I mean...... it’s smut

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I mean...... it’s smut

by Anonymous
Yes I know I already posted this I figured out I could do it anonymously so here. I’m going to delete the one linked to my account.

Warnings: Handcuffs(nonsexual), referenced or implied abuse/maltreatment, NSFW, Deceit(he’s a slimy boi in this one shot, sorry deceit stans)

No, no, no, Shit! This can not be happening!! I tore apart my room, looking behind my desk, under my bed, everywhere. And nothing! My scent and heat suppressants were nowhere to be seen. I slammed my fist down onto my desk in frustration. This must be deceit getting back at me for that big fight we had 2 weeks ago.

Deceit and I do not get along, but he’s never gone so far as to reveal this secret to the light sides. I’m so fucked. I live in a house full of alphas, they won’t take me seriously if they find out. My life is pretty much over. They’ll all find out I’m an omega. A freak. An abomination.

There’s no reason I should be an omega. Thomas is an Alpha, all of the Sides are Alpha’s, and then there’s me.

Not to mention my heat is due to start in a day or two, which is especially bad since I’ve been taking suppressants. This isn’t inherently bad, but the main side effect on my specific suppressant is more intense heats if you miss a dose.

Logan would experiment on me, try to figure out why I was an omega. Patton would be disappointed that I lied, Thomas would be angry, and Roman… my crush… Roman would hate me. I take a deep breathe. I’ll be fine. I just need to stay in my room and when my heat ends I’ll go out and get new suppressants. I just need to stay in my- Thomas is summoning me, fuck fuck fuck!

I tug against the pull, trying to stay in my room, but after a few seconds I’m forcibly sinking out and into the real world. I pop up in my usual spot in Thomas’s living room, hunching my shoulders and trying to hide in my hoodie.

The other sides were already there, lounging with Thomas on the couch as they argued over Thomas’s schedule. Their conversation halted when I popped up, my involuntarily emitted distress pheromones filling the air. Logan turned around first, sniffing the air before his nostrils flared. Patton looked at me, confused, before his eyes widened in realization. Thomas looked dumbfounded. Roman’s eyes flashed as he turned towards me.

“Omega,” he growled, his Alpha Voice in full effect, making me duck my head and bare my neck. I barely suppressed a whimper.

“Virgil?” Thomas spoke cautiously, not wanting to distress me further. I looked up at him through my bangs. “How?” He asked. I shrugged, eyes falling back to my shoes. No one else said anything and I took the opportunity to sink out, collapsing face first on my bed and wondering what the hell I’m going to do now.
-3rd Person POV-

Everyone watched as Virgil sunk out, silence reigning for about 5 seconds before everyone burst out talking.

“Why didn’t he tell us?”

“How are we just now finding out?”

“How is he an omega?”

“What does he do during heats?”

They were cut off by a shift in the air and they turned to see deceit standing there, smirking.

“He didn’t take scent suppressants. That’s how you could tell he’s an omega.” Deceit threw a bottle of pills at the group, making Logan catch them. Logan examined the bottle before frowning.

“What does he do about his heats? These don’t repress heats or their scent.”

“He doesn’t also take heat suppressants. His first heat in years isn’t starting soon.” Another bottle was thrown at them, this time being caught by Roman. Roman read the brand name and his eyes widened.

“These suppressants were banned by the FDA for-“

“Making heats very intense, yes.” Logan finished, looking concerned. He turned to face deceit. “Deceit, how soon is Virgil starting his heat?” Deceit just smirked at them and sunk out.

-Virgil’s POV-

I cried softly as I looked longingly at my closet, dying to grab some clothes and blankets and nest. I hooked a pair of special handcuffs through the headboard. They had a timer on them that unlocked them every 18 hours so I could go to the bathroom, eat, and drink. Then I would put myself back in the handcuffs so I didn’t do anything stupid like touch myself or find Roman.

Deceit had taught me from a young age how to get through my heats. Never get off. It only makes the arousal worse
Never look for an alpha. They would reject me because I’m not supposed to exist, and am an abomination.
Never be knotted, whether it be a toy or for real. It’s very painful.
Never nest. Monsters like me don’t deserve it.

