Sweet Surrender

by Malkuthe

Summary

Will Solace has not had the best day at work. Luckily, fiance and love of his life Nico di Angelo gets home just in time to give him some much needed help in relaxing. Well, as much relaxing as one can get while being bossed around in the bedroom.

Notes

Because she's been asking it for such a long time, I've decided to cook up some wordy Solangelo smut for my dear friend Bianca, otherwise known as Bailci. ;) I hope you enjoy it.

Caution, however! This is mostly PWP. If there are inconsistencies, well, I apologize. XD.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Will huffed as he pushed open the heavy wooden door to the quaint apartment that he shared with Nico. He was just coming in from work. The job that he normally really loved and helped with paying the rent now that Nico had forced Hades to sign a binding contract that there would be no unsolicited donations to the landlord coming from him.
Will looked around at the apartment. Earlier on, when Theopolis had been first built, and as was evident with the current downtown area, most if not all the buildings had been made out of the same material as the ground was. Marble laced with gold and seastone.

Thankfully, as the city expanded, and as it was eventually moved to its own pocket dimension, the later districts became more organic and were built more in line with modern trends. Will’s apartment with Nico, in particular, had hardwood floors and some carpeting, mostly in the bedrooms. The walls were made of dense wood, even though the insulation was almost never necessary, and the furnishings were more or less modernized.

As far as Will was concerned, the place was quaint. Calling it small would have been a disservice. Particularly considering the fact that the apartment, if it could even be called that, that Jason and Percy had gotten together was even smaller. It was a pigsty, that place.

Will frowned at himself as he walked over to the couch and dropped his bag by the side of the coffee table. It wasn’t like him to be needlessly cruel when it came to the cleanliness of the two, whom Annabeth and Piper affectionately referred to as the bromance of the century.

On the one hand, Will knew that Jason’s and Percy’s place was indeed a veritable pigsty. He’d been there once, and the smell had been dreadful. Nico had sent him quite a few pictures of the clean-up, too. On the other, well, Will had just had a very long and very nasty day that he wasn’t particularly too keen on talking about.

Instead, Will focused on Annabeth and Piper. At least for the moment. Those two were ones to talk. They had hooked up not long after their respective break-ups with Percy and Jason. As far as Will was concerned, he thought that the two girls could very well steal the title of “bromance of the century” from the two guys.

Will shook his head. He didn’t want to think of competitions. At least not for the next couple of hours, if not the next week. Competitions were what had given him the biggest headache that day.

Will’s job was normally laid back, at least, as laid back as a hospital tending to injured and sometimes nearly-dead demigods, but those things were a fact of life in the demigod world. It was not every day that Will got the displeasure of having to deal with an entire pack of Ares and Mars campers that had decided to go and have an all-out, no-holds-barred war.

Will had, to put it lightly, very nearly gone insane from the madness that had ensued afterwards. The infirmary, understandably, had been quickly overrun, and because the idiots had decided to start their war in the Theopolis arena, the Theopolis hospital had filled up just as fast.

It hadn’t been one of those days that just left Will emotionally exhausted because someone who could have been treated died because they were two minutes too late to getting them into the emergency room, or the triage system failed spectacularly.

No. This was a day filled with belligerent Ares and Mars kids who got into a spat because of an argument over whether the Greeks were better architects than the Romans. Never had Will Solace ever dared to even think that Ares and Mars kids would give a flying fuck about architecture, though he supposed that when pride was called into question, rational thought went straight out the window with those children.

Needless to say, being one of the very few qualified doctors working at the hospital, Will was bombarded with demands to be healed faster, as though the hospital staff were miracle workers.

Admittedly, Will could have healed some of the injured campers with his light magic, but after the
first Ares camper had told him to “chop chop and make it fast,” he had decided against doing it. Using his light would have only given him a bigger headache. There was also the fact that the Ares camper had a rather severe laceration on his forearm that had needed seventeen stitches.

It was halfway through the day, much to Will’s surprise, that someone finally snapped. Will was surprised both because it had not come sooner, but also because it was Chiron who had snapped.

Chiron suggested that they teach the campers a lesson while handling Will’s favourite stash of ace bandages. Understandably, Will was rather sceptical, and quite fearful of Chiron’s intentions. He also did not like that Chiron was playing with the bandages, as though formulating a sinister plan.

As far as Will was concerned, the plan was quite sinister. Surprisingly enough, when Chiron had asked permission from Dionysus to carry out his plan, the camp director had enthusiastically agreed. Will thought it was going too far, but he liked to think that Dionysus had only agreed to it because nothing very exciting was happening around either camp these days.

Will had to wonder what Chiron thought he could accomplish by placing an itchy concoction in the bandages that they would use on the campers. He supposed that even the old centaur had limits on his patience.

While Aesclepius was still in the process of getting formally released from his imprisonment, and signing gods knew how many contracts, Chiron was in charge of both the camp and the hospital for Theopolis. Understandably, the old centaur was not the most pleased about the state of affairs.

Wartime efforts were considerably less stressful than having to manage two groups of rowdy demigods.

 Whatever the case was, Chiron’s plan had failed spectacularly. The Ares and Mars kids only complained even more. In the end, the two rival factions had actually banded together to clamour for “better healthcare” and “faster service” as though the damn place was a fast food restaurant.

Will had very nearly strangled every single one of them. Only Chiron’s frustrated, irritated neigh had stopped him, and pretty much everyone else. Will was pretty sure that the centaur had been blushing by the time he stomped angrily out of the hospital.

Will shook his head. He flopped onto the couch and sank into it. He sighed, thoroughly deflated. He was angry. He was irritated. He was pissed-off. He was exhausted. Utterly. This was the sum total of everything that had happened in his day so far.

Will simply could not believe how entitled these new demigod brats were! He couldn’t help but wonder, on the way back, whether his generation had been as bad. He certainly didn’t remember them that way. Whatever the case, Will was beginning to understand why the monsters used to hate demigods so much.

Will sighed again. He looked around for the remote to turn on the television but didn’t have much luck finding it. As he was reaching under one of the cushions on the mattress, he couldn’t help but wonder where Nico was.

The apartment, after all, was eerily quiet. Nico didn’t make very much noise while he was home, but Will could always tell if he was there. Normally, Nico would have already been home by the time that Will got off work. He had to wonder what was keeping his fiance. All Will wanted to do was just cuddle.

Will found the remote. He liked to think that he had a strong enough grip to not lose it, but when he
was about to turn on the television, the feeling of a hand on his shoulder made him throw the damn thing at the far wall.

It was pure instinct, of course. Despite the snickering behind him. It wasn’t like the hand had scared the living daylights out of him. That was not the case at all. He hadn’t been startled. He just saw a fly on the far wall that he just had to throw the remote at. Yes. That was it. A fly.

“Hey,” said Nico, a note of concern in his voice despite the barely-contained laughter. He rarely ever used the door to the apartment anymore. He had shadow-travelling after all. Will didn’t particularly like it, but it was one of those things that his fiance just had to learn to live with.

Nico had not been expecting Will to be home yet, especially not after what he’d heard was going on at the hospital from the campers. He was glad that his job involved combat training. He could hurt the kids that irritated him. He supposed Will didn’t have the same outlet at the hospital.

Nico set down the paper bag of McDonald’s on the coffee table that he’d bought from the nearest branch. He rolled his eyes as Will sniffed in disdain at the sight of fast food. As if Will didn’t like fast food sometimes.

Nico chuckled as he flopped onto the couch beside Will. Will let out a long, drawn out groan. It was Nico’s cue to throw his arms around Will and lay his fiance down on his lap. “I heard you had a long day,” he said, as Will moved about in his lap, trying to find the best way lie on Nico’s lap.

Will propped his feet up on the far end of the couch. He rolled over and looked up at Nico, his head comfortably nestled between Will’s legs. His bright blue eyes met dark, sparkling ones.

“Oh yeah,” said Will with a scowl and a grimace. “What gave you that idea, death boy?” he said. He turned and buried his face in Nico’s stomach, only to let loose a scream of frustration that was muffled by Nico’s firm abdomen. It brought a smile to Nico’s face.

“Oh I don’t know, sunshine,” said Nico, threating his fingers through Will’s hair. He actually liked it when Will let his hair grow long. Ever since he’d learned how to braid hair from Piper, because Hazel had asked him about it, he’d enjoyed braiding Will’s hair when it was long.

Will’s hair wasn’t shoulder-length, or anything, but it was just long enough that Nico could make miniature braids by one of Will’s temples. Part of the reason Nico so liked doing it was because Will always protested about his hair afterwards. “Maybe the fact that you’re just a little bit closer to death now than you should have been at the end of the day?”

