"You too, huh? Well try to sleep, you'll need all the energy you can get so I can beat your ass at tomorrow's match fair 'n square," Tom says with a light-hearted edge of competitiveness. Tord chuckles back softly, trying to shift as unnoticeably as possible off of you so as to not arise any further suspicion. Due to the small discomfort of the position, you kept shuffling and moving your body beneath him. A particular shift from you causes Tord to grab your side and squeeze in warning. He leans downward.

"Stop. Moving." The low timbre of his voice sent heat crawling to your core, his Norwegian accent heavy and dripping with lust. You ceased your movement but felt an itchiness down below which could only be momentarily sated by squeezing your thighs together.

Notes

What up I’m just dropping this shit on the doorstep of the ao3 forum. This was an old fic I started writing 2 years ago but stopped halfway. It’d be a waste if I left is as it was so I continued it. The start is complete shit so I’m sorry abt the quality of it as back then I lacked both insight and vocabulary. You can probably see a shift in the writing style, but I did do some light editing as to make it more bearable. Anyway this is a reupload from my Wattpad account, you can probably tell from the style of writing and how I love inserting my own
You weren't exactly perfect, to say the least. You didn't have the most softest or the most longest hair (you never did anything too extreme with your hair, either. Just your natural hair). You were more on the curvy side of things, being quite short and almost stocky. Your legs weren't long and slender, but rather a bit thicker on your thighs. It had always bothered you that you didn't have that model-like figure that everyone seems to always praise.

You weren't that fashionable, either. I mean, you weren't a fashion disaster but you weren't at all great at it too. You'd probably spice up your wardrobe a little if you'd had the money, the confidence and the figure. Well, you had none of those—not that you minded all too much. You were actually quite cute, but not enough to have anyone give you a second glance (an opinion you had based around yourself).

You were a quiet and self-respected girl on campus, and few friends you kept by your side. Sometimes you sit with Patricia in the cafeteria and talk about easy-going topics like schools and such, a friend or two joining in to chat as well. That didn’t stop you of course from the occasional mingling you do with other peers in your classrooms, too.

So this here story begins with you staring out of the library window, watching a certain sports-playing Norwegian. It was the same time everyday that they'd practice for the school's upcoming baseball tournament. And God bless baseball pants, because damn, son.

But really, it wasn't like you were a stalker or anything. You just happened to have your schedule set for studying at this particular time of the day. Purely coincidental.

And yeah, pretty over cliched that the shy girl has a thing or two for the popular baseball player. Big deal. I mean, you had a small attraction towards each of the players on the team at least once. It was quite hard not to, seeing as they were all physically attractive in some way. But, it was all pretty much physical attraction, no emotional attachment or anything like that. Just wittle you falling for these out-of-your-league guys. But your crush on Tord—Tord Larsson—had always remained, for some strange, unknown speculation.

Ah, school. Nothing like it, really. Especially when you're in a boarding school, split into two: one for the females, the other for males. Approximately 300 metres apart with a courtyard in the centre. Simple as that.

So sometimes when you're walking along the large courtyard, you will see other young boys goofing off and whistling at the females that walk by. Distasteful. You had been whistled at more than once during your marvellous two years at this school. Every female has been whistled at for at least once, whether the attention was warranted or not. But in all honesty, the females would almost be just as bad as the males. You rather stay out of their way—or anyone's, for that matter.

But sometimes when you walk by a certain group of females, you stop to listen to what they're talking about. Why does Tord even like Patricia? You’d thought confusedly. No, you liked her, of course. She was the first one to befriend you at this school and had been the only one to stick around, it was impossible to keep a grudge on a girl that was as sweet as her.

It wasn't even the fact that Tord liked her that was the problem. It was the fact that Patricia didn't
seem to have an interest in Tord, so he was pretty much wasting his time with her. His attempts to chat her up was futile, and he never seemed to want to talk about anything other than her, baseball, and his undying love for robotics. He was quite the character, you see.

Why you even like Tord Larsson in the first place, you had no idea? I mean, he was charming and sweet, and cute, funny (though his humour can be a bit dark and twisted sometimes), bubbly and flirtatious. You even loved the strangeness of the 'devil-like' horn shape with his hair. It strangely suited him and you didn't think anyone else besides him could pull it off the way he does.

You guess it was just the way he talks about something he's passionate about, and how he always seems to gush over it without even having to put much thought into it. He just kind of, knows what to say already, as if he's already rehearsed these lines before. You think it's kinda cute when he speaks that way, with the way his hazel--or sometimes silver-like--eyes shine, or that small, devilish smirk that tugs at his lips unintentionally, or even the way he cocks his eyebrow and sticks out his tongue when deep in thought. It was just absolutely mesmerising.

Although, the mood is immediately killed when he starts talking about Patricia. "Patricia this", or "Patricia that", it always seemed. You could never go a day without over hearing him utter her name within the school grounds. And God did it bother you so much.

It was easy to see why he liked her so much, though. Since she's been your friend she was always so sweet and soft spoken. Her smile and enthusiastic nature seemed to always light up a room as if she were the moon on a pitch black night. Her figure was quite small, but she was a bit taller than you. Her legs were long and smooth and her shiny, brunette hair bounced along with her skirt with every step she took. Her warm and inviting, brown eyes, mixed in with flexes of caramel and honey, shone beautifully when the corners of her eyes crinkled whenever she laughed or smiled. Your apparent dull, (eye colour) eyes seemed almost like nothing compared to hers. If you were attracted to females, Patricia would absolutely be at the top of your list.

But why, why, why did you even like him? You barely know a thing about this boy and yet here you are ogling and fantasising about him in your spare time. Gosh, it's not like you to be so desperate over someone. Sometimes it even scared you a little with how much you'd obsess over the devilish boy.

