<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Not Rated</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>M/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>markiplier - Fandom, jacksepticeye, youtube - Fandom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Markiplier/Jacksepticeye, Mark Fischbach/Sean McLoughlin, Septiplier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Mark Fischbach, Sean McLoughlin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Boys Kissing, video games - Freeform, Masturbation, Mutual Masturbation, Anal Fingering, Fluff, NSFW, Darkiplier - Freeform, Attempted Murder, Choking, Rimming, Shower Sex, Kinda, Mpreg, Neck Kissing, Angst, Exposure, Sex Toys, Butt Plugs, Rutting, Dry Humping, Safewords, Safeword Use, Spanking, Cannibal!Mark, Cannibalism, Face-Fucking, Blow Jobs, Spooning, Heavy Angst, Past Character Death, Post Mpreg, Handcuffs, Hand Jobs, Anal Sex, Nightmares, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Orgasm Denial, Dirty Talk, Humiliation, Homesickness, Tickling, Tickle Fights, Angry Sex, Kink Meme, Cunnilingus, Genderbending, Gender or Sex Swap, Wet Dream, Exhibitionism, Suicide Attempt, Voice Kink, Character Death, Murder, Teacher-Student Relationship, Mating Cycles/In Heat, a/o/b, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Hair-pulling, Lapdance, Strippers &amp; Strip Clubs, Strip Tease</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2015-10-20 Updated: 2015-12-15 Chapters: 123/? Words: 141765</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Tumblr Requests**

by CheekysMagic

**Summary**

This is going to be a series of requests that I receive on Tumblr. I will soon be taking requests on here but for now enjoy what this series has to offer c:
Videos and Texting

Chapter Notes

Request: I was thinking jack and Mark sending naughty little fifteen second videos to each other through private messaging. And sometimes jack doesn’t even send a video he just texts begging mark that he expose ___ body part

Jack bit his lip harder than he usually would, the delicate skin breaking under the strength of his teeth and bleeding. Not that he cared though, he just licked at it and continued watching the video currently playing on his screen, it wasn’t every day he’d be witnessing Mark Fischbach touching himself.

This was a reoccuring thing between both men. Every day when both of them weren’t busy, they’d message each other on ‘Snapchat’ with videos of them doing things. Such things which were to only be watched by either man and no one else. Let’s just say, these videos were not like the one they uploaded to their Youtube channels.

The video replayed over and over again of Mark’s hand sliding over his thick length, the foreskin drawing back with every jerk and exposing the luscious head of his cock which Jack felt desperate to suck at. They of course were sexting one another, but this was different. Because they didn’t reply with words, just sent videos. It was all they needed though, to show how the video they sent would affect the other man by watching it with their own eyes.

The Irishman decided to reply and panned the phone’s camera down to his own dick which he’d been touching, flushed and hard from his own arousal of watching his boyfriend jerk off. He pressed the record button and with the same pace as he’d been doing before, starting tugging at himself, letting out stuttered moans and cursing internally since Mark was so silent when they did this, while Jack was a vocal mess. He said he liked listening to him and got off from it, but Jack wished sometimes he had more self-control like Mark.

He finished recording at the fifteen second mark and then sent it to his lover, giddy with excitement since he always enjoyed the idea of how his videos effected Mark. He hoped in the same way that Jack was. It took about a minute before he replied and the process repeated itself until both men were close.

Jack was the first one to come, recording himself as he spurted his load all over his hand and belly, moaning like a whore in a porn film. He pressed send and watched as Mark sent his video, the Irishman had to bite down on his lip and will his dick to not stand up again at the sheer sight of his boyfriend literally exploding all over himself.

They both went off the app and began texting one another, a usual practice for both men since they liked to compliment one another on their performances.

“Damn babe, never seen you cum so hard for me ;)”

“I’ve been saving it up for you ;P xx”

“Whateva, get some sleep you doof! It’s six in the morning where you are!”
“Sorry mom :P I’ll text you tomorrow when I’m fully rested xx”

“Ohkay :) Love you ya big dummy.”

“Love you too, bigger dummy xx”

The day seemed to pass much faster than Jack had anticipated and here he was, sat in his bed with a huge hard-on and desperately waiting for Mark to text him. He wasn’t usually like this but the whole waiting thing had made him horny just thinking about what him and Mark could do together and tonight, he felt like maybe they should change things up a bit.

“Good afternoon handsome xx”

Jack’s heart fluttered in his chest and he felt like fist-pumping the air as finally Mark had texted him. Looking at the text, he could only quirk his eyebrow though. It was eight at night where Jack was right now, certainly not the afternoon at all.

“I think you’ll find it’s good night here dumbass :P”

“If I say it’s afternoon. It’s afternoon, so fuck off xx”

Well, it was almost definite that Mark was well-rested with how fucking sassy he was being right now.

“Anyway, I wanna something tonight. Something a bit different.”

“And what’s that, Jackarooey? xx”

“I want you to send me sexts of you hard. I’m horny.”

“Jack. I have to work soon, can’t it wait? xx”

Looking down at his erection under the sheets and then back at his phone, it seemed that his penis kind of answered that question for him. No, in fact it could not wait. And knowing how stubborn Mark was when it came to stuff like this, it seemed that Jack was going to have to resort to..

Begging.

“Please babe, I’m so hard right now.”

“That’s not gonna work Jack, I really have to go to work xx”

“Work can wait, please. I’ll be quick I promise.”

“Both me and you know that getting you to cum is not a fast process Mcloughlin. Don’t lie to me xx”

The Irishman cursed under his breath and ran his hands through his hair, damn Mark. He was being as stubborn as a fucking mule and with how horny he was right now, his patience was wearing thin and he was not going to put up with it.

“Please Mark, I’m so hard it hurts.”

“Jack, you’re a grown man. You know what masturbation is and you don’t need me to assist xx”

“I’ve been a good boy lately and you should reward me.”
“What the fuck does that mean? xx”

“You know what it means Fischbach.”

There was a long pause before he actually got another text from Mark and he was worried he’d managed to piss him off but it seemed fortunate enough that the next text that came through was a picture of Mark’s boxers with a clear tenting in them with the caption “You win xx” underneath it. Jack grinned to himself, obviously their conversation had made his boyfriend aroused and for now, it seemed that Jack had won him over.

“Fuck, did I get you that horny?”

“Yes. Now don’t rub it in, just let me send the pictures and let me be on my way xx”

“Your wish is my command ;)”

The next picture was sent through and an audible moan passed Jack’s lips at the sheer sight of Mark’s length, standing tall and proud thanks to the begging Jack had done. He felt a flush of both pleasure and pride flow thick through his veins that he’d managed to do that to Mark. He grasped at his cock and began to jerk himself off, watching as he was sent another photo of him touching it and the Irishman almost choked on his own spit.

Depicted on the photo was Mark’s cock and his fingers, trails of precum hanging off of the tips of the digits while the trails all connected to the head of his dick. God, he had seriously made his boyfriend horny if he was leaking that much. The pace at which Jack jerked his cock increased in speed and he threw his head back, only to hear the phone go off again.

As Jack found himself getting closer to orgasm, he chose that he might as well go the extra mile and leaned over to his side-table where he rummaged around in the top drawer, pulling out a half-empty tube of lube and slicking it onto two of his fingers.

“Mark. Guess what.”

“What? You close? xx”

“Yeah. But I’m gonna do something you love ;)”

“Shit don’t tell me. You gonna fuck yourself? xx”

“You’re god damn right ;P”

Pressing the first finger up inside himself was pleasantly easy and he continued to watch his phone as Mark sent more photos and it seemed apparent that the American was not far off coming either. The amount of precum pouring out his cock was unbelievable and this just pushed Jack to start fucking himself with his index finger. Letting out small gasps as he increased the pace with each thrust.

“Shit. I think I’m gonna cum just thinking about that xx”

“Already got a finger up there. You want me to use more?”

“Do it. I want you to fuck yourself silly naughty boy ;) xx”

Doing as Mark commanded, the Irishman placed a second digit at his hole and pushed it in, again there wasn’t much restriction thanks to the lube so he could slip it all the way in. There was a small burn but if anything, he enjoyed the sensation and happened to curse under his breath at his own
Looking back at his phone, the pictures were becoming more intense and this surged pleasure swiftly through Jack so he quickly picked up the pace of his thrusting fingers and threw his head back, gasping louder and louder as he got closer to orgasm. The hand on his cock jerked at it erratically and his digits kept on brushing against his prostate with every time he pulled them out, the sensations were becoming incredibly overwhelming and he knew for a fact he wouldn’t last much longer.

With shaking hands, he managed to type out.

“I’m gonna cum baby. I’m gonna cum so hard.”

“Cum now, I’m close too. Cum hard for me babe xx”

Suddenly, a picture came through and it was a clear photo of Mark’s hand and stomach covered in come as it seemed apparent he’d reached his climax first and from the looks of it, it was quite a good one. The image itself proved too much for Jack and he lost all control, fucking himself as hard as he could as he came hard onto his belly and chest. Even a bit caught itself in his hair which he was quite shocked about since he didn’t realise how hard he’d even orgasmed.

“I came, damn you’re just too good Fischbach ;)”

“You know it ;P But now, I really have to go to work, lets hope I can get these stains out of my jeans xx”

“I’m gonna laugh if Arin or Danny sees them :P”

“Haha. Lets just say, if that happens. You’re a dead man Mcloughlin xx”
Gaming Together

Chapter Notes

The punctuation is all fucked up with the text AO3 saved so it was a pain in the ass editing this *sigh*

Request: Jack and Mark playing a game together. Not like a collab, more like Pewds and Marzia gaming.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Oh my god. Mark you big smelly! I had that!"

Jack let out a loud whine and glared up at his boyfriend who was celebrating having just won another round of 'Just The Tip', a game in which you had to avoid being poked in the belly with the tusk of your fellow competitor. Currently, Mark was beating him at a score of 3-1 and Jack was determined to beat him.

They started another round and this time, the Irishman felt confident that he could win. The grip on his controller was so tight, he swore he could hear the plastic strain under it, but right now, his mission was to beat his asshole of a lover. "Jack, just face it. I am superior when it comes to games like this. It's the American in me" Mark mentioned smugly, giving Jack a shit-eating grin which only added more fuel to the fire in Jack's belly.

"Oh, we'll see about that Fischbach" He slouched further forward on the couch in which they shared, legs splayed open to make room for his arms as they held the one device which controlled whether or not Jack would win. His heartbeat increased in pace and he'd never stared as intently at a screen as he did right there. He. Had. To. Beat. Mark.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Jack managed to hit Mark's narwhal which scored him a point. He fist-pumped the air and let out a triumphant cry watching as the man next to him just smirked. Obviously not put off by the Irishman's victory.

Jack scoffed and stuck out his tongue at him, going back to playing and realising that if Mark scored just one more point, he'd win again and gain full victory of the play-through they were filming. He refused to let that happen and again went into try-hard mode. 'Like a boss, Jackaboy. Remember that. Like a boss' The Irishman thought in his head over and over again and then, as if those words were like motivation from a coach, he hit his narwhal again and gained another point.

"OH FUCK YEAH!"

Both men were now neck and neck and everything was now leading up to this final point. Whoever hit the other's narwhal first would win the round and Jack swore he would be the one to do it. But just as started try-harding again, Mark started nudging his boyfriend in the leg multiple times in a bid to knock him off his game. A fly could have flown into Jack's mouth at how wide it got shocked at Mark's childish behaviour but he refused to let that distract him.

The whales fought ferociously and it seemed inevitable that either man was going to win but as if the gods were looking down on Jack, his narwhal's tusk just happened to whack into the other's belly
and the round stopped. Announcing that 'Booper Dooper' was the winner.

A large grin appeared on the Irishman's face as he felt pride rush thickly through his veins and he stood up, chanting loud and flipping off the man next to him. "Fuck you Mark! Fuck you!"
Suddenly, Mark pounced on Jack and knocked him back onto the couch. They both laughed and Mark climbed on top of the smaller man, kissing him sweetly on the lips and running a hand through his hair. "Congratulations babe, you beat me!"

The tone of his boyfriend's voice had blood rushing into his cheeks and he soon found he was blushing like a dumb teenager. He hated when Mark did that to him, made him melt like butter under his hands. Then again, that was what he loved about him.

"Right that's it. Get off me so we can finish this video and then go fuck.. I can tell yer horny. Ye rat bastard"

A loud laugh made him jump and the American climbed off of him, looking back toward the camera so that he could sign off. Jack just smiled at him as he said his goodbyes and then waved at the camera. Despite the fact he pissed him off immensely when it came to gaming, he loved that big goof like there was no tomorrow. He just hoped to god that when they went upstairs, Mark didn't make any references to tusks and poking him in the belly. He might then just lose his shit.

Chapter End Notes

This is the first request I have ever gotten so I hope you enjoyed it c: I'm sorry if my writing is bad hehe
Skype Chat

Request: I was wondering if you could write Jack asking Mark out via Skype or something?

‘You can do this Jack, you’re a boss. You tell yourself that every day. So right now, you’ve gotta do this. You have to. Or there’s no going back’

Mark felt giddy and grinned ever so widely as he plonked himself down on his computer chair and pulled himself up close to his desk. Him and Jack were due to skype and right now his excitement was off the roof. Why might you ask? Because apparently Jack had something to tell him and that always fancied the American’s interests.

He logged himself onto his ‘Skype’ account and clicked onto Jack’s profile. His profile picture was his usual icon, the lil septic eye which the Irishman adored. He’d been told how happy he’d been made when people started making fanart and creations of the eyeball, Jack had never been prepared for so much support toward the creation of his little character. Mark was warmed by it, he had gotten the same feeling when people made ‘Tiny Box Tim’ a character too.

Clicking onto the chat option and the pressing the call button, Mark was immediately met with Jack’s face and his own lit up. He looked incredulously adorable as always, not that he would admit that to him though. “Hey..” Jack said gently, rubbing the back of his neck and yawning softly since it was three in the afternoon where he was right now. The exact time the Irishman woke up every day.

“Hey! How have you been? I’ve missed talking to ya man”

A soft sigh fell past Jack’s lips and he gave his friend a half-assed smile, before he decided to reply. “Av missed talkin’ t’ yeh too..” This made Mark’s stomach knot uncomfortably, there was clearly something wrong but for now, he dismissed it as Jack being tired.

“So what’s this about you wanting to tell me something? I’ve been anticipating it all day man”

Again, he watched the younger man sigh in front of him before he even brought his lips to move, it was almost definite that Jack was having difficulty speaking to him. “It’s jus’. Fuck it, doesn’t matter”

Mark quirked his eyebrows and then frowned, he hated when people did that. Try to tell him something and then give up saying it because they felt it wasn’t important, fans sometimes did that with him and it hurt his heart. He loved it when people talked to him, it reminded him that he was actually still human and that people still treated him like he was one. So Jack not speaking to him was actually hurting him.

“Jack, you know you can tell me anything. I’m here for you, we’re friends. You know that right?” A small smile caught the American’s eye and he smirked as he knew he’d managed to lighten this seemingly dull mood that Jack had inflicted on them both.

“I guess, it’s jus’ not an easy subject t’ discuss..”
Resting his elbows on the surface of his desk and resting his head in one of his hands, Mark leaned forward closer to the screen in a bid to be funny. Making a funny face as he got as close as he could to his webcam. “Try me Jackaboy, I’m all about uneasy subjects. I was a fucking engineer for god’s sake” This made Jack laugh and he too leaned forward, the sleeves of his jumper covering his hands which made Mark’s heart jump into his throat. Damn, was he cute.

“Ya wouldn’t want t’ hear it.. I.. I should jus’ go..” Jack seemed to be making an attempt to end the conversation but Mark was having none of it. “No, listen here Jack. You’re gonna tell me what’s bugging you or I’ll personally fly to Ireland and beat it out of you!” Again, Jack began to laugh and this time much more heartily, the American was almost definitely winning him over.

“Fine.. Fine.. But promise ya won’t laugh?”

Those puppy dog eyes shone up at him through the monitor of his computer and Mark’s heart melted completely. How could he laugh at him? When he was being as cute as this. “I promise I won’t laugh” To prove his point, Mark placed his hand over his chest and stuck out his little finger. “I freaking pinky promise!”

The Irishman chuckled at his immaturity and then shifted forward once again, resting his chin on one of his sleeve-covered hands. It was almost like he was thinking things over before he spoke again and that made Mark feel confident he was going to spill.

“I was wonderin’. If maybe, you’d wanna… You’d wanna go out wit’ me?”

Mark’s eyes had never bulged as hard as they did when he heard what Jack had said to him, shock completely overtaking his body to the point in which he seemed almost frozen. That was something that the American had almost definitely not expected his friend to say, but it was something that he had been hoping to hear for a very long time.

“Jack, I..” Lost for words, he’d struggled to speak for a short while and this caused Jack to panic, obviously thinking that Mark was rejecting his ask. “I-it’s okay if yeh don’t want t’. Pfft, it was a stupid question anyway. Am sorry.. I should, I shou–”

“Sean. I never said no did I?” He raised both of his eyebrows and leaned forward on his desk again, smirking at the Irishman as he watched the expression on his face contort several times. Almost witnessing what emotions were going through his mind. “Does that mean?..” Mark nodded, smiling ever so sweetly as he watched Jack smile even wider in return.

And damn. It was cute.
Request: Could you possibly do an AU where Dark!Mark is a complete asshole towards other people but is so sweet and gentle towards Jack, and then one guy tries to come and flirt with Jack making Dark very angry?

Dark had never loved anyone really. He viewed everyone the same, huge moving hunks of meat who if they got in his way, would end up never seeing the light of day again. But Jack, he was very different.

Jack was always there. With every murder he would commit, Jack would stand at his side. Face solemn and unfazed by the act he had played before him. This is what Dark liked though, that through everything, this man stayed by his side.

He had lost everyone through his actions and yet, this man who he’d only met a year ago, would accompany him everywhere and even when they were separate, he was always there in Dark’s mind. Jack was the one person who kept that last small amount of sanity inside him.

“What did he do t’ upset yeh this time?”

Dark looked over at the man stood beside him and the back over at the blood-soaked body who lay on the floor of their shared apartment. There was red smothered all over the American, the substance dripped out of his hair and trickled down his face. “He knew what I did for a living and threatened to expose me. I made sure he didn’t..”

The younger man let out a small sigh and kneeled beside the body, grabbing his wrist and checking his pulse for a short second. “Ya sure did. He’s dead. What d’ya plan t’ do with the body?” Dark gave him this delirious grin and knelt next to him. “I have my methods..” He heard another sigh and watched as Jack turned his head to look at him.

“Yer covered in blood. D’ya need me t’ assist in gettin’ yeh cleaned?” There was a slight reluctance from the dark man but he knew that this request was completely sincere. “That would be nice, thank you” Both men stood up and made their way toward the bathroom, a still silence that to others would be tense but to them was completely comfortable.

Dark removed his clothes while Jack started the shower, the water rushing harshly while he placed his fingers underneath it, hissing and moving his hand away when he realised it was extremely hot and rushed to adjust the temperature. He was handed the clothing and made his way over to the washing machine, he knew the blood wouldn’t come out immediately but it was too late to do anything extreme.

The Irishman returned to the bathroom to see Dark climbing into the shower and standing under the hard stream of water, he watched as the blood that once coated his hair and face ran away clean and into the bath below, forever disappearing into the plughole.

Jack wandered over and grabbed a sponge, stepping into the tub behind Dark and beginning to clean his back of the thick red that smothered the pale skin underneath.
“How do you feel when I kill, Jack? Do you get the same rush of adrenaline as me, or are you scared?”

Pausing in his movements, Jack felt surprised by the question that the man had asked him but he felt no reluctance to answer him. “I guess yeh could say a bit of both. I get the rush, seein’ ya so exhilarated but at the same time, I’m scared because I worry fer yer safety. One day Dark, ya won’t get away with it. And it scares me t’ think that”

The taller man quickly spun around, giving the usually unfazed Irishman a fright as he felt hands grip his shoulders, pulling him into the shower stream so his clothes and hair became soaked and heavy. “You’re scared of my failure? How come?”

He watched as he slowly nodded, his face nearly expressionless. “T’ watch yer downfall, would be my own” The tough exterior of Dark was broken slightly as he heard what the Irishman had to say, but he allowed himself to stay in his usual calm form.

“You surprise me Mcloughlin. But then again, when don’t you?” Dark smirked at him and ran his hands through the younger man’s now drenched hair and then hinted for him to continue what he was doing before. Jack obliged and grabbed the sponge, running it over the muscular form of Dark’s chest, washing away more blood.

“I’ll have another two martinis this way!”

Dark smiled at his companion and looked around the bar. To give them both of a break, Dark had decided to take them out of a night of relaxation and drinking, but it seemed that Jack was not himself. Mainly calm and composed, he seemed tense and distracted. Almost as if he were aware of something that Dark wasn’t.

The two drinks arrived and he handed one to Jack, he sipped at it in appreciation but his eyes were locked onto something from across the room. Something that Dark couldn’t quite put his finger on and this therefore angered him slightly. “Something distracting you, Jack?”

Out of nowhere, the Irishman suddenly smirked and let out a small chuckle. He was obviously amused by his statement. “Oh its nothin’ you’d understand Dark, as you’ve told me. Yah only view people as meat don’t yeh?” This made Dark question his distraction much more, furthering his inquest of Jack.

“What does that mean? What wouldn’t I understand?” Jack looked over at him, that smirk very plainly still stuck on his face. “It doesn’t matter Dark. I’m gonna go t’ the bathroom. I won’t be long” He watched as he placed his drink at the bar and then wandered off from him.

It seemed that Jack was very much occupied at the bathroom as he didn’t return for a good ten minutes, Dark felt it was in his best interest to go looking for him so he downed the rest of his martini and then placed the glass at the bar. It wasn’t like Jack to go playing a disappearing act so this made Dark incredulously worried which was strange for him since he usually didn’t feel that way about people.

It was then when he saw it, Jack was stood just at the edge of the club with a man not any older than himself and he was touching Jack. Flirtatious brushes here and there against his cheek which was making the Irishman blush like a schoolgirl. Dark didn’t know why, but at that moment, his blood hadn’t boiled as hot as it did right there as he watched them both.

Dark marched right over to the couple, his sheer presence before he even spoke catching Jack’s attention and it was clear to see he was not happy. “Oh hi, Am sorry I didn’t come back. I got caught
“Get the fuck off of him..”

Both men froze in that moment at the sheer power in Dark’s voice, he didn’t even shout but it was threatening enough to let them be frozen in fear. Even Jack had to admit it to himself that he felt a small amount of fright toward Dark when he was like this.

“I’m s-sorry? What?” The man stepped forward despite Jack’s plights to hold him back since it was clear he was trying to start a fight. “I was here first buddy, go find ya own snatch” Dark’s eyes pooled with darkness and he gripped the man’s throat, squeezing tightly until he was gasping for air.

His face began to turn pale and people were beginning to notice what was happening, backing away from the two while Jack attempted to pull Dark off the stranger. He was going to kill him and then he’d really be in trouble. “Dark, please get off him. If yeh kill him, you’ll get caught. You’ll fall and.. And so will I”

Dark’s once angered expression eased and he slowly began to loosen his grip on the man’s neck, watching as he then dropped him and he gasped heavily for air, having been asphyxiated for so long. The dark man backed away and then grasped Jack’s hand, pulling him through the shocked crowd and out of the club.

“What the fuck was all that about?! I’m allowed to flirt with people ya know! I don’t understand why ya did that! Didn’t yeh say ya don’t feel love?! Well?! Didn’t ye–”

Jack was taken aback when he felt lips on his own and his back smacked hard into the concrete of the club building. He was incredibly shocked to feel Dark kissing him when he had adamantly said he felt nothing for other humans, this was quite surprising honestly.

He felt him pull away and Dark looked at him with a frown on his face. He didn’t exactly know why he had done that but it felt right, Dark definitely felt like he’d released something that had been pent up. Something that killing hadn’t been able to free.

“Dark..” Jack whispered, holding his face in his hands as he gently stroked with his thumbs, feeling the coarse stubble against his skin. “..What was that?”

There was a significant pause before Dark was able to pick up the courage or so that’s what he thought he was picking up to be able to talk to him again. “Jack, you’re special to me. You’re not any ordinary human and I could only think that was the way to let you know that..”

Jack felt tears prick in the corners of his eyes and he pulled the American in for a well-needed kiss. To be told that, from Dark himself was enough to make him realise that actually, someone did care about him. “Thank you” The Irishman murmured into his ear, kissing him again and smiling at him genuinely.

Dark smiled back at him and wrapped his arms around Jack’s slender form, kissing him hard on the lips once again and then severing from him as he felt the police would probably be arriving soon in conspiracy to his strangling incident.

“Come on, let’s go..”

Putting out his hand, Jack gasped sharply and another tear fell down his cheek as he realised that Dark wanted to hold his hand. He took it gently but squeezed it tight, feeling elated as they both began to walk home.
“Am goin’ in the shower, you need anythin’ befer I disappear fer an hour?”

Mark looked up from his computer monitor and removed his headphones, glancing in the direction of his boyfriend and looking very hopeful at the aspect of Jack going in the shower. He halted his editing and stood up, grinning at him and making Jack look at him confused. “What?”

“Can I join you?” There was a soft sigh that escaped past Jack’s lips and he stared down at the ground, almost as if he was annoyed with Mark but when he lifted his head back up, it was clear to see that he was smiling. “Yes, ya complete and utter doof” The Irishman rolled his eyes, watching as Mark jumped for joy.

Jack wandered into the bathroom and started up the shower, sitting on the edge of the bathtub and feeling the water to check it wasn’t too hot or too cold. It felt moderate enough so he felt confident in taking off his clothes and getting in.

The door opened and Mark wandered in, his shirt and jeans were already discarded and he was just in his boxers. Jack snorted, noticing they were white with little pink moustaches on them. “How did I not notice ya puttin’ those on this mornin’?”

He continued to laugh, much to Mark’s pleasure since he’d worn them on purpose to amuse the Irishman. Mark waltzed over to him and grabbed Jack by the hands, pulling him upward and immediately into a hug.

“Have I ever told you how beautiful you look?” The younger man chuckled and ran his hands through his boyfriend’s thick hair, pulling at it playfully. “Yeh tell me everyday Mark, am beginnin’ t’ think ya have amnesia!” They both laughed heartily and kissed one another, breaking apart so Jack could take off his clothes.

Mark watched him, admiring the sight as Jack shed articles of clothing and exposed the parts of his body that the American dearly loved. His shirt fell to the floor, jeans followed and then finally, a plain pair of black boxers fell into the heap. Jack was completely naked in front of Mark, but none felt embarrassed at the sight.

The Irishman climbed into the tub and stood under the stream of water, sighing in content as the water felt perfect. “Come on Fischbach, befer the water turns cold and we say goodbye to our balls” Mark laughed and stepped in behind him, his arms coming to wrap around him and kiss the back of his neck gently.

They both just stood there, not talking and just listening to the sound of the running water coming from the showerhead above them. Enjoying the sensation of the hot water hitting their skin and soaking them to the bone. Jack was about to break the silence when he felt Mark’s hand run over his stomach, rubbing the hairs that made up his happy trail.
“Mark?.. What ya doing?” He felt the older man press a kiss to his shoulder before his chin rested there, looking over to watch as his hand fell lower and then eventually grabbed at Jack’s drenched cock, pulling at it gently and listening as Jack moaned and then shuddered beneath his touch.

There was a soft chuckle that escaped Mark but to the Irishman it came out as a rumble which had him again shaking under his boyfriend, biting down on his lip as Mark continued to tug at him, jerking him to full hardness. “Fuck.. Mark.”

Mark ground his hips into the softness of Jack’s ass, his own length growing in hardness as he rutted himself against the wet surface of the younger man’s cheeks, still focussed on Jack as he watched him get more and more red in the face.

“You like that baby?..” The American practically growled in Jack’s ear, making him let out a soft moan and thrust his hips into Mark’s hand. It was clear how aroused he was from Mark’s gentle touches and playful demeanor.

At one point, Jack’s legs turned into jelly and he had to support himself against the wall of the shower, his breathing turning into gasps and moans with each exhale. Mark felt himself proud, he loved when he turned his boyfriend into putty with his own hands.

The rutting and jerking continue until Jack was very sure he was close, the way the heat pooled in his belly every time he felt Mark’s thick cock graze his asscheeks and rough hand pull at his hard length, it was clear he wasn’t going to last long at this rate.

“Hey Jack..”

Jack’s eyes cracked open when he heard Mark purr into his ear, licking up the shell and then nibbling softly. “Wh-what?” The Irishman barely said, a soft gasp coming after it when he felt Mark’s thumb slide over the head of his cock.

“Want me to eat you out?..” If it was physically possible, Jack swore he felt his mouth open so wide that it fell onto the floor below them. The sheer idea of what Mark had suggested could have made him come here and there but he held himself back, saving himself for when Mark pulled out the big guns. “Y-yes.. Please eat me out Mark.. Please..”

Mark began to shift downward, pressing kisses down the base of his boyfriend’s spine until he reached his ass, kissing both cheeks and then teasingly biting down on one of them, causing Jack to yelp loudly and fall roughly against their tiled wall.