Will looked up at Nico briefly and frowned. After the moment passed, he buried his face back in Nico’s stomach and wrapped his arms around Nico’s midriff. “You and your death metaphors,” he said.

Will rolled his eyes, even though Nico couldn’t see them. He rubbed his nose up and down Nico’s stomach. He enjoyed the situation. He somehow managed to lift Nico’s shirt, baring his fiance’s sculpted abdomen. He pressed his lips to Nico’s navel and blew a raspberry that made Nico squirm and giggle.

“Well,” said Nico, gently pushing Will away from his stomach, “It’s like you and your sunshine metaphors. Nico pressed his fingers against Will’s neck and wiggled them. Will shrieked and tried to get Nico’s hands off of him. “What was it you said,” said Nico flippantly as he kept up the assault on Will’s most ticklish spot.

“I just can’t help it!” said Nico, in the most high-pitched, most offensive, most mocking imitation of
Will’s voice that he could muster.

When Nico relented, Will’s face was completely red, and he was gasping for breath. It looked like he was about to cry from all the shrieking and laughing that he had done.

Will looked up at Nico and shook his head. He wrapped both his arms around Nico’s neck and pulled them down. He pressed his lips in an earnest, chaste kiss against Nico’s. When they parted, Will smirked at the flush on Nico’s face and said, “Thanks for stooping to my level.”

Nico rolled his eyes and stuck his tongue out at Will. He tugged at the small braid that he’d made from Will’s hair of fine-spun gold. When he let go, the braid fell down to the side of Will’s face, just in front of his ear. “Yeah,” said Nico, scoffing, “I can’t help it. It’s a very pretty level.”

Will blushed. Nico thought that Will’s blushes were adorable. Endearing. There was nothing that made him smile quite like seeing pink blossom in Will’s cheeks as Will’s freckles started glowing ever so slightly.

Nico bent down and kissed Will again, enjoying the tingle in his lips. “Don’t pretend you don’t like the McDonald’s!” he said, pulling away from Will. “I happen to know that it’s your guilty pleasure,” he said, seemingly rather pleased with himself.

Will opened his mouth to say something, but stopped when Nico put a finger on his lips. “Shh,” said Nico with a smile. “Let me take care of you today.” Will’s freckles started to glow much brighter. Nico grinned. “That,” said Nico, exasperation slipping into his words, “and I swear to Hades if I have to eat another salad for dinner this week, I will personally kill you.”

Will chuckled nervously. He’d been about to suggest exactly that. He hadn’t even thought that Nico might get offended that the obviously-for-two bag of McDonald’s would just get put away. Nico had a very strong aversion, after all, to what he liked to call ‘pretentious health food.’

“But eating healthy extends your life,” said Will, poking Nico in the stomach as he leaned over to pick up the bag of McDonald’s from the coffee table.

“Do I look like I’m afraid of dying young, Solace?” snapped Nico. He didn’t know what got into him. He hadn’t meant to sound so irritated, but Will’s relentless health-pestering was one of those things that got to him. Perhaps he shouldn’t have gotten engaged to a medical doctor. Truth be told, he liked being reminded to take care of himself, because otherwise he would just forget, but the fact was that Will often went overboard with it.

“Nico…” said Will, sounding so aghast that Nico couldn’t help but feel bad for snapping about a sensitive matter.

Will didn’t want Nico to die young. He didn’t want Nico to die, at all. If Nico died, he wanted to die with Nico. He couldn’t imagine living any stretch of his life without Nico. At least not anymore. Not since they got together. Not since they promised each other that they would get married and spend eternity together.

“Look,” said Nico, scratching his head apologetically. “I’m sorry,” he said, “I didn’t mean to sound like I didn’t care about myself. Or about what we have.” Nico leaned down and pressed his lips briefly against Will’s before Will pushed himself off of Nico’s lap to sit up properly on the couch. “The health-talk is just getting really annoying, Will.”

Will looked at Nico and managed a sheepish smile. He scratched his head apologetically, like Nico. It was one of those mannerisms that he’d picked up from his fiance. “Sorry,” he said, “I didn’t mean
to be annoying or smothering at all.”

Will found Nico’s hand with his own. He tangled his fingers with Nico’s, slipped them in between the gaps of Nico’s. “I just,” he said, taking a deep breath, “I just want to spend as much time as I can with you.”

Nico turned to face Will and raised their entwined hands to his lips. He placed a tender kiss on the back of Will’s hands. “I know,” said Nico, “It’s just that it gets annoying when you repeat yourself all the time.” Nico grinned. “I do like it when you show your concern. I need you to remind me to take care of myself because I would just forget. Just… try not to be as annoying about it?”

“Alright,” said Will, leaning in for a kiss. His lips instead met the coarse paper of the bag of fast food. He shook his head and smiled. “I promise, Nico.”

Nico lowered the bag of food and pressed his lips to Will’s. “Great,” he said, with a grin. As though they were magnetized, though in truth it was just because they couldn’t keep their hands off of each other, Will and Nico were drawn together for another kiss.

Nico set down the McDonald’s on the table. He coaxed Will’s legs into wrapping around his midriff before placed his hands on either side of Will’s neck and pushed his fiance to the cushions of the couch. They lay there for a couple of minutes, just kissing tenderly. It wasn’t even remotely sensual. Just two engaged guys sharing a moment.

Nico pushed himself off of Will for a moment. He supported himself above his fiance with his arms, which were braced against the couch on either side of Will’s head. “I think,” he said, leaning down to kiss Will again, “I have an idea of how I can help you unwind today.”

The smirk on Nico’s face and the sparkle of mischief in his eyes were titillating for Will. He could feel his member start plumping up in his pants. “Yes,” he thought to himself, “Sex would be good right now.” It certainly didn’t help his growing arousal that Nico’s member was rubbing up against his.

“Let’s do that before we eat,” said Nico, removing Will’s legs from around his abdomen, and clambering off of Will. Nico winked at Will. “Why don’t you get on up to the room, get comfortable…”

Nico stood up from the couch and picked up the bag of McDonald’s. He turned around and looked Will in the eye. “Actually, why don’t you go up there, get naked, and wait for me while I put this in the microwave,” he said, gesturing at the paper bag in his hands.

Will blinked at Nico. For a moment, he was at a loss for words. Nico’s suddenly-domineering tone of voice was surprising. Normally, it was him being the dominant one. For a moment, he considered protesting, but he realized how tired he was and decided that today, he was fine with letting Nico take the reins. “Yes, sir,” he said, teasingly.

Nico felt heat rise to his cheeks when Will said those words to him. He felt a stirring in his groin. He had to fight the temptation to rub himself through his pants. “What are you waiting for, boy?” he said, raising an eyebrow at his fiance.

Nico couldn’t help but grin as he saw the freckles on Will’s face begin glowing even more. He could already see that underneath his scrub pants, Will already had something of a problem.

Nico watched as Will walked up the stairs. This was something he’d been planning for the longest time. He was glad that he finally had the opportunity to put things into motion.
Nico saw Will reach down into his pants and adjust himself. “Will,” he said in as stern a tone of voice as he could manage. He intended to show Will that he was dominant enough that Will could just let go of all the worries and surrender fully to him. “No touching yourself until I get there.”

Judging from the way that the staircase in front of Will lit up, Nico could tell that he’d managed to fluster Will even more. He was glad that Will had so readily given up the lead to him. He was going to make sure that Will didn’t regret that decision.

“Yes, sir,” said Will, in a surprisingly meek tone of voice as he ascended the steps. He looked back tentatively at Nico every time he took two or three steps. He was somewhat afraid of what Nico had in store for him. He took a deep breath. He knew what Nico was doing, and he knew what Nico wanted him to do. He just wasn’t sure he was ready.

When Will was finally out of sight, Nico couldn’t help but grin to himself. He walked over to the microwave. He pulled open the door and put the paper bag inside before closing it. He wasn’t really going to nuke the food, he just thought the microwave was the best place to keep it, at least temporarily, as he didn’t want the McDonald’s to get cold and soggy in the fridge.

With the grin still on his face, Nico shadow-travelled out of his apartment. He intended to get some supplies for the night with Will from friends that had borrowed said supplies.

Nico stepped out of a dark corner of Jason’s and Percy’s apartment. He was well aware that there were many dark nooks and crannies in the apartment, but Nico did not want to reappear in many of those for fear of emerging into a pile of smelly, dirty gym socks.