And while you wallowed in your self pity, you didn't blame Patricia at all for Tord liking her. It's not something you can control anyways.

So while you walked with your books in hand, you thought about all these things, not really paying attention to your surroundings. Humming a soft tune you walked along the halls of the grand school to where the library was for your usual, lonely study time. Patricia would even sometimes join you and it would feel a little less lonely, but you never really minded being alone, actually. You quite liked your solitude and personal space, which Patricia had come to understand. You were grateful with how understanding she was, which made you feel more guilty because of how often you envied her.

Taking your usual seat by the window (where you got a perfect view of the baseball players) you set up your stationary and text books and continued studying. From time to time you would look up from your work to see what was happening out there. Nothing much was going on, so you would continue on for another 5-10 minutes all over again.

When peering out the window you had caught gazes with Tord outside. He simply smirked and winked at you, turning back to his game. Flushing slightly, you looked back down at your school work, feeling flustered suddenly. He winked at me, you had thought in your head, silently cheering in victory. It wasn't often that he'd pay attention to you, or even look at you, for that matter. So
having this happen to you was surely a victory of sorts, as ridiculous as it may sound.

After half an hour of studying, you had grown tired and sighed exasperatedly. "This is so boring. Is there anything better I can do right now?" You asked to yourself aloud as you slumped back on the wooden chair you were currently sat on. You combed a hand through your locks of hair and sighed for the umpteenth time for today. None of your usual activities or hobbies seemed to be stimulating enough to cease your boredom this week.

You checked the time on your watch. 4:20 it had read. School had ended about an hour ago, but you usually spent a good amount of studying around this time everyday. You pondered through your thoughts on what you should do next.

"Well, it has been a while since I've been to the park," you had said to yourself aloud again. If you kept this up everyone in the school would think you're absolutely crazy. You figured it wouldn't really matter since you're 99.8% sure that the school does not care.

You looked out the window again to see the baseball team packing up and getting ready to leave. Taking this as a signal to also start packing up you gathered your equipment and slung your bag across your shoulder. Blowing a bit of your bangs out of your face you strolled leisurely out of the library and back into the halls, hearing the light patter of your short, black heels hitting against the marble-tiled flooring.

It was quiet during this time of the day. Not a sound in range, other than the clacking of your heels and the occasional students walking in and out through the halls. It always calmed you. Much different than the usual loud bantering and gossiping from students alike and the havoc that came with caffeinated seniors anxiously waiting on their exams. On special occasions, you would see from afar the chaos that would erupt when a male student snuck into the girls school, which would lead to immediate suspension, of course. The school takes this gender thing seriously.

Contemplating whether you should change first before going to the park, you decided to just go out in your uniform. Walking all the way to your room and back would be bothersome and would only waste time. Gripping the straps of your bag you marched on forward towards the park.

The sky was partially clouded and grey, only a few clouds hung above the sky. Various oranges, pinks and purples mixed with that soft tinge of dull grey were spread across the sky as if it were an oil painting. The sun against your skin tinted it a soft orange and was warm against your skin. You fluttered your eyes closed and inhaled the fresh scent of grass and the cool, crisp breeze that fluttered gently through the trees you walked by.

You took your time to get to the park and enjoyed this blissful afternoon. Nothing was going to distract you from this once in a while peacefulness. "Why don't I come here more often?" You thought to yourself. It was incredibly rare to have days like this in England. Usually it would be raining, and you would stay inside reading a book, curled up in a sort of fetal position with warm blankets draped over your shivering form. This was a nice change. I wonder what's got England so happy today?

You looked around at your new surroundings as you entered through the park. Gosh, today was absolutely beautiful. Walking up to an unoccupied bench, you sat down and rested your school bag on your lap and listened to the harmonious sounds of nature. You inhaled through your nose deeply before exhaling through your mouth. Not a person in sight, nor was there a sound in this serene environment.

Figuring you wanted to get up and look around, you stood back up and slung the bag back onto your shoulders and skipped happily along the path. It had rained today—much like everyday, of course.
Duh, it's England. There were still puddles everywhere and the grass was soaking wet, so you avoided stepping in that, in case you'd have gotten your shoes and socks wet.

Using a hand to shield your eyes from the almost setting sun, you panned the area of your surroundings. A small blob of red could be seen within your peripheral vision and your eyes scanned over the figure. They widened when you had realised it was Tord, whom seemed to be crouching down beside the grass. You battled within your head whether you should go say hi to him or not. It wasn't often you'd spoken to him, if anything, I don't think you've ever actually formally introduced yourself to him. You guessed it was because you always tried to keep your distance from him, in the case you would do anything clumsy or foolish, like you'd always do in front of your crushes, for some ungodly reason.

You felt your chest swell and puffed up in pride, feeling a new confidence wash over you but instantly felt you were starting to sweat a little nervously as you walked closer towards him and decided to remove your red blazer, stuffing it hastily into your backpack. This time, you slung your bag over one shoulder, perhaps to make you look a bit cooler.

Feeling your hands become clammy, you stopped a few feet away from Tord. Oh my god, I'm so close to him, you screeched in your head. He hadn't turned around yet, which meant he probably didn't hear you walking. You didn't want to make it seem like you were just standing behind him, so gently, you tapped on his shoulder.

Obviously, this wasn't a good idea since he practically leapt out of his skin from the sudden contact. He surely thought he was alone. You gasped loudly when you heard the splash of him falling into the deep puddle. "Oh god, oh god. I am so terribly sorry!" You apologised profusely and bowed, flushing darkly.

You looked up to see Tord staring at you. He looked almost a little too shocked, which scared you slightly. He seemed to have noticed the expression on your face and instead he laughed it off.

