Don't hide your face all the way down there. If anyone drives by, I want them to see those beautiful faces you make while I do this." He slammed his hips forward, balls slapping flush against Craig's lace-clad package, and snaked his hand around to pinch his nipples, hard, unforgivingly.

He didn't want to lift his head, but the combination of sensations overtook him. Craig lifted his head, tilting it back as his eyes clenched shut and another moan filled their rocking car. "Fuck, like that," he murmured, easily losing himself in the surges of pleasure Stan continuously inflicted upon him.

"Like what," Stan teased, relentlessly popping his hips, driving into Craig at the angle he knew got the best reactions from him. "What do you want me to do, babydoll?"

Craig hated Stan, hated himself, for how much he was into this. His stubbornness caved, inevitably, when his lack of an answer resulted in Stan slowing down to something torturous. "Fuck my pussy," he said, grasping onto the side of the door in front of him to better leverage rocking back into Stan, as if he aimed to take it all if Stan didn't give it to him.

"Good girl," Stan cooed against his ear, immediately picking up his pace, his hands cupping, kneading into the flat plane of Craig's chest as if he had tits or something. Craig let out a long, whimpering moan as he met each drive of Stan's hips with a backwards motion of his own, the slapping sounds of sex filling their hatchback.

Anyone driving down the winding, country road would surely be able to tell exactly what was going on, given that the car was rocking back and forth in tandem with the rhythm of their bodies moving against each other. At this point, Craig couldn't bring himself to care, not anymore, because it just felt so fucking amazing. He braced his hand flat against the window as he pushed back into his boyfriend's cock.

He could feel the sweat dripping from Stan's face on the back of his neck, the perspiration gathered in Stan's chest hair causing the lingerie to stick to Craig's back as he tightly gripped Craig's hips,
then brought a hand upon his ass with a soft, yet still *somewhat* stinging, spank. "I'm gonna fill you up, baby," Stan gasped, the heat of his breath against Craig's neck, and the sound of his voice sending shivers throughout Craig's entire body. "Tell me you want it."

"I want it," Craig responded. There was no point in being stubborn about it, not when he felt himself edging closer to climax, when he could feel Stan's ragged breathing, his sporadic movements. "Fill me up, Stannie Boy."

The was a muffled sound against the back of his neck, one that almost tickled, but Craig ignored it as much as he could in favor of pushing against him more fervently. Stan kissed his shoulder, bit him, as he slid one of his hands down Craig's chest. His fingers wrapped around Craig's cock, stroking him in time with his thrusts.

Stan's grunts and groans filled the car as he found his release, fucking Craig through it, stroking him until Craig spilled over onto the seat of the car. Stan clicked his tongue as he pulled out, and unbeknownst to Craig, reached for the buttplug. "Tsk. Look at you, naughty girl, making such a mess. I'm going to make you sit with it. For the rest of the way home, you can think about what you've done."

He pushed the buttplug back into Craig and pulled back to tuck himself back into his pants. As Stan made himself somewhat presentable, he threw Craig's hoodie and pants over the back seat.

"Stan, what the fuck is your problem!" Craig surprised even himself with how *whiny* he sounded, wincing at the feeling of the plug as he made to sit up and reach into the back and retrieve his clothing.

He was abruptly stopped by Stan pulling him back, hands digging into his biceps as he yanked Craig toward him, wrenching his arms behind him, until his bare, sweaty chest was pressed flush against Craig's back once more. "You said I could do whatever I want to you today," he murmured smoothly, a contrast to the rough, unrelenting grip on Craig's arms. "I'm in charge, and that's all you get to wear, baby. And, after we get everything put away at home, I'm gonna come in your pussy all over again."

"*Ugh*, shut up. Fine." Craig wrenched his arms away with a huff, but didn't protest when Stan captured his mouth in a deep kiss, and couldn't deny the excited flutter in his chest at keeping this up *all day*... granted, some of the excitement stemmed from his mind coming up with ideas for *payback*, but true planning for *that* would come later.

When the kiss ended, Stan opened the door and slipped out. He stretched his arms, folding them behind his head as he observed his boyfriend. "Are you going to move to the front, babe?"

The look that Craig gave him, at the idea of moving into the front of the car like this, was like daggers. Stan took it well, though, merely laughing and murmuring an 'Alright' before closing the door.

He rounded about the front and got in. The drive home wasn't a long one, ultimately. Stan chatted up his boyfriend, who was laying flat on the back seat, and when he pulled into the driveway, he glanced back at him, "Welcome home, toots."