Nico was surprised to find that there weren’t piles of discarded clothing everywhere. In fact, the place looked rather well-kept. He had to wonder who had had a go at the apartment. He knew that there was no way Frank would have gone anywhere near the apartment in its natural state, and he knew that Leo would have only made the mess worse.

Nico had definitely not visited them to clean, and Will had been at the hospital all day so it was most probably not him. Nico was left with no choice but to think that maybe the girls, Annabeth and Piper specifically, had dropped by and made the place clean.

Either the two girls did it by themselves, or they used brute force to make Jason and Percy clean up, because there was definitely no way in Olympus or the Underworld that Jason Grace and Perseus Jackson would clean their flat of their own volition.

It took Nico a moment to realize that Percy was lying on his side, facing the door, naked save for a pair of tight boxers that definitely outlined his ass. Nico shook his head.

Nico sniffed the air and realized that he could smell incense. In fact, it was the very same incense that Jason used in many of the shrines. He supposed that this was Percy’s idea of trying to initiate a romantic evening with Jason. He shook his head again and resisted the nigh-overwhelming urge to make the obvious ‘worship’ joke that was on the tip of his tongue. He had to wonder if Percy was idiot enough to have thought that incense was a good stand-in for scented candles in such a situation.

Nico decided to mess with Percy. He’d initially thought about just asking for the blindfold back, but this was an opportunity too precious to pass up. Nico wolf-whistled. The sound was followed by a loud thud, and then raucous laughter from Nico.

Percy had been so startled that in his panic, he had rolled off the bed and landed on the floor, flat on his face. When Percy peeked over the edge of the bed, he was rubbing his nose and scowling. “Hey sexy,” said Nico, teary-eyed from all the laughter that had bubbled up out of him.
“By Poseidon!” said Percy, glaring daggers at Nico, “Nico! Don’t do that to me!” Percy was more than a little pissed that Nico had interrupted his evening plans. “What the fuck are you doing here, di Angelo?” he hissed. He tried his best to keep his voice down. He was sure the thump had already alerted Jason that something was up.

Fortunately, if Jason had noticed, he made no indication. Nico folded his arms and raised an eyebrow at Percy. “I wouldn’t invoke your dad’s name,” he said, with a knowing smirk. “You’re the one who told me how much of a pain he’s been since I got them to award Hades with ‘Best Olympian dad’ of all time.”

Truth be told, Nico knew that the whole award show during the New Year was a sham. In fact, they had very nearly started a new Trojan war. It was only Nico’s insistence that Hades did not want the award and was a truly neutral party that had prevented things from escalating.

Of course, Nico had ulterior motives. He wanted his dad to get recognized for being the obvious best dad of the Olympians. He wanted Hades to get the recognition that he so obviously deserved. Nico wondered if his dad’s irritation at having to make a speech as he accepted the award was Hades playing along, or Hades genuinely being the apathetic neutral party that Nico had painted him to be.

As though remembering for the first time, Percy’s eyes went wide as they could go. “Fu—!”

Sure enough, there was a flash of light and the smell of the sea filled the room as Poseidon came into existence there. “Yes, son?” he said, looking around and making a sound as though he was impressed that it smelled like incense and the place was clean. “What do you nee—”

Poseidon stopped and stared at Percy, who was in a rather compromising position relative to his father. Poseidon tore his eyes away from Percy’s butt and looked at his feet with sudden interest. “Uh,” he said, “I did not need to see this.” Poseidon shook his head. “I’m going to go.”

Percy could feel the heat flooding his cheeks along with the rest of his body. He was red from head to toe. “It was just an expression, dad!” he shouted, as another flash of light filled the room. A moment later, Poseidon was gone, but the booming laughter of the god remained.

Percy sat at the foot of the bed and buried his face in his hands. This was totally not the way he had intended this night to go. It was supposed to have been flawless. He was supposed to get laid. Then Nico had to show up and ruin everything.

“Hey,” said Nico, startling Percy again by jumping onto the bed and peering over the edge where Percy had fallen. “Do you remember that black satin blindfold you borrowed from us a while back for gods know what?” Percy just wanted to melt away. “I need it back.”

Percy looked at Nico and scowled. He was incredulous. This was the reason Nico ruined all his plans to have a romantic, sex-filled night with Jason? “Dude! You couldn’t have sent an Iris Message instead?” he hissed. Nico shrugged.

Percy threw up his hands in disgust. “Fine!” he said. If Nico wanted the blindfold, he could take the fucking blindfold. He could also have the fucking handcuffs back with it, too. “You can have it!” said Percy, reaching underneath the bed. “Just, leave already!” he said, “I’m trying to get laid, Nico!”

Nico rolled his eyes. He had to wonder why Jason wasn’t putting out. Then again, he had to wonder if Jason was putting out and it just wasn’t enough for Percy. As far as he and Will were concerned, they were pretty much convinced that Percy was the biggest power bottom in the city.

Percy finally managed to find what he was reaching for. He pulled out a black, velvet-lined wooden
box from underneath the bed. The velvet lining was a hot crimson that Nico couldn’t help but admire.

Nico saw a ball-gag in the box along with a couple of other toys that were standard in a bondage setting. He spotted a chastity cage and raised an eyebrow, but said nothing. There were also a couple of buttplugs and dildos, but it was nothing too far from vanilla. Nico’s mind immediately set to work on a nefarious scheme to ‘help’ Percy get laid.

Nico clambered off the bed and said “Do you have post-it notes, Percy?” He looked around the room, but there were none in plain sight. Percy sighed and looked up from his rummaging in the box of toys and pointed Nico to the first drawer of a nearby dresser.

Nico walked over. He found the post-its, and, as an added benefit, found a sharpie as well. It was perfect for what he had in mind. “Here,” said Percy, walking up to Nico with the blindfold and the handcuffs that they had borrowed a few weeks ago.

Percy smiled shyly at Nico. “We have our own now, too,” he admitted, “So you can have both of these back.”

Nico grinned at Percy. He hadn’t expected Percy to so easily give up the single thing that would help Nico’s plan along quite nicely. Percy was far too trusting of friends, Nico concluded.

Percy held out the blindfold to Nico, but Nico had other plans. Before Percy could react, Nico had fished the handcuffs out of his hands and had bound his hands together. Percy blinked at his bound wrists as the blindfold drifted to the floor in the shocked silence that followed.

“Nico!” said Percy, mind finally catching up to everything that had happened. He tried struggling against the handcuffs, but as Jason had already shown him on multiple occasions prior, these handcuffs were quite impossible to break out of. They were made of Celestial Bronze, after all. “What on earth are you doing?!” he demanded.

“Helping you get laid,” said Nico, pushing Percy toward and onto the bed. He leaned over the far side of the bed and retrieved the ball-gag. Percy’s eyes widened at the sight. He had wanted a romantic evening with Jason, not a kinky one.

“Open wide,” said Nico, shoving the ball into Percy’s mouth as soon as the other boy was stupid enough to try and protest what was happening. Percy made muffled noises of disapproval at Nico. Percy blushed as he came to realize that he was only making himself drool through the gag.

Nico retrieved a short length of rope from the box and tied Percy’s arms to the headboard. Satisfied that Percy’s bondage was strong enough, Nico straddled Percy’s legs. Percy tried to kick him off, but Nico was prepared for it. In one deft motion, Nico stripped Percy of his form-fitting shorts, and made a sound of surprise when he discovered that underneath, Percy had been wearing a bright red thong that left very little to the imagination.

“You must like this more than you admit,” said Nico, with a grin as Percy’s half-chubbed cock became fully hard and started peeking out of the skimpy pouch of the thong.

Nico stuck a post-it to Percy’s right nipple. He wrote “Hey Jason. I caught Percy trying to give you a romantic night.” He stuck a second one to the middle of Percy’s chest. “Idiot thought your incense was a good enough substitute for scented candles.” Nico couldn’t help but snicker at Percy’s idiocy. “Thought I’d help him get laid. Love, Nico.”

Nico grinned and winked at Percy as he clambered off the bed and picked up the blindfold from
where Percy had dropped it. Percy made muffled noises, and rattled the headboard with his fruitless struggling against the handcuffs and the rope that bound him to the headboard.

Nico leaned over Percy and copped a feel, chuckling when he felt Percy’s manhood grow even stiffer. “Thanks for the blindfold,” said Nico, with another wink at Percy. “Bye,” he said, with a smirk, “have fun!” He turned around and shadow-travelled away.

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Will was sitting nervously on the bed. He was fidgeting. He was trying his best not to look at his cock or even think about it. It was hard as it had ever been. It was throbbing.