Deceit had told me that despite my instincts, I was to never do these things during my heat. During my first heat, I almost broke the first rule so Deceit helped by giving me handcuffs. We might not be friends but at least he did that for me.

I felt the beginnings of my heat coming, and quickly stripped to my boxers, knowing I would soon be too sensitive for the fabric. I laid my head on the pillow and hooked my hands into the handcuffs, feeling dizziness wash over me. The uncomfortable feeling was outweighed by the tsunami of arousal that barreled into me.

I was hard immediately, my erection straining against my boxers and I moaned. Through the stifling arousal I felt a pang of anxiety. This was going to be, by far, my worst heat yet.

-Roman’s POV-
I stepped out of the shower the morning after we found out about Virgil’s… secret. I still can’t believe he’s kept that from us all these years. I pictured him as he bared his neck when I growled at him, so eager to submit. I shook my head. Where did that come from. I may be crushing hard on the man, but I do not think like that.

I slipped into a pair of sweatpants and a T-shirt, walking out of the bathroom. I padded down the hallway towards my room, lost in thought. I stopped short though, when I smelled omega. It wafted through the whole hallway, the unmistakable scent of an omega in heat. What really made me stop, though, were the distress pheromones in the air. Something was wrong.

I knocked on the door. “Virgil?” My only response was a strangled whimper. I opened the door and hazarded a glance in, only to stop short at what I saw. Virgil was lying there, clad only in boxers, on a bed with no nest, and was handcuffed to the headboard. He was writhing desperately, hard on clearly visible through his boxers, a sheen of sweat on his skin, and a seemingly endless string of whimpers and whines filled my ears. They stopped suddenly and Virgil lifted his head to look at me.

“Alpha?” He whimpered desperately. My heart broke. Why is he torturing himself like this. Everyone knows that omegas should nest, get plenty of fluids, … tend… to their arousal, and, if possible, be knotted in some way shape or form. What I was seeing went against everything I knew about omegas

“Virgil, are you ok?” I asked, hurrying to his side. Now that I was closer, I could both smell and see his slick, coating his inner thighs and making his boxers stick to them. His handcuffs had a timer on them that read 4:30:26, ticking down with each second.

“Alpha,” Virgil whined, writhing, clearly aroused and a little in pain. The scent of the air changed, and I felt myself getting hard in my sweatpants. Virgil’s pheromones were trying to arouse me.

“Virgil,” I crooned, watching as his wriggling slowed slightly and his whimpers dimmed. “You’re ok.” I brushed the hair out of his eyes, wincing at the sweat that made it stick to his forehead. “Why are you handcuffed to your bed?” I asked, making sure I was speaking in a calming voice.

“N-not supposed to t-touch o-or fine Al-lpha,” Virgil explained. My eyes widened. God I hope he isn’t saying what I think he’s saying.

“Not supposed to touch what?”

“Not supposed to touch mys-self,” he clarified, shrinking a bit at the horrified look in my eyes. “S-sorry, Al-Alpha,” he whined, baring his neck. “I know I shouldn’t need handcuffs, I just-”

I cut him off. “Virgil, you shouldn’t be torturing yourself during your heats! Of course you would need handcuffs to not help yourself, all of your instincts are screaming at you to do the opposite. I’m not angry, Virgil.” He relaxed. “I am a little concerned. Virgil,” I took a deep breath, afraid to ask,” what do you think you are supposed to do during heats?”

Virgil’s eyes brightened. “I know the answer, Alpha. Deceit told me that I am not allowed to touch myself. It will only make the arousal worse. D-don’t go find an Alpha, because they will reject m-me because I’m a monster. No knotting because it’s painful, and no nesting cause I don’t deserve to.” I looked at him, disbelieving before I let out a low growl.

Virgil whimpered, shrinking in on himself as much as the handcuffs would allow. “No, Virgil, it’s ok. I’m not mad at you. Virgil, that’s not how any omega should spend their heat. Not dealing with
your arousal is what makes it worse during heats, not the other way around. Having an alpha around isn’t necessary but it can help omegas to have their alpha their. An omegas alpha would never reject them during a heat. Knotting can be a little painful if you don’t prep first, or if it’s your first time, but it is what your body craves and it mostly feels good. Nesting is very important during heats, and all omegas deserve the right to nest,” I told him, slightly heartbroken at his confused and surprised face.