"Goodness. Well, that was quite a scare you did there, friend!" He chuckled and sat up on his elbows in the pond. You felt your heart thrum loudly and felt the flush of your face burn hotter.

"I-I swear I didn't mean it! I'm sorry, I'm incredibly clumsy! I shouldn't have scared you so suddenly like that an--" you rambled on, only to be interrupted by Tord, who only chuckled some more.

"Quit apologising. It wasn't your fault, alright?"

You nodded your head but felt apprehensive. You crouched down safely on the grass, being sure to pat down your skirt so as to not accidentally flash him, and rested your head in your arms with a curious gaze.

"So...what were you doing here before I almost scared you half to death?"

He gave a light snort and raised his hand from the rather deep pond and showcasing a small gadget within his grasp.

"Well I was testing out the durability of a new prototype by placing it under multiple conditions such as water and heat." He held it limply between his index and thumb with slight resignation. "I guess I didn't really account for it to withstand...weight, so to speak."

You flushed more with embarrassment. You really were such a klutz.

"I'm really so sorry about that. Is there anything I can do to help?"
He laughed a little. "Not unless you know a multidisciplinary approach in biology, physics, engineering, and robotics to help develop this kinda of modernistic technology."

You gulped a little and nestled your burning face further into your arms, being able to only peer down at him. He had a momentary look of consideration on his face before he raised his eyebrows.

"But... hey, wait? You're (y/n), right? Aren't you friends with Patricia?"

You sighed and softly nodded your head, looking away. His eyes seemed to light up and he sat up, still sitting in the pond for some reason, which confused you greatly.

"Tell me, does she talk about me? She knows who I am, right? Oohh, since she's your friend, she talks about crushes with you, right? Do you think she likes me? What kind of guys is she into?" He bombarded you with a million questions which you couldn't seem to register properly. You could only answer one thing at a time!

"W-well," you gulped, "she's mentioned you once, I think?" You mumbled, trying to remember past conversations you've had. This seemed to be enough for him as he fist pumped. "Ah, I knew I would eventually find my way into her heart," he guffawed in delight and puffed up his chest proudly. You couldn't help but giggle softly, which caused him to grin sheepishly and scratch the back of his neck slightly.

"Technically, I guess. But she didn't even say your name. I think she accidentally called you 'Ford', though," you informed him. He looked up into the sky momentarily before looking back to you with that sheepish grin. "Darn it."

Stifling a laugh you reached a hand out to help him out of the pond. Though, you had to stretch quite a bit, which probably wasn't the best for you.

"C'mon. Let's get you out of this pond."

He glanced at the palm of your hand before looking up at the thoughtful expression on your face and grasped your hand in his as you shivered from the Sparks that flew up....or, perhaps from how cold his hands were. Having to stretch a bit to reach for him probably wasn't the best idea, but you really didn't want to get your feet wet!

"Okay, now just—what the fuck—"

Cursing under your breath from your stupidity, you pulled him up with all your strength only to slip from stepping too closely near the grass. Next thing, you found yourself laying beside him, completely and utterly soaking wet.

He couldn't help but laugh aloud, causing your face to burn hot and look away.

"What?" You mumbled out, embarrassed by the current situation. He shook his head and stood up, this time him being the one to offer his hand. "You shouldn't have scared me before. So this is kind of pay back, I guess?" He smirked at the disbelieving look on your face.

"So it wasn't an accident that I fell in here?" You asked in slight disbelief.

He grinned and felt a chuckle ripple through his chest. "I'm afraid not, sunshine."

His chuckles died down in his chest as he stared down at you for much longer than what was deemed comfortable. Well, staring at a particular area, which certainly were not directed towards your face.
It wasn't until now he had realised that your white school shirt had clung tightly to your body due to the water, and now your bra was pretty much visible. He coughed and looked away in an effort to remain gentlemanly, and felt a light blush dust his cheeks.

"Come on," he muttered, "let's get back before the teachers find out." He shrugged off his blazer and passed it to you, to which you stared at curiously.

"Isn't this...wet?"

He coughed and looked away. "It's to uh, cover up your um..."

You looked downward and couldn't help the squeak that passed your lips as you tried in vain to cover yourself. It was too late. He'd seen it already.

With his insistence—and your lack of defiance—you shrugged the soaking blazer over your shoulders and muttered a small thank you.

You shivered slightly and carried your bag, feeling the wind nip at your skin due to the wet clothing and felt Tord's stare on you. You lifted a single brow, looking at him curiously. "Erm...do I have something on my face?" You asked, suddenly feeling self conscious and pulling the blazer closer towards your figure.

He shook his head and laughed under his breath. "Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to stare. I just thought...you're that girl that watches our baseball practice everyday, aren't you? You know, the one that sits by the window?" He chuckled nervously, hoping to not sound creepy.

Your face tingled slightly, embarrassed that he had indeed noticed your presence. You couldn't muster up a reply so you nodded your head softly. He smiled softly at that.

"Well, thank you. It makes me work harder on my performance, if you hadn't known."

You flushed and nodded again, this time in acknowledgment.

"It's, uh...it's no problem," you stuttered out shyly, looking down at your feet as you walked.

After a couple moments of silence you cleared your throat and looked up, inspecting his gorgeous, wet face.

You giggled softly at the silliness of this whole situation as the both of you talked on your way back to the school dorms. A flash of lightning could be seen above in the clouds, followed by a low rumble of thunder.

Drip.

Drip drip.

Drip drip drip drip.

You looked up at the now dark and cloudy sky.

"I-it's raining!" You gasped, trying to find cover, only to have your attempts to become fruitless.

Tord beside you laughed.