Craig grumbled, and slowly lifted his head to look out of the window. *Of course* it would be his luck that one of their neighbors was out, raking up *leaves*. Who even did that. "Pass me my clothes, Stanley," he demanded as soon as Stan opened the hatchback to get the groceries.
Stan paused in his bag-grabbing. "Oh, Fine, I guess you can have them since you asked so nicely," he said with a cheeky grin, passing the hoodie and pants over the back of the seat.

It was a little awkward, attempting to get dressed again when trying to avoid the windows. So really, it wasn't a surprise at all when Craig emerged from the car looking like a hot mess, with his clothes rumpled and barely covering him properly. "Uh, hi Tom," Craig said hurriedly when he noticed their neighbor eyeing him, and bolted for the front door.

Smooth.

Stan was able to stack all of the groceries on one of his arms, and after closing the hatchback, he followed Craig inside of the house. "Dude! I forgot all about the ice cream and it's all melty."

In the privacy of their home, Craig shucked the hoodie and pants back off. He'd cheated for the sake whatever shred of dignity he could salvage in getting inside, but the game was absolutely back on. "It's not a loss, babe, your ice cream-based decisions are shit."

Stan gasped. "Hey! Uncalled for. Get over here and bend over the counter."

And without bothering to hide his snickering, Craig was happy to oblige.
"Welcome to City Wok, take your order, please!"

Eric shook his head, beelining toward the facilities. "I'm here to take a shit." He'd almost gotten to the bathroom door when Tuong Lu Kim shouted at him.

"Oh no! You here to use City Bathroom, you order City food! You want City Chicken, or City Beef?"

Sighing heavily, Eric dug his wallet out of his pocket and threw a fiver on the counter. For once in his life he wasn't intending to order one of everything off of the menu. "Just give me some rangoons or something, I don't care!"

Kim was satisfied with that, and this time, he didn't shout at Eric before he got into the bathroom. There were only two stalls, but he already knew which one he wanted. He made quick work of his pants, tugging them down to his knees.

Gripping his totally-massive-and-not-small dick, he jerked it to full mast before shoving it into the famed hole that someone had carved into the stall a few weeks ago. Eric would never say that it was the only way he could get head, he had bitches hounding him day and night, but this was certainly the easiest.

For the person on the other side of the stall, it was just a way to pass the time, to break up the monotony of what was otherwise a very normal day at the same part-time job he'd held since he was far too young to be working. He wasn't sure when the hole between stalls in the men's room appeared, or how it got there, but the moment it appeared, Kenny could've kicked himself for not thinking about putting it there himself.

After all, what could make work more fun than the possibility of suckin' some cock? Especially when it was a nice cock.

He was just chilling on his phone, playing Candy Crush and pretending to scrub graffiti off the bathroom stall so Kim wouldn't bother him, not that Kim really gave a shit what he got up to as long as the work got done at the end of the day, when he heard the door open, and heavy footsteps falling toward the adjacent stall. Usually the other dude just went about his business and left, but as soon as Kenny heard a groan, and felt the flimsy barrier between cubicles shift (which was totally his fault, he was supposed to tighten the screws or whatever but just couldn't be bothered) as the guy next door leaned up against it, he knew exactly what was coming.
His mouth watered in anticipation, as he situated himself on his knees to see what he was working with, and... oh. It wasn't *that* great of a cock. Kinda small, but thick enough that it'd be at least worth something.

Ultimately, he had nothing better to do, and the little mushroomhead sticking out of the stall wasn't going to suck itself. Kneeling down onto the tile, Kenny swirled his tongue around the tip, pressing it against the slit. It was salty and bitter, but it didn't stop Kenny from continuing.

His lips enclosed around it, sucking something fierce. There really wasn't enough to *bob* his head, so to speak, but he was diligent in his efforts. Clearly, he was doing things for the guy on the other side of the stall. He grunted and groaned, and if Kenny had to guess at all, the guy was attempting to wedge himself deeper into the hole but seemed to struggle with it.

Eventually, the guy settled on leaning against the stall, and the telltale creaking and shifting of the stall wall was a cause for concern. Not wanting to die again, Kenny moved out of the stall, just in time for it haphazardly lean over.

Eric didn't realize this until he realized there was no longer a mouth on his dick. "Ay!"

Oh, *gross*. Of course it was him.

"Hey, Eric." Although he said this nonchalantly, Kenny still felt compelled to wipe the back of his mouth with the sleeve of his sweatshirt, leaving his lips feeling raw and tingling. "No wonder your dick couldn't fit in the hole, your big-ass gut's in the way!"