His hands grabbed his cheeks and spread them apart, Jack creating more space by shifting his legs wide despite his struggle to actually balance with how weak they felt. Mark leaned in close and ever so carefully slid his tongue over his hole, licking it gently. “Oh fuckin’ christ..” Jack breathed, holding onto the wall for dear life.

He let out a chuckle, his hot breath against his hole causing Jack to let out a hoarse moan and buckle under the sensation, cock twitching so much he had to grab hold of it to stop it. Mark shifted his head near again and licked continuously, his eyes closed as he lost himself in the taste he received from eating out his boyfriend.

Jack whined and keeled over slightly, giving Mark much more access so he decided to increase the pace at which he lapped his tongue, beginning to playfully flick and suck at it. Enjoying the sounds he was managing to elicit from Jack as it furthered him to continue. “Gonna fuck you with my tongue now baby.. Hold onto the wall ‘cause we’re going for a ride”
A shrill gasp filled the room as the American plunged his tongue deep into the younger man’s asshole, Jack’s flushed face pressed hard against the wall as he took in heavy breaths and jerked himself off to the sensations that came from Mark.

The heat escaped him much to his despair but it wasn’t long before he was welcomed back with it again, the process repeating itself while Jack’s gasps continued to get louder and louder, it was very clear now that he was close and Mark wasn’t far behind him.

As he ate Jack out, Mark had a near vice grip on his own dick, tugging at himself roughly as he got off from the taste of the Irishman and the gorgeous noises that kept escaping his lips. They almost forgot that they were in the shower together as the world around them seemed to be forgotten.

Mark grunted into Jack’s ass as he felt a shock of pleasure shoot through him when Jack happened to squeal when he pushed his tongue as far as it could go inside him, never having known that his boyfriend could make noises like that until he’d just heard it.

The bathroom was just full of the sounds of both men moaning and gasping, taking over the shower which still poured water heavily onto the soaked bodies of Jack and Mark. The Irishman was getting closer to orgasm and before he knew it, Mark had managed to jab his prostate with his tongue and he knew that their session had drew to a close as he felt his load escape him.

Jack came hard onto the wall and his hand, gasping hard and long as his climax hit him harshly in extreme waves, his legs no longer being able to hold his body weight as he began to collapse. Mark moaned loud hearing Jack come and he released hard into his own hand and stomach, falling forward just underneath Jack’s legs as he struggled to breath.

“Fucking hell.. That, that was good” Mark managed to say, pulling himself back up to stand and then grabbing his boyfriend’s near-dead form, knowing just how much that had taken out of him. “Did you enjoy that?”

Managing a measly nod of his head, Jack fell back against the American’s chest and took in heavy breaths, almost dazed or high with the facial expressions he was pulling. “Best av had fer a while..” Jack croaked, smiling up at Mark and pressing a small kiss to the side of his neck.

“I’m glad, I love you ya know?” Mark replied, looking down at him and then pulling his head up for a well-needed kiss. “I know.. I love yeh too”

They both laughed gently and kissed again, the sound of the water coming back to remind them both, that they were indeed, still in the shower.
It was just an ordinary Sunday afternoon, there was rain teeming down outside and both Mark and Jack were in the house, avoiding it as much as they could. Mark was currently in the living room, sat on the sofa and a bowl of popcorn on his lap while he watched a movie, wondering where the hell Jack was.

A figure emerged from the shadows, a blanket cloaking its frail body as it slowly crept its way over to Mark. The American looked up and jumped out of his skin, bowl of popcorn nearly flying out of his lap, it was just luck that he managed to catch it before it spilled its content.

“Jesus christ, where the fuck have you been Jack?”

The figure pulled the covers off its head, revealing a small pouting Irishman underneath the spooky shroud. All he did was grunt, collapsing on the sofa beside Mark and falling into him.

“Morning sickness?” Mark asked, running his hand through his boyfriend’s hair and looking down at him with a pitiful expression on his face. Jack nodded, snuggling closer to Mark and letting out a soft sigh. “I feel like shit..”

An amused chuckle escaped Mark’s lips and he leaned over, kissing the top of Jack’s head and wrapping his arms around him in a comforting manner. “Want me to make you feel better?” Still pouting, Jack nodded. He seemed to resemble a toddler in a tantrum being asked if they wanted ice cream.

Mark cuddled in closer to the Irishman and began pressing gentle kisses to the side of Jack’s head, his hands coming to place themselves on Jack’s stomach and stroke softly. A quiet keening noise escaped his lips, shifting close to his boyfriend’s touch.

“Feel good?”

Jack nodded, closing his eyes and allowing Mark to work his magic. He had to admit that this man had fingers of god, he always knew how to make him good whether it be sexually or emotionally.

His hands pushed underneath his shirt and started pressing into the bare skin of Jack’s belly, the younger man blushing as he touched his bump. If you’d even call it that, considering it was so small right now.

Mark’s kisses migrated to Jack’s face and they began to passionately press their lips together, each kiss gentle and sweet. Jack could feel himself melting and getting drowsy under his boyfriend’s touch, his brain getting fuzzy as sleep began to take him.

They carried on kissing until Jack’s head fell heavy against Mark’s shoulder, the older man laughed gently and kissed the top of his head. Listening to the soft snores that escaped him since it was obvious the Irishman was in a deep sleep now.
“Ya damn goof” Mark whispered, kissing one last time before he made himself comfortable and returned his attention to the movie he’d been watching. Hands still around Jack and his sleepy breaths still echoing in his ear.
Outed and Confession

Chapter Notes

Request: Jack and Mark accidentally being outed when a video gets published of a private vlog Mark shot when they went on a secret vacation together. The video shows intimate moments between the two and them being affectionate/cute. The boys then have to address the fans in a Q&A (hurt/comfort/fluff) happy ending pls (:  

Jack just stared at the computer screen. His heart was in his throat and he could feel tears pricking at the corners of his eyes. He couldn’t even move, the shock had gotten to him so much.

“Babe?” Having not heard from his boyfriend in quite a while, Mark stepped into the room and wandered over to him where he was sat at his desk. Mark placed a hand on his shoulder but pulled it away when he could feel how tense it was.

His eyes glanced over at the screen in which Jack was staring at and he too froze in place. This extreme dryness started in his throat and his chest seized up as if he were having an asthma attack. “What.. What the fuck is that?”

On the computer screen was a video in which Mark had filmed on his camera, except this was not any ordinary video that they’d upload to Youtube. This video was a private vlog that they’d filmed when on vacation with each other, a secret vacation.

Mark knew that he’d forgotten the camera in the hotel room but what he couldn’t guess is why someone had decided to upload the footage from their vacation and why the title of the video was ‘Septiplier Proof!’

The American felt sick because he knew on that camera held footage of him and Jack doing what you could call ‘intimate stuff’ such as flirting, hand holding and even kissing one another. This content was only meant to be shared between them and right now, it was being exposed to the entirety of the internet.

“H-how..” Jack managed to whisper, but only barely as it came out more like a quiet croak. He paused the video and hid his face in his hands, beginning to cry loudly much to Mark’s shock since it wasn’t like Jack to cry in front of him.

Immediately latching his arms around the Irishman, Mark cradled him and kissed the back of his head in a bid to soothe him. “We’ll report the channel and get the video taken down” The older man said gently, squeezing his boyfriend to reassure him.

“And then what Mark? That’ll make people more suspicious, jus’ face it. We’ve been exposed..”

The words ‘exposed’ made Mark’s chest tighten even more than it was previously. He felt incredibly nauseous and he had to lean against Jack in order not to fall over at the sheer realisation that the secret relationship they’d maintained for nearly a year, was crushed.

“I.. I wanted to say it maself..” Jack whimpered, wiping tears from out of his eyes. “..I wanted t’ tell them maself and now I can’t. Cause some arsehole thought it’d be funny t’ post it online”
Mark cuddled in close to him again and sighed heavily. Even though he didn’t want to admit it, he was really hit by the exposure. So much, that he kinda wanted to go in the bathroom and have his own cry. Jack was right, they wanted to do it in their own time and now that was ruined.

They just stayed there for a good hour, Jack crying out all of his worries while Mark held and soothed him. This was not an ideal situation at all, both of them knew that they couldn’t just sit here and let the bout of shit spill from this video. They needed to address it themselves.

“Top of the mornin’ t’ya laddies! My name is Jacksepticeye! And today, I’m joined by Mark, aka Markiplier!”

Waving at the camera, Mark felt a spark of regret eating away inside his gut. They needed to do this, but at the same time it felt so incredulously wrong.

“We felt that today, we need to address something that’s been going on this week in both of our communities. As you all know, last week, an anonymous channel here on Youtube uploaded a video of me and Jack”

Looks over at him and bites his lip, urging him to speak since Mark was struggling.

“Yeah and we felt that we need t’be honest with you guys. I’m jus’ gonna say it outright that yes, me and Mark are dating” Lets out a deep breath, his heart beating so hard his chest was hurting. “But in no way did we want ya guys t’ find out like that. We wanted t’ tell ya ourselves, but unfortunately we can’t control what is uploaded t’ the internet so..”

Jack sighed softly and ran a hand through his hair, just out of the camera’s view, Mark held his hand and squeezed it gently. “We hope ya can understand our frustration and of course support us, this is scary fer both of us but we felt that it needed t’ be said” They both smiled slightly at the camera and let out a small sigh.

They carried on talking for a short while until both men felt like they’d gotten everything off their chest. “I’m sorry, but I don’t think I can do my outro t’day, we’ll see you guys in the next video. Bye!” Jack turned off the camera and then fell into Mark’s side, beginning to cry again.

The next couple days were terrifying for both men since they had no idea how the reaction would be for Jack’s new vlog. They just hoped to god that the response wouldn’t be too harsh.

Scrolling through the comments of his video, Jack had a big dumb grin on his face and there were tears pricking his eyes but it wasn’t out of sadness. The comments just so happened to be incredibly positive and supporting with people saying.

‘So happy for you guys! I admire your bravery and I hope things get sorted soon c:’

‘Sucks that you couldn’t come out properly. But I support you regardless!’

‘Can’t believe my two favourite You tubers are together! You guys are so cute :)’

‘Hope you fellas are better soon, fuck that dude that uploaded the vlog.’

‘You deserve so much! Tons of support coming your way <3 <3’

“Mark! Mark come ‘ere!” The American ran into the room and his eyes bulged when he saw that there were tears rolling down Jack’s cheeks. “What is it?” Looks over at the comments, expecting them to be negative but his eyebrows raised when he saw how positive they were.
Glancing over at his boyfriend with his eyebrows still sky high, he grinned just as wide as Jack was. “Wow.” Jack just nodded at him, wiping those stupid tears from off his face and pulling Mark in for a well needed hug.

“I know, I can’t believe the support..”

They both looked at one another and smiled widely, much larger than they had in a very long time.
Aquariums

Chapter Notes

Request: Jack loves aquariums, but there isn't one near by. So Mark tells him they're going on a road trip. And a whole lot of fluff happens when they get there and Jack obsessed over all of the fish.

Aquariums had always fascinated Jack. They always gave him this giddy sensation right in the pit of his stomach, almost like the buzz of a drug. And that's why, when he moved to L.A with Mark, disappointment befell him when he realised there were no aquariums nearby. No longer receiving the buzz he loved so much.

“Jack, come here would ya” Mark removed his headphones and placed them on his desk, watching as the Irishman wandered over to him and then sat himself in his lap. “Yeah?”

There was this small smile that appeared on Mark’s face as he saw those gorgeous blue eyes look up at him with such expectancy. God did he admire Jack. He was fucking beautiful.

Mark grinned, running a hand through Jack’s hair. “I was thinking, its crazy and quite out of the blue. But why don’t we go on a roadtrip?” The sheer excitement that appeared on his boyfriend’s face caused Mark’s heart to throb and melt, seeing how happy he was. Almost like a puppy.

“R-really? When?” This is when the grin on Mark’s face increased in size and he let out a soft chuckle. “I was thinking in about half an hour. So uh, go pack ya stuff” Jack jumped up and let out a yell of giddiness before he ran into the bedroom, he was so much like a child sometimes. Mark wondered whether or not he had a boyfriend or a kid to look after.

They shoved the last bag into the trunk of the car and slammed it shut, looking at each other with huge smile plastered on their faces as they walked over to the front of the vehicle and clambered in. “I'm so fuckin’ excited” Jack exclaimed, hammering his fingers on the dashboard and tapping out a tune.

Mark laughed and ruffled Jack’s hair, shifting to put the keys into the ignition and start the car. “I have to admit, I am too. It’s been awhile since we’ve had time to just get away from Youtube for a while. It'll be good having a break” The Irishman nodded and put his seatbelt on, watching as Mark pulled out of their driveway and onto the road of the street.

They set off down the highway and found themselves caught in traffic. But it didn’t matter when they had the radio blasting and were currently singing along to ‘Lady Gaga’ while Jack was laughing at Mark doing impressions of her.

The whole trip there was joyful and entertaining, the excitement in Jack bubbling up so much, Mark swore that he could explode he was so hyped. They arrived in a field much to Jack’s confusion since he had no idea where they were or where Mark was taking him.

“Um, Mark. Where are we?”

The American grinned at him and raised his eyebrows, making Jack pout since he was being
secretive and he hated when Mark did that. Mainly because he’d drag it out right to the last second before he found out.

Both men walked along the field after locking up the car, Mark leading his boyfriend toward a large building just at the end of the grassy plains, much to Jack’s ever growing confusion since the building didn’t seem too fancy. Looked like a huge grey block to him, nothing special.

Getting closer, Jack stopped and his heart began beating incredibly hard in his chest. His eyes bulged and he felt his throat get dry. It wasn’t perfectly visible yet, but Jack could see the giant words on the building spelling out ‘AQUARIUM’ and the younger man couldn’t believe it.

Mark had taken him to an aquarium.

“How did.. Why.. Who..”

“Surprise Jack!” Mark said as he could see the emotions building up on Jack’s face. The Irishman stared at him and then ran over, pulling him into a large hug that nearly made Mark fall backwards from the force.

“Yer a fuckin’ doof, I love yeh so much” The older man chuckled softly and kissed the top of Jack’s head, feeling ever so proud of himself for making Jack happy.

They wandered around the aquarium for a good few hours, they had left quite early in the morning so there was plenty of time to go around the exhibits. Jack had never been as exhilarated as he’d been in that aquarium.

“Look at those massive bastards!” Jack had shouted when pointed to the sharks who swam past the glass the Irishman was currently pressed against, face almost squished as he stared intently at the fishes and other creatures who crossed his sight.

A huge school of butterfly fish travelled over the top of Jack’s head when they decided to walk through a tank room, causing a large shriek to come from his lips since he couldn’t contain his excitement, making Mark shit himself of course.

Jack had to admit his favourite bit was definitely feeding the manta rays, those guys were definitely adorable. You were allowed to put your hands in the water and stroking them was odd but satisfying. Their bodies slimy but smooth as they swam underneath his fingertips. He looked up at Mark with a huge grin, the American smiling back just as sweetly at him as he continued to stroke it.

Exhaustion got the better of them and they finally decided it was probably a good time to get going but Jack didn’t want to leave. Currently, he was staring at a large cluster of starfishes in the corner of one of the tanks, Mark had wandered over, pulling at his arm since they needed to get going.

The Irishman looked up at him with a sad expression on his face and that broke Mark’s heart a small bit. In the end, just to make up for Mark pulling Jack away from the starfishes, he bought him a plushie of one. That definitely put a bigger smile on his face.

“Thank ya fer t’day, I know yer afraid of the ocean and facing it fer me.. I really appreciated it”

Jack leaned in and pressed a kiss to the side of Mark’s face just as he was getting buckled in. A light blush dusted Mark’s cheeks and he let out a small laugh. “Anything for you jacka-rooney, now lets get you home. Ya look like you’re about to pass out!”

Halfway through the journey back home, Mark looked over at his boyfriend and giggled to himself. Jack was currently asleep, starfish plushie cuddled up to chest just like he was a child. Mark had
definitely decided that today, had been worth every penny.

Especially when got to see Jack like that.
Panel With A Twist

Chapter Notes

Request: I was wondering if you could write Jack having vibrator/buttplug and Mark is the one who controls the speed, and Jack tries to be silent but it is hard for him. Nsfw

Mark moaned softly, clutching Jack closer to him as they lay on the bed. Both men pressed tight against one another as they fought for friction, hips moving frantically and sloppy kisses shared as pleasure got the better of them. It was definitely a good way to spend a Saturday morning.

They were both in Mark’s hotel room, lying on his bed and rutting like two horny animals. The reason why they were like this was kind of blurry now, it had started with kisses and had somehow ended up with them dry humping each other and panting hard as they made out.

Hands ran over each other’s bodies, Mark’s especially as his hands made their way over to Jack’s ass and squeezed gently, causing the younger man to gasp and thrust his hips forward. Mark laughed and kissed him on the lips chastely, loving the mess above him.

Jack’s face was incredibly flushed and his hair was stuck to his forehead with sweat, it was way too clear how aroused he was. His mouth hung open as he let out breathy moans and gasps, sometimes squeaking when Mark touched his ass.

There was another squeeze and the Irishman smacked Mark’s shoulder harshly, allowing the older man to react by laughing again and smiling up at him. Jack just glared at him, trying to play off the fact he was secretly enjoying the ass groping.

“Problem?” Mark asked, his face a picture of smugness as Jack continued to give him a cold look, only serving the American to keep up his grinning act. He was about to say something smart-assed when there was a soft vibration beside them. It was Mark’s phone going off.

He leaned over and grabbed it, the caller was Wade and this confused Mark since it wasn’t like him to ring, regardless though he answered.

Jack sat back on Mark’s lap and played with his boyfriend’s shirt, tugging at the soft material and letting out a gentle sigh since he hated it when they got interrupted. Maintaining a secret relationship was fucking hard, especially when they wanted to do stuff like this.

Hanging up his phone, Mark looked up at the younger man and a huffed sigh fell past his lips. “That was Wade, looks like we have a panel set up which I completely forgot about. It starts in about twenty minutes so we need to get going” Begins to sit up, allowing Jack to fall off of him and onto the bed.

“Ugh, jus’ as it was gettin’ good too” Jack said with an annoyed expression, sitting on the edge of the bed and glancing up at Mark with distain. “I don’t know what ya want me to do, I can’t cancel the panel so we can hump for longer Jack. It doesn’t work like that”

Jack rolled his eyes and shoved him in the shoulder. “Am not fuckin’ stupid Mark, its jus’. I was really enjoyin’ maself..” Looks down at the ground, a small blush growing on the Irishman’s cheeks.
An idea suddenly flashed into the older man’s head and he stared at Jack, a huge grin plastering itself on his face. “Hey Jack, I suddenly just got a really naughty idea”

Looking in his direction, Jack felt a small bit confused to what Mark was attempting to initiate but curiosity got the better of him. “What?” The American leaned in toward his boyfriend, a hand gracing itself across his thigh.

“I brought a ‘toy’ with me.. I thought maybe, we could mess around with it.. During the panel’

The Irishman’s eyes bulged and he bit down on his lower lip, kinda surprised and turned on by what Mark had just said. It was something he’d definitely not expected him to say, but he for sure wasn’t gonna deny him.

“Uh.. Okay? I guess.. What toy we talkin’ about here though?” Mark stood up off the bed and wandered over to his suitcase which sat in the edge of the room, he unzipped it and searched around until he pulled out a small black box. Turning back around and waltzing over to Jack, placing it on the bed beside him.

Jack took it and slowly pulled off the lid, his eyes again becoming large when he happened to see that it was a buttplug. The toy was plain black and beside it lay a remote in a similar colour, Jack couldn’t help the blush that grew fast around his cheeks.

He glanced up at Mark with his eyebrows quirked while the America was just grinning away to himself. Jack had already gotten an idea of what was going to happen since it was obvious that this buttplug vibrated. What he couldn’t understand was why Mark had decided to bring it or even buy it without telling him.

Mark shifted over to him and took it out of the box, placing it on the bed and then going back over to his suitcase where he produced a small bottle of lube and then collapsed beside Jack again, that dumb grin still on his face. “Well? Shall we get started?”

“M-Mark.. Fuck..”

The American pressed another finger inside of Jack, listening as he cried out in pleasure once again as he was filled with the digits. This was only the second finger, but it seemed apparent that it was clearly enough for Jack to lose his shit. Mark chuckled softly, beginning to gently fuck him.

A sharp gasp filled the room when Mark had managed to graze the younger man’s sweet spot, Jack’s legs shaking uncontrollably on Mark’s shoulders. “You enjoying yourself?” He asked, a small smile on his face since he knew Jack was melting beneath him. “You fuckin’ know it Fischbach..”

Eventually, Mark felt that his boyfriend was loosened enough and ever so carefully, removed his fingers and grabbed the buttplug beside him. He slicked the toy heavily in lube so it would be as easy as possible when pushing it inside Jack.

Mark pressed the toy against his hole and began to gently nudge it past the muscle, his mouth falling open when he saw how easy he took it with little to no restrain. The buttplug being swallowed more and more as Mark kept on helping it forward, leading to the plug finally burying itself within Jack.

“How does that feel?” Mark asked, one hand stroking his thigh since he could see the mixture of emotions of Jack’s face. “It.. It feels so good” The Irishman had managed to croak, his eyes closed incredibly tight and his teeth chewing his lower lip so hard it began to bleed.

Just to tease him, Mark began to slowly push it up and down within him, fucking him with the plug in order to see how he’d react. Jack gasped softly and his legs rose up in the air slightly, spreading
himself a little more to take the toy which was now fucking his ass. Mark could feel his jeans getting tight again.

“You gonna be okay for the panel? Ya seem to be with the fairies right now” The older man joked and ran a hand through his boyfriend’s hair, leaning over to press a kiss to his lips in order to allow him to return to the real world. Jack’s eyes peeked open and he slowly managed to sit up, only just though. “Yah, I’ll be fine”

All four men took their seats behind the table which was placed on the stage, staring out the near hundreds of fans who had decided to turn up for this year’s Pax South, it was quite unbelievable to be honest.

Jack had begun to kick himself internally as he became much more aware of the buttplug currently sitting inside him as he looked out at the audience in front of him. They had literally no idea what he and Mark had planned and if anything, he was beginning to regret agreeing to this.

Underneath the table, Mark pulled out a small remote from out of his pocket and pressed a small button labelled ‘GENTLE’ waiting eagerly for the magic to happen as he stared up at Jack, expecting a reaction to which all he got was Jack’s eyes bulging. Obviously aware of the starting vibration.

Swearing under his breath, Jack closed his eyes and clenched his fists tightly, trying to compose himself as the vibration travelled through his body and happen to just slightly tingle against his prostate. Not enough to get him off just yet, but enough to make him feel slightly aroused.

As the panel started, the guys began answering questions and running around the crowd. Jack opted out of running by making up a lie about hurting his leg and that he didn’t want to be limping around and make everyone worry, in actuality though, the Irishman was trying his hardest to conceal his erection.

Mark had turned up the vibration to around the third setting and this one was the one that really had him biting his lip and crossing his legs. The soft buzz inside him was rubbing right against his sweet spot and causing spikes of pleasure to travel up and straight to his cock, causing it to harden dramatically.

He hoped to god he wouldn’t end up in a situation where people asked him to stand up.

Around halfway, the buttplug was on the fourth setting and Jack was finding it difficult to sit still, squirming around on the plastic chair like his ass was on fire and secretly, Mark was finding it both hilarious and arousing to see him act that way.

Jack let out a small whimper and leaned forward, resting his arms on the table and attempting not to moan as the plug shifted in place and happen to stroke against his prostate and shoot him with pleasure. He was only too sure that his face was bright red from blushing, it would be completely undeniable that he was horny now.

“Jesus.. Fuck..” Jack whispered, eyes tightly closed as he was finding it more and more difficult to maintain a calm composure as he was getting closer and closer to orgasm. Each time the toy hit him in the right place, he was very shocked that he wasn’t yelping since it felt extremely good.

The American just happened to glance over at Jack and he almost snorted when he saw the state he was in, currently swearing under his breath with every opportunity he got and eyes struggling to stay open. It wasn’t easy though, not when the heat was pooling so heavily in his belly to the point where he had to keep checking that he wasn’t on fire it was so hot.
It was a known fact that people were probably noticing his odd behaviour but right now, Jack couldn’t give less of a shit when all his attention was focussed on not groaning like a sex-driven whore in a porn movie.

Mark glanced down at the remote gripped in his hand and a large grin appeared on his face, pressing the last button which was labelled ‘INTENSE’ and he knew for a fact that Jack would not be able to get through this one.

Jumping in his seat, Jack gasped sharply and had to stare down at the ground at his own embarrassment of being so fucking loud in front of a 400 strong audience of fans. He wanted to punch himself in the face but literally every muscle in his body was frozen, attempting to stop what was about to happen.

The vibration was fucking intense, to the point where no matter how much Jack positioned himself, the toy stimulated his prostate and causing harsh stabs of arousal to shoot into his dick. The heated pool bubbling up until the Irishman couldn’t stand it anymore.

“Oh fuck.. Fuck.. Fuck..”

Silently, or as quiet as he could manage, Jack came hard into his boxers and threw his head forward as his orgasm shook him violently and it took every bone in his body to not release a noise from his lungs. Mark watched on with his own sick pleasure, enjoying every moment of his boyfriend coming in front of everyone at this panel.

The panel ended shortly after and Jack marched out immediately, dragging Mark with him and into the bathroom much to their friend’s confusion but they chose not to question it too much. They’d already had an assumption something was going on between them both.

“I hate ya.. So much” The younger man growled as he pulled his boxers now in the stall they were sharing with the door locked, it was lucky there was no one in there. Mark laughed, seeing the amount of come and had to lean against the wall in order to not fall over. “Holy shit, that good huh?”

The Irishman glared at him and turned his attention to removing the buttplug, wincing as it burned and then he quickly placed it in his bag, making sure that abomination was hidden from the world. Mark just continued giggling at him, unable to contain his amusement. “Ya got off from that didn’t ya?”

Glancing down at his own jeans, Mark could only nod and smirk at him. “Ya know me too well, jacka-rooney” Jack walked in close and pressed himself against his boyfriend, a devious grin on his face.

“Well guess what. It’s my turn.. Markimoo”
Safe Word

Chapter Notes

Request: Could you possibly to one where Mark and Jack are in a Dom and Sub relationship (Mark being Dom) and one day Jack needs to use his safe word so Mark kind of freaks out and it turns all fluffy c:

Jack grabbed hold of the covers with an even tighter grip, his whole body was on fire and his brain was fuzzy. No matter how much it burned though, Jack was not able to free himself from it.

“Mark..” The younger man breathed, peering behind him with lidded eyes at the figure who was currently fucking him with his fingers and keeping his legs spread apart. There was a sheer look of concentration on his face as he did so. Making Jack’s brain fade even more at the thought.

Hearing his name, the figure stopped for a second and looked at the Irishman with raised eyebrows, wondering what he wanted. “Yes?” There was a short pause, as if Jack was thinking what to say.

“It.. It hurts”

A small chuckle came from Mark and he leaned over to his lover’s ear, fingers still deep inside him. “But you like that.. Don’t you? Dirty boy.” Jack shivered as he felt Mark’s hot breath against his ear, biting down on his lower lip and moaning low.

“I.. I do, but it hurts. So much” This time, Mark ignored him and kept on fucking him, lubricant free since he wanted Jack to feel the burn. At the same time as this, he began to gently smack his ass with his free hand. Relishing in the noises made as the skin made contact with each slap.

Jack gasped aloud and hid his face in the blankets, muffling the sounds that dared escaped his lips since they were awfully similar to what you’d hear in porn films. It made his face turn a deep red at the sheer thought of it.

The hand made contact with his bare backside again and the Irishman couldn’t help the moan which left his throat. Deep and long as he felt the pain travel through his body, joining the already seething heat which came from Mark fingering him dry.

This was honestly nothing different to what they usually did most nights. Mark was aware of Jack’s pain kink and therefore took it in his stride to give him what he wanted most. It turned both men on and made their sex lives much more interesting. So this was definitely nothing frowned upon to them both.

“Shit.. Mark!” Jack cried out, feeling his hand crash down on his left asscheek again. This time much more harder than the last. Mark watched, the skin in which he’d smacked turning a lush red colour. He grinned, feeling himself get aroused at the sight.

His fingers worked themselves inside of his boyfriend, fucking him faster while he used his other hand to smack his ass. Jack was usually used to this, but tonight was different. He somewhat couldn’t get over the awful sensation of pain, like it wasn’t fun anymore.

He was about to say something but Mark’s hand smacked him harshly and this caused him to cry
out. The pain immense to the point where he had to hold back tears and be sure that he was hiding them from his lover. This was ridiculous, he usually loved this.

The digits thrusted hard and the burn was becoming almost a searing sensation within his asshole. Like someone was stretching it to the point where it was ripping and this was certainly not pleasant. Jack didn’t know if he could take this any longer.

It was just then, when he slapped his ass once again and pushed his fingers as far as they possibly could go was when Jack had enough. “Mark! Boop—” The Irishman gasped, Mark had smacked him again for speaking. This had gone too far now.

“BOOPER DOOPER MARK! BOOPER DOOPER!”

Almost immediately, Mark stopped in his actions and shifted his hands away from Jack. Feeling shaken since it was so rare that Jack used their safe word, it kind of scared him since that meant that something had gone wrong.