When all of a sudden, the bed dipped under the weight of someone behind Will, some irrational part of him, that had always been afraid of everything started screaming that this was the way he would die. He would die naked on his bed because he was waiting for his fiance who was taking far too long in the fucking kitchen,

It was an irritating part of his persona, Will had to admit, but it was also a rather strong part of him. It was screaming at him that he was going to get raped. That he was going to die with a stranger’s cum in him. That he would die bleeding out the ass and a slit throat.

It took all of Will’s willpower to not scream like a little girl the moment he felt warm, strong arms wrap around his torso. Thankfully, his fears were unfounded. It was just Nico.

“Hey gorgeous,” said the familiar, and frankly, comforting voice of Will’s fiance. An involuntary sigh of relief, because it wasn’t a stranger that had found its way into his bed, escaped his lips. The apartment was magically protected from most intruders, but that did not really help his paranoid self.

“I love how you’ve dressed,” said Nico, with a chuckle. He traced his fingers up Will’s sides, making the healer shiver as the light touches seemed to leave burning, tingling trails.

“Really?” said Will, feigning being flattered. He mock-fanned himself. What he couldn’t have possibly faked was the fact that he was blushing. His freckles, as they always annoyingly did when he was blushing, glowed.

“I must say,” said Will, turning around to face Nico. He felt Nico’s hands wander down his back. He flinched when he felt a light smack on his buttock. It was a gentle reminder of what they were doing at the moment. “I think you’re woefully overdressed, sir,” said Will, averting his eyes and trying his best to sound meek.

Will felt his heart race as he took a look at Nico. Nico was so close to him. Their nose were almost touching. Their noses were separated by only a hairsbreadth. Perhaps it was less than that. Will found that he didn’t particularly care. They were just so very close. The thought made Will’s cock give an almost-painful throb.

Will’s heart thumped in his chest as he looked into Nico’s eyes. There was love there. More love than he had ever thought Nico had in him to give. More love than Will had ever thought he deserved. He couldn’t help but smile. A smirk turned the corners of Nico’s lips upward and all of a sudden, Will was apprehensive about the glint of possessiveness that he saw in his fiance’s eyes.

Will had made sure that he followed Nico’s instruction as well as he could. Even undressing, he had made sure that he wouldn’t touch his cock. He didn’t know what had possessed him to do it. Surely, Nico would not have known, but something told him that following Nico’s orders was part of the fun.
Despite the fact that Will had not even given his cock a second glance, and not for lack of trying, he was as hard as he had ever been. He couldn’t quite understand why. He had to wonder if this was how Nico felt whenever he was being the dominant one.

If Will was being entirely truthful, he had never really felt just how profound being submissive could be. He had always been nervous, playing like this. He had always been eager to please, but afraid to do anything wrong lest he be punished.

This was the first time that Will felt as though he could truly let go. The first time that he felt he could be selfish and just… give Nico everything. Let Nico handle what he couldn’t. At least not at the moment.

Maybe it was his concern for Nico’s wellbeing that had always gotten in the way of Will enjoying being submissive, but now, he had been pushed so far in one direction that he felt as though it was okay to just let Nico take the lead.

For Will, the mere thought of just surrendering all that he was to Nico was unfathomably arousing. His cock throbbed between his legs, but he pointedly ignored it. It wasn’t his to play with tonight. Nothing was his to play with tonight. All he had to do was lay back and let Nico show him heights of pleasure he had never known before.

“Oh yeah?” said Nico, snapping Will out of his thoughts. Will was alarmed at first at suddenly feeling the weight of his fiance on him. “What do you propose we do about it, then?” he said, pinning Will to the bed and kissing the son of Apollo roughly.

Nico was sure that he would bruise Will’s lips, that he would leave a mark with his rough treatment of Will. In fact, that was the point. He had never felt so possessive before, but some part of him wanted to show the world that Will was his and he was Will’s and that anyone that got in the way of that was in for a world of hurt.

Nico peppered the angle of Will’s jaw with kisses that only grew more and more sensuous as they travelled down the side of Will’s neck. Finally, Nico settled in the crook of Will’s neck and suckled on the skin there for a good minute as Will writhed underneath him.

Nico knew his lips would leave a hickey. It wouldn’t normally be visible because of Will’s collar, but anyone that looked closer was bound to see it. He was sure that Will wouldn’t particularly mind. Not after what he had planned for Will.

Will whimpered into Nico’s rough kissing. He felt his entire body go limp. He felt the peace of surrender wash over him at the same time that giving Nico consent to do whatever he wanted aroused him beyond belief. “We need to get rid of your clothes, sir,” he managed, panting, when Nico finally stopped suckling on the skin of his neck.

“That’s a good boy,” said Nico with a smile that made Will’s heart skip a beat.

Will felt Nico pull him into a sitting position. His eyes locked with Nico’s. He could see the possessiveness there. He couldn’t believe that Nico was manhandling him so easily. It was something else. It was arousal on a whole new level. Will felt as though his very essence was being stroked.

Thinking about how docile Nico could be whenever it was Will’s turn to be dominant had always given Will the false impression that Nico did not have what it took to be a good dom. In fact, now that he thought about it, Will was certain that it only allowed Nico to be an even more effective dom.
Will whimpered when he felt Nico’s fingers brush against the insides of his thighs. They were so close to his member, yet they might as well have been on the other side of the room. If they didn’t touch his cock, they weren’t going to help relieve the mind-numbing arousal he was experiencing at all.

“Undress me,” said Nico, reclining back on the mound of pillows behind him, legs spread to either side of Will, shirt slightly lifted to reveal a lean abdomen and the sculpted musculature underneath.

Seeing the way that Nico took control of the situation in an entirely new light, Will had never been more thankful that he had been wrong about Nico’s capability to be dominant. The only time he’d been more thankful to be wrong was back when he’d been convinced that whatever he’d felt for Nico wasn’t reciprocated.

Will was more than happy to oblige Nico’s command. He would have done it anyway, even if Nico hadn’t asked. Truth be told, his fingers were itching to get Nico undressed. He was more excited than he thought he had any right to be for whatever was going to happen that night.

Will crawled over to Nico. He leaned over Nico and allowed his hands to roam up Nico’s sides. Normally, Nico would have tensed up, would have let loose a soft groan as Will gently, lightly traced his fingers along Nico’s pale skin. No. This time, Nico responded only with a confident, and smug silence.

Will didn’t know why, but Nico’s stoic silence only made him more aroused. Perhaps it was the mystery. The uncertainty of what Nico was going to do to him. His cock throbbed, but he pointedly ignored it. He didn’t want to break the mood by having to get punished for breaking a rule.

Needless to say, before Will knew it, he had thrown himself at Nico. His arms were wrapped around Nico’s body. His lips were pressed in earnest against Nico’s, even as Nico kissed him roughly, and brutally, like a warrior.

Nico wrapped his arms around Will’s body. He was stronger than he looked. It was more than easy for him to trap Will against his chest. Will struggled, somewhat, as though testing his bonds, but surrendered to Nico’s tight embrace right after.

Will unclasped his hands from around Nico’s neck and slid them down Nico’s chest. He got his hands trapped between his body and Nico’s for a moment, but he managed to wriggle them down underneath the hem of Nico’s shirt. He rubbed Nico’s stomach. He couldn’t believe how toned Nico was getting. He was slightly envious.

“Fuck,” whispered Will, as he pulled away from Nico’s lips. He pulled Nico’s shirt up, exposing Nico’s chest. The sight of Nico’s bare flesh only inflamed Will. He practically tore the shirt from Nico’s arms. He flung the shirt to the side. He looked up at Nico, blue eyes meeting dark ones. “I’ll pick that up later, sir;” he said, in response to the silent warning he’d gotten from Nico.

Will took a deep breath and looked into Nico’s eyes as he lowered his head to pepper Nico’s chest with gentle kisses.

There was a sparkle of mischief in Nico’s eyes. Will felt a tingle travel down his spine to the tip of his cock. He didn’t know what to expect. He truly, honestly, did not know, and the uncertainty was making him more aroused. Will let out an involuntary whimper when he felt Nico’s fingers wrap around his chin. Nico smirked and pulled him up for another kiss.

Nico couldn’t help but be inwardly satisfied with the effect that his silence was having on Will. It was more than he could have hoped for. He was being purposefully enigmatic. He knew, from the
way that Will looked at him, that the anticipation was making Will both hornier and more anxious at the same time.