"We're already soaked to the bone. I don't know how much wetter we can get?" He cocked a bro in amusement and smirked at you.
You sighed and crossed your arms. "I like watching the rain, okay? But standing out here in the rain is another thing," you pouted and looked off to the side.

You felt a large hand encase your own and looked at Tord who only grinned, his eyes glinting in mischief.

"C'mon. Let's get a move on, sunshine."

You gaped at him and swallowed the remains of your nervousness.

Twice. It's been twice he's called you that. Why? It didn't seem to be making any sense.

Not wanting to bring it up now, you settled with asking him later on.

Maybe after this strange encounter.

Your pace quickened with each step as the rain continued to pour mercilessly down on the two of. You chuckled in excitement, your grip on Tord's hand becoming stronger as you held on.

This wasn't how you imagined your day to go as. You were completely drenched, but for some odd reason you felt...happy? I mean, this is the most you have ever been with Tord. How great was that?

It was already dark and you groaned to yourself for staying at the park for too long. If you walked through the corridors now, you'll get in trouble. You knew your roommate would cover for you, but for how long could she keep it up for?

Right now, both you and Tord crept around the back.

"I'm afraid you'll have to stay with me tonight. You can leave first thing in the morning, but if they find you soaking wet, how're you going to explain that?" He whispered quietly, in case anybody was around. "Besides, the boys school is much closer."

The thought of staying in his room caused your face to run hot.

Thank goodness it was dark otherwise he'd have seen the look of mortification on your face and would have thought he'd have described the sinful acts committed by Zeus himself.

"But..wouldn't it be more troublesome if I stayed with you? It would cause a lot less--"

But he'd already cut you off.

"Yes, it may seem like that, but we have barely any security patrolling the male section. I know the girls school is packed with them during night. Don't ask how I know."

You furrowed your brows together, but he wasn't wrong. At one time, you had to quickly grab your school book from the library, but was immediately scolded by several security guards. Of course they let you retrieve it, but one of them had to stay with you during the whole thing. It was quite awkward.

Sighing, you nodded your head.

"Alright. But if we get into trouble, this is all your fault." You groaned but felt an enormous eruption of butterflies spouting in your stomach. The very thought excited you, however, you refrained from showing your excitement outside.
Tord smiled goofily and took your hand in his, the both of you crouching low, careful to be spotted.

"Alright, come with me," he whispered and put a finger to his lips to indicate a sort of 'zip' motion.

You nodded your head firmly and stayed closely behind him.

Walking silently through the dimly lit halls, you looked around at what you could possibly see in the spacious area. It was quite similar to the girls school, actually. There was pretty much little to no difference between the two of them. The colour scheme was a bit darker in colour, but other than that, you couldn't spot any other differences.

Your feet tapped lightly against the marble flooring, which you had tried to stop, but it was quite difficult since you were both soaking wet. So with every step you took came with a slight squelching sound. You checked your watch to see it was around 6:20.

Was it really the best idea to go with Tord? You asked to yourself. Did I go with him only because of my crush?

You shook your head. Right, maybe you were a little compelled to go with him because he was crush. If you were given the same opportunity, wouldn't you go with your crush?

In the midst of your thoughts, you had softly crashed into Tord's back, almost making you fall.

"Oomph," you stepped back a little, curious as to why he had stopped so abruptly. He covered your mouth lightly and hushed you.

"We're here, okay?"

With how close his mouth was to your ear you could feel his warm breath ghosting along your skin, causing goosebumps to erupt along your nape and arms. You almost whined at how that small action in itself could cause such an effect on you. You were sure it wasn't healthy.

Your face flushed for the hundredth time today and nodded. He sighed and removed his hand, turning around to the door you hadn't realised you stopped by. Pulling out a pair of keys from his pocket, he opened the door quietly with ease. It squeaked a little, which caused the both of you to wince slightly, but you both made it in.

Once inside the room, the both of you heaved a sigh of relief, you, resting a hand over your beating heart.

"I can't believe we made it," you feigned with disbelief.

Tord nodded and smirked. "See? I knew I could get the both of us out of this situation," he spoke his statement out with confidence.

"For now," you finished, looking at him sternly. He sweat a little under your stare before making his way over to his drawers.

You stood there shuffling awkwardly as you inspected the room. It seemed to have an assortment of posters along the plain white walls, such as a poster of a robot from a science fair, action movie posters, baseball, a picture of a bass, and the odd anime poster here and there. It was a small and a relatively clean and homely room, aside from a desk (which you assumed to be Tord's judging from the trinkets, gadgets and wires spread out along it). On the left there was a bunk bed, another desk, and two sets to dressers. You wondered who Tord's roommate was and hoped it wouldn't cause an issue with you staying here.
"Here," he said as he threw a pair of plain boxers and a t shirt at you. "Change into these. We can use the washer here and dry your clothes over the railing so you can put them back on first thing in the morning. Tomorrow's the start of the weekend, you don't have to worry about sneaking around much outside since most students and staff will be visiting family but we'll have to be careful about my roommate, Tom. He stays up undoubtedly playing his bass down in the music room, but we'll just have to keep quiet when he gets back."

Tom? Tom Ridgewell? It's interesting to think that out of everyone, Tom and Tord had become roommates. Their rivalry amongst the school was practically infamous as they harboured a mutual hatred (well maybe not hatred as it seemed too strong of words). Maybe they were much closer than everyone anticipated? It's possible rumours spread too far and they were actually just competitive friends in a mutual friendly rivalry.

Catching the dry and warm clothes you thanked Tord and walked into the bathroom.

Once locking the door you peeled off your drenched bra and panties.

I hope he doesn't mind me not wearing panties underneath these, you flushed darkly. You felt bad about accidentally causing this situation and you didn't want to ruin his boxers with your wet panties (cough cough). Slipping on the clothing, you simply fixed your hair into a bun.