“What.. What is it?” Mark said gently, returning back to his calm and protective self as his arms wrapped themselves around Jack, pulling him up gently since it was clear he was in pain. “Y-ya were too rough, Markimoo.. I couldn’t take it”

This made guilt build up inside of the American and he carefully did everything to make sure that his boyfriend was okay.

He sorted out the bedding and lay him stomach side down on it, going into the bathroom and grabbing a flannel where he began to soak it in cold water. Returning to the room where he pressed the cool cloth against the reddened skin of his ass.

Jack hissed through his teeth but knew that Mark was doing this as a sweet gesture and he really appreciated it. “Thank ya..” The younger man whispered, closing his eyes as the pain melted away and soon the cold material was soothing the burning sensation on his asscheeks.

“Need any cream for your hole baby?.. And not in that way” Mark asked gently, his hands running over Jack’s thighs as he continued to dab the flannel over the skin and make sure that he wasn’t in any pain anymore. Jack shook his head, if anything it was his cheeks that were feeling it the most.

Once the Irishman had reassured him that the pain was taken care of, Mark decided it was probably best that they went to bed now so Jack could sleep it off. The guilt still eating away at him since he hated the idea that he’d hurt his lover so much that he had to stop him.

They got comfortable so that Jack was lying on his side, his head resting on Mark’s chest as he too got himself in bed in order to accompany him. “I’m really sorry I hurt you tonight, I should have taken it easy.. I’m such a massive doofus”

Jack’s heart melted and he shifted himself so his face was directly above his boyfriend’s, his eyebrows knitted together in a frown as he couldn’t believe that Mark was apologising for such a small thing.

“It’s alright babe, ya didn’t mean t’. Ya stopped though didn’t ya? That’s all that matters.. And, ya made me feel better” Leans over, giving him a small kiss on the lips before looking him directly in the eyes again.

“Don’t ya dare ever feel guilty fer stuff like this please? Things like this will happen, we’re jus’ gonna have t’ live with it. Sometimes ah won’t be able t’ take it and that’s fine. Don’t ever feel like a bad guy, because yer not”
Kisses him again, watching as Mark began to smile and carefully placed his hands on either side of Jack’s face. Pulling him down for a well-needed kiss which lasted much longer that anticipated, but not that both men minded.

“I love you” Mark whispered, his thumb stroking his lover’s stubbly cheek gently and smiling ever so widely at him.

“I love ya too, yeh big goof”
Cannibal Mark

Chapter Summary

Request: Mark is a cannibal. Jack does not know this, until Mark says he wants to "Have him for dinner". Jack is kidnapped and Mark is getting ready to prepare the feast, but when he's ready to start chopping, he can't find himself to do it. He's fallen in love with Jack. (Bonus if Jack is maybe nude when strapped on the cutting board? When you stuff a turkey they don't usually wear clothes XD)

There had always been this thing about Jack to Mark. He'd always been irresistibly beautiful to him, but only ever physically and not in the way that you'd think. The Irishman had always fascinated Mark and it served to implant one question into the man’s brain. How would he taste?

Both men were at Mark’s apartment, it was a late Tuesday night and both had just finished a fancy supper which Mark had been generous enough to serve much to Jack’s appreciation. They were sat at the table, allowing their meals to digest.

“Ya alright Mark? You’ve been starin’ at me fer the past five minutes..” Jack had decided to say, his eyebrows quirked in the most funny fashion as Mark’s brown eyes scanned the luscious form of his body. He could feel himself feel delirious at the sheer idea of wanting to know, just how Jack tasted.

The older man snapped himself out of his trance once he’d heard Jack speak, smiling at him from across the table and running a hand through the thick of his dark hair. “Sorry, I got lost thinking.. Must have been staring at you while I was doing it”

It seemed this lie was enough for Jack to just nod his head and continue to sip his wine. He had to admit, it must have been an old bottle because it sure tasted funny to him. To a point in which he found it quite disgusting. Not that he’d say that in front of Mark though.

“Something bugging you?” Mark asked, noticing the disgusted expression on his friend’s face as he stared at his glass of wine. It was way too clear that there was something wrong. “Eh, jus’ don’t really like the booze ye got. Bit too strong fer me”

This caused Mark to laugh and he smirked at Jack, his sheer innocence only making his cravings worse. “Oh, must have been what I put in it..” A still silence filled the room as Jack stared at the man from across the table.

“I’m sorry.. What?”

Mark laughed once again and stood up, carefully pushing his chair in and walking over to Jack. A crazed expression on his face which made the Irishman extremely uncomfortable, even a little bit scared. He could only assume he was joking around.

“As much as I appreciate a good joke, Mark. Am not really enjoyin’ it” There was another laugh and the older man placed a hand on his friend’s shoulder, squeezing it gently. “Oh, if only this was a joke. Then you’d be laughing alongside me”

Again, Jack froze and was lost for words. This was definitely nothing like Mark and he was
beginning to become quite fearful of what was going on. He tried to push out his chair and stand up, but Mark pressed it firmly against the table. Trapping him and causing more fright to build up.

“Mark, please stop. Yer scarin’ me”

“Just wait for the drugs to kick in. Then you’ll stop being scared” Jack just stared up at Mark but as he focussed on his face, he realised it was completely clear of any emotion. As if the friend he loved and cherished was suddenly erased and a new man had come to replace him.

As fear got the better of him, Jack kicked and squirmed in his trapped position and attempted to get away from this situation in hopes of escape. But Mark held him still and he began to scream as he felt extremely frightened. “Mark! Stop it! This isn’t funny anymore!”

The American just laughed and held his hand over his mouth, halting any sound that dared tried to escape past his lips. Jack could feel the drugs kicking in and energy began to leave his body, eyelids growing heavy and his muscles no longer working.

“Mark..” Jack slurred, looking up at him one more time as his vision began to blur and darken around him. The last thing he saw, being Mark’s delirious and twisted grin forming on his face before sleep took him completely.

The feeling of cold was what shifted Jack out of his sleep, his eyes cracking open to notice that he was staring up at the ceiling at what he could only assume to be a basement. When he tried to move, he found himself restricted and guessed that he was tied up and when he looked down, it became apparent that he was also naked.

Panic rose up within the Irishman as memories of Mark drugging him played back in his mind and he remembered that this was probably his friend’s doing. His eyes darted all over the place, in hope of somehow seeing anything that would promise freedom. So far though, everything seemed bleak.

Footsteps filled the room and Jack looked over to see that Mark was approaching, in his hand he carried an array of tools in which at first sight, Jack struggled to see what they were. But as the older man got closer, it was clear that they were an assortment of different knives and cutting utensils. What the fuck was Mark planning to do to him?

“Good to see you’re awake, you were out for nearly four hours. I got impatient, but regardless. I waited for you to be conscious to see this”

Jack squinted his eyes in confusion and looked around the room and then back at his so-called friend. “T’ see what?” This is when Mark chuckled and allowed a shiver of fear to travel swiftly through Jack’s body. He didn’t like the sound of that at all.

Picking up a small scalpel, Mark walked over to him and gave him a small smile. This smile wasn’t genuine though, more sickly if anything. “For the skinning of course, why else would I let you miss that?”

Immediately, the younger man felt bile rise up in his throat and he was only too sure that he was going to vomit. “What the fuck d’ya plan t’ skin me? Gonna make me int’ a rug or somethin’?” Jack asked angrily, heart rattling in his chest as it picked up pace.

“No, I was thinking that I’d rather have you skinless. When I have you for dinner”

Everything around the Irishman suddenly slowed down and his eyes bulged as wide as they could. He wasn’t entirely sure he had heard Mark right but he was only too sure that the man was planning on eating him. This was so out of the blue. Why now? Why him?
“What the actual fuck Mark? What did I ever do t’ ya?!” The sheer temperature of Jack’s blood increased to boiling point as he just couldn’t understand why the man he called friend for so many years suddenly wanted to eat him. “This is fuckin’ sick and ya know it!”

Leaning in close to Jack, the American ran his hands over the naked form of his body and then stopped at his stomach. Pressing his fingers into the skin until he reached the firmness of the muscle underneath. “I prefer the term ‘twisted’ and I want to eat you Jack, because you’re simply beautiful” Kisses his shoulder, breathing in his scent and letting out a soft sigh.

Feeling fear get the better of him, Jack knew that it was hopeless trying to fight against this man and therefore began to cry. He didn’t really want to die and especially not in the arms of the person he once called friend. The Irishman sobbed and didn’t care if Mark watched him or not, he was purely and quite simply terrified.

Surprised by the sudden change in the younger man’s behaviour, Mark could only raise his eyebrows in shock as Jack cried harder and harder. His sobs becoming more pain-filled as it seemed obvious how upset he was about being skinned.

“Please don’t cry, I’ve numbed your body so you won’t feel a thing..”

Jack glared at the older man and sniffed hard, tears still falling thick from his eyes. “I don’t wanna die ya fuckin’ idiot. Don’t ya get that? Especially not ‘cause of you. I thought ya were my friend. I.. I was even considerin’ askin’ ya out. But I can’t do that now, because ya wanna eat me”

Suddenly, Mark froze at the sheer shock at what he had just heard Jack say. The pace of his heart beating so hard that it caused pain in his chest, almost like a suffocating tightness that made him struggle for breath.

“You.. You were gonna ask me out?” Mark asked, his eyes wide and his body stiff as he still couldn’t get over what he had just heard.

The Irishman nodded his head, sniffing once again as the tears still fell hard down his cheeks, soaking them evenly until they were drenched. “Yeah, I found maself fallin’ in love with ya. Guess I can see the feelin’ wasn’t mutual” Jack hissed, still fearing for his life.

God was Jack wrong. Mark knew for a fact that he loved Jack, it was just that he felt the way to show that was to eat him. But to know that the feeling was mutual was a whole new level. Mark stared down at the man below him and ran a hand through his hair.

“Ya gonna get this over with then? I’m fuckin’ sick of waitin’. Jus’ kill me already” Hearing those words made the tightness in Mark’s chest increase and he didn’t know how to get rid of it. His eyes scanned Jack’s face until they came across his lips and something about them just tempted Mark.

Without any warning, Mark leaned in close and pressed a chaste kiss against them. One that had Jack stopping his tears as he seized up in surprise, unsure what had just happened.

“Ya gonna get this over with then? I’m fuckin’ sick of waitin’. Jus’ kill me already” Hearing those words made the tightness in Mark’s chest increase and he didn’t know how to get rid of it. His eyes scanned Jack’s face until they came across his lips and something about them just tempted Mark.

Without any warning, Mark leaned in close and pressed a chaste kiss against them. One that had Jack stopping his tears as he seized up in surprise, unsure what had just happened.

“The fuck was that?” Jack asked, slightly breathless and embarrassed since it had been his dream to kiss Mark and it had just occurred. The older man swallowed thickly and let out a heavy sigh. “I don’t know.. But it felt good. I love you Jack, I thought I’d show you by.. By eating you”

Out of nowhere, the Irishman suddenly laughed and stared up at Mark, a small smile on his lips. “If that’s how you show ya love someone, yer goin’ the wrong way about it Fischbach” He laughed again and this caused Mark to also smile, amused by the change in Jack’s attitude.

“I.. I won’t eat you. But please, don’t tell anyone.. I do happen, to do this for a living..”
Jack’s eyebrows raised but he smiled again, a gentle chuckle escaping him as he looked up at Mark with almost admiration. Regardless of what had just happened beforehand, he couldn’t help the emotions he felt for this man.

“I promise I won’t tell anyone, cross ma heart. And hope t’ die”
Mark Fucks Jack's Mouth

Chapter Notes

Request: Mark asks Jack if he’d let Mark fuck his face and Jack willingly obliges. :D

Nothing could beat sitting in front of the TV at twelve at night watching shitty chick flick films with Mark, well at least nothing could beat it for Jack. This was his favourite time, where they could just be snuggled up on the sofa and watch crap movies until they fell asleep. It was just so damn relaxing.

Well, it was until Mark shifted and pressed his thigh into Jack’s crotch, causing an uncomfortable shift of friction against his groin. Only wearing sweatpants with no boxers really made a difference to what happened next and long story short, it resulted with Jack getting a boner.

Both men hadn’t had sex in quite a while so both were kind blue-balled, so if Jack was to start humping his boyfriend’s leg like a horny dog, it should come as no surprise to him. They’d been holding back for about a week and Jack felt himself getting impatient, deciding to take matters into his own hands.

Mark looked over at his boyfriend with an unamused expression on his face as he felt the ruts against his thigh, Jack was just laid there, his hips grinding into his boyfriend like there was no tomorrow. “Jack. What the fuck are you doing?”

“Horny..” Was Jack’s only reply, still humping him like he was some kind of rabbit in heat. Mark rolled his eyes and turned over, pulling Jack up to his level so they could start kissing. “Sometimes, I wonder if I made the right choice to date you”

Jack fake gasped and punched his boyfriend in the shoulder, making Mark laugh as he leaned in and pressed a sweet kiss to his lips. Both their hips moving in unison as they ground themselves against one another, the Irishman letting out soft moans between their kisses.

“Jack.. Can I ask you something?..”

They both parted for a short second, breaths hot and heavy while they continued to rut. “What?” Was Jack’s only reply, too busy trying to hold back the sounds threatening to leave his throat as Mark expertly thrusted against him.

“Would you be willing to let me fuck your mouth?” Jack stopped in his movements and looked up at Mark with a surprised expression on his face, slightly taken back by his boyfriend’s out of the blue request. “I.. I guess ah wouldn’t mind it..”

His face went bright red, hiding it with his hands only for Mark to shift them away. “Ya don’t have to do it if you don’t want to ya know” Jack shook his head, grabbing hold of Mark’s shirt and playing with the material as a way to distract himself. “No, I want to. If anything, the idea kinda turns me on”

That was all the confirmation the American needed as he sat up on the couch and motioned for Jack to get on the floor. The younger man did as he was told and clambered off of the sofa and then kneeled on the floor, Mark sitting so his open lap was directly in Jack’s face.
Shifting closer to Mark, the Irishman grabbed hold of the waistband of his boyfriend’s pyjama pants and ever so slowly pulled them down. Biting his lip when he realised that Mark was also not wearing boxers and his cock came springing from the confines of his pjs.

“Oh fuck..” Mark whispered, feeling the cold air of the living room hit his heated length. Jack took hold of it and carefully jerked it, pulling down his foreskin and exposing the head of his dick, earning a grunt from the man above him.

Jack giggled and leaned in close, pressing kisses to the sides of it and then lapping at it gently with his tongue. The older man cursed softly, a hand coming to play in his lover’s hair and push him closer to his groin.

Feeling that he should probably get started since it seemed Mark was getting impatient, the Irishman placed his lips on top of his cock and sucked gently, his tongue still lapping and playing with the slit. Mark’s hips shuddered when the tip of his tongue delved into the slit, taking in the sweet taste of precum as he released a heavy amount.

The hand in his hair tugged softly as he continued teasing with his tongue, mouth taking more and more of his dick in. Jack began to suck, only gentle at first since he didn’t want to rush things. Then again, Mark’s impatience got the better of them and he pulled harder at his hair, willing him to suck more.

The younger man obliged and began sucking harder, his head now moving up and down in a slow motion while what he couldn’t take in his mouth was jerked off by his hand. Mark moaned aloud and tugged roughly on his hair, bucking his hips shallowly into the wet heat.

Mark grunted loudly when Jack happened to take him in all at once and deep-throated him, his nose pressing against the light hair on his belly that made up his happy trail. This caused him to thrust up into his mouth again, causing his lover to gag slightly but Jack allowed himself to stay unfazed. Much to Mark’s satisfaction.

They picked up a rhythm in which the American would move his hips in time to the bobbing of Jack’s head, very slow at first but Mark liked this since he savoured every moment he could get of his cock being inside his boyfriend’s mouth. “Jesus, you feel so good baby..”

This earned him a small smile from the younger man as he sucked harder, his head beginning to move faster which got Mark moaning again, he felt himself proud when he got his lover to make noises like that.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Mark began to stand up with Jack still latched onto his dick but they had to part since the Irishman needed a moment to breathe. Gasping hard and wiping his spit-covered lips, he stared up at Mark with lust-glazed eyes and watching as Mark shared the same horny look.

“Can I fuck your mouth now?”

Feeling anticipation fill him, Jack slipped his sweatpants down a bit and pulled out his own length. Beginning to jerk himself off at the sheer idea of what Mark was about to do to him.

He grinned at him and nodded slowly, taking hold of Mark’s cock and placing it back inside his mouth but remaining still, just sucking as hard as he had been previously.

There was a small grunt followed by the older man beginning to thrust his hips into Jack’s mouth, soft moans escaping Mark while the Irishman made similar sounds. The pace at which his dick fucked his mouth increasing with every rut.
At some points, Jack did gag but if anything it just urged him to continue. The grip on his own cock tight as he began tugging at himself much faster, getting much closer to climax as Mark fucked his mouth harder.

Mark stared down at Jack as he took his length past his lips, holding his head into place while he continued to thrust into the hot dampness that was mouth and the American knew that he too was close, every rut harder and faster as a familiar bubbling started in his abdomen.

Gagging once again, the Irishman felt himself lose control as he came hard onto his fingers and the floor. Having to breathe in heavily through his nose at his own strong orgasm which meant he ended up sucking harder on Mark’s cock.

The older man grunted loudly when he felt the suction increase around his dick, coming hard into Jack’s mouth and feeling his legs turn to jelly so he had to hold onto Jack’s head for dear life as his climax shook him.

Jack swallowed every bit of load that shot into his mouth and shifted his head away, licking his lips to make sure he’d gotten all of it. He looked up at Mark with a sweet expression on his face and the American just laughed at him, ruffling his hair since he looked so damn adorable. Even after sucking his dick.

They both pulled their pants up and collapsed on the sofa again, snuggling up close and wrapping loose blankets around their exhausted bodies. “Feeling better now?” Mark asked, wrapping his arms around Jack and kissing him on the back of the head.

The Irishman let out a soft chuckle and nodded, closing his eyes as he felt himself incredulously tired. It wasn’t long before Mark could hear the soft snores coming from his boyfriend, knowing he’d indeed fallen asleep.
Chapter Notes

Request: Could you do one where Jack tries to be big spoon for the first time and Mark teased him but eventually falls asleep. But when mark wakes up he finds that Jack has given up and is snuggling into his back?

They both knew it was way too late to be doing this, but there was just something satisfying about being sat on the sofa in the darkness, making out passionately in order to tucker themselves out. Mark enjoyed it, especially when he had his boyfriend sat on his lap while they kissed.

Jack parted, having to take in a couple short breaths since they hadn’t severed for so long. He smiled up at his lover and ran a hand through the thick of his black hair, admiring the sight before him.

“God, yer so fuckin’ handsome”

There was a soft laugh followed by Mark kissing him again. “You just say that to flatter me” Mark teased, his hands wrapping around Jack’s slim torso to pull him in closer.

“No, I mean it. Yer handsome as fuck. I’m kinda jealous t’ be honest” This earned him another giggle from the older man and they shared another kiss, their lips barely brushing before they parted again.

Yawning, it suddenly became apparent to Jack had tired he actually was. His eyes felt heavy and his brain was way too fuzzy to start imagining where this makeout was gonna go. “I think we should go t’ bed, I’m fuckin’ exhausted”

Mark nodded, agreeing almost immediately since he too was feeling the sensation of exhaustion overcome his body.

Using all of his strength, he stood up with Jack still firmly wrapped in his arms. Carrying him almost like a baby as the Irishman curled his legs around his hips, resting his head on the crook of his shoulder as Mark made his ascent upstairs.

They both collapsed onto the bed in a heap of deflated sighs and grunts as their bodies hit the softness of the mattress. Jack glanced up at Mark and grinned at him, turning on his side to plant a kiss to the side of his neck.

“Can I ask ya somethin’?”

This caught the American’s attention and he shifted his body so he was facing Jack, a hand coming to stroke his boyfriend’s cheek in affection. “Anything, what’s on ya mind?” There was a short moment where Jack had to think things over but he soon returned his focus to Mark.

“Can.. Can I be the big spoon t’night?” This caused Mark to immediately start laughing and he rolled onto his back, still in a fit of giggles while Jack just glared at him. Not impressed with his amusement when this was meant to be a serious question.

He gently punched him in the shoulder to get his attention and Mark looked over at him again, still trying to hold back the laughs as he wiped his eyes of the tears that gathered in them. “Sorry babe,
Letting out a heavy sigh, Jack shuffled in closer and pouted at him. Almost like a toddler begging for a toy in a toy shop. “Please Markimoo, I jus’ wanna know what it’s like. Ya get t’ spoon me all the time” Mark did know that was true, but he loved spooning Jack.

His hair always smelled so nice and when he hadn’t had a shower there was still remnants of his aftershave in which he could smell. His body was tall enough, but small enough so that his arms could wrap around his middle efficiently and their legs tangled comfortably. It would be weird having it the other way round.

“Eh, I don’t know..” Mark rubbed the back of his neck and looked up at the ceiling, there was a smirk on his face to show he wasn’t being entirely serious. The younger man started whimpering like a dog, cuddling up to Mark in an adorable fashion.

“Please Markimoo, please let Jackarooney spoon ya”

This caused Mark to start laughing again at the ridiculous voice he was putting on and it seemed like Jack wasn’t gonna stop begging until the freaking sun reared its ugly head over the horizon. “Fine, fine.. But don’t blame me if ya wanna swap halfway through the night and I’m passed out like a baby”

Shifting around on the bed, Jack snuggled behind his lover and wrapped his arms around the width of his torso, his face cuddled into the back of his neck as he kissed it and got himself comfortable.

“This is quite nice actually, yer hair smells nice” A deep rumble that was meant to be Mark chuckling filled the room, looking over at Jack with an amused expression on his face. “I have just been in the shower ya know”

Jack just sighed at Mark’s sarcasm and buried his face deep into the thick locks of the American’s hair, a huge smile on his face as he liked how he’d won this battle in order to get to spoon Mark. It was incredibly comfy, he had to admit.

Both men fell asleep at one point, but Mark was abruptly woken by a sharp pain in his ass. Nothing that you’d expect though, as he turned around and saw that Jack’s hands had fell off his body and were now tucked near Jack.

He was laid in the fetal position, now completely snuggled into the warmth of his boyfriend’s back. That pain had been Jack kneeing him in the ass and he couldn’t help but be humoured by how adorable Jack really was.

Mark shifted so that he was facing the Irishman and proceeded to wrap his arms around the sleeping man, pulling his body close to his own and then kissing the top of his head sweetly.

God, was he gonna tease him when they woke up tomorrow.
Chapter Notes

Request: Could you do one where Mark and Jack are having a playful argument about who's top, and so Mark decides the best way to prove he's top is to seduce Jack c:

There was a luscious smell that drifted from out of the kitchen and Mark felt compelled to discover what it was. He knew that Jack was cooking, he was basically the only one in the apartment who could. But today, whatever he was making. Smelled delicious.

“Hey babe, what’s cooking?” Mark asked, waltzing into the kitchen in a nonchalant manner and going over to where Jack stood, currently stirring something in a pot. “Chicken and dumplin’s, yer favourite” The Irishman responded, turning around to look at his boyfriend with a smile.

Mark’s face lit up and his heart skipped a beat. It wasn’t exactly like the chicken and dumplings back home, but damn was it still good when Jack made it. “Oh my god, I freaking love you” The older man exclaimed, going over and kissing him on the cheek.

“Only the best fer my Markimoo” Jack said sweetly, ruffling his hair before going back to the pot which currently had the chicken stew in it. Bubbling away as it cooked and releasing a beautiful aroma into the air.

Since it looked like it was nearly ready, Mark decided he might as well be polite and set the table since Jack had cooked dinner for the both of them. He reached up into the cupboards and began to pull out plates and cups when he heard Jack giggle to himself, making him freeze in his actions.

“Something funny?” Mark asked, his face puzzled as he walked over to the table and set out the plates and cups. The Irishman let out an amused sigh, before looking over at Mark with this dumb smirk on his face. “Jus’ thinkin’ is all..”

This only served to further Mark’s curiosity so he wandered over to him, poking the younger man in the arm in order to force him to release whatever information he had cooped up. “Okay, okay.. Ow! Mark.. I was jus’ thinkin’, d’ya ever think I’ll top?” Mark froze once again, staring at Jack as if he’d said something foreign.

Suddenly, the American snorted and laughed hard at him, leaning against the kitchen counter for support as he tried not to fall over in his own amusement. “Is that what you were thinking about?” The Irishman nodded, an innocent expression on his face.

“I knew you’d laugh, that’s why I found it funny too. Cause it’s never gonna happen”

There was this coldness behind what Jack had just said but Mark knew he could lighten the mood again, he hadn’t meant to be rude. “I think you’re just too adorable to top, I love seeing the cute faces you pull when I fuck you” Jack’s face flushed a deep red and he elbowed Mark in the ribs, causing the older man to yelp in surprise since he hadn’t been expecting it. “Ouch, abusive much?” Jack responded with a grunt and went back to stirring.
“I know I’m cute, but ever think I might wanna see what ya look like too?” Jack said, looking over at his boyfriend with this adorable smile that never failed to make Mark’s heart melt. He went about going through the cutlery drawer, finding what they needed.

“How do I put this nicely, you’re too much of a bottom Jack. Biological law wouldn’t allow it”

This made Jack’s mouth fall open and he went over to Mark, hitting him on the back of the head in a playful manner while he glared at the taller man, feeling embarrassed that he’d even said that. “Yer full of bullshit, ya know that?”

The American giggled away to himself and placed the knives and forks on the table, knowing how much he was offending his lover right now but if anything, it was too funny not to. “It is my speciality baby” Waltzes back over to him, a smug expression on his face.

“Give me one good reason not t’ pour this stew all over ya right now” The younger man growled, still playful but getting a bit annoyed since he couldn’t find himself winning this argument. “You love me too much and my lovely big dick inside you” Mark chided, watching Jack’s face darken into a glorious red.

Mark began to laugh heartily at the reaction he’d gotten out of Jack and then wandered up close to him, an idea hatching in his brain. “Yeah, you wouldn’t hurt me Jack. If you did, no more finger-fucking or rimjobs.. I know how much you like those”

When he got no response and the Irishman had decided to ignore him. Mark went right up behind Jack and wrapped his arms around his waist, pressing his hips into the plumpness of Jack’s ass and grinding gently.

“No more this, no more having my fat, long cock inside you Jackaroooney. Can you bear that? Bear not having me fuck you anymore, Jackaboy?”

A hoarse moan escaped Jack when he felt him rutting his crotch up against his ass, wanting to stay solemn like he’d been doing so previously in order to win the argument. But it was so difficult when Mark was so incredibly right and was successfully seducing him right now.

“What was that about you topping Jack? I can’t hear you over the sounds of your moans as I fuck you hard..” Mark whispered into his ear, still pushing his hips against him and letting out little chuckles as he did so. Jack knew for a fact he’d lost the argument.

He pressed himself back against the older man’s playful hips and then elbowed him hard in the belly, allowing Mark to stumble back in pain while Jack smirked at him smugly. “Right, ya win okay! Now can we eat befer ya go fuckin’ my ass fer the twentieth time this week? Am fuckin’ starvin’”

Mark laughed and kissed the back of his head gently before he went and made himself comfortable at the dinner table, awaiting as Jack served up their meals and filled up their glasses.

There was still this blush faded on his cheeks and Mark felt himself proud, knowing the power he had over his boyfriend. He’d definitely show him why he should stay a bottom. But for now, he’d let them eat because alike what Jack had said. He too was fucking starving.
Disappearance Act

Chapter Notes

Request: Do you think it's possible to do Jack looking for Mark (it could be vice versa, I can't decide which is more fitting) and find them at a grave, looking at a close relative, or maybe a past love, something, to warm my heart? I love those stories :3

It usually wasn’t like Mark to disappear like this.

First, he was never out of bed when Jack woke up and that was the first clue that something was up. He wasn’t in the kitchen failing miserably to make him breakfast. In fact, Mark’s actual presence in that apartment that morning was utterly void. He was gone and Jack didn’t know why.

He had attempted to ring his cell but to no avail as it was must have been turned off as every attempt ended up with it going to answer machine. It upset Jack slightly, he hated when Mark did this. Just went somewhere without even telling him where he’d gone. It hurts sometimes.

The Irishman went back into their room and collapsed on the bed, he felt like crying since his frustration was getting the better of him. He grabbed Mark’s pillow and threw it across the room, about to let his tears loose when he saw a scrap of paper fly past his face, obvious that it must have been in the pillow.

Bearing curiosity, Jack bent over and picked up the paper. It was adorned in Mark’s handwriting and Jack was eager to read it, wanting to know what it said.

‘Dear Jack, I hope you find this because I hid it pretty well. Today, I need to go visit someone, I feel like I need to do it alone because it’s something quite personal to me and I don’t want you getting upset either. You probably know who I’m talking about. If you really want to accompany me, that’s fine. I’ll be at the church.

Love from Mark x’

Jack’s heart leapt into his throat and swallowed thickly, tears coming to blur his vision since he knew exactly who he was talking about. “Oh Mark..” He let out a heavy sigh and wiped his eyes, knowing that right now, his boyfriend was probably hurting a lot and he felt it was his duty to go support him.

The church wasn’t far from where they lived so Jack made himself decent and left their apartment, exiting the building as he made his way downtown to where the church sat. The entire time, his heart was pounding in his chest. Afraid of how he was going to find Mark.