“But-“ whatever he was going to say was cut off by a loud moan, and he bucked his hips into the air, whining when he couldn’t get any friction.

I frowned at him in sympathy before my eyes widened. “Fuck, Virge, this heat is supposed to be more intense for you! Oh my god you must be in agony!” I exclaimed. He whimpered in response, another wave of arousal presumably hitting him.

I waved my hand and unlocked the handcuffs holding virge in place, gently guiding his hands out of the cuffs. “How long were you in those?” I asked, massaging his wrists.

“How much time was left?” I glanced at the handcuffs.

“Around 4 and a half hours.”

Virgil thought for a moment, probably doing the math in his head. “11.5 hours,” he finally said. My eyebrows furrowed in concern.

“How have you eaten? Drank? Gone to the bathroom?” I questioned, letting go of his hands which immediately came up to grasp at my shirt.

“I haven’t.” I raised my eyebrows and immediately summoned a water bottle. He gratefully took it and downed the contents.

I summoned him a plate of food, but he insisted that he was fine. We argued back and forth until I had enough. “Virgil,” I rumbled, my Alpha Voice leaking through with my annoyance. The effect was immediate. Virgil dropped eye contact and let out a pitiful whine, taking the food from Roman and eating it slowly. I sighed and ran a hand through my hair. “Sorry,” I told him. He shrugged.

“S’ fine.” When he finished with the food, he hauled himself to his feet to go to the bathroom. When he stepped past me I could see the slick that had darkened the back of his boxers and winced sympathetically. He stumbled slightly and I shot out an arm to steady him.

“Careful there,” I warned him. He smiled sheepishly and made his way to the bathroom. He returned two minutes later in a different pair of boxers, face flushed and moaning as he was hit with wave after wave of arousal. Despite my best efforts, seeing a needy omega was making me hard. I grabbed a nearby pillow and placed it over my lap to hide my erection.

Why did I have to wear sweatpants? I thought, groaning internally. Virgil fell into my arms, a desperate whine on his lips.

“Breed me,” he begged. I pursed my lips. It was a compelling offer, but Virgil clearly wasn’t in his right mind. The air changed again and I was hit with the full force of his pheromones, attempting to seduce me with the tantalizing scent. I groaned, shifting Virgil so he wouldn’t feel my ever growing hard-on in my jeans.

What was helping me none was the fact that Virgil couldn’t stop squirming, writhing with need. Him being on my lap didn’t help my little problem. I could feel my resolve slipping. “Virge, you aren’t thinking straight(ha) right now. I’m not going to take advantage of you. This is just the heat talking” Virgil pouted.

“But it’s not! Alph-Roman, I’ve had, like, the biggest crush on you for years. I’ve just never had the
courage to say anything. I want this. Please, Roman.” I paused.

“Are you sure?” At his enthusiastic nod and pointed hip wiggle, I lost control and dropped Virgil onto the bed, leaning over him and kissing down his jaw, sucking the skin into my mouth when I reached his neck. He let out a pitiful whimper and I released the suction, kissing and nipping at the abused skin, making him squirm. Virgil’s hands went to the waistband of his pants, but I caught them and brought them above his head. “keep them there,” I ordered. Virgil moaned and nodded, not moving his hands again.

I kissed my way down his chest, stopping to suck one of his nipples into my mouth, teeth grazing the sensitive nub. He arched his back into the touch, mewling unabashedly. I tortured the nipple a little longer before switching to the other, repeating the process. I eventually crawled down until my head was between his thighs. I looked to him for permission before sliding his boxers down his legs, letting his dick spring free, slapping against his stomach and leaking precum.

I growled at the sight, leaning down and once again waiting for permission before taking the leaking head into my mouth, swirling my tongue around it. Virgil’s hands threaded themselves through my hair and I growled, pinning them back above his head with one hand. I took him deeper, eagerly bobbing up and down the hardened length. Virgil let out a litany of moans, writhing under me.

My free hand went up to tweak his nipple, making him keen. “A-Alpha, I’m close-“ he was cut off by a lewd moan as he came, filling my mouth with his cum. I swallowed and lifted my head off of him. He was still hard.