Stepping out of the bathroom, you poked out your head to see Tord sitting by his laptop, looking at something. You inspected the room properly now that you were changed. It was a pretty small room. There was a bunk bed at the corner of the room, and it seemed Tord had occupied the top bunk for himself. There was a single study desk against the wall, sheets and pencils were strewn across and there, sat a little table lamp. Posters of bands, sports, anime and robotics of all sorts decorated the walls messily. You also noticed a magazine peering through from underneath one of the mattresses that appeared to be shoved in haphazardly, and you're not sure if you want to find out what contents lie within it.

Hearing the sound of the bathroom door open and close Tord looked up at you, smirking the slightest bit.

"My, my. Aren't you a looker?" He purred flirtatiously. "You should wear my clothes more often."

You laughed it off and flushed again lightly, trying not to give him the satisfaction. However, it did not work as his smirk only widened. Usually, he wouldn't even be flirting so openly, so why you? I guess it just kinda makes sense. He has a cute girl standing in front of him wearing his clothes and he's alone. With just her. And him.

Suddenly registering the situation at hand, he coughed and scratched the back of his neck.

"So, what would you like to do?" This caught you off guard as you hadn't expected him to want to spend time with you.

"W-well, I haven't thought about this that far through," you stammered and curled the hem of the shirt into your fists.

This was a little nervous tick of yours that you couldn't help.

"Well," Tord begun, patting the space next to him on the top bunk. "Let's watch a movie. We have probably about 2 hours before Tom gets back, and I've got Netflix."

Your eyes lit up and you excitedly pounced up onto the bed, although leaving a good amount of space between the two of you. He chuckled at your child-like behaviour and wrapped an arm around
your shoulder, pulling you closer and causing your head to fall onto him.

"You won't be able to see the movie if you're not close enough," he insisted, his accent noticeably slipping through.

Your could only muster a quiet 'okay'. He scoffed affectionately and asked what movie you'd like to watch.

"I'm not sure...do you have a suggestion?" You tilted your head to the side. He found this oddly cute and coughed, looking away.

"Y-yeah, I suppose. We can watch Return of the Insane Zombie Pirates from Hell 3, if you want." He shrugged his shoulders and looked at you expectantly.

You smiled and nodded your head. "Sounds great!" You cheered. Tord couldn't help but smile slightly at your enthusiasm and shook his head, clicking on the movie to begin playing.

It was certainly an interesting movie, not a single second was wasted on simple dialogue. It seemed to be comprised of many genres, seemingly all genres packed into a singular film. You had a feeling that despite Tord's nonchalant suggestion to watch this, he genuinely enjoyed it as you watched from time to time how the explosions on screen seemed to make his widened eyes appear sparkling and couldn't help fawning over his expression within your mind.

"Har har, you'll never take me alive! Because I'm a ZOMBIE!" The zombie pirate character on the screen yelled before slicing the head off the human governor. You couldn't help but keep looking over at Tord who eventually met your own stare. He smiled.

"What? Something on my face?

You shook your head.

"I'm just curious about something," you said, to which Tord slightly raised his right brow. The sound of gunfire continued to play on the screen, his face coloured in flashes of red and white lights.

"About what?"

"Well," you cleared your throat, "uh, why me? Why did you take me here?"

This seemed to only make him more curious and you took it as a sign to keep going.

"Well, I just thought that I don't really know you at all, and I doubt you know a thing about me. I don't take you as the kind of person to always bring girls to your room, but I'm just confused is all."

You gulped and shift your body's position so you laid on your back and turned your head to the left to look at Tord. "I uh, thought you liked Patricia? So why am I here?"

He seems to have a thoughtful look on his face as he contemplated his next words and scrunched his nose in concentration.

"To be honest, I don't know myself." He coughed into his closed fist and continued. "I guess I'm also just curious of you? I see you all the time and you always have this very grounded expression on your face. I do like Patricia, but I also want to know you. It may be very selfish reasoning, but I wanted to understand you, if not only to satiate my own sense of curiosity if that uh, makes any sense?" He seems to end the statement on a lilt as if it edged toward being more of a question than anything else. You stared at him, deep within your thoughts, and he can't help the rising awkwardness in his voice as he feels as if he said something undeniably creepy.
"I-I uh, yeah you probably think it's kind of creepy. But I promise I have no intention for bringing you with me! I guess I kind of just wanted to know more about you, I think. Take it as you will, I don't know," he finishes in a small fit of rambling. He seems to straighten his back more and grins with an odd-shaped box smile. You can't help the laughter that erupts from you as you brush away the tufts of hair that fall over your eyes just a little, to which Tord seems rather perplexed by your reaction.

"I'm sorry, I just find it interesting is all." You stifle your chuckles as you say with more sincerity. "I also would love to know more about you. I think, just being here talking to you has shown me more about you as a person than sitting from afar ever has. I didn't peg you to be the rambling type, if I'm being honest here."

He takes this as lighthearted humour and also can't help the teasing, albeit sheepish smile, that crosses his own face.

"Yeah." He chuckles. "And I never knew you had such a cute laugh. You seem quiet for most of the time."

You tone your voice down just a little as your face flushed hot at his compliment. You're not sure whether it was intentional or not, but it certainly stirs something deep within the pit of your stomach, a feeling you want to file for later.

Just as you ready yourself to ask him another question, something begins rattling the door and you whip your head towards the source of the sound in a panic. In the midst of your distress, you feel the bed dip before you were plummeted into darkness, a hot and heavy weight holding you down in place. It was then you realised Tord must have rolled himself on top of you, covering both your bodies in a blanket as to shield you from the oncoming intruder. Your nostrils flared from the sudden lack of oxygen and your head swam wildly with thoughts as the scent of his cologne engulfed you. You were trapped in every way by Tord; touch, feel, smell, sound, taste. You can feel the pounding of his heart against your chest—or was it your own? You couldn't tell, but from the small curse that passed his lips, you place your bet that he's just as nervous about the situation as you are.