He approached the ancient building and carefully wandered through the gates, the graveyard was overgrown and if anything, endearing to look at. There were graves in here from the eighteenth century and more, it took all of Jack’s willpower to keep walking.

The yard wasn’t too big so finding Mark shouldn’t be that hard but as if God had decided to laugh in his face, the Irishman was finding himself lost in this ever-growing number of graves. He already felt uncomfortable, so this was just the icing on the fucking cake.

Just as he was about to give up looking, a figure shifted in the corner of his eyes and he turned
around. His body freezing into place when he realised what he was looking at. Mark was sat in front
of a grave, flowers in his hand while he was wiping at his face with the other. It was clear he was
crying.

“Mark?..”

The American lifted his head up and glanced over at Jack, a small smile appearing on his face as he
came to realise who it was. “Hey..” He said quietly, not bothering to move when he saw the younger
man approach him. Seating himself next to his lover and resting his head on his shoulder.

“I’m jus’ gonna sit here, take all the time ya need” Jack mumbled gently, placing a soft kiss on
Mark’s cheek and closing his eyes as he breathed in deep through his nose. The older man let out a
shaky sigh and shifted his head, kissing the top of Jack’s head and whispering ‘Thank you’ into the
soft locks of his hair.

They both just sat there, the silence comfortable as they soaked in the atmosphere around them. Mark
felt like he’d gotten enough off his chest before Jack had arrived and now was just appreciating him
being there. Occupying himself by reading the words engraved on the tombstone over and over
again while he listened to the Irishman breathe gently in his ear.

At one point, Mark felt like he needed to leave now before he upset himself too much. He carefully
stood up and placed the flowers in a small vase by the side of grave, taking in a deep breath before
he looked over at Jack, smiling at him before he stepped away from it.

“Come on, let’s go home”

Mark put his hand out for his boyfriend to grab, Jack took it and allowed himself to be pulled up until
he was stood next to him. Jack leaned in and pressed a small kiss to Mark’s cheek, hand still in his as
he squeezed it gently in reassurance.

They both walked home like that, hand in hand and in silence. The quiet was comfortable though, it
relaxed both men and gave them time to think. Mark appreciated Jack being there, even though he
didn’t vocalise it. He hoped he’d shown it.

Jack just felt happy that the older man had tolerated him being there, he was happy that his arrival
had brought a smile on Mark’s face and he made sure that he kept it that way for as long as he could.
Today was a hard day for Mark and Jack understood completely.

As they neared the apartment, the American stopped them in their tracks and wrapped his arms
around Jack’s waist, pulling him in for a well-needed kiss that nearly took the younger man’s breath
away.

They parted and looked at one another smiling, tears welling in their eyes but warmth spreading in
their chests.

Even in the shadow of death, they couldn’t deny how much they loved each other.
Revenge

Chapter Notes

Request: Can you continue that buttplug story, where now it's Jack's turn to mess around with Mark? I'm waiting for that...

“Ya sure this will be a good idea?”

Jack rolled his eyes and plonked himself down on the bed beside Mark, lying back onto it and listening as several parts of his back cracked as he made himself comfortable. “Of course it’s not, that’s the fun of it ya doof”

There was a small sigh and the American sat up, looking at him. “What if we get caught? Do you realise everyone will know about it within seconds?” Jack scoffed, glancing up at his boyfriend with a disdainful look.

“Am not stupid Fischbach, it’s jus’. I wanna get revenge alright?”

“Revenge from what?” Mark asked, confused to what the hell Jack was even going on about. “Ya know, when ya shoved a buttpug up my ass and made me come in ma pants at Pax.. I wanna get revenge from that”

The American rolled his eyes and let out a soft snort of amusement, causing Jack to sit up and glare at his lover. “It wasn’t pleasant Mark and ya should know that.. Then again, ya got harder than a fuckin’ nail watchin’ me..” Again, Mark snorted and the younger man had to refrain from hitting him.

Lying back down next to Jack, Mark ran a hand through his hair and tugged at it gently, causing Jack to close his eyes since it felt quite nice. “Fine, what do you have in plan for me Jackaboy?”

The Irishman opened his eyes and smirked at him.

“That’s fer you t’ find out”

The panel was only in half an hour and currently, Mark was shitting himself since he had no idea what Jack had in plan for him. He knew how Jack treat revenge and it was in a very harsh manner, so harsh, he knew for a fact he wasn’t gonna survive. It made what Jack had in store for him much more scarier.

Jack emerged from the bathroom, looking as beautiful as ever with his hair slicked up and wearing his collared shirt and jumper combo. Mark hated when he dressed like that, because it was a known fact it was the older man’s weakness.

“I fucking hate you” Mark growled playfully, standing up off the bed and placing his hands on his shoulders. “Can you please tell me what you’re gonna do?” The Irishman remained silent, only shaking his head while his finger tapped at his nose.

“No can do Markimoo, that’s fer me to know and fer you t’ find out” Says as smugly as he could, earning a pout from his boyfriend which only made him laugh. Mark let out an exasperated sigh and
severed from him, a bit annoyed that Jack was keeping his plot from him.

They sat themselves down at the table in front of the panel and a huge hit of nostalgia hit Mark, he remembered the last time they’d done this. He’d had a remote in his hand while Jack was nearly falling out of his seat in pleasure. It nearly made Mark hard remembering it.

The Irishman spared a glance in his direction and Mark’s eyebrows rose, that sneaky bastard was definitely up to something. He had no idea what, but right now, fear was bubbling up in the older man’s stomach.

Questions started and Jack and Mark were the first to run around the audience, this saved Mark some time before the imagined horrors could happen. He kept on giving him this look every time he stopped to give someone the microphone. This was beginning to bug him.

What was that asshole up to?

Sitting themselves back down at the table after a good hour of dashing about the audience, Jack’s hand suddenly found itself on the American’s thigh. Mark made effort not to react but secretly, he was glaring at him.

The hand travelled upward toward his crotch and began rubbing, causing Mark’s eyes to bulge since he couldn’t believe what he was doing. This was such a cheap way of getting back at him and Mark hated Jack for it. God he was gonna get it when they got back to the hotel room, there was no doubt about that for one minute.

Mark was proud of himself for being able to still answer questions and commentate when Jack’s hand pushed itself under the material of his jeans and still carried on rubbing. There was no doubt he was hard now, the sheer sensations of his lover touching his clothed cock being enough to arouse him.

Even Jack was maintaining a calm and composed facade, grinning away to the audience and even talking to Wade and Bob as if nothing was even happening. The American stared coldly in his direction, jumping a little when Jack’s hand dared to go further and plunged into his boxers.

They decided to showcase one of Mark’s new videos and the large screen was brought down, showing it to the entirety of their audience with the volume blaring. At this moment, the Irishman must have took the opportunity because without even a second thought, he whipped out Mark’s dick.

Letting out a small gasp as the cold air of the panel room caught at the heated flesh of his length, Mark’s head spun round to look at his lover and the sheer expression on his face was complete and utter shit-eating smugness. The grin couldn’t have been more dirty as he began to expertly tug at his cock, making pleasure shoot up the older man like a bullet.

“I hate you so much..” Mark whispered, closing his eyes when Jack’s thumb slipped over the head of his dick, teasing out the precum which poured way too thickly much to Mark’s embarrassment. This asshole had gotten him extremely horny and there was literally nothing he could do about it.

At one point, he began to bite down on the flesh of his knuckle as a way to prevent himself from moaning. He maintained a good reputation of staying quiet during sexual endeavours but the whole idea of him being jacked off in front of people was kind of turning him on much more than usual, he guessed it was another weird kink to add to the list.

The video came to an end and with no mirror to check, Mark was only too sure that his face was bright red now. The younger man was jerking him much faster yet above the table, there was little to
no evidence of him doing anything of the sorts. This bastard was as innocent as ever while Mark was close to choking on his own tongue.

Jack pulled a little harder at his cock and the American thrusted his hips forward, a small groan escaping past his lips which he hoped to god no one heard as his face was away from the microphones on the table. The odd look was given now and then, but Mark could only choose to ignore them.

Getting closer to climax, the Irishman increased the speed of his hand as quick as he could without making it look like he was jerking him off under the table. How he did it, baffled Mark but he honestly couldn’t be bothered to query when his orgasm was so near.

With one last swipe of his thumb and tug at his dick, Mark fell forward against the table and angled his face away from the microphone, pulling his shirt over his length as he came hard onto his stomach and Jack’s hand. His moans coming deep and quiet into his hand while his eyes were squeezed tight with the way his orgasm shook him.

He could only thank the gods that Bob was occupying everyone’s attention right now by talking about their upcoming charity livestream, breathing hot and heavy into the palm of his hand while he glared at his boyfriend. His face was a literal picture of smugness right now.

Alike the first time, the panel ended swiftly after and both men’s trip was to the bathroom. Jack almost immediately started laughing when Mark lifted his shirt up to expose the massive load of come currently smothered all over his stomach. During the panel, Jack had just wiped it on his jeans and hoped for the best.

“Jesus, ya came a lot didn’t ya? Bet ya regretting fuckin’ with me now babe” The Irishman teased, grabbing a tissue and helping clean off the semen on his lover’s belly. Mark just rolled his eyes and leaned back against the stall.

“You do realise I will be getting you back again, right?”

Letting out a snort of derision, Jack just looked up at Mark with this confident spark in his eyes. His face manifesting itself into a grin as he leaned in close to him and whispered. “Bring it on..”
Moving In

Chapter Notes

Request: I have a request :3 Mark starts singing 'Marry me' by Jason Derulo, but he doesn't realize Jack is listening. Nearing the end of the chorus, Jack walks in and joins him. They then hug and kiss

Setting down the last of the boxes, Mark let out a huffed sigh and ran his hands through his hair, grimacing though when he realised how soaked it was with sweat. “Well, that’s it. We’re officially moved it!”

Jack let out a little yell of triumph and collapsed on the sofa, it wasn’t in the right place but they were honestly too lazy to go moving around furniture yet. “Um, shift your ass McLoughlin, we’ve still got stuff to unpack” There was a long groan as he watched Jack slide off of the sofa and onto the floor.

“But am so tirrrreeeed”

The American laughed and wandered over to his boyfriend, putting his foot on his belly and pushing down to make him yelp, Jack responding by punching his leg. “I don’t care, I wanna sleep easy knowing that we unpacked everything we need tonight. So move!”

Kicks him gently in the side causing Jack to grunt and ever so slowly stand up, arms folded tight across his chest like a grumpy toddler. “The more ya pout, the longer its gonna take Jack!” Mark found the radio in the kitchen, shifting through the music channels until he found one he liked and allowed the music to blast through the apartment.

Deciding to be silly, Mark began to dance through the hallways as he sung along to the music. If this was going to be a tedious process, he might as well make it fun. He grabbed one of the boxes and waltzed upstairs to the main bedroom, placing it on the bed and beginning to search through it as he still swung his hips.

“It’s a beautiful night, we’re looking for something dumb to do. Hey baby, I think I wanna marry you”

Mark danced over to the small bedside table and began to fill it with their things, still singing along to himself as he did so. He wasn’t much for singing these kind of songs but whenever he got the opportunity, he did it in his stride.

“Is it the look in your eyes, Or is it this dancing juice? Who cares baby, I think I wanna marry you”

He carried on doing this, singing the song to himself while putting away their items all around the bedroom. It became apparent he wasn’t very aware that of how loud he was singing and what happened next, had him nearly shitting in his pants.

“Cause it’s a beautiful night, we’re looking for something dumb to do. Hey baby, I th–”

“I think I wanna marry you!”

Out of nowhere, Jack came crashing into the bedroom, shrieking his lungs out as he too sung along
to the song playing on the radio. Mark began to laugh, holding his chest since his boyfriend had happened to give him a fright.

“What?” The Irishman asked, also laughing since he found Mark’s amusement funny. Mark took a moment to regain his breath, walking over to Jack and wrapping his arms around him, pulling him flush against his body as he smirked at him.

“Is it the look in your eyes, Or is it this dancing juice? Who cares baby, I think I wanna marry you”

Jack stared down at the ground, his cheeks flushed as it became apparent that Mark was serenading him with this dumb song. He couldn’t help but giggle at him, leaning upward to press a chaste kiss on his lover’s lips, arms coming to wrap themselves around Mark’s neck.

“It’s a beautiful night, we’re looking for something dumb to do.” The Irishman sung, his hands running through Mark’s hair as he smiled sweetly up at him. “.Hey baby, I think I wanna marry you”

The older man let out a soft chuckle and kissed Jack again, this time much more passionately, feeling Jack melt in his arms.

“.I think I wanna marry you”
Chapter Notes

Request: Mark and Jack having a daughter who isn’t allowed to swear, but when they hear swearing from upstairs they check it out and Jack gets onto her. She explains she’s trying to beat 4/20 mode on FNAF and keeps getting frustrated and raging. Mark gets super excited and ends up swearing with her while Jack tries not to die from how cute Mark and his kid were being.

There was just one strict rule that both Mark and Jack had for their daughter. She was to never and that meant ever swear in their presence. They were both terrible for swearing and wished that their daughter never uttered a word of the obscenities they spilled on a daily basis.

It was around lunchtime and both parents were downstairs, cuddled on the sofa after a long day of recording and just watching a movie to fill in the time left of their day. Their daughter was upstairs, on her computer as per usual. There was never a day when she wasn’t.

Suddenly, a shriek caught Jack’s attention and his immediate reaction was to sit up. Almost like a mother meerkat hearing its young in distress. His eyes darted up to the stairs and his heart began pounding in his chest.

“What in the fuck was that?” Mark asked, sitting up much more slowly than his husband as he stretched out his arms, listening to his joints crack and grunting softly. “I don’t know, but I don’t like the sound of it”

The Irishman stood up off the sofa and began to walk up the stairs, Mark, a little more half-assed followed him. It was always like Jack to be the more concerned and maternal one of the pair, Mark was definitely the more laid-back and chilled out parent for sure.

Just as he neared her room, his eyebrows rose when he could hear a sound that he dared not hear be made by his daughter’s lips. She... She was swearing.

“Fucking tits and ass! Piss and balls! Fuck!”

The door swung open and Jack marched into her room and he was taken back when he saw what was on the computer screen. She was currently playing ‘FNAF’ which surprised both men since they didn’t expect she liked games.

“What in the fuck was that?” Mark asked, sitting up much more slowly than his husband as he stretched out his arms, listening to his joints crack and grunting softly. “I don’t know, but I don’t like the sound of it”

The Irishman stood up off the sofa and began to walk up the stairs, Mark, a little more half-assed followed him. It was always like Jack to be the more concerned and maternal one of the pair, Mark was definitely the more laid-back and chilled out parent for sure.

Just as he neared her room, his eyebrows rose when he could hear a sound that he dared not hear be made by his daughter’s lips. She... She was swearing.

“Fucking tits and ass! Piss and balls! Fuck!”

The door swung open and Jack marched into her room and he was taken back when he saw what was on the computer screen. She was currently playing ‘FNAF’ which surprised both men since they didn’t expect she liked games.

“Was that swearing I heard missy?” Jack barked, his eyebrows furrowed together as he walked over to her, arms folded tightly against his chest. Mark was stood behind him, his face sharing the same angered expression since he too hated hearing her swearing.

“I... Um... I just couldn’t beat this dumb night. I got really angry, sorry dad” Biting down on her lip in an innocent fashion, the American’s heart couldn’t help but melt since it was apparent she was sharing the same frustration as him.

“Night five I presume?”

She shook her head, looking back at the screen before facing her father again. “4/20 mode actually... I
beat night five like straight away” Jack laughed when he saw the expression on Mark’s face, surprised by how easily she must have beaten it.

He pulled up a chair and sat next to her. “Well, I’ve already done this level so I’ll help you. I know some tactics that’ll help you win” The Irishman felt outrage flow through him, their daughter had just been swearing and he was going to play a game with her? Even after sixteen years as a parent, Mark still had no idea how to discipline her properly.

“Um.. Mark? What the fuck are ya doin’?” Jack growled, watching as his husband started up the game again and allowed his daughter to start playing once again.

Both Mark and his daughter began to play the game together and at times when the animatronics jumped out at them and ended the game, they both simultaneously swore which had Jack getting slightly amused at how similar they both were in personality. It kind of warmed his heart.

They continued like this, trying to beat the last mode of the game while swearing their heads off whenever they died, Jack was just laughing at them both. His cheeks going bright pink as the humour had gotten the better of him.

“I swear t’ god, you two are jus’ as goofy as each other!”

The older man looked up at his lover and gave him a cheesy grin, pulling him down by his shirt and giving him a soft kiss on the lips. They heard a disgusted sound behind them and looked up to see their daughter with a grimaced expression on her face. ‘Gross.”

The couple chuckled and then kissed once more before Mark went back to playing with her, Jack just watching in the background and admiring how on earth he deserved such a loving husband and wonderful daughter. It really did baffle him.
Rain always reminded Jack of home, the way it clouded the sky and turned it a mixture of light and dark greys. It almost made living there tolerable, but right now, he was thousands of miles away from Ireland. He was currently with Mark, hiding out in his apartment as the rain poured down heavily on Los Angeles.

“Your move, scrub” Mark muttered, bringing Jack back to reality as he remembered their current situation. The power had gone out leaving them with nothing to do until it came back, so Mark had pulled out an old box of Drafts from out of his cupboard (of course blowing the dust off it first) and had set it down on the table. They were a few games in and of course Mark was winning.

The Irishman let out a huffed sigh and picked up one of his pieces, shifting it onto one of the spaces only for Mark to take it and then end up on Jack’s side. “King me bitch, since I am the champion of this fuckin’ game”

Jack grumbled under his breath, grumpily placing one of the counters on top of his boyfriend’s. “I hate this fuckin’ game, its hard cause you’ve played it more than me” The older man laughed, ruffling his hair as he moved one his pieces.

“Should get on my level, scrublord. Maybe then you’ll start winning”

He glared at him and stared down at the checkered board, wondering what strategy he could have in order to take his lover down. The rain heaved horrendously against the window, giving Jack a fright as he jumped, making Mark laugh again.

As the game continued, Mark felt himself get worried as he saw how many of his pieces were being taken by the younger man. It seemed he must have upped his game and this made Mark feel smug, he’ll let him have his fun and then snatch it at the last moment.

Except, as it seemed with every sneaky move Mark performed, Jack managed to swing around it and found himself near the point of winning. They were neck and neck now, two kinged counters left and desperately trying to take the other.

“I’m not gonna let ya win this time, Mark” Jack chided, shifting his piece into the corner of the board so it was out of the danger zone of his boyfriend’s moves. “Pfft, whatever. Just wait, you’re gonna be crying when I’m done with you McLoughlin”

Jack could tell that the American was annoyed with him but that just made it all the more fun, their battle commenced for a short while longer until Mark found himself trapped, there was literally nowhere for him to go without Jack snagging him. With reluctance, he moved his piece.

“Don’t you fucking dare..”

Swiftly, the Irishman shifted his counter and took Mark’s, winning the game. “Haha! I win bitch!”
How does it feeeeel?!” The older man pouted and crossed his arms against his chest, upset that he’d been beaten after such a long winning streak.

Seeing Mark upset, warmth spread in Jack’s chest and he leaned over the table, pressing a kiss to his pouting lips and watching as they grew into a small smile. Mark grabbed the sides of his lover’s face and pulled him in close, kissing him again and again until they were short of breath.

The power almost immediately flashed back on, much to both men’s surprise as they looked around and felt relief flood thick in their veins. “Thank god, we don’t have t’ live like cavemen anymore”

“Well, we could get up to some.. Prehistoric activities. If you know what I mean Jack”

Eyes bulging out of his head, Jack stared at his boyfriend with a shocked expression but it soon melted away when he saw the cheeky smirk on Mark’s face. “Yeah, yeah.. Whatever ya doof..”
Tied

Chapter Notes

Request: Jack wanting to do something kinky so Mark handcuffs him to the bed. Mark keeps asking "is this okay" and Jack is just like "mARK FUCK ME"

“Hey Mark, I was wonderin’ somethin’..”

The older man looked up from his dinner and swallowed what was in his mouth, looking over at his boyfriend with a curious expression. “What? The food is good, if that’s what ya asking”

Lets out a light chuckle, placing his fork down and biting down on his lip. “Nah, I know fer a fact this food is good, considerin’ I bloody made it” Puts his fork down too, curiosity growing as he saw the way he was looking at him.

“What is it then?” The Irishman bit down hard on his lower lip and he stared down at his plate, a light blush beginning to grow on his cheeks. “I kinda.. Wanna do somethin’ different t’night.. In the bedroom..”

Mark’s eyebrows quirked and he leaned forward on the table. “Go on, I’m intrigued” Jack let out a nervous laugh and the blush darkened. “I kinda want ya t’.. Tie me t’ the bed..” Plays with the hem of his shirt, still feeling way too shy about this.

Sitting up fully in his chair, Mark smirked at Jack and ran a hand through the thick of his black hair. “Oh.. Is that so? Is my Jackaboy into some kinky stuff?” The younger man quickly nodded, avoiding looking at him with his own embarrassment.

“Well, I do like the idea of you being restrained.. Why don’t we go do it now?” Jack looked up at him and his eyebrows rose up with surprise, teeth nibbling even harder on his lower lip. “Ya.. Ya sure?” Jack asked, his voice a bit whispy as he started to become excited.

He slowly nodded, standing up from the table and making his way over to his boyfriend with a devious expression on his face. “This way to the love dungeon..” Mark said in a stupidly deep voice, his hands coming to wrap around Jack’s body as he picked him up out of his chair and began to carry him bridal style up the stairs.

They arrived in the bedroom and Mark closed the door behind them, turning around slowly to stare at the younger man with this sex-driven glint in his eyes. “Take off your clothes and get on the bed, dirty boy..”

Jack’s throat became dry and he had to swallow multiple times in order to bring moisture back into his mouth. When Mark spoke to him like that, it had the Irishman’s stomach doing flips and his cock twitching in his boxers.

The articles of clothing fell off his body, one by one as Mark watched, eyes almost boring into him they were staring so intently. Jack was used to the way his boyfriend looked at him, he didn’t see him as a piece of meat. More like a gorgeous creature that needed to be cherished and taken care of. At least, that’s what Mark told him.
“God, you’re fucking beautiful” Mark said gently as his eyes followed him as he climbed on the bed, the older man went over to their bedside drawers and pulled out two pairs of handcuffs. He walked over to his wrists and cuffed them to the metal frame of the bed, already Jack could feel himself getting more excited. Adrenaline and arousal rushing through his veins.

The American pulled off his own shirt and slipped off his jeans until he was only in his boxers, noticeably hard as there was a tenting in them. Jack had to restrain himself from staring at it.

He clambered on top of him, the younger man looking up at his boyfriend as he stared at him. This lustful look in his eyes as he leaned over and began to attack his neck, much to Jack’s pleasure as he began to carefully whine and gasp as his teeth immediately bit and sucked at the flesh. Covering the area in hickies.

His hands stroked at the Irishman’s slender sides and shifted upward toward his nipples, rough thumbs grazing them and earning sharp gasps and hisses from his lover, adoring the facial expressions he was pulling.

They parted for a short second much to Jack’s upset since he was enjoying himself but was quickly met with Mark’s lips on his own, kissing him back just as harshly as he was. His lips parted, making way for his tongue as they made out sloppily.

They found themselves lost in each other’s lips, Mark beginning to grind his hips into Jack’s which earned him tiny moans escaping from his boyfriend’s mouth and into his own. The restraint was definitely becoming noticeable as Jack found himself unable to wrap his arms around Mark’s neck and pull him closer.

Pulling away from him, Mark moved down lower and grabbed hold of Jack’s dick, beginning to slowly jerk it and allow more noises to escape from him. The older man was in love with the sounds and this furthered him to continue, getting faster until Jack was a hot and horny mess.

“You alright?” He whispered, kissing along the delicate hairs on his belly which had Jack squirming like a fish on a hook. “Yeah.. am feelin’ really good”

This made the American smile, especially when he noticed how thick his accent was getting. That was a sure sign that he’d turned his lover into a living puddle and he fucking love it when he got him like that.

Mark leaned over the Irishman and searched around in their drawers again until he came across a small tube of lubricant, looking over at Jack’s face and smirking when he saw him staring at it. His face if it wasn’t already flushed, was getting darker as it seemed apparent he knew what was coming next.

The handcuffs were definitely chaffing now and stung against the delicate skin of his wrists, but Jack made no attempt to let Mark know that, not when he was enjoying himself as much as he was right now.

Leaning in close, Mark smeared the lube onto three of his fingers and placed one directly against his hole, listening as Jack gasped and whimpered at the contact. “Yer a mother-fucker..” Jack groaned, his eyes tightly shut as he grinded himself against the digit, desperately wanting it to enter him.

“You want me to fuck you with fingers?” The younger man nodded frantically, teeth biting down so hard on his own lip he wasn’t surprised when the taste of metal entered his mouth. “Yes, please fuck me Mark.. Fuck me with yer fingers..”
Letting out a low chuckle, Mark did as his lover asked and pressed the first digit past the muscle, entering him and adoring the sound of Jack grunting as he pushed it all the way in. “Mmm, fuck baby you’re so tight” Mark growled, causing more vocalisation from the man before him.

The finger drew out and then back in again, causing a thrusting motion which had Jack near keening as he tried his best to hold back his moans. The last time Mark had fingered Jack, they’d had complaints from the neighbours for being too loud, so he really had to hold back for the sake of them not getting told off.

Mark inserted his middle finger and carried on the thrusting, fingers spreading outward in a scissoring motion which had the Irishman gasping like a whore, pulling at the cuffs as he tried to hold himself back. “So good..” Jack whimpered, breathing out heavy through his teeth.

“Hold onto the bed baby, I’m gonna add a third..” Mark made way for his ring finger and pushed all three digits as far as they could go, grazing off the younger man’s prostate which had him moaning so loud it ended up echoing in the room. “Careful babe, don’t wanna get the neighbours on our ass d’ya?”

The Irishman shook his head, whining still as he tried to compose himself as Mark fucked him hard with all three fingers. It took all his willpower not to scream out when his fingers caught his sweet spot again.

“You doing okay baby?” Mark asked, still thrusting roughly so it seemed like Jack wouldn’t even be able to formulate a proper sentence without it being filled with moans. He was becoming sick of all the teasing, the cuffs stung harshly on his wrists and he felt himself impatient.

“Mark.. Please.. Please fuck me!”

Jack yelled, much to the American’s surprise but he wasn’t going to deny him of his request. Mark gently pulled out his fingers and pulled down his boxers, grabbing his own cock and jerking at it to full hardness. Not that it took a lot since Jack’s moans had definitely kept him standing.

He grabbed the lube and slicked it onto his length, getting hold of Jack’s legs and placing them on his hips while he aimed himself up with his hole, the head teasing him and making the Irishman rut his hips against it eagerly.

As carefully and as gently as he could, Mark began to push in and the younger man’s head fell against the pillows, mouth gaping open as wide as he physically could at the sheer pleasure that came from his boyfriend filling him up. “O-oh god..”

Breathing in heavily through his nose, the older man thrusted in until he reached his hilt and was fully seated inside of the Irishman, trying to get over how tight and hot it was inside him. “Fucking christ.. Baby, you feel so good” Begins to draw out, already missing the sensation.

Jack pulled at the handcuffs as a way to distract himself from what was going on, the sheer power of how Mark felt being enough for him to become delirious, uttering Irish under his breath which had his lover laughing.

After drawing out, Mark thrusted himself quickly back in, causing a yelp to escape from Jack’s lips which only causing a shock of pleasure to shoot through Mark’s body like voltage. He shifted his hips back and repeated the action, picking up a pace as he began to fuck his boyfriend.

The Irishman desperately wanted to bring his hands over to his mouth and block out of the sounds that were escaping his lips, constant gasps and cries leaving him as Mark began to fuck him harder.
and harder. Each thrust feeling better than the last.

Mark began to angle himself, searching around for Jack’s sweet spot that would have him going crazy. Jack took the liberty of pushing his hips down to meet his lover’s, causing his thrusts to become that just bit more powerful which Jack fucking loved.

The angling proved successful when after a specifically hard hit of his hips, Jack happened to cry out loudly and throw himself momentarily up in the air, the only things stopping him being the cuffs on his wrists. “Oh my fuckin’ god.. That was so good!”

Letting out a laugh, the American set himself the challenge of hitting him in that exact spot every time he thrusted inside him. The plan working and listening to his boyfriend get louder and louder with each thrust. “You like that baby?..” Mark asked, stroking at his thighs and hearing him whimper.

Jack nodded his head, breathing in hard through his teeth as that familiar sensation of heat started in his lower belly. With every thrust, Mark managed to hit his prostate and send sparks of arousal straight to his cock.

“I’m.. I’m gonna come”

The older man simply laughed and carried on fucking him, getting harder and faster until the Irishman literally couldn’t take it anymore, coming hard and heavy onto his stomach and Mark’s chest. The American followed soon after, filling Jack with his load which if anything seemed never-ending.

As they breathed through their orgasms, Jack looked up at his boyfriend and smiled sweetly, looking up at the cuffs as a way to say that he wanted them off. Even though he was half-dead, Mark did as he was told and uncuffed him from the bed.