Eric made some kind of disgruntled groan as he hitched up and zipped his pants, hopping a little bit to aid them in sliding up his thighs. Skinny jeans were *super* hot and flattering on his curvaceous bod. "I didn't realize I had to *pay* for this service. Obviously since it's you, Kenny, I suppose you'll be after all the money I *totally* have."

Kenny rolled his eyes so far that it hurt. "Nah, man. *You* try working here, sucking even your dick is more interesting than scrubbin' the floors for the fiftieth time."

"So," Eric reached for the bag sitting on the tank of the toilet, from which he pulled a crab rangoon, and promptly stuffed it into his mouth. "So, you're gonna finish me off, right, poor boy?"

Kenny bought himself some time in answering by pushing the stall wall back up to how it was supposed to be. He was really going to have to tighten the bolts before he left for the day. He clicked his tongue, peering over at his friend. "It's already been in my mouth, so I guess. But I've gotta get back to work, so it'll have to be later. But I don't wanna do it being able to look at your mug."

Eric shoved another rangoon into his mouth, shrugging. "That's fine. Come over to my place, I got a hole in my shower curtain."

“I... what? *Why?*” Kenny exited the stall, and Cartman followed from his shortly after, and all Kenny could hear was *chewing*. It was one thing to chew with your mouth open, and another entirely to do so in a nasty bathroom.

“Oh, *dude*. ” Eric pointedly swallowed his crab rangoon, holding up a finger as he pounded on his chest, getting it all down.

“Uh, Cartman, you should probably chew your food a little better, just say—“
"Whatever, Kinny!" He tossed the now empty bag into the bathroom garbage can, wiping his greasy hands on his jeans. “So, the reason I have a hole in my shower curtain is actually ‘cause of Butters. D’you know how much fuckin’ bank you can make doing cam shows?”

Now this just raised more questions. “Okay. So. You’re saying that you and Butters—“

The door creaked open, Kim’s face peering angrily at his employee. “Dennis! Get back to work! I ain’t pay you to chat!”

"I'll be out in a minute," Kenny told his boss. He still had a few hours to go, and he expected to have to stay for closing, but the money was going to be worth it, even if he was more invested in getting to the bottom of whatever scheme Eric had going on with Butters. Once Kim closed the door, Kenny looked at Eric. "We're talking about this later."

Eric didn't bother swallowing this time, simply responding with his mouth full of hot cream cheese and fake crab. "Cool, meet me at my place and bring whatever leftovers you got here."

As Kenny washed his hands, he threw a glance over his shoulder. "I'll consider it."
Tuesday night was date night.

When they first started seeing each other, it was the one evening where their schedules aligned well enough that they could have a night out without it starting far too late to do much. Things changed, and there was more than one evening during the week where they were free, but the tradition remained the same.

They'd agreed on the restaurant, and to its close proximity to her apartment, Bebe told Wendy she'd walk and meet her there. There was little point in both of them driving, not when they were inevitably going to wind up going home together.

Wendy felt winded when she arrived at the restaurant. Bebe was already there, waiting, and she looked stunning. Her gorgeous blonde curls framed her face, her lipstick was popping. Always a fashionista, it wasn't a surprise to Wendy at all that Bebe looked perfect. But if it was one thing that killed her, it was seeing fishnets over her fit thighs. And those heels.

Offering her girlfriend a smile, Wendy set her hand on her side and leaned in briefly kiss her. "You look amazing."

Bebe laughed, tossing some of her blonde locks over her shoulder as she laced their fingers with her free hand and led the way inside. "It's all for you, baby."

It was.

And Bebe didn't let Wendy forget it for a moment while they sat at their table, with its immaculate white tablecloth, as they sat with their wine, chatted over coq au vin. It was as engaging and entertaining as ever, but it was also pure torture. Throughout their dinner, Bebe stretched her legs out, brushing them against Wendy's.

She could feel the netting against her bare calves. Her thighs. They were halfway through their
meal when Bebe took one of her heels off and pressed her foot between Wendy's thighs, just barely brushing against her panties. When Wendy looked over at her, eyes blazing, Bebe offered her the most innocuous smile.

"You," Wendy articulated slowly, setting down her glass of wine harder than she should've, "Are in for it when we get back to your place." It was murmured low enough that nobody but Bebe could hear.

Bebe raised a delicate eyebrow, her lips curling into a deeper smile over her glass of red. "In for what, Wendy? I'm not sure I follow." Even the way she sipped her drink was cheeky and contrary, as she curled her toe against the seam of Wendy's underwear, shimmying in just the smallest amount to tease against her outer lips.

"Bebe, god damn it," Wendy all but gasped, gripping onto her for dear life.