The fact that Will had slipped so readily into being submissive this time helped Nico’s dominance come more naturally. He had always been worried about hurting Will before because Will had always seemed so reticent and nervous. He had always been afraid of pushing too far.

This time was different. Nico knew, without a doubt, that Will needed this. He knew that no matter what he did, as long as it wasn’t particularly extreme, Will would respond well to it.

Nico stroked the back of Will’s head. He threaded his fingers through Will’s soft hair. Will was practically attacking his lips. Nico would have been lying if he’d said he didn’t like it. He also liked the way that Will’s hands seemed to be roaming and worshipping every single inch of his body that they could.

Will decided to take things a little further. Nico was alright with letting Will set the pace for now. He wanted to give Will the time to adjust to what they were doing. He wanted to ease Will into things. Will tweaked Nico’s nipple in an attempt to elicit a groan from him.

Nico decided that it was only fair play to show Will’s body the same reverence that Will was showing his. Only, as far as Nico was concerned, it was more sacrilegious, what he wanted to do to Will’s body, as opposed to reverent.

Nico pulled away from Will and looked into his fiance’s blue eyes. There was still apprehension there. A smidgen of fear. He could tell that Will really wanted this, needed it, even, but he could also tell that Will wasn’t entirely ready to take things further. Will needed to relax a little bit more.

Nico started his reverence of Will’s body at Will’s shoulders. His touch was firm but gentle. He rubbed his thumbs around the tight muscles in and around Will’s shoulder-blades in slow, gentle circles.

An involuntary sigh escaped Will’s lips. The tension in the son of Apollo’s body seemed to melt away the more that Nico rubbed Will’s shoulders. Eventually, he felt Will squirm against him. He looked down and saw that Will’s eyes were shut, and that Will’s dick was leaking. He couldn’t help but grin. He had found a new erogenous spot on Will. It was definitely something he would take advantage of more.

Nico’s hands slipped lower when Will’s shoulders became as loose as they would go. There was still tension in the muscles of Will’s lower back. He dug his fingers into Will’s flesh. He kneaded it. He rubbed Will’s sides to try and get his fiance to relax, and relax was exactly what Will did. He moaned against Nico’s chest.

Nico caught Will’s lips in his own in a slow, smoldering, passionate kiss as his hands drifted even further down Will’s body. He teasingly played with the muscles just above Will’s ass. Will couldn’t help but grunt in frustration into Nico’s mouth.

Nico knew what Will wanted. Now that he was sure Will wanted to take that step, he was more than glad to indulge his fiance. His fingers crept down, tracing burning, sensual trails across Will’s skin. Will whimpered into Nico’s lips.

Nico cupped Will’s ass-cheeks and squeezed them. Will’s butt was pert and firm. It was the kind of butt that would make an exclusive top salivate. As far as Nico was concerned, though, it was Will’s butt, and that’s what made it perfect.
The feeling of Nico’s hands on his ass only made Will want more. He knew what was happening. His momentary surrender was leading him deeper into giving his all to Nico. He was on a slippery slope, and he had never been happier in the bedroom. He loved it. He bucked his hips back. He pushed his ass further into Nico’s grasp.

Nico squeezed Will’s buttocks. He pulled them apart. He had decided that he would give Will a taste of what Will wanted. He played with Will’s hole with a finger. It wasn’t much. It was just a slight pressure. It was still enough to make Will moan, and make Will’s entrance pulse under the pad of his index finger.

Nico could tell, without a doubt, that Will wanted to take things even further. He could tell that Will wanted to get fucked. Unfortunately for Will, that was not what he had in mind.

Nico had a different agenda. He was not going to fuck Will, and this was the point where he was going to start taking charge more. He was going to leave Will breathless by the end of their session, but he was going to do it another way entirely.

All Nico had to do to take control was roll over. Will was so invested in touching Nico’s body that he was relying on Nico to keep him balanced. When Nico rolled over, Will spilled onto the bed.

Nico knelt between Will’s legs. For a moment, he did nothing but drink in the sight of Will splayed out in front of him, slightly flushed, mouth parted in the most arousing of ways. “You didn’t undress me fast enough,” said Nico, leaning forward to growl the words into Will’s ears. “I’m taking control now.”

“Please,” said Will, voice heavy with lust. He had not expected to want this so much, but after the stress of the entire day, he wanted nothing more than for Nico to make him forget his own name.

Nico didn’t give Will a chance to say anything else. He caught Will’s lips in his own. He suckled on Will’s lower lip, eliciting a low groan of pleasure from the son of Apollo.

Quickly but carefully, Nico slid his pants down his body. He managed to get out of them without releasing Will’s legs from his weight. As he shucked his pants off, he pulled back and grinned at Will.

The slight apprehension in Will’s eyes was swept away by a rush of arousal as he felt Nico’s hard cock rub against his own. “Fuck,” said Will, voice only just louder than a whisper. “Sir,” he said, more firmly this time, “I want your cock, please.” Will was surprised how easily the words were coming to him.

“But this isn’t about what you want,” said Nico, stroking the side of Will’s face with the backs of his fingers. “This is about what I want, and what you can provide.” Will shivered. He had used those words before. He had never expected them to make him flush and quiver with anticipation.

Slowly, Nico started to grind his hips against Will’s. He leaned down and peppered kisses to the side of Will’s face, tracing Will’s jaw, and the curve of Will’s neck. Will tasted quite good. Sweet, even. Nico had never noticed that there was a certain flavour to Will, like a pleasant summer’s day layered with the slightest hint of pineapple.

Now that Nico had tasted his fiance, he couldn’t help but crave more.

“I’m going to put this on you,” said Nico, raising the black satin blindfold to where Will could see it. It wasn’t very thick, but it was more than enough to make Will gulp audibly. Nico couldn’t help but feel smug at the understandable apprehension that returned to Will’s eyes.
Nico thrust his hips forward. He suppressed a groan as his cock slid against Will’s. Will, on the other hand, groaned. Apprehension and arousal mixed together in a strange form of pleasure that he had never experienced before. His eyes nearly rolled back in his head from the sensation.

“Please,” breathed Will, Nico’s thrust having wiped the fear from his eyes. He heard his own voice. It was so pathetic, the way that he begged, but all the same, it only made him feel hotter. The experience was giving Will new insight to why Nico liked being the submissive so much. The surrender was sweet and not at all scary like he’d thought. It wasn’t as difficult as he’d first thought.

“Do—” Will gasped as Nico thrust his hips forward again. Will felt a glob of pre-cum drip from the tip of his cock. “Do what you want to me, sir!” he said, the words being torn from his throat by a third thrust. Will felt the heat crawl into his cheeks.

“Oh,” said Nico. His fingers, feather-light, traced tantalizing circles around Will’s right nipple. Will squirmed from the teasing. “I fully intend to,” he said, punctuating the words with a tweak to Will’s nipple. It caught Will completely off-guard. Will had been paying too much attention to the blindfold. He gasped.

Nico took the opportunity to press a passionate kiss to Will’s lips. “Don’t be afraid,” he said, reaching around Will’s head and wrapping the black satin blindfold across Will’s eyes.

Nico had not warned Will. He had wanted to see how Will would react. He could feel Will’s body tense up underneath him. He rubbed Will’s sides comfortingly. “I know what I’m doing,” he assured Will, “I won’t hurt you. I’m your fiance, and I love you, after all.”

Will let out a sigh and gave in to the darkness that had overtaken his vision. When Nico all of a sudden vanished, with even the dip in between his legs vanishing, a shard of cold fear stabbed into Will’s heart.

Will forced the fear away. He knew what Nico was doing. Nico was trying to throw him off. Nico didn’t want him to know what was coming next.

What Will had failed to anticipate was how acutely he would feel what Nico would do to him. Will nearly jumped out of the bed when he felt it dip between his legs again. Nico was back. Will groaned when he felt Nico’s lips pressed against his sternum.

Will couldn’t help but arch his back when he felt Nico kiss his skin. He shivered. He whimpered. Will couldn’t help but wonder why the fact that he couldn’t see Nico, that he couldn’t tell what was coming next, made everything hotter.

Will’s cock was harder than it had been before. His mind was going through all the possibilities of what Nico could do to him. Each one was more titillating than the last. Even the simple, chaste kiss against his chest had been enough to make him shiver with pleasure and quiver with anticipation for what was coming next.

Will gasped when he felt Nico’s fingers deftly trace the muscles of his abdomen. Nico took the chance to press an eager kiss to Will’s lips. It was one that Will was all too happy to oblige. Even without the blindfold, he could perfectly imagine the way that Nico’s lips were pressed against his, the way that Nico’s eyes would close whenever they kissed, the way that Nico’s breathing seemed to just stop.