Looking down at his wrists, the younger man hissed when he saw just how badly chafed they were and kind of ignored the fact that Mark was still inside him. “Oh god babe, why didn’t you tell me?” Mark asked, his voice filled with concern.

“I’m not a baby Mark, if it was seriously bad. I would have told ya” Says gently, wrapping his arms around his neck and pulling him down for a well-needed kiss. “So uh.. Ya gonna pull out or what?”

The American blushed and looked down at where their bodies were still joined. “I’m scared if I pull out, it’ll leak.. I just washed these sheets today”

Jack laughed heartily and ruffled Mark’s hair, he couldn’t believe how much of a doofus he was sometimes. “I swear t’god Mark, we might as well be fused t’gether!” Laughing alongside him, Mark kissed him again and ever so carefully pulled out of him.

“Oh well, you can clean the sheets tomorrow since this was your idea..”

Rolling his eyes, Jack ignored him and made himself comfortable, unable to comprehend how much a mood killer his boyfriend could be sometimes.
Chapter Notes

Request: Mark and Jack trying not to make a scene at the airport because they haven't seen each other in over two months irl.

Mark’s heart was racing in his chest, he couldn’t sit still in his seat and all his nerves were frayed. He was due in literally ten minutes and they’d see one another again. Mark would be able to see Jack, in only ten minutes.

As if time weren’t on his side, it went by much slower than he wanted to and impatience was getting the better of him. He stood up out of his seat and went over to the arrivals area, leaning against the wall near the desks and begging that time hurried itself.

Suddenly, an announcement went off and Mark couldn’t help the excitement that shot through him. ‘Flight 212 from Galway to Los Angeles has arrived’

The American couldn’t believe it, he was actually here. In the country and breathing the same air as him. It was only a matter of time before he came walking through the doors of the arrivals lounge and Mark wasn’t able to contain himself. Jack was actually here.

Staring at the doors like a crazed maniac, Mark didn’t care about the odd looks he got as people started to exit them, none of them being Jack though. Another ten minutes went past and the older man was finding himself at a loss since it seemed that there was no appearance of the Irishman he loved so much.

Letting out a heavy sigh, Mark glanced down at the ground and scuffed at it with his shoe, hating himself for even getting so excited. Maybe Jack was late, maybe this was a different plane. A number of doubts ran through his head in explanation to why his boyfriend wasn’t there.

“Hey you..”

That recognisable Irish droll immediately caused Mark to lift his head, his eyes bulging when he came across none other than Jack, standing there with a sweet little smirk on his face. “Oh my god, Jack!”

Mark pulled the younger man into a well-needed hug and lifted him up into the air, kissing at his face in every square inch that he could get at. “I missed you so much” The American whimpered, still kissing him as Jack laughed.

“I missed ya too, I wasn’t expecting assault I must admit” The Irishman joked, looking at Mark as his face was littered in kisses. People were staring at them now but if anything, Jack liked the attention that his lover was giving him.

Wrapping his arms around the older man’s neck, Jack pulled him toward his lips and they shared the first kiss that they’d had since two months ago. It felt good and months of pent up tension released as they kissed one another. “I love you so much” Mark whispered against his lips, kissing him again, this time a little harder.
“I love ya too, so much it hurts” Jack said, tears beginning to well up in his eyes as he came to realise just how much he’d actually missed his boyfriend. The grip around his neck tightened and he started crying, still kissing Mark as the need to was strong.

Parting from the kiss, Mark looked over at his lover and smiled sweetly, there were tears falling down his cheeks alike the Irishman. It seemed he too had missed Jack. “God, we’re a couple of emotional goofballs.”

Jack laughed, pulling him down for another kiss before completely parting. People had been staring at them both but they tried not to care, this was a moment that they had desperately wanted to share for a long time now.

“Should we get going then?” Mark asked, putting his hand out for Jack to grab which caused more tears to fill his eyes, knowing that they were going to be living with one another again. “Of course..” The younger man took his hand tightly and squeezed it, smiling ever so widely as he did so.
Wedding

Chapter Notes

Request: Mark and Jack dancing the first dance on their wedding day at the reception and Jack keeps threatening Mark to "keep his hands at a respectable level"

The music echoed in Jack’s ears, heart hammering against his chest as he squeezed Mark’s hands. He couldn’t help the dumb smile on his face or the tears that happened to well up in his eyes. This day was just too damn special to be straight-faced. It’s not everyday that Jack found himself getting married.

“Do you, Sean William McLoughlin, take Mark Edward Fischbach. To be your lawfully wedded husband?”

Jack bit his lip and looked up at the minister before facing Mark again, squeezing on his hand as tight as he could as he worked up the courage to speak. “I do..”

“Do you, Mark Edward Fischbach, take Sean William McLoughlin. To be your lawfully wedded husband?”

Squeezing his hand back just as tight, Mark smiled at his lover and couldn’t help the sigh that fell past his lips. “I do..”

Both men exchanged rings and the minister allowed them to say their vows before both were given permission to kiss. The pace of Jack’s heart increased as Mark began to lean forward toward him, his face pulled into the cheesiest of expressions as he too moved in and their lips met in the middle. Sharing a kiss which sealed something so important. Their marriage.

The afterparty was fun but after the whole dinner and speeches, Jack had found himself drained and he feared what was coming up. Their dance.

“I honestly don’t know if I can be arsed t’ dance, Mark” The Irishman said with a huffed expression, picking at the cake which was strange since Jack loved cake with a passion. “It’ll be fine, we’ll get it over with and then we can sit down again. I know you’re tired but people are expecting this”

Letting out a heavy sigh, Jack rested his head on his lover’s shoulder and breathed in the luscious scent of his aftershave. “I guess, I jus’ hate dancin’. I know we practiced but people are lookin’ at us this time..” Says with a grumble, burying his face in Mark’s arm.

Mark laughed at him and ran a hair through his hair, pulling at it gently which had Jack closing his eyes at the sensations it brought. “How about, you just think about tonight and the special marriage sex we’re gonna have?”

The younger man snorted and moved himself away from the American, chuckling away to himself since this man always knew how to cheer him up. “I guess that is somethin’ t’ look forward t’” The music changed into something a little more slow and Jack’s throat suddenly went dry. This was their song.

“Looks like we’re up, come on babe. Let’s get this over and done with” Stands up from his seat and
puts his hand out for his husband to grab, Jack’s face immediately turning a bright shade of red as he felt everyone’s eyes on him.

They went over to the dancefloor and Mark’s hands placed themselves at the Irishman’s hips while Jack placed his on Mark’s shoulders. Deciding that he might as well focus on his face and distract himself from everyone around them. Slowly, they began to dance along to the music.

As they danced, Jack stared up at his lover and found himself smiling in admiration to the older man which he can gladly call his husband. He was increduously handsome tonight, with his hair styled and cut and his beard shaved to just the right length which Jack loved. His eyes were enhanced by the lights on the dancefloor and he was bearing his classic toothy grin. He’d never been in love with someone as much as he was with Mark.

Mark stared down at Jack and couldn’t help but grin, this man he was holding was absolutely beautiful tonight. His blue eyes shone brightly as the lights beamed down on them, grey suit fitting his figure perfectly to Mark’s satisfaction and the way he was just smiling at him. Mark knew he’d made the right choice to marry him.

“I love you..” The American whispered as they edged toward the end of the song, Mark deciding to be naughty by shifting his hands over Jack’s ass, squeezing it playfully and causing the younger man to gasp and blush with embarrassment.

“I don’t fuckin’ love you, keep your hands t’ a respectable level mister” The Irishman hissed, grabbing his arms and hitching them upward so they rested on his lower back, he could hear people who were watching them giggling. “But your ass looks so cute in a suit, I wanna touch it” His hands moved over again and Jack had to refrain from kneeing his lover in the crotch. “I swear t’ god Mark, our family is here..” This just had him chuckling, making Jack frown more at him. “So? I’m pretty sure they’re aware of what we get up to babe” Jack bit his lip, sometimes he had the ultimate urge to punch Mark.

“Well, I’d rather that they didn’t so move those hands, or I’ll move ‘em fer ya” Doing as he was told, Mark shifted them back over to Jack’s hips and they finished the rest of their dance, the music coming to a slow and gracious ending before everyone began to applaud them.

Kissing Jack on the lips sweetly, Mark smiled down at his husband and let out a happy sigh. “I really do love you..” The Irishman looked down at the ground before his eyes met Mark’s, leaning up to kiss him once again and whisper.

“I love you too.. Even if ya do touch my ass in front of my mother..”
“Jesus..” Jack muttered under his breath, walking over to the mirror for what felt like the twentieth
time this month and pulling up his hoodie. It wasn’t uncommon that he did this, checked out how he
looked in the mirror. It was the only way that he could truly see the progress of his pregnancy
without an ultrasound.

Keeping his hoodie hitched up, the Irishman ran a hand over the rounding that was his stomach. At
around six months, he’d grown quite a bit in the past couple weeks and was beginning to panic about
whether or not he would be able to hide himself any longer.

Mark and Jack weren’t too sure when they had first found out about him being pregnant to let it be
announced to their followers. Having made their final decision three months in that they would keep
it as private as possible since Mark wanted Jack to have as much stress-free a pregnancy as possible.

But coming up to around seven months was proving a problem, his hoodies were struggling to hide
what lay underneath them and Jack knew that their next meet-up was only two weeks away. There
was no doubt that people would notice something different about the Irishman’s appearance, that
included newer videos too.

Tugging his hoodie off completely, Jack stood himself in the full-view of the mirror and rested a
hand on his stomach, smiling down at it when he felt a gentle kick hit the palm of his hand. “I guess
yer awake..” The Irishman chuckled, rubbing the area where his child made their self known.

“Can’t believe how big you’ve gotten, I mean am happy but at the same time, it’s a complete pain in
the arse” Laughs gently, patting his belly and feeling his baby kick back just as hard. “Hey! Calm
down ya little shit!”

It was a bit stupid to scold a foetus but Jack couldn’t help it, even though they weren’t born yet, the
younger man had grown quite an attachment to the little thing inside him, well, if you’d even call
them little anymore.

The kicking continued and the Irishman scolded them again, patting and rubbing at the area at which
the baby constantly kicked and hit, it was almost like they were doing it on purpose. “I swear t’
god..” Jack grumbled, sitting himself down on the bed and letting out a small sigh.

“Yer evil ya know that? Can’t ya leave me in peace?” Runs his hand over his bump and sighs a little
more heavily this time, exhaustion was taking hold of his body and it wasn’t even seven at night yet.

It was nice though, having this private time with his baby. Usually it was Mark talking to them, Jack
felt too embarrassed in front of him to even say a single word. So he took opportunities when he
could.
Suddenly, his attention was caught by something falling over inside the wardrobe. He stood up, making sure to not fall over as his balance was awkward. He made his way toward the wardrobe, eyebrows quirked in confusion since he had no clue what had caused that noise.

He opened the doors and he was taken aback when he realised that Mark was stood in the there and in his hand, he held a small video camera. “Are ya.. Are ya filming me?!”

“I.. Um..” Lost for words, Mark slowly stepped out of the wardrobe and backed away from him until he was pressed against the wall. Jack’s anger was real and terrifying.

“What the fuck is wrong with ya Mark? Are ya gonna upload that? What even is yer deal?!?”

Stepping up off the wall and grabbing Jack’s shoulders, the Irishman tried to squirm out of his grip but to no avail since Mark happened to be much more stronger than him. “Hey.. Calm down.. I just wanted to have a video of you.. Of you talking to the baby. I’ve never heard you before and it, it made me feel happy”

Jack’s face flushed a deep red and stopped squirming, staring straight up at Mark with raised eyebrows. “So what were ya plannin’ on doin’ with that video?” The American looked down at the ground, biting at his lip.

“I was gonna save it on my computer and play it to myself when I needed cheering up..”

Feeling warmth spread itself within his chest, Jack pulled his lover into a tight hug and kissed him on the cheek. “You are literally the biggest fuckin’ nerd in the world and I love ya cause of that” The older man chuckled and wrapped his arms around Jack’s bare waist, pulling him close against his body. Well as close as they could get.

“Can.. Can I keep it then?” Rolling his eyes, the younger man nodded before listening to Mark giggling away to himself, much to his confusion since he didn’t know what he was laughing at. “What?”

Grinning at his boyfriend, Mark ran his hands over Jack’s lower back and kissed him on the lips. “You talk to the baby like ya talk to me, I think it’s cute..” Jack blushed, hiding his face in Mark’s chest.

“Now ya know why I don’t talk to them in front of ya” The Irishman mumbled, voice muffled by the material of Mark’s shirt. “Shame, well I guess I can hear ya now since I have that video” Jack let out a huffed moan, lifting his head to look up at him. “Don’t fuckin’ push it Fischbach..”

Laughing away to himself, Mark kissed him once again and rested his hands on Jack’s stomach, feeling as their baby kicked away inside him. “God, I fucking love you” Stares down at him, a genuine smile on his face.

“I love ya too, ya fuckin’ doof” Kisses him once again, resting his forehead against Mark’s as they stood there. Admiring their child who if anything, they couldn’t wait to meet.
Fun Times At The Cyndago House

Chapter Notes

Request: You know how Mark said he was moving in with the Cyndago Guys? Well, Jack comes over and they have their "fun time", only to get teased about it in the morning by the other two.

Ryan wandered over to the table where his phone sat and picked it up, checking the time since it had been at least an hour he thought since Jack was meant to arrive. “Mark, I thought you said that he was gonna be here at four? Its nearly five”

Pausing from his editing, Mark took off his headphones and looked at the clock on his computer, eyebrows raised since he did find it surprising that his boyfriend wasn’t here. “Meh, he’s probably just running late” Ryan snorted at how calm he seemed to be.

“Aren’t you a little bit worried that he might be lost or something?”

Mark shook his head and pushed out his computer chair, letting out a soft sigh. “Nah, Jack’s usually late to things. It’s nothing new to me” Ryan nodded, sitting himself down on the chair beside him and looking at his friend.

“So.. Ya know how you and him are dating?” Glancing over at him, Mark gave him a confused look. “Yeeeah?” Ryan drummed his fingers on Mark’s desk, breathing out through his nose. “Please don’t tell me you guys are gonna be fucking every night.. You do know our thin our walls are”

Beginning to laugh, the American had to wipe tears out of his eyes since he found it highly amusing that Ryan was asking him this. “I doubt we’re gonna be fucking every night.. Maybe once.. Or twice” The other man let out a fake groan and smirked at him. “I will personally kill you guys if you even dare try to stick your dick in him, ya hear?” Mark rolled his eyes, exasperated at him.

“What’s the big problem?” Ryan leaned on the desk, still drumming his fingers. “Well, me and Daniel have been really busy lately and to be kept awake while you guys are ‘doing it’ won’t be helpful. I’m sure a smart guy like you would understand that..”

Mark frowned for a short moment as he took in what Ryan had said before he nodded his head, indeed understanding what he was asking. “Okay, I promise we won’t fuck.. Cross my heart and hope to die” Smiles genuinely at him, hoping this would get him off his back.

An hour passed and Jack had been in the house for literally only half an hour before him and Mark were in his room making out. “We’re gonna get into massive trouble if they catch us” Mark said with a giggle, this cheesy grin on his face as he stared down at Jack who was currently laid on his bed.

“Let’s try t’ be quiet then” Jack whispered, pulling him down for another kiss before they heard knocking at their door, both men sprang apart, trying to cover their tracks just as the door opened. “Hey guys, you wanna order something tonight? Ryan was thinking pizza”

Jack’s face automatically lit up and he nodded enthusiastically at Daniel, grinning away to himself since he loved the pizza here in America. The older man just laughed and nodded his head also,
giving Daniel confirmation that they indeed both wanted pizza.

“Fuck yeah, I’ve been dyin’ fer pizza” The younger man said with excitement, looking up at Mark with a large smile on his face which had his heart melting at the sight.

After food, they all settled down to watch a film before all four men felt it was time to head to bed since they all had early starts in the morning. Jack and Mark snuck into his bedroom and locked the door behind them, giggling away to themselves since they had something planned.

They both collapsed onto the bed and began to kiss one another passionately, kisses soon evolving until they were both in the midst of a hot and heavy makeout session. Jack letting out small moans every now and then which had Mark getting harder every time he heard them.

“I wanna fuck you.. But lets skip the foreplay, I had to promise the guys we wouldn’t have sex. So we’ll have to be quick”

Face flushing a deep red at his boyfriend’s words, Jack nodded his head and sat up, pulling off his shirt and beginning to unbutton his jeans. The older man joined him, also shedding his clothing until both of them were naked.

“Grab the lube” Mark whispered, watching as his lover rummaged around in his drawers while in the pitch black, it made him smirk, feeling excited at the idea of going against his promise to Ryan.

The Irishman turned back around to face him, handing him the small tube which Mark had recently bought after finding out Jack was visiting him. He lay himself down on the bed and hinted for Jack to sit on his hips, requesting that he fucked himself on his fingers.

Doing as he was told, Jack crawled onto his lap and grabbed at his asscheeks, spreading himself for Mark as he felt the first finger slip up inside him and a second quickly following. He was very glad that they were lubed up or Jack may have just screamed at the sensation that shot itself through his body.

Beginning to move his hips, Jack used one hand to rest on his boyfriend’s chest to balance himself while the other was covering his mouth, attempting to mute the moans that dared escape his lips. “Fuck.. Mark..”

Mark grunted as he heard the younger man whimper his name, keeping his fingers still as Jack continued to fuck himself on his fingers, getting harder and faster until there was the sure sound of skin smacking as they made contact.

Feeling concerned that the guys might be able to hear that, Mark used his free hand to grab at Jack’s hips and slow him down since he was coming down quite harshly on his fingers. “Want my cock now, baby?” The American asked, gently removing the digits from his lover.

Nodding enthusiastically and mirroring what he looked like before when Daniel had asked him about pizza, Mark took that as him wanting it. He leaned over and grabbed the lube again, slicking his cock in the substance before he lined himself up with Jack’s hole.

“You ready babe?” Jack just whimpered, pushing himself down until the head of Mark’s length was inside him. The older man had to hold back a moan as it felt great being inside that tight heat once again, god had he missed fucking Jack.

Moving his own hips, Mark began to shallowly thrust up inside the Irishman, listening as the man above him cursed aloud and had to cover his mouth again, the moans falling out of it as he found himself unable to control them.
They picked up a pace until Jack was thoroughly fucking himself on his boyfriend’s cock, the stream of moans and gasps coming fast past his lips alongside Mark’s name. Mark himself was loving the sight above him, hands tightly grasped on his hips as he guided him down on his dick.

“Fuck me harder.. Harder Mark..” The Irishman gasped, head falling forward as he found himself beginning to weaken from the pleasure given from Mark being inside him. The older man did as his lover requested and the grip on his hips increased whilst his own hips brought themselves up to fuck Jack harder.

The sound of their moans became more dominant as both men found themselves close, echoed by the noises made by their skin constantly making contact and the springs of the bed creaking under their weight. There was no denying that Ryan and Daniel would be able to hear them now.

Jack was the first to come, heavy on his and Mark’s stomach as his gasps came fast and sharp, near screaming his boyfriend’s name as his orgasm shook him. His climax caused him to tighten around Mark’s dick and he too came at the sensation it gave, filling the younger man to the brim before he felt him collapse onto his chest.

Mark kissed the top of his head and they both began to laugh, knowing for definite how much trouble they were gonna be in when they woke up tomorrow. For now though, they savoured the moment and began to kiss one another, each kiss more loving than the last.

“Jesus Ryan, you look like shit..” Daniel muttered when the man walked into the kitchen that next morning, his eyes went straight to Jack and Mark who were sat at the breakfast bar attempting to hold back their giggles. “Oh, you guys are so dead”

The sheer death stare was enough to make them snap out of their amusement, but Daniel even though he too got woken up by their antics, had found it funny. “Come on man, they haven’t seen each other for three months. It’s done now. Just let bigones be bigones alright?” Ryan glanced over at his friend and let out a heavy sigh.

“Fine, but I swear to god. If I get woken up by bedsprings again tonight. I won’t refrain to snap your dick off Mark Fischbach..”
Request: Holy actual hell cannibal!mark is my new fave thing pls moar omg pls maybe write more but like Mark teaching a nervous jack how to properly skin, prepare, and season human thigh? :0c jack being all nervous and stuff but mark taking his hands (points if its another youtubers thigh surprise me pls)

“I.. I don’t know if I wanna do this Mark..”

The American stood up from his chair, coming behind his lover and resting his hands on his tense shoulders, breathing in deeply. “You can, just imagine it as a piece of lamb joint. You can do that for me can’t you?”

Looking up at the other man, Jack let out a heavy sigh and stared back at the large hunk of meat on the counter. There was denying that it resembled any other cut of meat from another animal, but the younger man knew for a fact it wasn’t. That meat, was human.

“I.. I jus’ can’t see past it bein’ human. I’m not like you” Lets out a heavy sigh, feeling frustrated since he felt he was letting Mark down by not being able to prepare their dinner.

The hands on his shoulders squeezed gently and Mark leaned forward, kissing the top of Jack’s head in a soothing manner, allowing the Irishman to relax in his hold. “I believe you can” His hands slipped downward until they were holding his lover’s wrists, body pressed flush into his back.

“You’re a good boy Jack, but I’m gonna have to train you to get over this. I struggled to even get you to eat it, please, just try to prepare it”

Staring down at the hands on his own, Jack bit down on his lip and let out a soft sigh. “Can.. Can I ask jus’ one question?”

Mark leaned his head on Jack’s shoulder, looking over at him curiously. “Anything, my love” There was reluctance, but the younger man managed to create the words.

“Who were they?..”

There was a soft chuckle before Mark breathed in deeply through his nose, hands now stroking Jack’s as he still made it his mission to calm him. “An old friend that I felt needed disposing of.. Aaron came as a waste of my time, I needed rid of him”

Jack’s throat became dry as he stared at the thigh currently resting on the table. “This.. This was Aaron?” The older man simply nodded, pressing a small kiss against the shell of his ear.

“That doesn’t bother you though, does it Jack?” The Irishman shook his head slowly, if anything he didn’t actually feel as bad as he felt he should have. Mark had really wreaked havoc on his morality. He no longer felt horrified at the aspect of murder.

With shaking hands, the younger man leaned forward and began to carve away at the skin of the meat, even after being cured for at least three days, the wrinkled skin still resembled that of a
human’s. It caused bile to rise in his throat slightly as he cut away at it.

Managing to take all of the skin off of the meat, Jack knew that he next had to prepare it but his sickness had gotten the better of him. His breathing heavy as he stared down at it and felt Mark’s presence pressed against him. “I.. I need help”

“Say no more..” The American whispered, his hands taking ahold of his lover’s as he began to lead them over to a small collection of spices. “I was thinking we could serve him as a roast. How does that sound?” Jack froze for a short second but quickly recovered.

“Sounds lovely..”

After sprinkling the spices onto the meat, Mark took Jack’s hands and placed them on the thigh, beginning to move them around to rub into the meat. Jack found this to be some sick kind of twist on the film ‘Ghost’ but he knew for a fact it was much worse than that.

Tears caught themselves in the Irishman’s eyes and they spilled down his cheeks, Mark noticed this and paused in his actions. “Is everything okay, my love?”

Eyes meeting the older man’s, Jack just gave him a small smile and leaned in to kiss him on the lips. “I just need time t’ adjust.. This is all new t’ me” Warmly chuckling, Mark kissed him again and turned his attention back to the preparation of the meat.

“You’re doing very well. I am very proud of you” Mark say softly, Jack feeling himself become warm inside at his lover’s sweet words. “Thank you” He whispered, blush coming to plaster itself on his tear-soaked cheeks.

The cuts were made and both men made their preparations of the vegetables and other adornments of their meal before Mark gave Jack the honour of searing the meat and coating it in it’s own juices and gravy. The Irishman’s confidence boosting every time he say something encouraging.

Eventually, they placed the meal in the oven to cook and both men went into the dining room to set up the table.

Mark came up to his lover and wrapped his arms around him, kissing him ever so carefully on the lips which had Jack melting in his grip. “I love you and I’m so proud of you” Jack smiled at him and kissed him again, this time a little bit harder.

“I love ya too, thank ya fer teachin’ me.. I appreciate it” The older man chuckled and lifted his head in the air when the aroma of the meat caught his nostrils. “Smells like dinner is almost ready”

As much as Jack hated to admit it, the smell of the food was incredibly appetising. Maybe being a cannibal wouldn’t be so bad afterall. Not when he had Mark to look after him.
Nightmares

Chapter Notes

Request: Could you do one where Jack gets a really bad nightmare so Mark stay up comforting him :3?

Of all the places Jack had imagined himself to be in, this was definitely not one of them.

He looked behind him, his head becoming dizzy as he saw the sheer drop below him, heart pounding hard in his chest as fear rose up his throat, almost choking him. “Mark, please don’t do this!”

On the other side of the cliff in which he was stood on, Mark was there, staring at him with this murderous look in his eyes. In his left hand, he brandished a butcher knife that was already covered in blood splatters. The substance itself dripped heavily off his body.

“Or what?.. I don’t owe you anything Jack. You’re a cheating whore and deserve to die!” The Irishman’s eyes bulged, where had that come from? “I haven’t cheated on ya with anyone! Ya have t’ believe me!” This just earned him a laugh, one which was eerily dark.

The man stepped forward, causing Jack to stumble and almost fall off the edge of the cliff. “Please! I love you! Don’t do this!” This didn’t discourage the man from making his ascent toward the Irishman, the knife in his hand being lifted as Mark edged closer to him.

“I’ll teach you to cheat on me!” Mark yelled, running at Jack as the younger man screamed in terror. The knife caught itself in the side of his neck and pain ripped through him, blood gushing from the wound as he felt himself lose balance. Falling off the cliff and onto the rocks below.

“FUCKING CHRIST!”

Launching himself up in his bed, Jack gasped hard and heavy as he came to realise where he was. He wasn’t falling to his death, there was no rocks around him and he most certainly hadn’t been stabbed in the throat.

He felt at his body and realised he was completely drenched in sweat, his heart rate was painfully fast and every joint in his body ached. His breathing refusing to cease in pace as he tried to calm down. That had been a most horrifying nightmare.

“Jack?..”

Hearing a recognisable voice, the Irishman turned to see his lover laid in the bed beside him, snuggled into the sheets with his eyes peeked open, obviously still half-asleep. Seeing him like that, made tears pool and fall down his face. No longer brandishing a knife that could slash at his throat.

“Oh baby, what happened? Did you have a nightmare?” Mark sat up and wrapped his arms around Jack’s waist, feeling the younger man shivering and shaking in his grasp as it was clear he was frightened. “You wanna tell me what it was about?”

Looking over into those luscious brown eyes that were filled with love and care instead of murderous rage, Jack couldn’t find it in himself to explain what had just happened and in response, shook his
Mark sighed softly and kissed the top of his head, attempting to soothe his boyfriend as he gently swayed them both from side to side. “It’s all over now, I’m here.. There’s nothing to be scared of” The older man whispered, still swinging them.

“I love you..” Jack whispered, shifting himself so that he could straddle Mark’s hips, hiding his head in the warmth of the American’s chest and breathe in the scent that he loved so much.

The older man sighed, the sensation of him still shaking with fear making sympathy pool in the pit of his stomach. “I love you too. I won’t let anything happen to you, I promise..” Kisses him again, laying them both down on the bed but keeping his arms firmly wrapped around Jack.

“Promise ya won’t let go of me?” The Irishman whimpered, his shaking finally ceasing but the tears still falling heavy. Mark smiled down at him, running his thumb over his tear-soaked cheeks and kissing him. “I’ll hold onto you for as long as you want me to..”

Jack gave him a small smile and cuddled in close, his exhaustion getting the better of him as he finally managed to fall back asleep, this time hopefully to not have a nightmare.

Giving out a gentle sigh, Mark looked down at his boyfriend and ran a hand through his hair. He wasn’t to know what had frighten him so much and even with his curiosity, he dared not to pry into what it was.

All he knew, was Jack was asleep again. His body much calmer and safe as Mark wrapped his arms tighter around him. If anything, Mark found appreciation in that. That his lover trusted him that much.

Trust was what really bonded this relationship together and that’s all both men wanted. To trust each other even in the most extreme situations.

Or in this case, when nightmares dared attack.
Request: How about things a little rough, I was thinking maybe...dirty talk? Orgasm control and or humiliation

Jack hit the bed roughly as Mark climbed on top of him. His eyes boring into him as he stared down at him, lust growing in them as Jack squirmed beneath his body.

“You’re a dirty fucking boy.. Aren’t you Jack?” Mark whispered into his boyfriend’s ear, licking up the shell and groaning softly when he heard the younger man whimper. “Yes.. Yes I am a dirty boy..”

The American chuckled and sat him up, tugging off his shirt in a rough fashion and leaning in close to his chest, taking one of Jack’s nipples into his mouth and sucking on it as he heard the man above him moan aloud.

Mark took his arms and pulled them above his head, still sucking and nibbling at the nipple currently in his mouth. His cock grew harder in his jeans at the noises that escaped his lover, each one louder than the last.

“You like that?” He asked, moving his mouth away but flicking at his nipple with the tip of his tongue in a teasing fashion. Jack nodded, gasping softly and mewling as Mark’s hands slid over the sides of his slender body.