A clang rings out and the door bursts open, loud and unfashionably so.

"Oh. You're still up."

Tom's voice.

The sound of hollow wood meets the ground towards the end of the room, and you guess Tom must have placed his bass down safely, perched upon the back wall. Various other shuffling could be heard, and due to your lack of vision, you could only guess he was currently rifling through the dresser to change into some comfortable clothing or something of the sorts. The thought alone made you feel guilty, feeling as if you've unlawfully breached another's privacy. Though, you could hardly give it a second thought, remembering the larger male that was currently on top of you as his slight shifting became another daunting reminder of the situation you've place yourself into. Luckily with the top bunk being up higher, the rather large lump formed by the the two bodies hiding beneath the duvet didn't seem too suspicious, judging by Tom's lack of (vocal) suspicion.

"I thought you'd be dead asleep around this time by now," he snorts how, and opens another door, which you presume to be the bathroom. You hear the shower start running, but he hadn't fully closed the door as you heard him continue. "You usually run all over the place looking for that—what's her name? Patricia girl. I don't really understand why you even try, she's obviously dating Paul from the economics department. I don't know, I think she has a thing for soft guys. Chicks these days seem to dig that."
You quirk a brow at his generalisation but remain quiet. The conversation thus far seems mostly one-sided as Tord has yet to respond to any one of Tom's remarks. You're not entirely sure if want to know his answer to the current topic at hand, but you keep it to yourself as you remain quiet, focusing on the way Tord's warm breath fans your neck, causing goosebumps to erupt in its wake. He fidgets atop of you quite uncomfortably, accidentally digging his elbow into your side, which caused a barely audible yelp to pass your mouth without meaning to.

"Tord?"

"U-uh, yep. Just hurt myself, very very small scratch." Tord gulps back his nerves to respond back lamely. "I've uh, just been busy I guess. Same as you, I've been working on my own project for the School Fare. Been working on that thing for the robotics club."

The shower stops and for a while only small shuffling could be heard. He eventually steps out fully clothed with a towel wrapped around his neck, using it to dry his now flat locks of hair.

"You too, huh? Well try to sleep, you'll need all the energy you can get so I can beat your ass at tomorrow's match fair 'n square," Tom says with a light-hearted edge of competitiveness. Tord chuckles back softly, trying to shift as unnoticeably as possible off of you so as to not arise any further suspicion. Due to the small discomfort of the position, you kept shuffling and moving your body beneath him. A particular shift from you causes Tord to grab your side and squeeze in warning. He leans downward.

"Stop. Moving." The low timbre of his voice sent heat crawling to your core, his Norwegian accent heavy and dripping with lust. You ceased your movement but felt an itchiness down below which could only be momentarily sated by squeezing your thighs together.

Another sigh could be heard from Tom, elongated by the yawn that passes through him.

"I'm worn," he says, a statement meant for Tord to hear. "I've been down in the music room all day preparing for the School Fare and helping set up for it. My fingers ache so bad, you'd think I'd been up to something a little more devious." His chuckle reverberates around the room and the intention of his joke causes your body to flush and Tord to suddenly shift upward as to position himself more comfortably. Instead, he accidentally grounds his crotch against your plush thighs. His breath hitched and in his panic he tried to slide down to his previous position, only to have the action repeat. Your hand reach out to grip the front of his shirt, panting lowly as the heat in the room suddenly becomes hotter all around you. Tord groans internally, slowly losing his mind to the sensations. This is like a hentai, he thinks to himself mentally. Fuck, it felt too good to him. He wanted to feel that again.

His vision begins to haze and his face flushes as if overcome with a sudden fever. Slowly and surely as to not make too much sound, he begins to rock against your thigh a little more with such small movement outsiders would be none the wiser to Tord's shamelessness beneath the sheets. He could feel himself pant, an undeniable tightness began to tent the front of his boxer shorts as his hazel irises scan your own pair. He was moving quite awkwardly and you weren't entirely sure about what was happening. You donned a look of confusion, but it wasn't outright rejection. Tentatively, he took it as a hint to repeat the action again, much harder this time as he positions his semi-hardened length, now nestled against your lower lips that began to stick against the cloth of Tord's borrowed briefs. The feeling admittedly began to nag in the pit of your stomach, and in a rather pleasurable way. Your breath hitched as the new positioning allowed for you to feel the ridge of his stiffening dick to rub torturously against your clit. Your hand tightened its hold on his shirt. Being underneath Tord's body was quite nauseating however, with all this heat engulfing you completely. In your haze your other hand grips the front of his t-shirt and he worries he may be getting too carried away with himself as he's constantly checking your expression. It was so hard. He couldn't stop himself right now if he
tried. You didn't quite understand why he was doing this, why he wanted to do this, but you weren't oblivious to his intentions entirely. You were young, and you had urges too.

Not knowing what to do, you could only allow access and widened your thighs just a bit. It was difficult trying to move as you didn't want to alert the other individual in the room of your promiscuous activities. For Tord, it became rather painful. He was already so turned on, but at the same time, it wasn't enough to drag him over the edge.

"Anyway, I've still got shit to clear up so I'll be up for a bit. From all the work I've been doing these past few days they better give me that End of Year Music Certificate Edd-ward, or like free lunch from the cafeteria." Tom slumps downward onto the wheelie chair by his desk, facing Tord during his rambles. "Hey man, you awake?"