“Let’s talk rules, Will,” said Nico, when he pulled away. He stroked Will’s sides reassuringly. “If I do anything that’s too uncomfortable, do you remember our safeword?” he asked.
Will couldn’t help but blush. He had to wonder what he looked like by now. He felt so hot. “Yes,” he whispered, breathlessly. He remembered their safeword.

Will had been meaning to change the damn thing, but ever since Nico had used it that one time they attempted that double-dildo that Will had managed to severely underestimate, the phrase that Nico had screamed then had stuck. Now, Will was bound to use it. “Yes, sir,” he breathed, when he heard the sound of disapproval from Nico.

“Better,” said Nico, tracing Will’s jaw with his fingers, “What will you say?”

Will tensed up as he felt Nico’s fingers drift down his body. “Sho—!” Will gasped and moaned as he felt Nico’s hand wrap around his manhood. “Shove a—!” Will whimpered. Nico had squeezed his cock. “Shove a fucking pineapple up your ass, sir!” he cried out.

Will had no idea just how acute everything else was when he was blindfolded. Even the light touch of Will’s fingers against his skin was akin to feeling his cock stroked. Feeling his cock stroked, on the other hand, felt like nothing he had ever felt before.

Nico stroked Will’s cock once, relishing the way that Will squirmed under the working of his fingers. “Rule number two,” said Nico with a smirk that he knew Will wouldn’t see. He rubbed the head of Will’s dick in slow, lazy circles with his thumb.

The pre-cum leaking from Will made it easy for Nico to tease him. The way that Nico’s thumb slid so freely against the sensitive skin of his glans, however, was pure torture for Will. “You don’t cum unless I tell you to,” said Nico.

Will whimpered at those words. He was already so close to the edge, and they hadn’t even really started yet. He didn’t know how he was going to survive the rest of the night. What he did know, however, was that he was going to try his best.

That was the most Will could promise. That he would do his best. He knew, though, that Nico would not be satisfied with that answer. “Yes, sir,” he said. He took a deep breath. “I will cum only when you tell me to,” he said, words slipping from his lips with his exhalation.

“Rule number three,” said Nico. He elicited a groan of relief from Will when he stopped what he was doing to Will’s cock. His hands wandered up Will’s body, tracing Will’s sides, but only just light enough to tickle the son of Apollo. Will squirmed.

Nico’s fingers travelled down Will’s arms and found Will’s wrists. Will was rubbing circles in Nico’s back. Gently, Nico removed Will’s hands from his body and brought them together, above Will’s head. He pressed Will’s wrists to the headboard. “Keep your arms there.”

“But sir.” Will’s voice was smaller and more timid than it usually was when he was playing the submissive. He could already feel the strain in the muscles of his arm. “Wouldn’t rope and handcuffs be better?” he said, hopefully.

Nico was running his fingers down the length of Will’s arms. He pressed his lips to Will’s left bicep. “Yes,” he said, peppering Will’s arm down to his shoulder with gentle kisses. He stopped by Will’s ear. “Yes, it would be better, and easier,” he whispered in as sultry a voice as he could manage.

Nico closed his eyes and remembered how he’d bound Percy to Jason’s headboard. He grinned. He wasn’t going to make things that easy for Will. He nipped at the lobe of Will’s ear before catching Will’s lips in another passionate kiss that left Will gasping for breath. “Didn’t you tell me, boy,” said
Nico, “that the experience is always better when it’s more difficult?”

Already, Will was finding it difficult to think. He couldn’t help but whimper. Did he really tell Nico that? If he did, he was beginning to regret ever opening his stupid mouth.

Will’s arms were already beginning to ache from the strain of keeping them over his head. It was a pleasant burn, though. For some reason, it was only making Nico’s every touch against his skin even more intense.

Will couldn’t see what was going on. He could only feel Nico’s fingers on him. Because he was naked, because he was at the mercy of Nico, every single touch sent tingles of pleasure straight to his straining member.

Nico looked at Will with satisfaction. He was more than happy with the effect he seemed to be having on his fiance. Will’s lips were parted. Will was breathing heavily. Will’s cheeks were stained pink. Freckles were glowing.

Will was also tense, but not because of stress. It was an excited, apprehensive kind of tension that Nico rather liked seeing on his fiance.

Nico ran his fingers up against the inward side of Will’s thighs. He couldn’t help but grin as Will squirmed. He could see the strain in Will’s shoulders and arms. He could see the struggle in Will’s body.

Nico could see Will’s fight with the desire to take his arms down from where they were above his head. To do something to Nico. To alleviate some of the arousal raging in him.

Nico couldn’t help but be proud at how Will seemed to be holding out for the time being.

Needless to say, Will was struggling with the nigh-overwhelming desire to take his arms down. To give his cock just a little rub. And then maybe another one after that. And then maybe another. He knew that Nico would not like it, but as it stood, Nico’s disapproval wasn’t enough to overcome the desire.

It had been one thing for Will, before Nico had arrived, to just ignore his erection. There was no stimulation, after all. Only the possibility thereof. There was no arousal save for the steady hum at the back of his head because of Nico’s cryptic promise.

Now was a different matter entirely for Will. Lust was coursing through his veins, solely from the way that Nico had handled him. The way that he couldn’t see what was going to happen next. The mere touch of Nico’s fingers made his cock throb almost painfully.

The mere fact that Will couldn’t give himself some instant gratification as he was often so used to meant that I was difficult for him to uphold the rules that Nico had set for their play.

Thankfully, Nico was prepared to distract Will’s thoughts. He lowered himself over his fiance. He pressed his lips against Will’s neck. He meant to leave another hickey. Like the one on the other side, only higher, and more visible. He didn’t think that at this point, Will would particularly care that he was leaving a mark.

Nico was wrong. Sort of. Will mumbled a half-intelligible, half-hearted protestation of what Nico was doing. He said something about the hickey not looking particularly professional at the hospital. Nico brought his fingers ever closer to Will’s groin. He played with Will’s flesh. “Are you sure you don’t want me to mark you?” he asked, in as innocent a tone of voice as he could muster.
Will groaned. Nico’s fingers were so close to his manhood. Some part of him really didn’t want to get marked, but the greater part of him wanted Nico’s fingers to go just a little bit higher.

Truth be told, Will wasn’t opposed, truly, to the idea of Nico marking him. He just didn’t want to go through the trouble of having to explain his hickey to people at the hospital. He didn’t want to go through the trouble of Aphrodite or Venus campers teasing him from it.

For a moment, Will considered using their ‘safeword,’ but he stopped himself. He wanted Nico to stroke his cock. He whimpered as Nico’s fingers came tantalizingly close to his crotch.

Will wanted those fingers wrapped around his members. He wanted those fingers squeezing him. Stroking him. Bringing him to the edge and sending him over. The fact that Nico was ignoring his cock but paying attention to every other part of his body didn’t help. With the blindfold, every single one of Nico’s touches sent bolts of pleasure straight to his cock.

Will was briefly seized with panic, that Nico had decided to leave him alone because he didn’t answer fast enough, when Nico’s fingers stopped their playing and left his thighs. Moments later, they returned. “No, sir, I—” said Will, wanting to give an answer before Nico changed his mind.

Will let out a strangled yelp when he felt Nico’s cool, slippery fingers dip between his thighs. His thoughts got scattered almost instantly. “I—” The words fell apart in his mouth when Nico pressed a single finger into him. “I want you to mark me,” he finally managed, panting, when Nico stopped.

“Good,” said Nico, suckling on Will’s skin as he hooked his finger inside of Will. He smirked when Will threw his head back and cried out in pleasure. Nico had found Will’s button, with very little effort.

Feeling Will’s body arch up underneath him as his mark formed on Will’s neck made Nico’s confidence rise. He was now certain that he could do this. That he could do for Will what he needed to do.

Nico pulled back. He looked at the hickey. It wasn’t particularly spectacular yet, but he had a feeling that it would be a very clear mark come the next day. Satisfied with his work, he placed his lips back on Will’s neck and started to shower kisses on Will, tracing a path down to Will’s chest.

Will whimpered as Nico’s finger continued to move inside him in a come-hither motion. He was mostly a top when it came to Nico, but that did not mean that he didn’t enjoy bottoming. In truth, he rather liked it when the top knew what he was doing.

Judging from the way that Nico had found his prostate exactly in one try, Will was pretty confident that Nico knew what he was doing. He tensed as he felt Nico’s lips move sideways on his chest.