The hands came to rest on Jack’s thighs, head moving lower toward the bulge which made itself noticed in his boxers. Mark growled and pressed his face up against it, earning a moan from the Irishman as he shivered at the touch. “Want me to suck you off, dirty boy?”

“Please.. Please suck me off..” The younger man begged, his heart pounding in his chest at the sheer sensations that travelled thick and fast through his body.

Doing as his lover had begged, he slowly began to peel back the waistband of his underwear until Jack’s cock literally sprang out of the confides, earning a laugh from the older man. “Someone’s very horny..” He whispered, staring at the length which twitched multiple times as he breathed on it.

His hand grasped at it and slowly began to jerk it, gazing at Jack as he did so and watching the multiple expressions that formed on his face. “Look at you, so hungry for me to suck you off.. Dirty boy”

Shifting his head near his dick, Mark decided to tease him by using his tongue. Licking up and down the shaft in long strokes which had the younger man keening, his breath hitching every time he felt wetness against his length.

Deciding not to waste time, the American wrapped his lips around the head of his cock and began to suck strongly, Jack moaning loudly in response and grasping hard at the bedsheets as something to distract himself from the pleasure coming from his boyfriend sucking him off.

The older man bobbed his head up and down on his dick, coming down every time to deepthroat
him and cause Jack to throw his head back at the feeling. His moans only furthering him to continue and increase his pace.

“Mark.. I’m gonna come if ya keep that up..” The Irishman hissed, taking his hair into his hands as a way to attempt to pull him off of his cock. But Mark stayed firmly planted on, his speed and suction increasing to a point where Jack was lost for words.

He continued like this until he was sure that his lover was going to come, deciding to pull himself off of his dick much to Jack’s disappointment since he was readying himself for orgasm. “I was so close..” Says with a whine, making Mark smirk as he kissed gently at his thigh.

“Oh baby, you’re gonna be saying that a lot tonight..”

Jack swallowed thickly and watched as Mark stripped himself of his clothing. The sheer beauty almost like a display as he removed his shirt and exposed the tone of his torso, one in which Jack had come to love dearly over their time together.

“Like what you see?” Mark asked, hinting down to his underwear which had a clear outline of his hardened cock, making the younger man’s throb with the anticipation that sprung through him.

“Very much so..” Jack whispered, feeling his throat become dry.

Going over to his drawers, the American searched around until he pulled out a bottle of lubricant, opening the cap and beginning to pour it onto his fingers, slicking the digits thoroughly until he was sure it was enough.

Mark went back over to Jack and began to graze his index finger at his hole, grabbing hold of his own dick with his free hand as he got himself off at the sight of his boyfriend squirming at his touch. Obviously enjoying the teasing.

“Want me to fuck you with my fingers?” The Irishman quickly nodded, little gasps escaping him when his finger pushed in and out of him but not fully in, only furthering his desperation. “Please fuck me.. Please fuck me hard..”

Chuckling, Mark pressed the digit all the way inside him and then immediately pulled out, causing Jack to gasp and slap a hand over his mouth at the volume at which he’d done it. “Dirty boy likes it when I fill him, doesn’t he?” Jack could only nod, finding himself lost for words.

A second finger was added and then a third, allowing the younger man to be filled thickly with his digits as he stretched him and began to thrust them into his hole. “Oh god..” The Irishman groaned, his voice strained from having to hold it back.

The pace increased until he found himself fucking Jack hard with his fingers, the man himself grunting and gasping at the arousal that had sparked due to how hard he was being thrusted into. Mark jerked off as he did so, the noises Jack made were to be the death of him.

Getting close again, Jack tried to let his lover know but any vocalisation that wanted to exit his lips was purely pornographic. Digits hitting against his prostate with every thrust he gave, the familiar sensation pooled in his belly and he readied himself for climax.

But just as the bubbling began, did Mark pull out his fingers and leave him empty, the Irishman cried out, feeling frustrated as he watched his cock twitch eagerly at the want to come.

“I’m sorry baby, but I’m having way too much fun..” The older man chided, leaning over to kiss him sweetly on the lips, his face flushed red and shining with sweat. “Yer evil..” Jack croaked, earning a laugh from his boyfriend.
“I’m about to become even more evil, dirty boy. Spread yourself cause I’m gonna fuck you so hard, you’re gonna be limping tomorrow”

The Irishman shivered at the sheer thought and grabbed at his legs, spreading himself as wide as he could for Mark and watching as he stared at him hungrily, licking his lips and tugging harder at his length. “Fuck..” He growled, getting the lube and slicking himself in the substance.

Mark shifted over to him and lined himself up at his hole, pressing the head in and out of him in a painfully slow motion which had Jack wailing with frustration and arousal. “Please fuck me Mark.. Please..”

“What was that? I didn’t hear you..” Mark teased, still pushing himself in and out as he watched how his boyfriend’s face evolved into pure despair. “Fuck me please! Fuck me Mark! Fuck me!”

The American chuckled, patting at his thigh while he wore a devious grin.

“Good boy..”

With one swift thrust, he embedded his entire cock inside of Jack while the younger man cried out with pleasure, slamming his head against the pillows while he tossed off his own dick. “Oh god yes.. Oh god..”

The older man laughed and pulled out of him before thrusting back in, creating this pace at which he fucked him hard and fast. The bedsprings ached under their weight, the headboard slamming into the wall and Jack’s screams being enough to echo around the room.

“I’m gonna come! I’m gonna come!” He yelled, regretting it instantly though when Mark immediately stopped and began to pull out of him. “Please..” Jack begged, beginning to feel upset by his boyfriend’s constant teasing. “Please just let me come..”

Smirking at him, Mark just kept the head of his dick inside him and looked over his heavy mess of a body. It was clear how close he was by the way his cock would not cease twitching and the way his cheeks were blushing so red, it looked as if he shared a resemblance to a tomato.

“Are you begging me, dirty boy? Are you begging to be fucked like the slut you are?” Jack looked over at him with a desperate expression, his breathing basically wheezing at this point. “Yes, I want to be fucked like the slut I am..” The American let out a soft laugh and then bucked his hips, burying himself deep inside Jack once again.

He went back to the pace they were at before, listening as his lover’s moans became louder and louder until they were suddenly heightened when Mark felt himself hit something inside him. “I’m coming! Oh god Mark!”

Jack came incredibly hard onto his stomach and chest, the substance landing on his face since he’d been pent-up so badly. He breathed out harshly, body heaving as it was clear his climax had hit him roughly.

Mark followed him soon after, load after load being released inside of Jack until the older man could no longer feel himself coming. His body felt weak as he too had been holding back and felt it necessary to collapse onto his boyfriend’s equally defeated body.

“You alright?” He asked, shifting his head to look at his lover who could barely keep his eyes open. “Couldn’t be better..” Jack replied, voice cracked since he’d shouted so loudly.

“Good boy..” Mark whispered, kissing his chest sweetly and coming to realise the Irishman had
passed out when he could hear him snoring. It made him laugh, pulling himself out of Jack and lying beside him.

“Such a good boy..”
Planetarium

Chapter Summary

Request: Mark has this huge fascination with space so when Jack takes him to a planetarium Mark goes nerd mode and starts fangirling and telling facts about all the planets.

Jack couldn’t help the grin that found itself on his face when he leaned over his lover. The sheer blissful expression on his face as he slept would be enough to put anyone off waking him, but to Jack, that was not the case.

“MARK WAKE UP! YA BIG SMELLY!”

Launching up in their bed, Mark snorted as he was thrown immediately out of sleep, his heart racing in his chest as he looked over at his boyfriend, who was currently laughing at him. “Aww come on, really? That’s so mean” The American whined, pouting at him playfully.

The younger man attempted to contain his laughter when he saw the pout on Mark’s lips, leaning over to press a small kiss to them which had him smiling instead. “I jus’ wanted ya awake, since ya know. It is yer birthday” That earned a smirk from Mark, rolling his eyes at him.

“Couldn’t the birthday boy have a lie in?” Jack quickly shook his head, a stupid grin pulling at his lips as he crawled over to his lover and sat himself on his lap. “Nope, we have a full day planned out fer us. I don’t want ya to miss it”

Raising his eyebrows, curiosity filled Mark as he looked into his boyfriend’s eyes. “What kind of things do you have in mind?” He asked, hands shifting over to Jack’s hips in a suggestive manner.

The Irishman frowned as he saw the attempts of flirtation that Mark threw at him, it resulted in him letting out a huffed sigh.

“Not those kinda things, sorry t’ disappoint ya”

“Awww..” Mark huffed, staring down at the mattress for a short moment before his eyes met Jack’s again. “What did you have in mind then?”

A small smirk plastered itself on Jack’s face, shifting his fingers over his mouth in a zipping motion. “These lips are sealed fer now baby. Now go get yerself ready” The Irishman climbed off his lap and shoved at him in order for him to get off the bed. It was obvious he was eager to do whatever he had planned.

Mark’s inquisitivity got the better of him and he constantly tried to work out what Jack was going to do with him today. Constant questions and secret peeps whenever his boyfriend pulled out his phone, this just continued until finally they were both in the car.

“Wait, I’m driving us to wherever you’re taking me?” Mark asked, eyebrows quirked as the younger man buckled himself in. “I’ll give ya directions.. Why, ya got a problem?” Shaking his head, the American let out a heavy sigh and started the engine.
As they drove, Jack gave his lover constant directions and roads to take, to the point where for once, Mark was actually getting sick of hearing his voice and that was quite a rare occurrence.

“Holy crap, are we there yet?”

The older man droned, impatience getting to him as it seemed like a never-ending journey with Jack in control. The Irishman just glared at him, eyebrows knitted together. “Keep yer fuckin’ wig on Mark, we’re almost there”

From the looks of it, it seemed like they were in the middle of nowhere and flashbacks of when Mark took Jack to the aquarium swam (ironically) through his mind. It felt like Jack was taking him somewhere special.

Eventually, they arrived at a small building just at the base of a hill not too far from the main city of L.A, Mark could only feel concern, having no idea where he was.

“Are you sure this is the right place?” Mark queried, looking up at the brick structure of the strangely shaped building before returning his glance back to Jack.

Jack just nodded, beginning to walk toward the main doors where Mark followed swiftly behind him, still having no idea where they were going or what to expect. Just as the doors swung open though, did Mark feel his heart leap up into his throat.

Out of all places. Jack had taken him to a Planetarium.

Freezing in place, he watched as the man in question turned around to grin smugly at him. If smugness was a physical form, it was in the form of Jack’s facial expression. “Happy Birthday Markimoo”

Without a second though, Mark rushed up to him and wrapped his arms around his lover, peppering kisses across his face while the other man simply giggled at the affection being given off. “Mark! People are staring!” Parting from their embrace, the American smirked at him and kissed the top of his head.

“Pfft, let them stare..” Tips his chin back so that he could kiss him passionately on the lips, the younger man almost immediately melting into the kiss and having to use all his willpower to keep his legs supporting his body weight.

They parted soon after, breaths heavy and feeling elated that they’d shared such a heart-felt cuddle with one another. Jack was blushing furiously though at the idea of kissing in public.

After they paid their fees to go around the Planetarium, there was no denying that Mark was going to start blabbing about space. As soon as they entered the first exhibit which was about earth, his mouth started going and Jack had to listen as politely as possible. He had to admit though, he did love space too. Even if it wasn’t the nerdy parts that Mark liked.

Each exhibit they went through, Mark explained something new to the Irishman which had smiling ear to ear at the sheer nerdiness that was coming from his boyfriend. It was something about the space shuttle here and another about comets and meteorites there. It was never-ending knowledge from this man.

Both of them made their way to one of the shows which was about constellations, the screen formed into a giant dome so that they could look up and watch.

The room was dark and the atmosphere was almost too cosy, it had Jack nearly falling asleep if it
weren’t for the hand that kept squeezing his thigh every now and then.

They stopped off at a cafe inside the Planetarium and ordered cheesily space-named food before making their way over to one of the tables. “Thank you for today babe, I’ve really enjoyed it”

Jack couldn’t help the heat that built up on his cheeks as he heard Mark say that. “Anything t’ see ya smilin’ Markimoo. I love seein’ ya get so nerdy in here” The older man chuckled, kissing his boyfriend’s cheek and running a hand through his hair.

“Shall we get goin’ then?” Jack asked, letting out a soft yawn as he watched Mark leave the gift shop with a mountain of space-themed goodies in his arms. The American nodded, grinning away to himself as they exited the building and made their way to the car park.

Climbing into the car, Mark looked at over his lover with the biggest of all grins and pulled him in for a well-needed kiss. “I love you, thanks again for this. I really appreciate how much thought you put into this” Laughing gently, Jack playfully punched him in the shoulder and kissed him again. “I love ya too, I’d give any day t’ see ya that happy again”

Raising his eyebrows, the older man gave him a devious look as a smirk formed on his lips. “Well then. Looks like you’ll have to wait until tonight..” Rolling his eyes, Jack let out a fake moan and punched him again.

“God Mark, yer honestly so gross sometimes..”
Homesick

Chapter Summary

Request: Jack getting homesick so Mark plays calm Irish music and makes tea and cuddles to help him feel better

The rain hammered itself hard against the window of the bedroom, thunder causing vibrations to travel harsh through the apartment alongside the harsh crackling of lightning that flashed into the darkness of the room. Jack just sighed and stared out the window, despite the awful weather, it reminded him of his home.

He pulled the blankets tighter around his body and shivered as the bedroom was much colder than usual, probably due to the weather outside. His mind felt heavy and fuzzy, sadness taking over him as homesickness was getting the better of him.

It had been at least a year since Jack had moved to L.A, saying goodbye to the green fields of Ireland to enter the cityscape that was Mark’s home and yet, despite how beautiful Los Angeles was, the sheer difference in appearance made him miss Ireland that little bit more.

Mark entered the room and saw his boyfriend stood by the window, blankets wrapped around his slim body like a robe which made him smirk, walking over to him but stopping in his tracks as he heard Jack heavily sigh. It was almost too clear that there was something wrong.

“You alright Jack?” The American slowly made his way over to him and allowed his arms to wrap around him, pulling him flush against his chest as Jack just shrugged, still staring out the window. “I miss home..”

A sharp pain travelled thick through Mark’s stomach and he let out a soft sigh, kissing the top of Jack’s head and nuzzling into his sweet-smelling hair. “The rain reminded ya, huh?” The younger man nodded, cuddling close to the warmth of his lover.

They stood there in silence, the only sound being the thunderstorm outside as they both looked out and watched it soak the city. Mark couldn’t bare the knowledge of how upset Jack must be, he was hardly ever sad so in times like this, it really got to the older man.

“Wait one second..”

Shifting away from Jack, he went over to grab his phone off the dresser and began to search through his music. A couple seconds later, the soft sound of Irish music filled the room and Mark smirked to himself, setting the phone back down and the heading downstairs.

Jack hadn’t really been fazed and thought that Mark was trying to be funny, his upset was too much though to even crack a smile so he just kept staring out the window.

He heard footsteps return to the room and he felt the American behind him again, this time though, he had a mug in his hands. “It’s tea, I thought you might like some..” Jack gave him a small smile and took the cup off him, kissing his cheek as a way to say thank you.

The older man wrapped his arms around him again and cuddled in close, just staying there for him as
Jack began to sip at his tea. Pressing soft kisses to the back of his neck and nuzzling into him again, the Irishman’s lips quirked, appreciating the efforts he was going to in order to make him feel better.

“I love ya..” Jack whispered, taking another drink of his tea before setting the mug on the window sill. “Thank ya fer tryin’ t’ make me feel better.. I, I appreciate it” Mark smiled sweetly at him and kissed just behind his ear.

“Just hate seeing ya upset..” Mark replied, leaning over to Jack’s face where he kissed him on the lips, hearing the other man sigh contently as their lips made contact.

“I’ll feel better soon, how can I stay upset when yer here with me?” The American let out a soft chuckle and ran a hand through his hair. “Well if that’s all it takes to make you feel good, I’ll know what to do in future”

Jack let out a small laugh and kissed him again. Even though he struggled to show it, he really did appreciate the small things Mark had done to make him feel less homesick. In a way though, when was with Mark, this place really did feel like he was at home.

Maybe staying in L.A wouldn’t be so bad afterall.
“What even is this, Mark?” Jack asked, his eyebrows knitted together in confusion as he saw the strange programme that his boyfriend had decided to put on the television. “Are you kidding me? It’s Bill Nye the Science Guy!”

Beginning to laugh, Jack couldn’t help his amusement at Mark’s obsession with Bill Nye, cuddling in closer to him as he settled in to watch it regardless of how funny it seemed to him. Mark’s hand shifted from resting on his hip to crawling up his shirt, Jack was unfazed though, it was nothing new. The fingers traced his skin lightly, drawing shapes as they dared go higher to his ribs, Jack shifted slightly since that area was kind of ticklish and he wasn’t in the mood to get tickled. Mark noticed this though and he smirked deviously. “You ticklish, Jack?”

Frowning, the Irishman looked up at Mark with a concerned expression. “…Yes?” Jack regretted his answer though as almost immediately, he felt the fingers dig into his ribs, causing the younger man to squeal and pull away from him.

“Mark! You douchebag!” Unfazed by Jack’s annoyance, Mark pounced onto him and pulled up his shirt, starting to tickle at his sides and stomach which earned more laughs from the man beneath him. “Stop! Mark stop!”

Laughing alongside him, the older man refrained from stopping and continued to tickle his boyfriend, Jack attempting and failing to push him off him. The tickles to his sides made him weak as his laughter came hard and loud from his mouth.

Feeling like he was losing the fight, Jack looked up at his lover with frustration and tried to find an escape route from beneath his body but it seemed inevitable that he was trapped in this tickling trap. That was though, until an idea hatched in his mind.

Jack stared at Mark’s neck and smirked since he knew how ticklish that area of him was, reaching one of his hands up before sticking his fingers right into the side of it. Mark yelped and stopped for a short moment as he turned his head in an attempt to stop the sensations from Jack’s fingers.

“You asshole! My only weakness!”

The Irishman giggled and continued to tickle at his neck, Mark retaliating by doing the same to his ribs until they were both a huge mess of laughs and hard panting since they were getting tuckered out by the tickle fight.

Mark was the first one to stop, collapsing onto the floor with his face bright red and sweaty from the exertion that came from their play fighting. Jack looking down at him with a smirk on his face as he too shared the same exhaustion.

“Are ya fuckin’ done now?” The younger man asked, panting as he sat up on the sofa and ran a hand through his hair before pulling down his hitched up shirt. Mark just rolled his eyes and climbed
back up to join him, grabbing the Irishman and plonking him on his lap.

Taken aback slightly by the sudden change in his lover’s behaviour, Jack saw it as another attempt to start tickling him and tried to crawl off but the American had a tight grip on his hips, meaning he was trapped. “Please stop, I’m tired now Mark”

“Who said I was gonna tickle ya?” Pulls him in for a soft kiss and smirks deviously in his direction, causing Jack’s cheeks to heat up and become just as red as they were previously.

They kissed for a long time afterwards. Maybe it was just the adrenaline that had built up in their bodies after their fight, or maybe it was how delirious they were with exhaustion. But there was no doubt, their kisses felt good.
Confession

Chapter Notes

Request: Could you do one where Jack confesses what he thinks of Mark and how he's always wanted to confess his love for him while he thinks Mark is asleep. But, Mark ends up hearing the whole thing and teases him the next day about it :3

The room was comfortably quiet, safe for the soft sound of Mark breathing as he slept peacefully in his bed, by his side sat Jack, watching him with admiration.

His hand moved toward him, running fingers through his hair and appreciating how soft it felt through his fingertips. Mark’s face was so content and it was clear to see how deep in sleep he was.

Jack let out a heavy sigh, a small smile on his face as he loved seeing Mark like this. Completely innocent, lost to the world as he dreamed away. It was the one thing that Jack felt like he'd never get tired of watching. Mark Fischbach sleeping was the most beautiful thing in the world.

Shifting his hand away from his hair, Jack placed it on his lap and leaned forward, it was unfortunate that Mark had no idea how the Irishman felt about him. That their years together had blossomed love in Jack toward the older man.

Mark moved slightly and let out a small groan, obvious now that he was dreaming and that made Jack giggle, he was so oblivious to how he felt it sometimes hurt Jack. In a way, he knew that the only way to stop that, would be to admit to him his feelings.

But even thinking of that was terrifying enough to put Jack off even speaking a word of it. So he continued to playfully flirt and make comments in order to make it seem like he had no interest in him, this of course didn’t help his situation.

Looking back over at the American, Jack took in a deep breath and thought that while he was asleep, it was probably the best time to get what had been so heavily cooped up in his chest out.

"You have no idea how beautiful ya are t’ me. Whenever I see yeh, ya make me feel like I’m on top of the world. Yer eyes are fuckin’ gorgeous, yer smile takes my breath away and yer body is t’ die fer. I’d give anythin’ t’ have you as my own Mark..”

Unknowingly to Jack, Mark felt himself be awoken by the sound of speech, though he did not move or open his eyes, it seemed like his friend was in the room with him and from the sounds of it, he was talking to him.

“How I’d love t’ kiss ya on the lips, t’ have yer arms wrapped around me as we sleep t’gether.. I imagine us as a couple, holdin’ hands as we walk through the streets and then sharin’ soft moans as we lie with one another in bed.. What I wouldn’t give t’ have that..”

Mark tried his hardest not to smile, his stomach coming up in knots at the sheer things that were spilling from the Irishman’s mouth, he was completely and utterly coming out to him and he felt too guilty to even let him know he could hear every word he was saying.

“I wish ya felt the same way as me Mark.. Because I really do love you.. I wanna say that t’ya when
yer awake. But I’m too much of a pussy..” Lets out a soft sigh and rubs his hand across the back of his neck, even though he’d gotten it off his chest, it still didn’t feel like enough.

Jack stood up off the bed and looked down at Mark one last time, leaning down to press a small kiss to the side of his temple before exiting the room, deciding that he might as well sleep on the sofa as not to disturb his friend.

Morning came much sooner that either man had anticipated and Mark was the first one to wake up, feeling smug since he’d heard literally everything that Jack had said last night. He waltzed down the stairs and went over to Jack who was asleep on the couch, nudging him gently until he’d woken him.

“Oh.. Hey” Jack mumbled, beginning to rub sleep out of his eyes as he slowly sat up, the sheets falling off him to expose his bare chest, Mark made an effort not to stare.

“Hey, you sleep well?”

Shrugging, the Irishman ran a hand through his hair and yawned, glancing up at his friend with a hazy smile. Mark looked on and smirked, sitting down on the sofa beside him. “Thanks for the kiss last night by the way”

The younger man froze in place and he slowly stared up at Mark, his eyes bulging out of their sockets and a strong red blush growing on his cheeks. “Oh yeah, I did happen to hear everything last night too..” Jack didn’t know what to say, embarrassment had gotten the better of him.

“Are.. Are ya mad?”

Letting out a small laugh, Mark moved a little closer to him and rested a hand on Jack’s, smirking away at him as he let smugness overtake him. “Why would I be mad? I think it’s pretty cute that you like me.. Or should I say love me..” Squeezes his hand, shifting closer.

“I.. Um…” To stop Jack from stuttering and embarrassing himself more, the American leaned forward and pressed a light kiss to Jack’s lips, causing the man’s breath to hitch as he again froze in position. Obviously shocked by what had just happened.

Mark moved away and smiled sweetly at him, running his other hand through the Irishman’s greying hair before pulling him in for another kiss, this time Jack reciprocating and returning the kiss which lead to it lasting longer.

When they did eventually pull apart, Jack’s face was extremely flushed and he was little bit short for breath. “So uh.. Does this mean.. Are we?..” To put the poor man out of his misery, Mark simply nodded and kissed him again.

“I’d be happy to call you my boyfriend, Jack”
Truth Or Dare

Chapter Notes

Request: How about Jack, Mark, and their friends playing truth or dare and they both find out they like each other. Fluff plz!

You’re up Mark! Truth or Dare?”

Mark looked over at Wade and let out a heavy sigh, he hated it when it was his turn to be called on in games such as this. He took pleasure in making everyone else do his hideous dares or funny truths. So when it was his turn, he always despised it.

“Yes, I’ll go for a dare” The American said nonchalantly, running a hand through his hair in order to fix it while he wore a smug expression since he knew that Wade was bad when it came to coming up with dares, especially when he was drunk too.

Bob and Jack conversed between themselves, trying to guess what Wade had in store for him, Mark just glared at them both since they were laughing, it was obvious whatever they were coming up with was humourous.

After about five minutes of thinking, Wade took another sip of beer from his bottle and grinned at Mark. “Alright, I dare you to kiss Jack and ya gotta do it for at least five seconds!”

From across them both, Jack’s face turned bright red when he realised that he was being involved in this dare, he hoped to god that Mark would turn it down.

Being the confident and smug bastard that he was, Mark snorted and crossed his arms across his chest. “Pfft fine, I ain’t no wuss. I’ll do it” Looks over at Jack, seeing the annoyed expression displayed on his face, but the booze was telling him not to care.

Jack let out a heavy sigh and stood up from where he was sat on the floor, seating himself next to his friend and glaring at him since he wasn’t overly happy that he was being forced to do this when it was Mark’s dare.

“Me and Bob will count and if ya don’t keep to five seconds, ya gotta do a forfeit! Both of ya!”

Both men groaned pitifully and looked at one, they heard the countdown from three and both readied themselves for what was about to happen. Jack was blushing ridiculously more than he should have and if anything, Mark couldn’t give more of a damn right now with how drunk he was.

As soon as Bob and Wade had counted down, Mark leaned in and pressed his lips to the younger man’s, Jack deciding that he might as well play along and returning the kiss. But as both their friends started counting up to five, it became apparent that actually, this wasn’t as bad as they’d anticipated.

Jack’s lips felt deliriously soft and tasted sweet from his whiskey, Mark’s were rough and tasted bitter from his beer. But in all, the taste compared with how their lips felt, was enough to make them melt into the kiss.

The American had been aware for a while that his feelings toward Jack hadn’t always been friendly,
there had always been that desire to have him as more than just a friend, but he’d kept that locked up in his mind, not daring to let it out in fear of how the younger man would react.

The feeling had been mutual on Jack’s part too, he’d desired this moment for quite a while. To feel Mark’s lips on his own and now that it was happening, a small part of him was begging that they didn’t have to part.

Sneakily, Mark slid his tongue past his own lips and began to graze it against Jack’s, the other man not helping the moan that escaped him as the sheer sensation had pleasure buzzing through him. But just as he was about to respond, Wade and Bob had counted up to five.

They both parted and looked away from each other, gasping for air as they’d forgot to breath as the idea of them both kissing had gotten the better of them. Jack smiled awkwardly at him and slowly stood up, going back to his place next to Bob.

Mark got up and walked over to Jack, hinting for him to join him. “Me and Jack are gonna go get more booze from the kitchen” The Irishman did as he was told and accompanied him to the kitchen, out of their friends’ sight.

“So um. That was uh.. Fun” Mark managed to say, biting down on his lower lip as he leaned against the kitchen counter, finding it difficult to look at the other man. “Heh, yeah.. I guess it was” The man kin question replied, bending down to look in the fridge for more bottles.

He grabbed a couple and slammed the door shut, setting them down on the kitchen table before facing Mark. “I gotta be honest here Mark. That kiss, it kinda.. It kinda made me feel somethin’ yah know”

Brown eyes glancing up at him, Mark couldn’t help the smile that found its way onto his face. “I’m gonna just go on a limb and say so did I.. I have liked you for a while Jack, I just didn’t know how to say it” The Irishman swallowed thickly and moved in closer to him, resting a hand awkwardly on his chest.

“I’ve liked yeh fer a while too.. It’s not until t’night that I actually felt like I could tell ya”

Smirking at him, the older man wrapped his arms around Jack’s waist and pulled him in close to his body, Jack gasping at the sudden contact.

“Should we give it a shot then?” Jack looked up at him, his eyebrows furrowing for a short second as he didn’t know what he meant. “Give what a shot?” Mark rolled his eyes, pulling him in for a small kiss. “Us, we should give it a shot”

Blushing lightly, Jack stared down at the polished floor before returning his eyes to Mark. “Yeah, I’d like that..” Mark just chuckled, kissing him once again before he heard their friends calling for them.
Bad Mood

Chapter Notes

Request: Could you please do one where Mark suddenly lashes out at Jack for no particular reason because he's in a really bad mood, but then feels really bad so him and Jack just cuddle to both relax :3

Mark slammed his fist down the desk for the last time, he threw his controller across the room and let out a loud yell of frustration, it took all his willpower not to let his computer hit the wall as he took in deep breaths and turned it off.

That had to be, the most rage-inducing playthrough of ‘I Am Bread’ that Mark had ever played. His blood was boiling in his veins and his head pounded from the anger he’d experienced. This was one game, that really knew how to get on Mark’s bad side.

Standing up from his chair and grabbing his stuff, the American stormed out of the room and didn’t even bother to say goodbye to the Grumps, his anger was too immense to make social interaction with people right now.

The drive home was definitely risk-induced, with his bad mood serving him to drive faster to get home as quick as possible, it meant he ran several stop lights and even nearly made a wrong turn. It wasn’t like he cared though, right now, everything was dead to him.

He pulled up at the apartment complex and slammed his car door harshly as he exited the vehicle, making his way into the building and continuously running his hands through his hair as a way to distract him from punching a wall on his way to the elevator.