I pressed my fingers against his hole. “Is this ok?” At his enthusiastic nod I pressed in 2 fingers, working them slowly in and out. Virgil whined and squirmed, struggling weakly against the grip I had his hands in.

I curled my fingers and he mewed loudly, pushing back on my fingers. Found it. Smirking, I pumped my fingers in and out, pressing against his sweet spot firmly every time, my fingers covered in slick. A minute later he was moaning and cumming again, bucking his hips. I pulled out my fingers, making him whine at the loss.

“Alpha, breed me,” he begged, wiggling his hips enticingly. I growled.


“Yes, Alpha.” My dick twitched at the honorific.

“Good boy.” I grabbed his legs and lifted them over my shoulders, pushing into him in one thrust. I groaned at the sensation.

-Virgil’s POV-

I moaned as my alpha thrust into me, stretching me so wonderfully. “Move,” I pleaded. Alpha obliged, setting a fast and unforgiving pace. His hands found my nipples, tweaking and stimulating them punishingly. I whined as he tortured the nubs. My nipples were very sensitive, not to mention during heats.

Another wave of arousal washed over me less intense than the previous ones. A few minutes later, Alpha groaned and drilled inside of me. I felt his knot swelling, locking him in place as he came. The
sensation of being filled with his cum sent me over the edge for the third time today. I screamed
Roman’s name as I found my release, grasping the pillow with my hands to keep from moving them.

Roman collapses on top of me, panting, and lavished my neck and collar bone with kisses and
hickies. Little mewls and whimpers escapes my lips as he sucked on the sensitive flesh of my neck.
About a half an hour later, I felt Roman’s knot deflating and he slid out of me. “Let’s get you cleaned
up, ok?” I nodded weakly, body limp.

Roman was undeterred and simply scooped me up in his arms and carried me to the bathroom. With
a wave of his hand, the tub was filled with steaming hot water and he set me down in it gently. The
heat relaxed my limbs and I let my eyes slide closed. Roman stepped in after me.

I felt a warm rag being pressed against my skin, caringly cleaning it off. I dozed off as Roman
cleaned my body, taking special care to ensure that I was 100% clean. I was in a state of semi-
consciousness as I was lifted from the tub and dried off. I heard a snap and felt the familiar weight of
my hoodie on my skin, as well as a pair of boxers. I was gently laid down on a clean bed, and felt it
shift as someone clambered in next to me. I rolled towards the body heat and grasped a shirt in my
hands, nuzzling against a solid pillow.

Something small in the back of my mind registered that I was laying on someone’s chest, but I was
too tired to care. A hand came around me and another began carving through my hair. A kiss was
pressed to my forehead as I drifted into sleep.
3rd Person POV

Virgil knew he was in for it. He had been a brat all day, from coming downstairs wearing a crop top, pleated skirt and no underwear, to sitting on the other’s laps and wiggling around until they were hard, only to get up and move on to the next person. The three dominants patience had been wearing thin. It all came to a head when Logan walked in on Virgil jacking himself off.

“Stop,” Logan had growled, crossing his arms at the submissive. Virgil just smirked and pumped his hand faster, spilling onto the sheets and his hand. Logan’s eyes darkened and Virgil froze, an arousing stab of fear shooting through his spine.

Logan walked forward and grabbed Virgil’s arm, tugging him forward roughly. “Color.”

“Green,” Virgil panted, once again half hard from anticipation alone. With that Logan sunk out to the commons, Virgil’s arm tight in his grip.

The other two looked up in confusion as they appeared in the commons. “This one touched himself and came without permission.” Patton frowned and Roman’s face was taken over by a dangerous smirk.

“Go upstairs and strip,” he commanded. Virgil turned and scampered up the stairs, knowing better than to keep disobeying. He was getting what he wanted now. 5 minutes later, while Virgil was sitting, clad only in boxers on the bed, he heard the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs.

Logan entered the room first and leaned over Virgil, whispering in his ear. “If you come without permission, I’ll tie you up with a bullet vibe strapped to your cock until you pass out from coming so many times.” Virgil shivered, completely believing the threat.