Will’s eyes shot open when he felt Nico’s warm breath waft over his nipple. It was dark. For a moment, he panicked. He struggled under Nico’s weight. He almost brought his arms down to push Nico off of him, but fortunately he remembered that he was wearing a blindfold.

Nico was worried when all of a sudden, Will’s breathing had hitched, then sped up. He was worried when Will suddenly started to struggle. Thankfully, the moment of panic passed quickly.

Nico shook his head. Will was still too tense. “Will,” he said, gently, swiping his tongue across Will’s nipple. “Will, I want you to just… relax.”

Will gulped audibly. He was beginning to sweat. He nodded. He should relax. “You trust me, right?” said Nico. Will nodded, biting back a gasp as Nico’s tongue ran over his nipple again. “Then you know you can just let go. I wouldn’t do anything to hurt you.”
Will took a deep breath and nodded. Nico was right. If Nico trusted him enough to just let go when Nico was being a submissive to him, then he could trust Nico enough to surrender now that he was being submissive. A part of him was just afraid of that surrender. The uncertainty. The vulnerability. “Please keep going, sir,” he breathed. He didn’t want Nico to stop.

Will writhed with pleasure as Nico swirled his tongue around Will’s nipple. He suckled the small nub of sensitive flesh. He pressed his finger into Will’s prostate.

Will almost couldn’t take the sensations. They were too much. His toes were curled as far as they would go. He’d clasped his hands together. He was holding on to the headboard for dear life. He wanted nothing more than to lower his arms and stroke himself to satisfaction, but he knew that Nico wouldn’t let that happen.

Nico abandoned Will’s nipple. He continued the trail of kisses down Will’s abdomen. He kissed the supple flesh around Will’s navel, then stuck his tongue into Will’s belly-button without warning. Will squirmed. The sensation was strange and uncomfortable, but somehow still arousing.

Will banged his head against the headboard when he threw his head back. Nico was dangerously close to his manhood. He couldn’t wait. He wanted more. He was about ready to cry and beg for Nico to touch his cock.

Nico obliged Will’s pleading whimpers. Sort of. Nico opened his mouth by the head of Will’s twitching cock. His warm breath ghosted over the sensitive glance and made Will squirm even more. It was maddening. It was so close, and yet, Nico decided to prolong his suffering.

Will recognized that it was probably for good reason. He was sure that if Nico’s tongue so much as touched the underside of his cock that he would explode. He was that aroused. It was both extremely frustrating, and at the same time, strangely liberating. Will felt all his troubles slip away.

The exhausting day at the hospital was pushed to the corners of his consciousness. There was one thing on centre stage right now: Nico. Will had become acutely aware that he would not get what he wanted unless Nico was satisfied. He supposed that was where the surrender came in. He was more than ready to surrender himself to Nico.

In that moment, Will’s entire body went slack. The stress of the day evaporated from him. He thrust his hips forward and moaned needily, but Nico ignored him. Nico traced kisses down the insides of either of Will’s thighs but took great care to not even so much as rub Will’s cock.

Will whimpered. Nico smirked. Finally, he decided to put Will to the test. It would be a trial by fire. He knew how aroused Will was. He knew perfectly well that Will would probably orgasm at the slightest provocation. He intended to drive home the fact that it was not an option.

Will whimpered again when Nico’s ministrations on his body stopped. He was left hanging. His cock strained in the empty air. He opened his eyes, trying to search for Nico, only to realize again that he was blindfolded. It was to no avail.

Nico grinned at the pretty gasp of need and want that came from Will when he wrapped his lubed-up fingers around Will’s cock. “Is this what you want?” said Nico, as he slowly stroked Will’s cock up and down. He pressed down on Will’s hip with his other hand. He didn’t want Will thrusting and throwing him off-rhythm.

“Y-yes sir,” mumbled Will, just barely managing to keep it together from the pleasure that was surging through his body from his cock. He had never imagined that a handjob could feel so good, but this one did.
The fact that Nico was holding Will’s hips down so that he couldn’t thrust and buck and make things faster made the experience all the more intense. It almost felt, to Will, that he was fucking a warm, wet hole. Nico’s specifically. He knew that it was just Nico’s hands, but from the feeling of it, from the warming-up lubricant, he couldn’t help but groan.

“You want to cum?” said Nico, slightly increasing the speed of his stroking.

Will felt that slight increase acutely. It was almost as though Nico had turned everything on to max. He knew, intellectually, that it was just a little faster, but his body didn’t seem to comprehend that. That, and his intellect was mostly scattered by the pleasure to begin with anyway. “Y-yes, sir!” he managed to stutter in between gasps as Nico sped the stroking up a little bit more.

The pace was still maddeningly slow, but Will could feel himself slowly approaching the edge. It was there. It was just there. Will would go over it. Nico just needed to stroke him a bit faster, and a bit longer, then he would have sweet, sweet release.

“Go on,” said Nico, speeding his stroking up with each stroke until he was going so fast that the room was filled with the squelching sound of Will’s cock sliding through Nico’s fingers.

“Go on, boy,” said Nico, with a smirk on his face as Will’s back arched higher and higher off the bed. “I dare you.”

Will didn’t hear those last three words. His mind had shut down the moment Nico had said ‘Go on, boy.’ Nico was well aware of this. In fact, he’d been counting on it. The night, after all, had only just begun for Will.

Will’s lips were parted in a small ‘o.’ His biceps were bulging as he struggled to hold on to the headboard and not lower his arms. His toes were curled to either side of Nico. He couldn’t help it. It was too much. It was too much! “S-sir!” he managed, barely, as he just about reached the edge. “I’m cu-cu—!

Will’s words were cut off by a strangled cry. Nico stroked him faster and faster until he was just about to spill over the edge, and then, everything stopped. Nico’s hand on his hip. Nico’s fingers around his cock. Nico pulled all those away.

Will started to cry. “Please, sir,” he pleaded, not knowing that he could get wrecked like this. “Please, sir, let me cum,” he begged. He thrust his hips into the empty air fruitlessly. There was nothing to rub against. He tried to get his cock to slap on his stomach, but it just wouldn’t bend far enough. It was too stiff from his arousal.

Will had not only forgotten all about the stressful day he’d had at the hospital. He’d also forgotten that he was not actually bound to the headboard at all. It would have been so easy to take his arms down and stroke himself to completion, but despite the burn in his arms, the thought never once crossed his mind.

“Hush,” said Nico, leaning over Will and wiping away the tears that were beginning to fall from Will’s eyes with his thumb. He had not realized that the teasing would have such a profound effect on his fiance. All the same, he did not think that the tears meant that he had done something wrong. “Hush,” he said. “Why are you crying?”

“B-because,” said Will, voice trembling as he leaned into Nico’s hands. “Because I want to c-cum, sir!”

“Shh,” said Nico, peppering Will’s jaw with kisses, trailing them down back the way he’d gone
earlier. Down the side of Will’s neck. Down the middle of Will’s chest. Along the ridge between the muscles of Will’s abdomen. Only this time, Nico took things a little bit further.

Will bit back a gasp as he felt Nico’s lips touch the base of his cock. He tensed, in anticipation, as he felt those lips climb a little higher. Another gentle, hardly-chaste kiss. They went a little higher. His hips followed suit. Nico smirked.

This went on for a little while, until the desperation to cum from his earlier, brutal edging, melted away from Will’s body. A lot of it came rushing back when Nico pressed his lips against the head of Will’s member at the same time that he pressed a finger to Will’s entrance.

“You’ll get to cum,” said Nico, pulling his lips away for a moment, but swirling his finger around Will’sacker. “You’ll get to cum, but you have to be a good boy first. What’s our rule, Will?” said Nico.

“I don’t get to cum,” said Will, panting. His entire body was tensed in anticipation of what was coming next. “I don’t get to cum unless you say so, sir,” he said.

“Good boy,” said Nico with a smirk. What happened next made Will scream Nico’s name so loud that the windows in their bedroom shook. If their neighbours had any doubt as to what they were doing, they definitely didn’t anymore.

In one swift motion, Nico buried his finger inside of Will and rubbed the son of Apollo’s prostate at the same time that he swallowed Will’s cock to the root. Will whimpered and whined. He tried to thrust his hips, but again, Nico held him down.

The warm wetness of Nico’s mouth was almost unbearable. The feeling of Nico’s finger rubbing his prostate made things even worse. He felt as though he was going to cum, but he fought the urge with all his might. He didn’t want to disappoint Nico.