Jack was home of course, that was the last thing that Mark wanted right now, to have his lover who had probably made them dinner and had been waiting all day for him to get back be there while he was in this state. The anger hadn’t even subsided and if anything, it was made worse by thinking that he’d have to pretend to be calm for Jack.

Opening the door of their apartment, the older man let out a heavy sigh when he felt footsteps thunder down the stairs, obvious that Jack was coming down to see him.

He slammed the door behind him and dumped his stuff on the sofa, slumping over to the kitchen where he noticed that he was indeed right about Jack making them dinner.

“Hey Mark, how was work?” Jack asked, his Irish voice as perky and happy as ever as he wandered over to him and hugged him from behind. Mark just stilled and tensed up his body, he wasn’t really in the mood for this kind of affection.

Noticing his boyfriend become uncomfortable under his touch, Jack backed away and looked at him in confusion. “Everything alright? You seem upset..”

Mark turned around to face him, his face contorted into the foulest of expressions. “I’m perfectly fine, why do you even care?!” He spat, making the Irishman step even further back, hurt by Mark’s harsh tone.
“Mark...?” The younger man said weakly, trying to hold back the tears that were building up in his eyes. He’d never seen him this angry before. It was obvious something had upset him.

The American let out an annoyed groan and tried to storm out of the kitchen but Jack attempted to block him, that was though, until Mark shoved him hard in the chest and pushed him out of the way. Jack fell hard into the kitchen counter, gasping as he hurt his hip.

Hearing him gasp, Mark stopped in his tracks and slowly turned around, a sharp pain building up in his chest as he’d just realised what he’d just done. He’d hurt Jack.

“Babe.. I... I’m so sorry” His vision blurred as tears filled his eyes, spilling down his cheeks as he grabbed his boyfriend and pulled him into a tight hug, Jack also began to cry, hiding his face in Mark’s chest as it had been a real shock seeing him act that way.

“I... I don’t know what came over me. I’m so sorry Jack, I promise I won’t ever do that to you.. Ever again”

The younger man lifted his head to look up at his lover and sniffed loudly, cuddling in close to his body. “I believe ya... Jus’ please, tell me what made ya act like that..”

Embarrassment and guilt filled the other man as he came to think what had even made him lash out, he let out a soft sigh and ever so carefully said. “I was playing ‘I Am Bread’ at work and it got me so mad.. I just couldn’t help it.. I’m really sorry Jack” The Irishman stepped away from him, but luckily he seemed to be smiling.

“Yer tellin’ me. That the reason ya slammed me int’ the counter, was because yeh couldn’t beat a feckin’ video game?”

Mark stared down bashfully at the floor and nodded his head, his attention soon caught though by the sound of Jack laughing. “Yer a fuckin’ idiot ya know that?” Beginning to laugh too, Mark walked up to his boyfriend and wrapped his arms around him, kissing the top of his head.

“I might be an idiot.. But I’m your idiot” Jack laughed again and shook his head, deciding to snuggle in close to him again.

Despite their ups and downs, they both knew that there was nothing, not even a stupid game, that was going to come between them.

So take that ya dumb piece of bread.
Wandering into the kitchen after an extremely long night with Mark, the Irishman let out a loud yawn and sat himself down at the breakfast bar, wiping sleep out of his eyes as he heard his boyfriend enter behind him, humming a song to himself.

“Jeez, you look rough” Mark bluntly said, going over to the cupboards to such around for some cereal since both of them weren’t really in the mood for a cooked breakfast. “It’s yer fault, ya kept me up all night."

Mark smirked to himself, reaching up to grab a box of ‘Lucky Charms’ and setting it down on the counter. “It was fun though, right?” He heard a grunt from across the room and that made him laugh, going over to the dishwasher to grab two bowls for them.

“Come on, I gotta say that was the best sex we’ve had so far” Again, the younger man just grunted while attempting to stay conscious since he still felt completely exhausted. He envied the way that Mark was just bounding about the kitchen without a care in the world.

He joined him at the breakfast bar and set down the two bowls, handing Jack a spoon as he sat himself down. “Look, I got you your favourite cereal”

Noticing it was ‘Lucky Charms’, Jack just glared at him and punched him gently in the shoulder, beginning to eat and hoping the high sugar content in this cereal would give him an energy boost.

They both ate in silence, much to Mark’s disappointment since he kind of wanted to talk about their antics last night. He always loved reminiscing over his and Jack’s sexual endeavours with him but right now, it seemed that Jack wasn’t really in the mood.

“You wanna talk about last night?” The Irishman put his spoon down in his bowl and looked over at his lover with a disdained expression on his face. “I’d rather not talk about how gay we were last night. I’m still tryin’ t’ work out how my ass is still intact”

This made the older man chuckle and he kissed the side of Jack’s head, going back to eating his cereal before a smirk planted itself on his face, an idea hatching in his mind. “I mean.. I think you were the gayest out of both of us” Jack lifted his head up, the face he pulled seemed to disagree.

“Hey, there’s nothing wrong with that. In fact.. If you were gay, that’d be okay I mean ‘cause hey. I’d like you anyway!”

Dropping his spoon against the countertop so it made a loud clattering noise, Jack looked over at Mark with eyes wide as he realised what he was singing. “Don’t you fuckin’ dar–”

“If you were queer, ah Jack, I’d still be here!”

Rolling his eyes, Jack glared at his boyfriend as he shoved at his chest, trying to get him to stop.
“I’m happy just being here with you, so why should it matter to me what you do in bed with guys?”

Feeling his cheeks begin to flush with embarrassment, the Irishman tried his hardest to ignore him, covering his ears with his hands and making loud noises but it seemed that Mark still wasn’t done.

“You can count on me to always be beside you every day, to tell you it’s okay, you were just born that way. And as they say, it’s in your DNA, you’re gay!”

Jack realised that the singing had stopped and slowly moved his hands away from his ears, letting out a huffed sigh as he glanced over at the American and tried his hardest not to smirk since he was trying to give an annoyed facade even though, it had actually been quite amusing.

“Yer a fuckin’ doof, I swear t’ god” Mark giggled and leaned over to him, pressing a kiss to his lips and grinning away to himself since he felt quite smug that he’d managed to tease Jack and get a reaction out of him.

Getting up from the breakfast bar and taking both their bowls to the sink, Jack began to wash them when he suddenly felt Mark behind him, squeezing his ass unexpectedly which had the the Irishman gasping in surprise.

“And as they say, it’s in your DNA, you’re gay”

The older man whispered in his ear, squeezing his ass one more time before Jack looked behind him at his idiot of a boyfriend. “I fuckin’ hate you”

They both laughed and shared a kiss. It didn’t matter how much they sung though, because it was quite obvious. They were really gay.
Heights

Chapter Notes

Request: Can you do a thing where Mark takes Jack like skydiving or somewhere really high not knowing of Jacks fear of heights?

Mark knew exactly when he’d made his mistake. The second that he’d removed the blindfold from off Jack’s face and the expression that contorted as soon as he saw his surroundings. It was almost too obvious, that where he’d decided to take Jack, was a bad idea.

“What in the lovin’ fuck are we doin’ Mark?!”

The Irishman looked around in panic, his eyes bulging out of his head and his chest heaving as he began to hyperventilate. Mark attempted to calm him down, grabbing his shoulders and trying to keep him from running away. “I.. I thought this would be a nice surprise..?”

Giving Mark the most distraught facial expression he’d ever seen, it that caused a cold shiver to travel down the older man’s spine as it became apparent to him. “Please don’t tell me. You’re afraid of heights aren’t you?” Jack just nodded, swallowing thickly as fear rose up in his throat.

“And of course, ya just had t’ take me t’ a fuckin’ bungee jumpin’ place. Yer fuckin’ hopeless Mark” Jack exclaimed, rolling his eyes and trying to keep himself calm as people were now staring at him after his shouting earlier.

The older man stared down at the ground, feeling a bit embarrassed that he’d been stupid enough to take his boyfriend somewhere that literally spelled out his worst fears. They were currently at the set-up area when Mark had decided to take his blindfold off and of course the set-up area, had to be on the base of a cliff.

“I’m really sorry Jack, I had no idea..”

Noticing Mark’s upset, the younger man wandered over to him and took his face into his hands, pulling him down for a small kiss and watching as the other man’s face lit up at the contact made against his lips. He smiled, pulling away from him and looking back at the other people who were getting ready.

“You wanna go home then?” He asked, running a hand through his lover’s short hair and still smiling at him. Jack shrugged, feeling a small amount of confidence and guilt since it seemed apparent Mark had already paid for them. “We might as well..”

Mark’s eyes bulged out of his head, surprised to hear that Jack was actually considering doing this. “We really don’t have to ya know, I can get my money back an–” The Irishman put his hand over his mouth and shook his head.

“Let’s just get this over and done with”
Chapter Notes

Request: Mark and Jack get stuck in the house together after a massive storm blows over.

“Nope, we’ve definitely lost power” Mark exclaimed, walking back into the living room with a torch in his hand and a blanket wrapped around his body. He wandered over and joined Jack who was sat on the sofa, also covered in a large amount of blankets, shivering away as it was freezing in the apartment.

They both looked out of the window at the violent snowstorm going on outside, it was only February and yet, it might as well be December in Ireland with how harsh the storm was. Mark crawled under the covers with Jack and cuddled in close to him, he too was extremely cold.

“Fuck this weather man, this is bullshit” The Irishman mumbled under the layers of blankets, resting his head on his boyfriend’s shoulder and trying to steal as much heat as possible from him.

Mark sighed and nodded his head, he could literally see his breath now it was so cold, they’d go outside and to a friend’s house to escape the conditions but roads had been closed as a result of how bad the storm was. Him and Jack were well and truly trapped.

Unable to take the frost nipping at his nose, Jack slipped his head under the covers and let out a sigh as it was reasonably warm under there, especially since Mark happened to just emit warmth like a heater so it helped when it was as cold as this.

The American noticed his lover’s disappearance and laughed when he realised he was beneath the blankets, deciding to join him and giggling when he saw that Jack was on his phone, treating it like it was something normal. “Comfy?”

Jack looked up at him and smiled, putting his phone down before he nodded at him enthusiastically. “Couldn’t be better” Mark just laughed again and pulled the younger man closer to him, their foreheads resting against each other as they looked into one another’s eyes.

“D’ya know how cheesy this is?” The Irishman whispered, smirking at his boyfriend as he curled his body more into his, appreciating the heat he received as he did so. Rolling his eyes, Mark just chuckled and leaned in to kiss him.

They parted and smiled sweetly at one another, the only sound being their breathing and the harsh wind from outside. “Your lips are freezing” The older man giggled, kissing him again and watching as Jack started giggling too. “Maybe ya should kiss them some more, so they get warm”

“Is that a challenge?” The American joked, shifting his arms so that he could place his hand behind Jack’s head and pull him in close to his face and kiss him deeply, the other man letting out a gentle sigh as it felt good when they got intimate like this.

Both men continued to kiss until it became apparent of how uncomfortably warm it was getting under the covers, Mark had to wipe the sweat off his brow and Jack was feeling the humidity as his
face went slightly pink.

They emerged from out of the blankets and gasped as the cold air hit their hot faces, relief coming quick to them both.

Soon after they emerged did they both start laughing, the younger man pulling Mark’s sweaty hair out of his face and grinning deviously since he found it funny just how hot his boyfriend got sometimes. “God, lets never do that again”

The Irishman chuckled and nodded his head at him, kissing him on the lips but this time in a more cooler environment. Mark parted and smirked at his lover. “Heh, at least your lips aren’t cold anymore”

Jack just rolled his eyes, cuddling close to Mark and closing his eyes as they sat there in silence, listening to the cold winds outside shake their home but feeling safe as long as they with one another.
As the night passed, both men found themselves getting more and more drunk until it was quite clear how pissed they both were.

The older man was at the bar again while Jack sat at a table not too far away, he was ordering drinks for them both when a tall man approached him, a smirk on his face as he looked the American over.
“Fuck, I’ve gotta say. You’re quite handsome”

Looking over at this figure beside him, Mark’s eyebrows raised and he looked around the room. “You talking to me?” The tall guy chuckled and rested a hand on Mark’s lap. “Of course, who else would I be talking to?” Smiling away to himself, the American kind of liked the attention he was getting.

“Is that so? Don’t think I’ve ever had someone say that to me before..” Mark took a drink of his beer and grinned at the guy, enjoying the fact that his eyes were practically glued onto him. “I guess it’s your lucky day, handsome”

Jack sighed heavily since it was kind of lonely at this table by himself, he wondered where Mark had gotten to and decided to stand up and go look for him. But as he approached the bar, it became apparent he was occupied and Jack’s blood began to bubble in his veins.

The guy’s hand squeezed at the other man’s thigh in a teasing fashion causing Mark to jump in surprise, laughing it off while he sipped of his beer, getting drunker by the second. Jack felt jealousy spike inside him and he rushed over, heart pounding in his chest.

“The fuck is goin’ on?” The Irishman hissed, glaring at both his lover and the guy currently groping his thigh. The tall man realised what was going on, but instead of backing off like the other one, he felt himself angered.

“Who the fuck are you? Go back to your own country ya lousy Irishman”

The anger within Jack heightened and he went over to the other guy, trying to look as intimidating as possible despite the fact he was much shorter than him. “Fuckin’ say that again, asshole”

Mark watched on in surprise at how jealous and protective Jack seemed to be acting, alongside the fact that the guy who’d been flirting with him seemed much more aggressive than he’d let on to him.

“How about I just fucking punch your face instead? Might as well leave a message to all the stupid Irish back in your home country”

His fist raised in the air and immediately adrenaline rushed through the American as he stood up and shoved the other guy away from his lover, standing in front of Jack like he’d done earlier as a way to protect him. “Stay the fuck away from my boyfriend!”

“Boyfriend? You’re actually dating this freak?! Your loss buddy!” Mark stormed toward him and punched the guy square in the face, going back over to Jack and grabbing his hand to lead him out of the bar and escape any more drama that might come from this.

They both finally got home and as soon as the door closed, Mark began to laugh, much to Jack’s confusion since the situation had seemed so serious. “What’s so funny?” The younger man asked, walking up to him and crossing his arms across his chest.

“How about I just fucking punch your face instead? Might as well leave a message to all the stupid Irish back in your home country”

His fist raised in the air and immediately adrenaline rushed through the American as he stood up and shoved the other guy away from his lover, standing in front of Jack like he’d done earlier as a way to protect him. “Stay the fuck away from my boyfriend!”

“Boyfriend? You’re actually dating this freak?! Your loss buddy!” Mark stormed toward him and punched the guy square in the face, going back over to Jack and grabbing his hand to lead him out of the bar and escape any more drama that might come from this.

They both finally got home and as soon as the door closed, Mark began to laugh, much to Jack’s confusion since the situation had seemed so serious. “What’s so funny?” The younger man asked, walking up to him and crossing his arms across his chest.

“Just how cute you were earlier. It was so adorable watching you get all jealous and protective over me. I’ve never seen you like that before”

The Irishman rolled his eyes and let out a soft sigh before he leaned in and pressed a small kiss to his lips, exasperated with his partner for even getting amused that he’d tried to intimidate the guy. “I’ve never seen ya punch a guy like that befer, I’m sure yah broke his nose”

Mark just shrugged, he didn’t really care if he’d broke his nose or smashed his whole face in, that guy was being offensive toward his boyfriend and he wasn’t just going to let him walk away. “He
deserved it, so don’t worry too much” Jack smiled, kissing him again before taking hold of his hand and leading him to the bedroom.

“Um, Jack. What are we doing?”

“Me and you are gonna have celebratory drunk sex and ya better fuckin’ like it” How could Mark not like it, when Jack initiated their bedroom antics. It always made it ten times better. “Oh trust me.. I will”
Forgotten

Chapter Notes

Request: Jack and Mark are married for 3 months, but one day Jack has an accident and loses all of his memories of Mark. Jack gains his memories when Mark is about to give up on Jack and they live happily ever after.

“Jack! Jack can you hear me?!”

Cracking his eyes open, the Irishman looked around at his surroundings but struggled to focus as his vision constantly warped between clear and blurry. He groaned as his whole body ached and he found himself unable to move. Like his body was increduously heavy.

He slowly looked over and saw Mark in the driver’s seat beside him, he was passed out and had blood pouring from a large gash on the top of his head. Jack tried to reach out for him but he was reminded of his weak limbs. “Mark...” Says with a croak, his head thumping at the sound of his own voice.

“I can’t wait t’ go on this camping trip!” Jack chirped happily, climbing into the passenger seat of Mark’s car as he buckled himself in and grinned away to himself, unable to contain his excitement.

Mark just laughed at him and got into the car beside him, putting his keys into the ignition and starting it up, the sheer rev of the engines had the Irishman bouncing up and down like a giddy child.

They began their journey toward a small forest not far from the city, they had been planning on camping for at least a month now and finally it was happening. It had been Jack’s favourite past time as a child to go camping and now that he was finally doing it with Mark, his excitement had accelerated through the roof.

The car drove itself onto the highway and Mark sped up the car, the younger man cheering as they increased in speed, deciding to open the window and stick his head out for comical effect which had the other man laughing. Slowing down though as they drew closer to a small red car.

For at least an hour, they were stuck behind this car and it was beginning to ruin the couple’s anticipation of the journey. Instead, it had become tedious and impatient, especially for Jack since he was so looking forward to this trip.

Out of nowhere though, the car began to speed up and this caused both men to call out in relief, increasing speed as Mark knew that they weren’t far from the forest now. But just as the red car had sped up, did it suddenly break and that’s when the American panicked.

Unable to stop the car as his foot slammed down on the break, the two men suddenly became very aware that they were about to crash. They screamed out in fear as Mark’s car got closer and closer until suddenly the loud thunk of metal against metal filled the air, the vehicles colliding violently and throwing both Mark and Jack forward.

“Jack! Please wake up! Please!”

As brightness began to fill his vision, Jack opened his eyes and stared up at what he assumed to be a
ceiling. The strong smell of disinfectant filled his nose and the stinging brightness of a white room caught his attention, he could hear a heart monitor beside him and at that moment. He knew he was in a hospital.

“Jack? Oh Jack, you’re awake. Thank god” Hearing a voice beside him, the Irishman turned his head and looked up to see a man sat in a chair beside his bed. Confusion filled him though as he couldn’t decipher who they were. To him, they were a complete stranger.

The man leaned forward, attempting to touch Jack’s face which the younger man was having none of, he flinched away and stared at the man in confusion, watching as his face faltered. “Jack..? It’s me, Mark. What’s wrong?”

Looking around the room and then back at the stranger sat at his bedside, Jack couldn’t help but feel frightened of this guy. “I don’t know anyone called Mark.. Who are you?” The man known as Mark sat back in surprise and his eyes widened.

“You.. You don’t remember me?”

The Irishman shook his head and tried to sit up, gasping though as a sharp pain shot itself through his head, reaching up to touch it and realising it was bandaged. “No, I don’t.. Could ya tell me what happened?”

There was silence in the room despite the machines beeping next to Jack before Mark spoke again. “We were in a car crash.. You suffered severe concussion and were in a coma for about two days.. Looks like it was more than just concussion though” Mark’s voice was upset and it seemed he was having a hard time holding back tears.

“Excuse me..” The American stood up and began to cry, exiting the room and leaving Jack alone to his thoughts. Whoever that guy was, he must have known Jack in some way.

As it turned out, the younger man came to learn that he’d suffered minor amnesia as a result of his concussion and that the guy known as Mark was apparently his husband. But it was difficult to accept such a fact when he hardly knew the guy, if he was who he said he was, he’d need convincing.

He took him to his apartment where he apparently lived and let him get comfy, the whole situation was incredibly awkward since he didn’t really want to live with a stranger. “I know this is gonna take some time, but I’ll give you your space..”

The guy known as Mark seemed nice enough, not to mention the fact that he was quite handsome. Not that he’d say that to him though since to Jack, they hardly knew each other. The Irishman got himself settled in the spare bedroom and looked around, it did seem slightly recognisable.

A week passed and over that time, Jack found himself regaining memories of the apartment, but none of them were consisted of him and Mark. The American had found himself falling into a depression, the man he called his lover was so distant now.

They could no longer touch one another, they spoke to one another like colleagues instead of as husbands and even when they spoke, Jack was awkward and shy. Hardly making the effort to listen to the stories that Mark had to offer him about their past together.

Two weeks went by and still, there was no improvement. Jack had remembered most things about his life such as his Youtube career, some of his friends including Bob and Wade which had Mark deliriously jealous due to the fact he’d still not regained his memories of him.
“Mark, I’m not sure if I’m comfortable livin’ here with ya anymore.. It’s nothin’ against ya, it’s jus’.. I can’t live with a stranger”

The American sighed heavily and ran a hand through his hair, trying to hold back the tears that were building up in his eyes. “I understand. I’ll buy you a ticket back to Ireland and help you pack your things” Jack smiled, appreciating the man’s generosity.

“Thank ya, I really appreciate it” Mark tried his hardest not to burst into tears as he logged onto his laptop to order the ticket for Jack. It seemed like this was the end for them. In a way, they were breaking up.

Mark booked a plane for Jack that would leave tomorrow morning, it would give him enough time to get his things and go on his way to the airport. It still hurt but the older man needed to realise that Jack didn’t love him anymore. It was just unfortunate circumstances.

That night, Jack tossed and turned in bed. His mind was a mess and he was finding it difficult to sleep. There was this nagging thought in the back of his head that was telling him not to leave, but at the same time, he couldn’t live with a man he hardly knew.

When he closed his eyes, his brain began to wander and he began to reminisce about Mark, how handsome and nice he was. He was going to miss him, but to live with a guy who he had once loved yet couldn’t remember loving. It was just too awkward.

Suddenly, a memory flashed in his mind. It was the image of him and Mark kissing and it made the Irishman sit up quickly in bed, gasping hard as it had frightened him. As he shut his eyes again, another memory came up of them in bed together and a blush appeared on his cheeks.

This continued on long into the night and when Jack finally did fall asleep, there was denying that his memories of Mark were growing stronger by the minute.

Morning came and Mark had forced himself to get out of bed to say goodbye to the man he’d only married three months ago. His chest ached and his eyes had been stinging from a long night of crying, he heard the creak of footsteps down the stairs and watched as Jack wandered down them.

Their eyes met but instead of Jack giving him that same distant look of confusion, the Irishman ran over and hugged him tightly, causing the older man to freeze in place. “J-Jack?”

Looking up at the other man, Jack smiled and pulled him down for a small kiss, again just confusing Mark more. “I remember you..” He whispered, Mark’s face lighting up as tears of joy spilled down his cheeks.

“Oh Jack! You’re back!”

Picking him up in his arms, he wrapped his arms around his lover and kissed his passionately on the lips. They both started laughing, tears still falling but they were happy. “I love you so fucking much!”

Jack wiped at his eyes and smiled widely, kissing his husband again and trying not to sob too loudly. “I love ya too, I’m so sorry I forgot about ya.. I promise I won’t let that ever happen again” They hugged once again, embrace incredibly tight but either man cared.

“I’m glad you’re back again Jack”

“As am I Mark, as am I..”
“Oh god..” Jack moaned softly, shifting up higher against the sofa as Mark continued to press kisses and nip at his collarbones, teasing touches to his sides which had the younger man keening and gasping like a whore.

It just so happened that both men had been out drinking until past midnight and have both found themselves horny and craving each other. Mark especially since it was like him to get easily turned on after a couple drinks.

The American pulled away for a short moment to catch his breath while admiring the man beneath him, his hands ran their way up Jack’s hoodie and smirked when he heard the Irishman curse under his breath. Their eyes made contact and both men smirked.

His hands snaked up toward his chest where they began to teasingly stroke at his nipples, Jack having to bite down on his lower lip as a way to keep the noises that dared escape him trapped in his throat. To distract himself, he leaned forward and began to press kisses to the side of Mark’s neck.

“Oh fucking hell..”

Mark just so happened to moan which had the younger man looking on at him with a confused expression. He’d only kissed his neck and yet the noises he made sounded like he was close to coming in his pants. Jack smirked, realising his boyfriend’s situation.

“Sensitive neck?” The Irishman queried which only earned him a grunt from the other man, Jack took this as a yes and decided to tease his lover again. Leaning in to press soft kisses to his neck and then nibbling gently on the tanned flesh, Mark again moaned, causing Jack to get harder in his jeans.

They parted for a short second for Mark to take off his boyfriend’s hoodie before he moved his head against his chest and began to suck on one of his nipples, Jack whined softly and threw his head back, trying to fight against the pleasure building up and causing his cock to jump within his boxers.

He pushed the older man off him and began to bite harshly at his neck, sucking rough in order to create hickey’s which had Mark moaning loudly at the sensation it brought. “If ya keep doing that, I’m gonna come..”

Hearing his words, a devious smile appeared on the Irishman’s face as he increased the intensity at which he bit at his neck. Mark grunted again and decided that if this was where Jack was taking it, he might as well get him off as well.

Rough thumbs grazed hard against his nipples and Jack cried out in the pleasure it brought, breathing out hot and heavy before he could return to giving his lover those teasing hickey’s. His teeth bit down harshly and sucked, tasting the American and smirking as he carried on making noise every time he did it.

Only after ten minutes were both men panting and nearing their orgasms, Mark was now pinching
and twisting at his lover’s nipples while Jack had started to increase the harshness at which he bit at Mark’s neck. Loving the moans he earned from him since they were so rare for him to hear.

“I’m gonna come..” Jack whispered after another two minutes, his breaths coming in and out sharply as a familiar bubbling sensation started in his lower abdomen. The older man pinched and twisted at his nipples hard and fast, causing the Irishman to yelp and gasp as arousal flew thick to his dick.

He came hard in his boxers, but not before he bit down hard in the junction between Mark’s shoulder and neck, that area the most sensitive so it immediately caused the American to lose it. Also coming thick into his pants while he grunted loudly, rutting his hips against Jack’s thigh as he rode out his orgasm.

They both collapsed on the sofa and looked at one another with smirks on their faces. The older man’s neck stung painfully thanks to the hickeys his lover had planted on it, in a way though, it did amuse him that Jack had found one of his sweet spots.

“Gonna have t’ remember t’ kiss yer neck now, fer the next time we have sex” Jack joked, looking up at his lover with a devious grin while the other man just giggled at him.

“Heh, you better not forget then..”
Missing You

Chapter Notes

Request: After a con, when Jack is back home in Ireland, he starts to feel lonely. He starts texting Mark, starting by sending him an ’I miss you :('. Mark starts texting back, trying to cheer Jack up, but little does he know that Jack is crying on the other end because he misses being able to physically speak with Mark. Maybe Jack confesses his love in a fit of sadness?

It was days like this that Jack really felt alone. He’d just arrived back in Ireland from a long weekend at Pax Prime and now that he was home, met with the harsh emptiness of his apartment. Jack had begun to remember one of the reasons why he loved going to conventions so much.

The Irishman set his suitcase down on the floor and immediately went into his bedroom and collapsed onto his bed, sighing softly and taking in a huge breath as the covers smelt of home and gave him comfort. It didn’t do anything to subside his loneliness, but it for sure made him appreciate home.

Rolling onto his back and adjusting his pillows so that he was comfortable, Jack pulled out his phone and realised that he’d received a text from Mark. A small pain formed in his stomach as he felt it twist and turn into knots. Mark was one person who he was missing terribly.

“How are you? Did you get back alright? xx”

Mark was one to send kisses on the end of his texts, others thought it was weird that he did it even with friends but it was one of those small things that Jack really appreciated.

“I miss you :(“

“Awww, I miss you too man :( We’ll see each other soon though xx”

The thing was, there was no more conventions that Jack was due to go to this year and that meant that he wouldn’t see the American until at least next year and that scared the shit out of him. The sheer idea was enough to have tears forming in his eyes.

“Soon is next year Mark. That’s a long time tbh.”

“Try not to think about it too much. You’ll upset yourself xx”

Jack was way past upsetting himself now, he could see his vision getting blurry as the tears happened to pool in his eyes, one escaping and falling down his cheek. He let out a heavy sigh and sniffed loudly, deciding to reply to him.

“Too late for that. Already crying.”

“Please don’t cry Jack :( Come on, think about how fun Pax was xx”

He had to admit, this year’s Pax was pretty fun. There had been a vast amount of fans there to see them and he’d got to see all this internet friends including Felix and Ken who he’d never met before.
Seeing them both had really made up for how short the weekend was, but of course, it didn’t amount to seeing Mark again.

“It was fun. But it’s over and I’m alone again. I might as well cry.”

“You’re not alone Jack, I’m talking to you right now. Please don’t cry xx”

“I’m sorry Mark. I’m just really upset. I miss you all so much, especially you.”

There was a long pause between their texts messages as Jack had sent that message, the younger man beginning to panic as he feared that he may have said too much. That was though, until his phone went off again.

“I really miss you too. The entire ride back, you were all I could think about xx”

“Holy shit..” The Irishman whispered as his face went bright red at the idea that Mark had been thinking so intently about him. At the same time though, to think how much the other man had been missing him too, just made him cry harder.

“Without you here. It doesn’t feel the same.”

“Gotta say the same Jack. You light up the room when you’re around xx”

“God you’re making me cry harder. Fuck, I miss you so much”

“You have to pull yourself together. Please? For me? xx”

Letting out a heavy sigh, the younger man wiped his eyes of the tears that streamed from them and stared down at his phone screen, biting down on his lip. Jack wanted to feel better for Mark’s sake, but how could he when was so alone.