Roman came around to the head of the bed, grabbing Virgil’s shoulder and forcing him o lay down. He brought Virgil’s hands above his head and snapped, silk ropes restraining his wrists and holding them to the headboard. Even with the soft material, they dug into Virgil’s skin, cutting off his circulation.

“Yellow,” he said. The effect was immediate. All three of his boyfriends dropped the dominant looks on their faces, replaced by ones of concern.

“What’s wrong, moonlight?” Logan asked.

“The rope’s too tight,” Virgil explained. Patton rushed over and loosened the restraints.

“How bout now?” He questioned.
Virgil tugged on the restraints, testing them before nodding. “Green.” The air in the room changed, becoming more sinister. Virgil squirmed on the bed, half-hard in his boxers.

Roman prowled over to Virgil and kissed him, putting his hands at Virgil’s waistband. At his nod, Roman stripped him of his boxers. Virgil, feeling self-conscious, closed his legs and tugged on his restraints trying to cover himself. Roman growled.

“None of that, Pet.” Roman slotted his leg in between Virgil’s, pressed up against Virgil’s dick. Virgil moaned, grinding his hips against Roman’s thigh as his legs were forced apart. Roman snapped once more and ropes bound themselves around Virgil’s ankles, keeping his legs spread. Virgil’s face flushed, embarrassed.

Here he was, naked, tied up and moaning on the bed in front of his 3 fully-clothed boyfriends. Roman crawled up between Virgil’s legs, looking up at him for permission before he kissed the tip of Virgil’s cock, taking the head into his mouth. He swirled his tongue around the head, running it over the slit. Virgil mewed, bucking his hips up. That was a mistake, as the second he lifted his hips a pillow was shoved under them, further limiting his movements.

With how he was positioned, with his limbs spread out and on top of a pillow, he couldn’t thrust his hips if he tried. Roman returned to his ministrations, teasing the tip before bringing his head down, deep throating the whole length in one go. Virgil moaned lewdly at the hot warmth surrounding his cock. Roman bobbed his head up and down, Virgil writhing beneath him.

Virgil felt himself getting close and, remembering Logan’s warning from earlier, said; “May I come?” Roman just smirked and pulled off of Virgil, earning a frustrated whine from the other. “Roman, I was close!” Roman slapped the inside of his thigh, making Virgil moan.

“What did you call me?” He growled, pumping his hand slowly up and down Virgil’s cock.

“Sir~!” Virgil gasped out, squirming as much as he could with the restraints. Roman continued jerking Virgil off, getting him closer and closer to the edge. “I’m close!” Virgil called out. Roman’s movements stilled immediately, drawing a whimper from the smallest side. “Why won’t you let me come,” he cried.

“You came without permission, slut,” Logan reprimanded. Virgil’s cock twitched at the nickname. “You must be punished.” Logan took Roman’s spot in between Virgil’s legs, pressing a lubricant covered fingers into Virgil’s ass. “We are going to edge you until you are a moaning mess just begging to come.” Virgil couldn’t decide whether or not to moan or whine at the thought of that.

Logan pushes in another finger, curling them and searching for Virgil’s prostate. He knew he hit it when Virgil let out a particularly high pitched moan, and Logan smirked, pressing his fingers firmly against Virgil’s prostate, massaging it.

He paid close attention to Virgil, and when his legs tensed and his hole tightened around Logan’s fingers, Logan pulled out his fingers. “Please please please please I need to come!” Virgil begged, thrashing on the bed trying to escape from his restraints and touch himself.

Patton, Logan, and Roman made eye contact with each other, glancing at the babbling mess of a man on their bed. Logan and Roman nodded at Patton, wordlessly communicating as Patton slid between Virgil’s legs and Logan moved to the side of the bed.

Patton immediately thrust into Virgil, setting an unforgiving pace, Virgil whining from the stretch. After a few minutes of Patton fucking Virgil, he whimpered out; “May I come?”
“Not yet, baby,” Roman crooned, reaching around to stroke Virgil’s dick, knowing full well that he just made it twice as hard for the sub. Logan leaned over Virgil and brought his mouth to his nipple, stimulating the bud and grazing his teeth over the sensitive skin.

“May I please come,” Virgil begged, tears leaking from his eyes.

