Sugar Lips

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Sugar Lips

by jetterwetter

Summary

Don has a secret that he’s afraid of anyone else knowing.

Notes

This is a Leo/Don piece I wrote for Leotello week on tumblr. The prompt was addiction.
Enjoy!

It was apparent to anyone who knew Donatello that he was a master in all things pertaining to the tech world. What nobody else knew though, was the secret Donnie kept. He had a hidden passion that he made sure no one but himself knew about. He couldn’t allow his reputation as the sarcastic, sassy, yet hardened turtle in the group to be tarnished. What he didn’t want anybody else to know was that he adored sweets.

It almost didn’t matter what it was, Don loved confectioneries of all sorts. Candy, pastries, soda, you name it. If it had sugar in it, it was in his line of sight. He always kept candy on him in case when they were out he would get a hankering for the saccharine goods. He even had a stash concealed in his lab that he made sure to keep stocked.

Other than Donatello constantly trying to hide that fact that he ate a piece of candy about every five minutes, the rest of the turtles day was going like it normally did. Each one engaging in their own activities or sometimes even some together. The day went by quickly and before they knew it, they
were all headed to bed, except for Donatello. He normally ended up staying later than everyone else, as he would get caught up in his work.

It was close to one in the morning when Don realized he was in the mood for something more than candy. He poked his head outside of the lab, looking to see if he could see any lights on. Once he felt positive that no one was awake, he made his way down towards the kitchen.

Donnie rubbed his hands together in anticipation as he looked at the ever closer fridge. He pulled open the freezer and started pulling out tubs of ice cream. Whipped cream, chocolate syrup, and amaretto cherries shortly followed. He also grabbed some of Splinter’s cake that was kept in a pantry. Donatello knew that Splinter ate this type of stuff quite a bit, so no one would think twice if some went missing as they would just think it was their dad.

Don grabbed himself a big bowl and commenced in the making of a huge ice cream and cake sundae.

“Isn’t that like your third bowl today?”

Donnie tensed up in shock and slowly turned around to see Leonardo leaning against the counter with his arms crossed.

“This is for dad, not me.” Don spat out, quickly thinking on the spot.

“We both know that pops is dead asleep right now.” Leo countered with a smirk on his face all the while.

Donnie felt flustered. He couldn’t think of any other excuses. “Well, you see... Well, Leo...” He struggled, trying hard to think of why he would have a giant bowl of ice cream and cake.

Leonardo raised his brow, that smirk still plastered on his face. He stepped forward until he was only inches away from Donatello, leaving him nowhere else to go, almost pinning him to the island counter. “So, you like sweets, huh? Well then, you can call me sugar lips.”

Don choked, gripping the counter tightly behind him. “Wait, did you know?” He asked while already racking his brain, looking for a moment that he could have possibly been caught by the blue banded turtle.

“Really?! That line was incredible and you’re just gonna ignore it!” Leonardo groaned, feeling defeated. “Of course I knew. You can’t keep secrets from me.” He regained his composure and put both of his hands on the island counter, in between both of Dons arms.

Donatello gulped as feelings of dread and uneasiness came over him. “You... You’re not repulsed by it?”

“No, you dork. You like what you like and you shouldn’t be ashamed of it. I like you and you don’t see me worrying about it.” Leo teased. He reached behind Don and grabbed the can of whipped cream. He squeezed it all over Donnie’s face. “Oops, my hand slipped.” Leonardo chuckled at his own antics.

Donatello made a sound of disbelief. “How could you? I trusted you!” Don said in his most dramatic tone, some of the whipped cream falling from his mouth. Before Leo had time to react, he leaned forward and pressed his lips to those bright green ones.

Leonardo returned the kiss fervently. Both of their faces were now covered in whipped cream but at the moment neither of them seemed to care. It dripped from their faces and started slowly sliding
down their plastrons.

Donnie only opened his eyes when he could feel the hum of Leo’s oncoming laughter. Their lips parted and they looked at each other, both with smiles on their faces. Don leaned forward and licked some lingering whipped cream off of Leo’s lips. “I guess you do have sugar lips.”

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