Martin released a sigh, when he noticed Chris lying in bed with an ice pack over his forehead. After all, it was his fault for locking his brother out one night as a joke.

"Are you feeling a tad bit better?" Martin asked walking closer to his brother who opened his eyes and shifted them towards Martin. Chris looked away angrily and threw the blanket over himself, not daring to see Martin. "Chrissss!" Martin complained lifting the blanket only to catch Chris glaring directly at him.

"Leave me alone Martin," Chris mumbled adjusting the icepack on his head. "If you want to be useful, then make me something to eat..." Chris pouted sticking his tongue out.

"Soup?" Martin asked, Chris replied with a nod and threw the covers over himself again. "Alright, I will return shortly." Martin says turning around.
Martin hastened down the hallway, heading into the kitchen. Once in the kitchen, he headed towards the white drawer opening it slowly and scanning the cans which were organized in a systematic way.

When he noticed the chicken noodle soup, he reached for it instantly. He removed the lid that came off with a 'pop' and shot it into the garbage, a foot away.

"Score...!" He whispered to himself being satisfied of being able to make the trash bin. Perhaps he could be the new Steve Nash... Yeah right, he just got lucky that time.

Once he finished with his personal shenanigans, he grabbed a clean blue bowl from the sink, pouring the soup inside. Feeling lucky, Martin reached for the empty can, throwing it at the garbage, but failing miserably. It bounced off the edge and landed on the floor.

"Did you spill my soup...?!" Chris cried out from the room.

"No..! Just the can fell," Martin said ashamed. He was surely positive he would've made it, but after all he was no Steve Nash... He grabbed the bowl, and opened the microwave, settling the bowl down and then shutting the door and heating it up for 2 minutes, although the can specifically said 1, but he knows my to believe that bullshit. Usually because his mother would always make it him when he was sick as well when both him and Chris where little, and it was always cold just after a minute.

While the soup was heating up, Martin headed back to Chris, who was still underneath the blanket. A second later Chris peeked his head out.

"Where's my soup?" He says squinting his eyes.

"It's heating up now in the microwave," Martin say's sitting on the end of the bed.

"Did you put it for two minutes?"

"Of course," Martin replies with a yawn. "Do you want another ice pack?"
"No..." Chris mumbles. "I just want some soup..."

"It's heating... I already told you this." Martin says in an exhausted tone.

"Martin," Chris says peeking from the blanket again, "can you come up here?" Martin shifts his head and looks at Chris. But then the sound of the microwave catches both their attentions.

"Soups ready, I'll go get it," Martin says jumping off the bed. But Chris lunges forward grabbing at his brothers hand, catching Martin by surprise. "Or not..."

Chris scoots over and lifts the blanket patting the now empty side of the bed. Martin slowly got onto the side of the bed, resting his head against the pillow. Once Martin was completely laying down, Chris threw the blanket over him and snuggled in.

"Are you tired?" Chris mumbled nibbling on his brothers neck.

"A little," Martin admitted. "Are you going t...." Martin began but was cut off with a bite to his neck. "Ow, come on Chris..." Chris ignored Martin and continued to bite at his brothers flesh, but this time more softly. Martin laughed "ahah that tickles Chri..." Martin said placing his hand over Chris' face.

"Stop," Chris mumbled moving away Martin's hand. Martin noticed that Chris' nose was a bright red, almost making him laugh. He slid his hand to the brunettes cheek, and moved his head closer.

"You should go eat your sou..." Martin began, but suddenly Chris' lips slammed against his own. Martin felt Chris bucking his hips lightly, and quickly slid his hands down to his hips.

"You're going to get me sick," Martin growled nipping at his brothers ear. While nipping his ear, he noticed Chris had became erect. "Huh?" Martin said confused. "You're already hard? I barley touched you," Martin laughed.

"Jerk...!" Chris said turning around. "Geez, if you're going to act like that.. Then forget it." He pouted angrily, but that didn't stop Martin from sliding his hand over to Chris' crotch, groping at his erection.
"Sorry," Martin laughed moving closer, and resting his head over Chris' shoulder. Continuing to grope Chris' erection from the fabric. The younger man let out weak moans, bucking his hips forward. "So eager..." The older Kratt mumbles into his ear grinding his now erect member to the center of Chris' behind.

"Martin..!" Chris whined, he was demanding more, but Martin always loved to hear him say it.

"What do you want?" Martin cooed, grinding faster. All Chris replied with were weak moans and cries of pleasure. But that alone didn't satisfy what Martin aspired to hear.

"Martin please...!" Chris whined. Beguiled with Chris' begging, made a long shiver run down the older Kratt's back in excitement. Martin finally agreed, rolling on top of Chris, and tossing the blanket aside.

While Martin removed his clothes, throwing them to the floor, he caught Chris staring, with lusty eyes, demanding he hurry. And that's what he did.. And next all to do was help Chris out of his pants.

Once Chris was out of his trousers, Martin inserted his own fingers into his mouth, and pulling them out and slowly inserting one finger into the younger man and pressing their foreheads together, the heat of Chris' forehead caught Martin's attention who pulled his head back.

"Are you okay?" Martin asked still slowly thrusting one finger. Chris replied with a nod, but Martin just gave a bittersweet smile and pressed their foreheads together again. A second digit was added inside, thrusting a tad bit faster now. Chris responded with a loud moan, and thrusting his hips down, trying to get more. "Be patient.." Martin mumbled.

A minute later a third finger was inserted, and now gauging around his insides. Chris' legs twitched madly when Martin had found his prostate. Then a gasp came out of Chris when Martin unexpectedly bit onto his nipple, and then proceeded to suck softly on it.

"Hurry...!" Chris complained pulling on the blondes hair, Martin looked up and nodded. Sliding his fingers out and positing himself.

Martin leaned in, pressing their lips together yet again, and this time sliding each other's tongues into one another's mouth. Chris broke off the kiss when Martin was halfway in.
"Martin...!" Chris mumbled angrily, Martin looked up, and just gave a smirk.

"Hold on..." Martin mumbled, in a second Martin was slowly thrusting into Chris, causing the younger man to wrap his arms around Martin's back. "Man.. I'm going to get sick after this..
" Martin laughed continuing a slow pace.

While still thrusting, Martin moved his hand to Chris' leaking member and began to stroke him rather quickly.
"Martin..!" Chris cried dragging his nails down Martin's back. The older Kratt is now stroking the brunettes length faster, feeling the precum stick around his fingers.

Martin picked his up pace now, ramming into the younger man who was already spilling in Martin's hand, and even onto his own green shirt. "My shirt..." Chris mumbled staring down at the substance that covered part of his shirt.

"It's okay, we'll clean it up..." Martin said slowing his rhythm down. "How are you feeling now?"
Martin said lifting Chris' legs.

"Better..." Chris said with a laugh. "But my fever hasn't gotten better..." He says with another laugh.

In one quick movement, Martin plowed straight into the younger man, hitting brutally against his prostate, and making Chris screaming bloody murder whenever Martin would slow down.

A minute later, Martin had reached his orgasm, spilling deep inside Chris who had also reached orgasm a second time. Once they were both completely spent, Martin rolled off to the side, as Chris panted.

"I think your soup is cold now..." Martin muttered.

"That's fine..." Chris began. "Just help me to the shower," he said with a laugh.

Once Chris was in the shower, Martin had exited the water closet, closing the door behind him and headed into the kitchen only to sneeze into his elbow unexpectedly.

"Great..." Martin mumbled to angrily to himself, but then all he laughed. It was worth getting sick,
he thought to himself.

End Notes

Ignore spelling/grammar errors thanks.

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