“Hold it,” Roman commanded, moving his hand faster. Patton hit Virgil’s prostate and Virgil whined, straining to hold back the impending orgasm.

Logan watched for signs, and when he knew Virgil couldn’t hold back anymore, said, “come,” as he tweaked Virgil’s nipples with his hands. After one more thrust from Patton, Virgil came with a scream, spilling jets of white across his own chest and Roman and Logan’s hands.

Roman lazily pumped his hand, helping Virgil through his orgasm as Patton sought his own release. A few thrusts later Patton was coming, moaning at the sensation. Patton pulled out and Roman released Virgil’s cock.

Logan leaned up and untied the ropes around Virgil’s hands, while Patton and Roman did the same for his feet.

Virgil still laid on the bed, eyes glazed, and a dopey smile on his face. His partners smiled fondly at their sub. Roman scooped Virgil up and wrapped him in a blanket. Virgil grinned up at him from his arms.

“How’s subspace treating you there, buddy?” Roman asked.

“It- I- is goohd,” Virgil mumbled. Roman smirked and waved his hand, changing the sheets on the bed and cleaning everyone off. He laid Virgil, cocoon and all, back onto the bed and snuggled up next to him, summoning a bottle of water. He passed it to Virgil who lethargically grabbed it, uncapping it and taking a sip.

“Drink it all, honey,” Patton said as he climbed onto the newly cleaned bed. Virgil obediently finished the water bottle, holding it in his hand and staring at it like it contained the secrets of the universe.

Logan gently released the bottle from Virgil’s grip and set it on the end table. He gently pressed on Virgil’s shoulders, guiding him to lay down fully. Roman and Patton snuggled up on either side of Virgil, cuddling with him as Logan gave him a foot massage as they waited for him to exit subspace.

Later, everything would be back to normal, Virgil worrying about things that ought not be worried about, Roman bantering with him, Logan and him debating about this issue and that. But for now, Virgil was worry free, happy to just exist, surrounded by the loves of his life.

Chapter End Notes

I’m taking requests! Request fills will be anywhere from 500-1000 words, sometimes more sometimes less depending on my mood and how much I like the kink. Here’s the do’s and donts.

Will:

Deceit, Consensual Non-Con, Age Play, Omorashi
Won’t:
Remus, Incest, Rape, gore related kinks, plushophilia

If I am uncomfortable with a kink outside of the ones I said no to, I will let you know. Please make requests somewhat specific so I can better fulfill it. Nobody’s going to judge you, especially not me. Hell, I’m the one writing this shit! Here are my headcannons of the Sides:

Roman: Dom
Logan: Dom
Patton: Switch
Deceit: Switch
Virgil: Sub

If you want me to write something that doesn’t match my headcannons, that’s fine, but your request will probably be filled out faster and better if it’s something my muse agrees with. I’ll try my best though!
Consensual Non-Con: Kitchen Fuck (Anxceit)

Chapter Notes

This was requested by PhoenixFireBirb

I hope it is what you had in mind

Warnings: Consensual Non-Con

Let me know if I missed anything.

(Should I add a Rape/Non-Con tag? Cause it’s consensual non con but idk. Lemme know what you think.)

Request: Deceit corners Virgil at 3am in the kitchen and teases the little ball of anxiety, using charm and the right touches to make him putty under his hands. (Note: Virgil could easily sink out and get out of the situation if he really wanted to, but he doesn’t.) Although he puts up a little play-fight in the beginning cause he’s a little shit. Deceit takes great satisfaction in bending said little shit over the counter where anyone could hear or walk in and make Virge scream.

-Deceit’s POV-

I slunk into the kitchen at 3am, intent on grabbing a snack. I stopped short, however, when I saw Virgil standing at the fridge, rifling through its contents. He was wearing boxers and nothing else, and my dick twitched at the sight.

“What do we have here?” I drawled, prowling towards him as he jumped and whirled around to face me.

“D-Deceit! What are you d-doing here?” Apprehension and a little fear was evident in his voice. I continued stalking towards him, matching his steps backwards with my own forward advances until Virgil’s back hit the wall.

“I came to grab a snack,” I told him, my eyes flashing dangerously. “Looks like I’ve found one.” I trailed my eyes up his body leisurely, grinning in satisfaction at the blush that had made its way onto his cheeks.