It became very difficult to resist orgasm when a second finger entered Will. It filled him with the anticipation that Nico would fuck him. He struggled to keep his load from boiling over into Nico’s mouth.

Nico removed his mouth from around Will’s cock and looked up at his fiance’s flushed face. He could tell that there were still dredges of uncertainty lingering in Will. He decided to up the ante. He decided to drive all those away.

Will had already surrendered to Nico, but Nico was sure that Will had not surrendered everything yet. Nico was going to make sure that Will would give up everything Will could to him.

“Will,” said Nico before tracing the ridge on the underside of Will’s cock with his tongue. “I want you to listen to me,” he said. He swirled his tongue around the sensitive glans of Will’s manhood. “If you make me happy with your cock,” he said, suckling on the head for a moment, “I’m going to let you cum.”

That was it. That was the moment when Will realized that no, not even his cock was his. Not now. Not while Nico was in charge.

Will realized that his cock was for Nico’s pleasure, and that the only thing that was his own was his arousal. His arousal, and his need for release. His cock was Nico’s, and if he made Nico happy, then he would get that release that he so desired. Will felt all the resistance in his limbs melt away.

Nico couldn’t help but grin as he felt Will’s hips become still. He took his hand away. He knew that Will had surrendered.
Nico knew that Will wouldn’t try to bring about his release by his own hand now.

In that moment, Nico swallowed Will’s cock. It elicited a long groan from the son of Apollo. He swirled his tongue around Will’s shaft. Will moaned. Nico felt Will’s ass tighten around his fingers. He felt Will’s cock swell in his mouth. He pulled away and removed his fingers from Will’s ass.

Nico waited until Will stopped struggling against his imaginary bonds. Nico clambered up onto Will. He straddled Will’s hips. “Make me happy,” he said, with a smirk. It was a reminder to Will of what he had to do to gain the privilege of cumming.

Nico brought his lube-slicked fingers to his own entrance, and started to stretch himself as Will moaned from sheer arousal. He took a good minute to prepare himself for riding his fiance, but for all that time, despite the fact he did not touch Will’s cock once, it was still hard enough for him to point in the right direction.

“Don’t cum,” said Nico, giving Will’s cock a squeeze.

“Yes, sir,” gasped Will, in response.

Without warning, Nico sat down on Will’s cock. He groaned as the blunt head pushed past his hole and into his ass. He groaned even louder when he found that he had angled himself just right for Will’s manhood to rub against his prostate.

Nico’s own hard cock started to drip pre-cum onto Will’s stomach. He didn’t think he was going to last that much longer himself. Regardless, he didn’t have a no-cumming rule to follow. Will did.

Slowly, Nico started to bounce himself on Will’s cock, eliciting the prettiest moans and grunts from Will. He couldn’t resist but press his lips against Will’s.

Will moaned into Nico’s mouth as Nico kissed him. He could pick up the subtle taste of himself on Nico’s tongue. Both the taste of his cock and the salty-sweet tang of his pre-cum. It sent a raging fire of arousal through his body, and he could do nothing but struggle against his own desire to cum.

Nico stopped moving up and down on Will’s cock. “Fuck me, Will,” said Nico, breathless, when he pulled away from Will’s lips. “Fuck me and show me how much you want to cum.”

Will groaned. The words gave him energy that he didn’t think he had anymore. He thrust his hips up, shoving his cock as deep as it would go into Nico. Nico cried out in pleasure.

Will pulled his cock out of Nico, save for the head, then shoved it roughly back in. Nico grunted in pleasure as he reached for his own cock and started to stroke it. Up and down, he stroked himself, in time to Will’s thrusting.

Before very long, Nico was bucking his hips into Will’s rough pistonning. The assault on his prostate was unbelievable. Will had never been this good a top before. Will was pretty damn good, but now, Will was perfect. With every thrust he hit that spot inside Nico that made him cry out, and made his cock drip just a little bit more.

Will had long since stopped trying to fight his orgasm. He knew it would come when Nico let it come. His mind was focused on one thing and one thing alone: pleasuring Nico. He felt Nico tighten around his member, and he did the one thing that he knew would bring Nico to heights of pleasure he’d never experienced at Will’s hands before.

Knowing that he would not last much longer, Nico started to stroke himself faster. He stroked himself in earnest. Up and down so fast that he couldn’t even keep track of his own hand anymore.
With an animalistic, savage roar, Nico came. His cock swelled in his hands. His ass tightened around Will’s manhood. His nuts roiled and finally, his seed spilled from him in hot white spurts that painted Will’s chest, and even reached Will’s lips.

Nico stroked himself until the mighty orgasm subsided. It was one of the most intense that he’d had in a while. He was surprised that Will hadn’t yet cum, but he supposed that was because Will had completely surrendered to him, and was unwilling to disobey his wishes.

Nico grinned as he looked upon his fiance. His orgasm had been so strong that yes, his cum was smeared on Will’s chest, but it was also on Will’s lips, and there was even a strand that clung stubbornly to the satin blindfold.

Will opened his mouth and swallowed Nico’s cum. It was sweet. It was salty. It was all that he could have asked for. It was delicious, beyond a doubt, and it tasted, uniquely, of Nico. He loved the taste. He swirled his tongue around the outside of his mouth, trying to capture as much of Nico’s cum as he could.

Nico grinned and carefully removed Will’s still-raging erection from his ass.

Will felt the bed dip as Nico knelt in between his legs. He couldn’t see what was going on, but he liked where things were heading. His entire body tensed. His breathing became rapid and shallow. He felt Nico’s warm breath ghosting over his rigid flesh. “Cum for me, love,” said Nico, “cum for me.”

Without Nico so much as touching his member, Will cried out. His back arched off the bed, and his hands shot down from where he’d been holding them the whole time. His fingers gripped the sheets with such ferocity that his knuckles turned white. His toes curled so viciously that they would have gripped the sheets if they could.

Will’s cry went on for a long time, his mouth open in a wide ‘O’. His head was thrown back. Eventually, he lost his voice, and his cock started to spurt.

Will came with such force that many of his first spurts hit the headboard. He had been holding back for so long. It felt heavenly to finally cum. His orgasm lasted a good fifteen seconds, and by the time it was done, there was a fresh coating of seed on his face.

Will lapped up what he could as Nico crawled over him and licked up the rest. Nico crawled over Will’s body, which was covered in a sweaty sheen that he had not even noticed before. He still had the cum in his mouth. He fully intended to kiss Will and share it.

Nico lowered himself onto Will, and Will, despite the soreness of his arms, wrapped them around Nico. Insistently, Nico pressed his lips to Will’s. Will moaned at the pleasant surprise that he found on Nico’s tongue. They kissed for a while, tongues dancing together as they tasted each other.

Despite the weariness in his limbs, Will was surprised to find that he felt more rested. He felt more at ease. “Fuck,” he said, blinking as Nico undid the blindfold around his eyes. “That was intense,” he said. He nuzzled the side of Nico’s neck.

“I told you I knew what I was doing,” said Nico, with a smirk that Will found endearing. “I hope it helped,” said Nico, uncertainty creeping into his voice. They were back to normal. No longer dominant and submissive. Just fiancés, content with lying in each other’s arms.

“You know what?” said Will, pressing his lips on Nico’s neck. He wasn’t going to leave a mark like Nico did on him. “It did. It really did.” Will sighed. It was a new experience, and he felt bad that he
had never really gotten the whole ‘submissive’ thing before. “I didn’t think it would at first, to be honest, but that was eye-opening.”

Nico chuckled at the irony of those words. “Oh shut up, death boy,” said Will, stifling a yawn. He pressed his lips to Nico’s again, and they rolled over onto their sides. “Thank you, Nico,” he said, “I really needed that.”

“Good,” said Nico, with a genuine smile. “I hope it can happen again,” he said. He smirked when Will blushed.

“Tell you what, sunshine,” said Will, “After that? It’s definitely going to happen again.”


End Notes

There you go! Solangelo smut to last you for... well... at least 14K words! :D.

I hope you liked it. I definitely enjoyed writing it. Leave me a kudos if you liked it! Leave me a comment with what you think! How did you like the story of Will's day? Or the way that Percy tried to cook up a failure of a romantic evening with Jason? :3. How did you like the way that Nico just manhandled Percy? :3.

Most of all. How did you like the way that Nico dominated Will? :D.

Moral of the story: Bottoms can be fucking doms, too!

In any case, if you'd like to maaaybe send me ideas for future Solangelo one-shots. Do drop them in my askbox at Malkuthe Highwind over on tumblr. :). Until next time. Enjoy. :3.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!