Tord, who had not said a word since his pineapple friend's arrival, grunted out, causing the spiky-haired male to cock a single brow.

"So you must be tired." He shrugs and swivels in his chair. He picks up his headset and puts it around his neck. "I won't stay up too long then." And at that he snatches his phone and begins playing music from his playlist, at first tapping along to the rhythm then immersing himself in the coordinated sounds when he places the headset over his ears, and causing the spikes of his hair to weave weirdly in places. Taking this as a sign, Tord alleviates some of his weight off your form despite his lower body screaming for him to continue, and then you're able to breathe just a little bit more. He waits just a bit more in this position, and when he makes sure Tom won't turn around, he sighs out relievedly, although a little more strained than before.

"You okay? I'm so sorry (y/n), I didn't mean to I just, uh it felt so good and I-I couldn't stop but I should have. I don't blame you if you think I'm creepy, you're probably uncomfortable right now."

Tord scrunches his brows together, his eyes half-lidded and pupils blown. He seemed to be dealing with an internal battle of his own as his gaze flickers constantly from your eyes and lips.

"But," he gulps, "if..if you're okay with this, do you want to continue?" He bites his lip and waits for your answer.

You seemed taken aback by his forwardness, but his naturally gentlemanly nature caused your heart to swoon. You outstretched your arms and laced your hands delicately behind his neck, pulling him close enough to allow him to lay flushed, chest against chest.

You leaned your head forward, brushing his slightly flushed ears with your lips as you spoke.

"Please continue." You nipped at the shell of his ear as emphasis and felt his arms buckle. Afraid of his voice cracking, he nods his head and gently guides his left hand to trail down along your side before cupping the soft flesh of your thigh. He moves it apart so your thighs are no longer touching each other, allowing more space for him to settle in between. Leaning down he readjusts his pelvis so it aligns with your own and sighs when he allowed his weight to put pressure on the section that had been burning with heat. Slowly, he began rocking against your heated core. Tord looks up from the blanket to see that Tom is still studiously working on whatever project he's doing, so he continues.

He feels the way your pussy perfectly cups and accommodates his length as he slowly glides his bottom half in an upward and downward motion. Sweat begins to gather on his forehead and eventually trickles downward his chin and pass his neck. The slowly building heat of your core encases your entire being as he grinds oh so deliciously against your sensitive bundle of nerves.

When he captures himself on a particular ridge of your clothed lips, you let out a soft gasp and gyrate your hips in a circular motion, arching your back slightly as you feel his lips brush your cheek. Your hands become restless as they travel downward and begin stroking along his toned arms and chest. In
your intoxicated state you press your lips against his neck, feeling the constant thrum of his pulse. You didn't mind the slight saltiness as you nipped alongside his neck and sucked on a particularly sensitive area that caused his hips to drive harder against your soaked briefs. To be honest, it drove him nuts. You could tell by the increasing raggedness of his breaths and the way his hips would sometimes stutter.

"F-fuck..." he lets slip, feeling just how hard his dick has become. Even with all this friction, it's not enough for him to reach that state of euphoria. He stops his movements momentarily and tugs on the hem of the briefs you're wearing. His hand sneaks past the band as he glides his hand downward, soon feeling your soaking folds against the pads of his digits. He swipes up along your bundle of nerves and pinches it between his index and thumb, causing a soft moan to part your plush lips. This seems to drive his state of mind further as he pinches and pulls at the sensitive bud. His fingers begin swiping teasingly along your slit, gathering the wetness along his fingers, before slowly sinking a single digit into your wet heat. His breath hitches as your cavernous walls squeeze him and he can barely stop the temptation of plunging a second, slender digit inside. He basks in the way you whimper as he curls his fingers upward, then starting a rhythm, pushing his fingers in and out of your folds that felt as if they sucked him in. A thrill passes by him and he plays with your clit again, vigorously flicking it with his thumb, and you can't help the way your hips buck up in need, thigh flying upward to grind against his crotch. Your combined pants and groans begin to escalate as he continues to play with your folds, his mouth doing wonders as he nibbles along the shell of your ear and sucking just below.

Just as you're teetering the edge of an orgasm, he withdraws his hand, a devious smirk curling his lips as he sees the lustful haze in your expression. He feels how you clamp down his hand and can't help internally cooing over the cute pout that rests on your face.

"Alright. That's it, I'm done." Tom's voice suddenly cut through the quiet of the room. He stood up from his seat, stretching his limbs and removing his headphones. Your blood ran cold, thinking that he'd just found the both of you out.

"I'm gonna hit the hay now. Night, loser." He says instead. Your heart is pounding. Tom walks over to the other side of the room and flicks off the light switch, engulfing the entire room in a black, aside from the window with the curtains drawn open, moonlight delicately hitting the surfaces of the room. The bed creaked and there were a few seconds of shifting before there was complete stillness. The situation was making your stomach grow tighter and tighter with impending fear, and by now Tord had stopped moving. He kept this up for a few moments before he called out into the dark.

"Tom? You asleep there, old friend?"

A beat of silence and the sound of steady breathing could be heard below on the bottom bunk. You breathed out a sigh of relief. Tord took the initiative and threw the blanket off of the both of you as it was no longer needed. The coldness of the air struck your sweaty skin and caused your nipples to instantly harden beneath your t-shirt. Feeling instantly relieved of the suffocating heat underneath the blanket, Tord felt as if he could now think with a sense of rationality.

At least, that's what he thought until he remembered his little problem that began twitching within the confines of his now extremely tight boxers. You looked down at his crotch and decided to tug him down towards you again so you could snake your arms around his neck. It surprised him how forward you are, but nonetheless he adjusted your legs so they now hitched around his waist, his hands lifting the arch of your back gently, making your breasts more pronounced. This new position gave him more access now, the stimulation of his groin upon your clothed core making you pant beneath him, a newfound desperation in your soft whines. You roll your hips against the brunette eagerly and the groan that leaves him is rather startling.
"Shit, babygirl," Tord groans under his breath. "I need to feel more of you."