I reached out and grazed the back of my hand gently across his cheekbone, reveling in the way his eyes fluttered closed. “So responsive,” I muttered. Virgil’s eyes snapped open and he leaned away from my hand.

“I-I’m gonna go to my room now,” He stammered, trying to walk past me. I wrapped an arm around his waist as he passed, pulling his back flush against my chest, making him yelp in surprise.

“I-I’m gonna go to my room now,” He stammered, trying to walk past me. I wrapped an arm around his waist as he passed, pulling his back flush against my chest, making him yelp in surprise.

“Oh no you don’t,” I growled in his ear. Virgil shivered, struggling weakly in my grip.

“Let me go!” Virgil protested. I kissed down the side of his neck, looking for his sweet spot.

“Never.” I paused my assault on his neck to whisper in his ear. “Color?” I asked, breaking character
“Green, so green,” Virgil gasped out as I found his sweet spot, sucking on the skin and leaving a mark.

“What’s your safeword?”


“Be quiet dear, we don’t want someone to hear you, now do we,” I rumbled. Virgil whimpered quietly. I looked over his shoulder and was pleased to see a hard-on in his boxers.

“Someone’s enjoying this,” I commented, reaching around to palm him through his boxers. Virgil whined and shook his head. I smirked. “Well, we have to change that, don’t we.” I pushed Virgil face first onto a nearby counter, forcing him to bend over.

Virgil struggles helplessly against my grip as I slid his boxers down his thighs, groping his ass with my hand. I ground myself against him, cock hard in my sleep shorts. Virgil continued to struggle and I gave him a quick smack on his ass, making him squeak.

“Stay still for me,” I commanded. I brought my hand around to stroke his weeping cock, using his precome as lubricant. Virgil let out a quiet yet wanton moan which transformed into a whine as I removed my hand. I quickly shoved down my boxers and sleep shorts, snapping my fingers to summon lube.

I squirted a generous amount on my fingers and promptly shoved two up Virgil’s hole. Virgil yelped at the sudden intrusion and I paused to let him adjust. Around 10 seconds later Virgil squirmed and pressed back against my fingers. I chuckled and scissored them inside of him, making him let out a lewd moan.

I began thrusting the two digits in and out, curling them to find his prostate. After a few tries Virgil let out a particularly loud squeak, followed by a moan, and I knew I had found it. I grinned, sliding a third lubed finger into him and insistently pressing my fingers against the sensitive nerves. Virgil fucked himself on my fingers eagerly.

I snapped and my free hand had a generous dollop of lube on it which I used to slick up my cock. I withdrew my fingers after a few more pumps, earning a drawn out whine from the younger side. I gripped his hips with both hands and thrust all the way into him in one go.

Virgil keened, whimpering at the stretch. I let him adjust for a few moments, pumping his cock a few times for good measure before slowly thrusting in and out. I pounded into him, each thrust hitting his prostate.

Virgil was a whining, moaning mess, putty in my hands as I fucked him. I shushed him gently when I thought he was getting to loud, but otherwise remained silent, save the occasional grunt and groan that was forced from my throat.

“De-Dee, I’m gonna-“ Virgil whined brokenly. I grabbed his cock and stroked it, jacking him off firmly.

“Come for me, pet.” And come Virgil did. He groaned and whimpered, his hole clenching and unclenching around me as thick white ropes shot from his dick, decorating his stomach, my hand, and the counter. I continued thrusting into him, chasing my own release. A few moments later I was coming, holding onto his hips so hard it would probably leave bruises. Panting, I removed my
member from his stretched hole, waving my hand to clean up the mess.

I gave Virgil a kiss on the forehead before hugging him and sinking out, bringing us to my room for cuddles and aftercare.

_____________________________________

-Roman’s POV-

I stretched, heading out to the kitchen for a glass of water. I heard a grunting noise and rounded the corner to see Deceit leaning over Virgil, who was pressed against the counter, blissed out looks on both of their faces.


I made it to my room, face red, and summoned a glass of water since my attempts to get one were foiled. I took a sip before collapsing on my bed, staring at the ceiling and attempting to purge my brain of the visual that would forever haunt my dreams.

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