Wendy felt a lump in her throat, a clenching feeling deep within that she could only keep at bay by crossing her legs tightly. It meant pushing Bebe's foot away, but she was determined to maintain composure for the rest of their meal.

It didn't stop Bebe from finding other ways to drive her insane. The way she twirled the wine glass with her wrist. The way her hair fell over her shoulders, the way her chest rose and fell as she breathed.

The moment their check came and it was paid for was the best part of the night. It meant taking Bebe home, getting her hands on her properly, like Wendy had been dying to do for the entirety of their meal.

Wendy opened the restaurant door for her, led her to her car. Rather than getting in, Bebe pulled Wendy against her as she leaned against the side of the car, pulling her into a kiss. Wendy responded immediately, pressing her thigh between Bebe's as she nibbled on Bebe's bottom lip.

When Wendy pulled away, she wasted no time in getting them back to Bebe's. Unfortunately, she could do nothing about the traffic delays, the red lights, all the things that seemed to be intentionally preventing her from getting to Bebe's flat as soon as possible.

It was torture. She couldn't keep her thoughts from drifting to what she wanted to do, from where she wanted to be touched. She needed it so badly she ached. It certainly didn't help that Bebe ghosted her fingertips along her thigh deliberately.

Finally arriving to Bebe's apartment and crossing that threshold was as much of a relief as it was anticipatory. She could feel her heart pounding as her girlfriend smiled at her, as she laced their fingers together and led her to the bedroom.

Wendy watched as Bebe unclasped her heels and climbed onto the bed. Once she removed her own she followed. Flush pressed against Bebe, she rested her hands on Bebe's hips, sliding her fingertips under her blouse. In a fluid motion she tugged the fabric overhead, discarding it immediately.

She leaned in, ghosting her lips along the side of Bebe's neck, relishing in the soft sounds Bebe made in response. Wendy only pulled back enough for her own shirt to be tugged off, and then she was diving right back in, teeth catching Bebe's earlobe as she fussed with the clasps of Bebe's bra.

It meant some fumbling, as Bebe set herself up to a similar task, but once it was done, she fell back onto her assortment of decorative pillows and tugged Wendy down along with her. They kissed,
lips interlocking, tongues brushing against one another's as their hands ran over each other's bodies, seemingly anywhere they could reach.

Wendy's hand slowly dragged along the outside of Bebe's leg, over that fishnet that had been driving her crazy all evening. Her hand trailer up past the curve of her hip, along her side, until she was cupping one her breasts with her hand, teasingly rolling her thumb over a pert nipple.

That was when she broke the kiss, lowering herself downward. She kissed the swell of Bebe's breast. Encouraged by the way her chest heaved and her breath quickened, Wendy turned her attention to her nipple. She flicked her tongue over it, dragged it around, and when she sucked, Bebe's back arched, moaning loudly enough to potentially be heard by her neighbor.

Bebe's hands slid down Wendy's sides with urgency, tugging her panties down her thighs. She then slid her hand between Wendy's thighs and lips, teasing her fingers over the wet skin.

Wendy groaned, pressing her thigh flush against Bebe, which Bebe soon grinded against. As she turned her attention to Bebe's other breast, she slipped her other hand between her thigh and Bebe, wasting little time in slipping a couple fingers into her.

Bebe's head tilted further back against the pillows, grasping Wendy's elbow to keep her there. Wendy curled her fingers, stroking Bebe as she moved them within her.

Few things were better than feeling how hot and slick Bebe was around her fingers, how Bebe's hips jerked and legs trembled. Wendy brought her other hand down then, as she stroked her thumb over Bebe's clit, running her palm over one of her thighs again. She couldn't help but indulge in the feeling of the fishnet against her hand, and with the way Bebe trembled beneath her, the way one of her hands grasped Wendy's elbow, keeping her hand between her thighs, her fingers on and in her—it was perfect.

As Bebe reached orgasm, Wendy's hand clenched on her thigh, continuing to rub her clit as Bebe tilted her head back in sultry moans and gasps. In the following moments, Wendy slowed her ministrations until she stopped entirely, glancing up to meet Bebe's gaze.

Bebe smiled easily, content for a moment, until she stretched her arms down over her legs and frowned. “Babe… did you rip my fishnets?”

Wendy looked down and sure enough, there was a small tear. Shit. “I'm so sorry—”

Bebe took that opportunity to flip their positions, pinning Wendy on the bed. “Who's in for it now, hm?”

Wendy felt her heart skip a beat, thrilled by the knowledge that neither of them would be leaving the bed for quite some time.

End Notes

You can find us on tumblr: @thaumatroping & @super-craig-is-gay.

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