He then shifts your positions by rolling onto his backside and pulling atop of him so you were now straddling his thighs. You felt unsure as you stared down at him from your position. His recognisable features were softly lit by the moon's illumination and you could see the way he smirks, looking your body up and down as if you were the most delightful thing he's seen in months.

"I think this way it'll make it feel better, no?" He holds your hips down in place. "Now."

He rolls the front of boxers downward and pulling them just halfway past his ass, and then taking out his erection. His tip was flushed and it seemed almost painful. You were mesmerised as you watched his hand grasp his shaft and the way his head leaked pre-cum. You were almost tempted to touch it for yourself when he began pulling your shirt up. You felt a little self-conscious, but continue to pull it up and over your figure anyways, the darkness of the room boosting your confidence, even if only just a little. Because you had no undergarments on, your boobs bounced with every shift and movement you made, your nipples pointed as the coldness of the air kept them erect. Tord sat up from his position just a little bit to admire your chest. He looked to you for permission, to which you grasped his hand in yours and guided it to your left boob. He grabbed it wholly in his palm and admired the plushness of its texture. Leaning down he captured your nipple into the warm wetness of his mouth and sighed contentedly.

"T-.Tord...!" You grasped at his locks and arch into him. This seemed to spur him on as he nibbled teasingly and tugged at the nipple, groping at the other side with his hand simultaneously. You gasped as he began to gently rock into his lap. The removal of the barrier allowed you to feel the proper outline of Tord’s cock as ground into you in rhythm. Due to the slickness of your thighs, it began to greatly affect you as he easily slipped over the soaked cloth of the briefs. When he particularly nudged your bundle of nerves, a tingling sensation travelled throughout your lower half and you couldn’t help your mouth from hanging open and releasing an increasing volume of moans.

As much as Tord loved your pleasure-filled whimpers, he wanted to try his best to not wake up his roommate, so he popped his lips off of your nipple and gently pressed his lips against your own. This caught you by surprise as it was the first time tonight that you kissed. You closed your eyes and leaned into him more, tilting your head slightly as you gain more access. He gingerly nibbled on your bottom lip and, taking a chance, slipped his tongue inside your own when a wanton moan escaped your sinful mouth. You could feel his smirk into the kiss as he kneaded your breast gently in his hand and rocked his hips upward. The rougher treatment caused the bed to rock a little more, an issue you could not worry about when your minds were experiencing the blissful treatments of your bodies moulding together. You could not think about quoting down when you were so into it.

However, this seemed to not be enough for Tord as he pulled back from the kiss and focused on removing the offending article of clothing that blocked the skin on skin contact. Is it was this good, how would it feel having direct contact? He lifted your hips away from his and dragged the briefs down halfway down your thighs before you lifted your legs to pull them off completely. Panting above him, you sighed blissfully as you sunk back down onto his lap, your hands coming up to rest on his shoulders for support as you began to rock your hips against his once again. The feeling of your slick womanhood smothering his pulsating dick directly felt better than what he could have ever imagined. He shuttered as his raw length became sticky from the slickness of your pussy and thrusted upward in a rough sort of rhythm.

The feeling was so good, he genuinely pondered how the inside of you would feel like? Or how your tight walls would squeeze him every time you rocked forward on his lap? The head of his dick nudged constantly at the entrance of your pussy lips and he wondered if he just positioned himself right he could slip himself inside with ease. He could practically feel your sticky essence clinging to his
cock as he groaned into your ear. His hazel eyes were glazed over with such want and need, his skin covered in a sheen of sweat that glistened under the moonlight, and his hair had been tousled by the relentless tugging and pulling you did to his hair. You never thought Tord could look so undeniably sexy beneath you as you bit your lip and grounded your hips in a slow circular motion. His hands had a tight grip on your ass as he grounded your hips back and forth across his.

Just before thinking to slip into your inviting walls, he stuttered in his movements and could barely hold back his animalistic groans as his seed spurted out.

“T-..Tord..!” You stuttered out as your walls clamped down hard on nothing and felt yourself coming down from your high. Tord leaned forward and captured your lips into a kiss once again, slowly entwining your lips with his in a gentle dance. Your hips rocked softly to ride out the rest of your orgasm as it slowed and eventually came to a stop. You rest your head on his shoulder and pant from the over exertion, both your soft pants mingling together.

Tom kept his head down low, fighting off all his body’s reactions to the sounds and squeaks just 4 feet above him. He groaned and cursed lowly under his breath as his briefs became tighter and constricted under the strain of his growing problem, and tried to lay on his stomach only to accidentally brush his lower half against the mattress. He decided he’ll just lay on his back for now, staring at the top bunk obscuring his vision from the frivolous secrets of his roommate and (perhaps) girlfriend.

‘Why is it always me that deals with shit like this?’ He curses at Tord mentally for putting him through these problems. He squeezed his eyes shut and balled his fists by his sides as to not indulge himself when he heard a particularly sinful whine part your lips. ‘I’m going to make that devil-boy pay for this’, he tries fruitlessly to blockout the increasing volume of the moans and squeaks by counting sheep in his head.

End Notes

Welp. Tbh I don’t know if I’ll ever get round to it, but I’d like to make a seperate work as a continuation of this event. Maybe I’ll even try to make it transition to a Tord x reader x Tom sort of fic? Idk but I’d like to hear what you guys think.

Also sorry about all the mistakes in my writing, I wrote the rest at 3am and didn’t bother to edit it

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