“I can’t. Whenever I wait for you to reply, I remember I’m here alone in my apartment.”

“Jack. I’m always going to be here, I won’t ever let you be alone. I promise xx”

Reading those words made Jack’s eyes widen slightly and he breathed in deeply through his nose. He didn’t know why, but something just told him that it was time he let himself be honest with Mark.

“Can I tell you something?”

“Anything, I’m all ears Jackaboy xx”

“I’ve liked you for a while now. I just never considered it as something real. But today, coming back to my apartment and realising how alone I was without you. I knew that my feelings for you. Are in fact, true.”

The replies stopped and there was an eerie chill in Jack’s bedroom as he stared at his phone and after about ten minutes, the Irishman knew that he was being ignored. The idea of Mark turning him down hurt, so much, that Jack couldn’t help it when he began to cry again.

He hid his face in his pillow as he bawled, the tears coming thick and fast from his eyes and soaking the material immediately, not that he cared though, his whole body ached with emotional pain. “I’m such a fuckin’ idiot..” Jack mumbled into his pillow, still crying and hiding his head again.

That was, until the phone went off again.
“Wow. I never really expected that you’d say that to me Jack. I’m sorry I took so long to reply, I just couldn’t type the words. But I have to say, I do like you too. And I mean like a lot xx”

Unable to believe what he’d just read, Jack’s tears suddenly stopped and he grinned widely as a sense of anticipation grew inside him.

“So.. Where do we go from here?”

“I was kind of hoping to ask if you’d like to be my boyfriend tbh :P xx”

Jack threw his phone on his bed and squealed, he wasn’t able to contain himself as it seemed unbelievable what was happening.

“Hehe yes :) I’d love to be your boyfriend Mark.”

“Is it settled then? Is the pact sealed? ;P xx”

“You fucking know it ;) Pact sealed and printed Fischbach.”
Cunnilingus

Chapter Summary

Request: Two things: fem septiplier, and CUNNILINGUS!!!!

Letting out a small gasp, Jack opened her eyes and looked at her girlfriend with a soft smile as she watched her press kisses down her stomach, a devious expression on her face as her hands stroked along her body as she did so, causing shivers to travel thick through her.

“Been a while, huh?” Mark asked, smirking at her before running a hand over Jack’s clothed groin, the girl whining softly when he felt her slender fingers grind against sensitive areas.

Jack just nodded, staring up at the ceiling and breathing in deep through her nose as she tried to keep herself still, letting the older girl do her work as she leaned in close and ran her tongue over the thin material of her underwear, the damp sensation causing her to jerk her hips.

Chuckling, Mark grabbed the hem of her underwear and ever so slowly pulled them down, exposing her lover’s groin in all of its glory while she rubbed herself at the sight, Mark sighing softly at the arousal that travelled through her.

She crawled back on top of Jack and shifted her head up close to her chest, her hands taking hold of her breasts and squeezing gently which had the younger girl squirming beneath her. “Mark..” Jack whimpered, her eyes closed tight as she felt Mark’s breath hot against one of her nipples.

Mark took it into her mouth and began to suck gently, her teeth grazing around the raised nub and her tongue lapping at it in order to tease her. Jack just remained composed despite the desperation to moan aloud.

As she sucked, the American felt Jack begin to rub her fingers against her, letting out small moans of her own from the pleasure given off by the touches and smirking since she felt like getting back at her.

“Want me to eat you out baby?”

She purred, the younger girl nodding quick as anticipation got the better of her, watching as Mark shifted back down and spread her legs apart. Jack bit down on her lip and swallowed thickly, feeling her breath against her groin as she leaned in close.

Her tongue grazed off her clit and Jack swore loudly, throwing her head back and grasping at the bedsheet tight as a way to distract herself. Mark laughed and repeated the action, earning the same reaction.

“St-stop teasin’ me.. Yer evil” Jack mumbled into the pillows beside her, her face flushed red from arousal and her breaths hot and heavy. The older girl took this as an opportunity to lick at her again and then move in increduously close, her tongue shifting near to her hole.

There was a muffled groan above her and Mark smirked, feeling proud that she’d gotten her girlfriend like this. She pressed her tongue deep inside her and then drew out quick, repeating and starting up a pace as she began to fuck Jack with her tongue.
“Oh god yes! Mark harder! Do it harder!”

Jack cried out, hiding the entirety of her face in the pillows now as her lover obliged to her screams, increasing in pace and using her fingers to begin rubbing at her clit at the same time. The younger girl’s legs shook at the pleasure and she squirmed beneath her girlfriend, letting out small moans as she got closer.

“I-I’m gonna come.. Baby ah..” Widening her legs a little wider to give Mark more access to her groin, the other girl appreciated the action and fucked her as a hard as she could with her tongue with her fingers rubbing harsh at her clit.

Screaming out as she came, Jack shook hard and breathed in hard and heavy while her body became weak and heavy as her orgasm had hit her violently. Mark moved away from her crotch and helped her put her underwear back on. Crawling over to where she lay and kissing her cheek gently.

“That feel good baby?” Mark asked, leaning in to press a soft kiss to her lips and laughing as she saw Jack’s face twist in grimace. “Gross, you just ate me out..” The older girl rolled her eyes and ignored her comment, kissing her on the lips again and grinning at her.

“I guess it’s my turn then..”
Hotel Antics

Chapter Notes

Request: Could you do one where Mark and Jack and the cyndago guys are sharing a huge suit, and during one night Jack and Mark get it on annoying the hell out of the cyndago guys, so as revenge, the guys wake up early and call room service to come and clean their room while Jack and Mark are still asleep cuddling naked. Which is quite a surprise for the cleaning lady c:

“Damn, ya guys weren’t kiddin’ when ya said yeh were goin’ all out” Jack exclaimed, looking around at the hotel suite with a surprised expression on his face, eyebrows raised so high they almost blended in with his hairline. Mark and the Cyndago guys laughed at him, it was Jack’s first time in a fancy hotel.

He turned around and looked at them both, a large grin on his face as he jumped up and down on the spot, resembling an excited toddler before he ran over to the bed in the far corner and collapsing onto it. “I call dibs!”

Again, amused by Jack, all three men laughed at him before they found their own beds too. It was just their luck that they’d managed to order a hotel room that had four beds so that each man had their own place to sleep. If only Daniel and Ryan knew though.

Mark and Jack had been very clever about hiding their relationship from their friends and fans, they’d been dating for at least two months now and within that time, the only people that knew about them were their families.

Currently, they were on a trip with the Cyndago guys to Indiana and finally they’d arrived there, deciding that they might as well spill their cash on a fancy hotel to spend their week. Why not? If it meant comfortable accommodation and room service, then they might as well.

They spent the entire day travelling through the streets of Indiana, greeting those who recognised them and treating themselves in classy restaurants and bars that had Jack feeling like he was living the high life. He’d never been so spoilt in his life.

Exhausted by their day out though, they returned the hotel and made their decision to head to bed since they all had the same type of day tomorrow, an early start and then a lot of activities to look forward to. Jack couldn’t wait honestly.

The lights were switched off and the hotel room was plummeted into silent darkness. For around half an hour, both Mark and Jack waited patiently as they wanted Ryan and Daniel to fall asleep. They were aware that Ryan was one to pass out immediately so if anything it was just waiting for Daniel.

When they were sure that they could hear snores that sounded similar to Daniel’s. Mark moved along in his bed and patted the mattress in order to gesture Jack to come over. The Irishman giggling quietly as he climbed out of his own bed and into Mark’s.

“Hey..” Mark said gently, wrapping his arms around his lover with a small smirk on his face as he stared intently into his eyes. Jack did the same and shifted closer, their lips meeting and both men
sighing in content at the contact made.

“I’ve been wantin’ t’ do that all day..”

The Irishman whispered, his hands sneaking up his boyfriend’s shirt and feeling up the toned muscle that lay underneath, biting down on his lip since he couldn’t even believe that this man was actually with him. He was so fucking attractive.

Kissing him again, Mark parted and rested his hands on Jack’s hips, pressing them against his own and still smirking at him. “Wanna mess around?” The younger man smirked, he didn’t need to be asked twice. “Please..”

Mark shifted over to where his suitcase was placed at the side of his bed. As quiet as possible, he unzipped it and searched around inside despite the fact it was difficult to see with the lack of light in the room.

His hand grasped a small tube and he smirked at his boyfriend as he turned to look at him. “Found it..” Moving back into the bed, he showed him it and the Irishman began to giggle, having to cover his mouth with his hands.

“We’re gonna have to be quiet, so shh” Nodding at him, Jack moved so that Mark was above him, he slowly removed his shirt and the younger man stared up at him with admiration. His torso was definitely the Irishman’s favourite part of Mark. His cock throbbing in his sweatpants at the sheer sight.

Hands grabbing at the sweatpants in question, the older man roughly tugged them off and chucked them to the side of the bed so they’d be easy to get later.

Mark was already in his underwear since he happened to sleep like that. The hardness in them noticeable which had Jack biting his lip.

“Like what you see?”

The American whispered, the other man nodding his head as he watched him intently. Mark bent over close to him and kissed him on the lips, his hand edging down toward the bulge in Jack’s boxers where he began to rub at it.

He let out a soft whine when felt his lover’s hand at his groin, squirming away underneath him as he rubbed harshly and squeezed at his hard-on, causing Jack to sigh in arousal as he bit down on Mark’s lip and sucked at it in a teasing fashion.

Moving away from him, Mark looked over for a short moment at the Cyndago guys in their beds and furrowed his eyebrows, squinting as if to see whether or not they were awake. When there was no movement from both of them, Mark went back to kissing his lover.

“Should we get on with ya know what?” Jack asked, looking up at his boyfriend with pupils dilated while he smirked at him, the other man returning the smirk and nodding his head at him. He took the lubricant that he’d grabbed earlier and squirted a hefty amount onto his fingers.

The Irishman’s eyes bulged as he saw how much he’d put on. “Jesus Mark, ya do realise this isn’t my first time” Mark let out a soft chuckle and started pulling down his boxers, Jack’s cock springing out as it found freedom and smacked hard against his stomach.

“Just wanna take precaution, it has been a while..”
His fingers pressed against Jack’s hole and the younger man let out a stifled moan, biting down on his hand as he felt the first digit slip into him effortlessly, much to the older man’s surprise as he looked at him with raised eyebrows. “What? I still do finger maself ya know”

Rolling his eyes, Mark added a second finger and smirked when he felt the entirety of his lover’s body shiver beneath him in reaction to the intrusion, Jack cursing under his breath in his thick Irish drole.

“That feel good?..” Unable to produce words, the Irishman just groaned again in order to respond to him, his eyes closed tight shut now as he felt the fingers thrust in and out of him. Sometimes grazing his prostate and causing fireworks to go off in his abdomen.

Suddenly, there was a distant grunt and Mark stopped in his actions as he feared that one of the guys had woken up. But when he glanced over in their direction, they were still fast asleep in their beds. “D-don’t worry too much okay? They won’t be able t’ see us..”

Nodding his head at him in agreement, the older man fucked his boyfriend harder with his fingers until the other man was on the verge on coming. His breath hitching and his body twitching and convulsing with every thrust.

Mark stopped and carefully pulled the digits out of him, watching as Jack stared up at him with this dazed look in his eyes. He seemed completely out of it.

“Please fuck me.. Fuck me Mark..”

The younger man whimpered with what little strength he had left, widening his legs in front of him and taking his own dick into his hands, jerking himself off as he waited for the American.

Doing as his lover had begged, Mark pulled down his boxers and slicked himself more lube, lining up the head of his cock at Jack’s hole.

He pushed in slowly, Jack taking him in surprisingly easy again since he was already quite stretched. But as he got deeper, it became more apparent that he was tighter than Mark had expected. Hissing through his teeth at the heat that wrapped itself around his length.

As he buried himself deep inside the Irishman, his lidded eyes travelled down to gaze at him and saw the expression on his face. It caused arousal to travel fast through the older man at the sheer sight of him. “Oh god baby..” Mark moaned, beginning to draw himself out and then swiftly back in again.

They picked up a pace that was slow enough to not cause the bed to move too much but just enough that both men were holding back their moans. Jack’s teeth biting deep into his knuckles as Mark began to fuck him harder, the head of his cock catching his sweet spot every time he drew out.

“F-fuckin’ hell Mark.. Ya feel so good..” Smirking at him, the American leaned down and pressed a kiss to his lips. “Same here babe.. I’m having trouble holding myself back” Jack bit down on his lower lip and breathed in deep through his nose as he felt Mark’s thrusts get harder.

Not being able to help it when a couple moans escaped past his lips, instead of telling him to be quiet, Mark welcomed his lover’s horny vocalisation with open arms since it always turned him on hearing him sound like that. “Keep that up and I’m gonna come..”

The pace in which they fucked carried on until Jack came hard onto his and Mark’s stomach, a strained groan falling past his lips as his eyes were squeezed tight trying to hold back the noises threatening to trickle out.
Watching him act like that and then come hard, Mark lost it and shuddered as he felt his load escape him as his orgasm took over. Riding himself through his climax inside of his lover before he pulled out, collapsing on top of him and shocked that he’d managed to do that silently.

Meanwhile, Ryan looked over at Daniel and they shook their heads, the entire time they had been awake and had to fight through the awful noises that came from their friends having sex. They had to admit, they weren’t expecting that Jack and Mark were together. But they’d definitely not expected that they’d end up having sex while they were literally metres away.

Morning came and both Cydago guys had come up with plan to get back at the two guys who’d kept them up all night with their sexual antics. Having escaped the hotel room, they had jokingly asked for room service to come and ‘clean up’ the room.

A older lady knocked on the door for what felt like the tenth time but still she received no answer and thought that they must have been out. She had keys for the room so she unlocked the door and walked in, pulling her cleaning trolley in behind her.

She was met with a reasonably tidy hotel room and looked around in confusion until her eyes caught a rather embarrassing sight. In the bed, in front of her, two men lay completely naked in each other’s arms.

“Oh my..” She babbled, her face turning bright red as she turned away from them and grabbed her trolley, deciding that she probably needed to leave. Her voice must have woken one of them up though, since she heard the sound of the bed creaking.

Mark froze in place as his eyes met with the cleaning lady, they shared a moment of sheer awkwardness as it was obvious that she must have seen him and Jack naked. The woman quickly turned around and exited the room, slamming the door behind her and startling the Irishman awake.

“Huh? What happened?” Jack mumbled against his boyfriend’s arms, rubbing at his eyes to rid them of sleep. Slowly looking down at him, Mark solemnly announced. “The cleaning lady just saw us buttass naked in bed together.. That’s what happened”

Sitting up in bed and staring at Mark, the younger man felt his cheeks flush as he felt embarrassment get the better of him. “Are ya serious?” Mark nodded and then looked over when he heard his phone go off.

It was a text from Ryan.

“Bet you weren’t expecting that! Next time, try to fuck quieter or we’ll get the butler as well as the cleaning lady to come peeps on you guys!”

Glaring at him phone, Mark placed it down on the bed and let out a heavy sigh. “Who was that?” The Irishman asked, watching as the older man just sighed and crossed his arms across his chest.

“Looks like our secret, isn’t so secret anymore..”
Taking Advantage

Chapter Notes

Request: Can you write one where Mark (being the big goofball as he is), somehow manages to tie himself to something and Jack, instead of helping, decides to have some 'fun' with Mark. Nsfw, if you please.

Mark couldn’t believe it. Only and only him, could end up getting tied to the bed in the most nonsexual way ever. Why did he even think it was a good idea to mess around with zip-ties. He was a fucking idiot sometimes.

Walking into the bedroom, Jack paused in his movements when he saw his boyfriend laid on the bed, his wrist latched onto the bed frame in an uncomfortable position while he was just scrolling on his phone with his spare hand.

“Um, everythin’ alright there?” The Irishman asked, wandering over to him and seating himself on the bed beside him. Mark looked over at the zip-tie and then back at his boyfriend, an unamused expression on his face.

“What do you think?”

Trying to stifle a chuckle, Jack looked over at his wrist and realised just how tightly tied Mark really was to the bed frame. “How in the fuck did ya manage t’ do that?” Jack asked, exasperated at his stupidity.

“Doesn’t matter.. Can ya just free me?” Looking Mark over while he wore a smirk on his face, Jack seemed to be considering whether or not to free him and that pissed the American off. “Hey, free me ya jackass!” Pouting his lips, Jack looked down at him and grinned.

That grin was enough to have the older man feeling scared since that usually meant that Jack was up to no good. He tried to pull on the zip-tie in a bid to break it and escape but his attempts were to no avail, he was trapped.

Jack crawled on top of him and pinned him to the bed, biting down on his lip in a suggestive way before he rolled his hips. The other man let out a soft moan and then glared at him, hating that his boyfriend was taking advantage of him.

“I swear to god Jack..”

Pouting again, the Irishman leaned in close and began to kiss at the side of his neck, nipping gently as his hips began to roll rhymically. “Jack..” Mark warned, but he was ignored as he continued to kiss and nip at his neck, hips still rutting into his.

Slowly, Mark’s eyes began to close as he felt himself get hard in his jeans, chewing on his lip since the sensations coming from Jack were undeniably pleasurable.

“Enjoyin’ yerself?..” The younger man whispered in his ear, his hips still slow but getting forcefully harder with each thrust he drove against his lover. Mark just breathed a moan and with his spare hand, brought up Jack’s head so that he could kiss him.
Placing his hand at the back of his head, Mark pressed his boyfriend close as they kissed passionately, their hips beginning to move in unison as they dry-humped one another. The pace slow and steady, causing more heat to build up between them.

Despite the fact that Mark’s wrist was still binded against the bed frame, it didn’t stop him from enjoying this moment as much as possible. His eyes struggled to stay open as the passion between them grew, their kisses sluggish and hot.

“I love you..” The older male growled out while still touching his boyfriend’s lips, kissing them again while he thrust harder against Jack’s hips, still leisurely moving against him though. Jack whined softly and kissed him back, biting down on Mark’s lip and pulling at it.

“I love yeh too..”

Their ruts continued until Jack felt a familiar sensation build up in his abdomen, his moans becoming louder and louder despite their steady pace. “Baby.. I’m close” The Irishman whispered, breathing hot against his lips.

Mark grumbled deeply at the arousal that came from his boyfriend announcing that, his spare hand travelling down to grasp at his ass and squeeze it gently, earning a gasp from the other man. “Go on.. Come. I’m nearly there too”

It only took a couple more rolls of their hips before Jack released himself inside his boxers, gasping out harshly and whimpering as he rode out his orgasm. Mark followed soon after him, doing the same as he rutted his groin against Jack’s until he collapsed against the mattress. Exhausted.

Jack climbed off of his lover and rummaged around in the drawers beside their bed, pulling out a small pair of scissors and cutting the zip-tie around Mark’s wrist, freeing him from where he’d been trapped for a good hour.

He then got back into the bed, laying himself beside Mark and kissing him sweetly on the lips. All fun and giggles had seemed to go away as they looked at one another, smiling and appreciating the intimacy that they shared between them.

They kissed once again and got themselves comfortable, the American’s arms wrapped around his lover while he pressed kisses to the top of his head.

They lay there peacefully, listening to one another breath until they found themselves lost to the outside world. Letting sleep take them while entwined in such an intimate embrace.
'Boyfriend Tag'

Chapter Notes

Request: Jack comes to LA and does the highly requested Boyfriend Tag with Mark as a whimsical joke. Mark knows the answer to every single question (where did you meet? First impression? Favorite thing about them?)

“Hello everybody! My name is Markiplier and welcome to the ‘Boyfriend Tag’ with my good pal, Jacksepticeye!”

The Irishman enthusiastically waved at the camera while he wore a large grin on his face. It wasn’t every day that he got to film in the same room as Mark. He’d travelled to L.A to spend the weekend with him and so far, his stay had been pretty fun.

“So we asked on Twitter for questions that we can ask each other that would seem ‘relationshipppy’ and we’re gonna see how much we know each other” Mark rambled, grabbing his phone and searching through the comments to find good questions to ask.

Jack just spoke in the background, trying to fill in the silent space of time as the American scrolled even though he knew this bit would probably just be cut out in editing. “Ah! Here’s one. ‘Where did you meet?’ Seems cliche but whatever..”

They both looked at one another before Jack decided to answer. “Well, Mark found my Youtube channel and decided t’ privately message me on Twitter and we got talkin’ from there. If ya mean in person, it was durin’ my first convention at Pax East” Mark nodded, grinning away as his friend still remembered.

“Second question. ‘What was your first impression of each other?’” Beginning to laugh, the younger man already knew how to answer that one. “Well, I’d been a fanboy of Mark fer at least a year, so t’ me. Him messagin’ me was like talkin’ t’ a god” Mark chuckled at his reply and rolled his eyes. “I just saw him as a guy who deserved way more support than he was getting because he was funny and kind. He really knew how to connect with his fans and I envied that”

A small blush appeared on his cheeks since what Mark had said was actually quite nice. He took the phone off of Mark and decided to read the next question. “What is yer favourite thing about them?”

The American had to think about this one and he looked up at the ceiling and then over at Jack, contemplating what to say. “I’d have to say your laugh, whenever I hear you laughing. It makes me laugh and kinda brightens my mood” Giggling away at his friend, Jack clutched his chest and smiled at him.

“Awww that’s so sweet Mark. I guess my favourite thing about yeh is yer personality. Yer always strivin’ t’ help people and be there fer when people need ya. I really like yer humour and how charitable ya are”

They both laughed but as they glanced over at each other, their eyes caught and something snapped inside their minds. Like they’d seen something they shouldn’t have.
A couple more questions were read out and with each honest answer, both men were beginning to realise how much the other knew about them. It was causing Jack’s heart to begin pounding against his chest, there was just something about Mark talking about him that made him feel warm inside.

“Last question. ‘What is the first thing you notice when you see the other person?’” Putting his phone down on his desk, Mark squinted as he thought and then grinned, sitting up straight from his current slouched position. “Definitely your eyes, they’re so damn bright and blue. They’re like the freaking sky sometimes”

The younger man smiled awkwardly at his friend and tried to hide the redness that was heating up his cheeks. “I’d have t’ say yer voice. It’s so deep and soft, ya could melt butter with it. Kinda soothin’ in a way” Mark looked at him with raised eyebrows and Jack tried to dismiss what he’d said, causing the American to laugh.

They both faced the camera and finished everything up before things got too awkward. “Thank you so much for watching and I will see you, in the next video! Buh-bye!” Mark pressed the stop button on the camera and let out a soft sigh, looking over at his friend with a small smile.

“So uh.. That was fun” The older man said, feeling slightly awkward as the silence in the room was almost painful. Like a thick fog that both men couldn’t help but inhale. “Yeah, it was..” Jack rubbed the back of his neck and swallowed dryly, staring down at the floor.

Their eyes met again but this time, they chose not to look away or say anything. Mark grabbed hold of him suddenly and pulled him in for a harsh kiss, the other man frozen in shock at first but quickly melting into the kiss.

As they parted, they both looked at one another with small smirks on their faces. Not really sure what had just happened or what they should say in regards to it. “Did we jus’?” Mark nodded, biting down on his lip in bashful fashion.

“Yeh.. Yeh wanna do it again?”

“Please.” Mark exclaimed, grasping the scruff of her shirt and tugging him close as they kissed again. Still not questioning it as they made out passionately. Jack was the one to part this time, resting a hand on the American’s chest.

He scanned the entirety of his friend with his eyes and then faced him again, breathing out hot and heavy from their make out before. “Ya wanna go upstairs?”

Mark nodded enthusiastically, grabbing Jack’s hand and quickly hauling him up the stairs while they giggled away to themselves.
Looking over at his boyfriend sat on the sofa, Mark couldn’t help the sigh that passed his lips when he saw just how beautiful he really was. He sometimes questioned how he deserved such a perfect man in his life. Jack just glanced over at him, wiping the sauce of his pizza off his mouth after having stuffed it in his mouth.

“What?” The Irishman asked, mouth full of food so it came out muffled. Mark just laughed and rolled his eyes, placing his slice on the plate in front of him and grinning away to himself. “I was just admiring you..”

Jack’s face quirked in confusion and he swallowed his food, also putting his pizza down. “Me stuffin’ my face with pizza?” He nodded, still grinning at him while the younger man just continued to look at him confused.

“Are ya high? What did they put in this fuckin’ pizza?”

The older man let out a loud laugh and stood up, grabbing their plates and walking into the kitchen. He scraped their contents into the bin and put them in the dishwasher, going back into the living room and standing by the couch, next to Jack.

Eyes travelling up to look at him, Jack just let out a sigh since it seemed Mark was attempting to initiate something. “Can’t ya wait, I’ve jus’ eaten..” Mark looked around the room and then back at Jack, shrugging his shoulders. “What? What do I have to wait for?”

Rolling his eyes, the Irishman leaned back on the sofa and wiped his mouth again, letting out a loud belch before he patted his stomach. “I’m not stupid Mark. I can tell when yer horny. Ya wanna have sex don’t yeh?” Mark sat down next to him and placed a hand on his lap, smirking at his lover.

“You know me too well..”

At that exact moment, Jack leaned right over to Mark’s face and then smirked. It seemed like he was about to kiss him but a sudden burp escaped his mouth and he blew it at him, causing the American to recoil back in disgust. “Aw, baby why? Gross.”

The Irishman giggled at him and sat back, making himself comfortable while he watched as Mark’s hand placed itself on his thigh. “I think I jus’ told ya I’m not in the mood. Give up Mark” The other man ignored him, beginning to stroke and rub as he got closer to his crotch.

“Mark, don’t ya dare” Leaning in close to his ear, the American smiled widely and shifted his body nearer to him. “Remember during one of our recording sessions, I said I had huge fingers?” Jack swallowed thickly, looking over at him while he tried not to blush too hard. “Um, yeah?..”

There was this soft chuckle followed by Mark kissing the side of his neck. “I wanna show you what I meant. Will you let me?” Mark lifted his head and stared down at him, their eyes catching and the older man swore he saw a flicker of arousal flash in the Irishman’s.
“I.. I guess..”

Mark shifted downward and pulled up Jack’s shirt, starting to press kisses to his stomach and chest while the other man adjusted himself so that he could access his torso easier.

His teeth grazed the soft flesh of his belly and nipped harshly, creating a small hickey which had Jack gasping quietly.

This caused Mark to smirk, moving lower to his happy trail where he licked and nibbled, earning more noises from the man beneath him. “Mark..” Jack whispered, running his hands through his boyfriend’s hair and gently pulling at it.

Chuckling, he moved lower and grabbed hold of the hem of Jack’s boxers, pulling it back and witnessing as his cock came springing out of the confides, hissing through his teeth when he saw just how hard he’d gotten already.

He gently jerked at it, Jack moaning and having to place one of his hands by his mouth in order to mute himself.

The boxers came fully off and they fell to the floor with a soft thud, Mark grasping ahold of his lover’s legs and spreading them apart, Jack assisting by moving forward slightly on the sofa so that Mark had better access.

“Fuck..” Mark rumbled, standing up to go find a bottle of lubricant while the other man sat there, tossing himself off while he waited for him to get back. It wasn’t long before he appeared again and knelt in front of his boyfriend.

Mark squeezed a generous amount onto his fingers and Jack couldn’t help the moan that escaped him. He wasn’t even being touched but just seeing those thick digits made anticipation run wildly through him.

Chuckling, the American pressed his index finger against his hole and teased him, pushing only the top of the digit in and out of him which had Jack squirming furiously. “Yer a twat..” Mark laughed, pushing the finger all the way inside him and listening to how Jack nearly screamed.

“F-fuck you..”

His whole body was trembling with the pleasure that came from him being inside him, it was no lie that his fingers were definitely huge and filled him desirably. It pulled out slowly and then thrusted back in roughly, causing Jack to choke on his own spit and groan loudly.

“Want me to add another baby?” Jack nodded his head, his face needy with it flushed and his mouth hanging open. It was surprising to Mark that this man didn’t work for the porn industry, because that sight was undeniably pornographic.

The second finger entered him and the Irishman grunted, his teeth biting down hard on his lip that it caused blood to draw from it slightly. His legs making their way to spread wider while the digits began to work him. Opening him up more for the older man.

Finding himself aroused by the image in front of him, Mark reached into his own underwear and began to tug at his length, fucking his boyfriend and getting off at the same. It wasn’t long before they were both close.

“Jesus.. Mark, I’m so fuckin’ close”
“Me too baby, me too..” The American thrust his fingers harder and faster, hitting off Jack’s prostate with every time he drew out. Hearing the younger man’s gasps evolve into screams as he got louder and closer. “I’m gonna come! Oh god, I’m gonna come!”

Jack threw his head back against the sofa cushions and bucked his hips repeatedly as he came hard onto his stomach and chest, his moans harsh and echoing through the room.

Seeing his lover react that way, Mark fucked him through his orgasm and came too, covering his hand in his load and quickly wiping it on his boxers while he breathed in deeply through his nose and groaned softly.

He removed his fingers and pulled his underwear back up, grabbing Jack’s and doing the same for him since he seemed dead after his orgasm had hit. “You alright?” Mark asked, looking down at him with an amused expression.

The younger man shrugged his shoulder and weakly glanced in his direction, his eyes lidded with exhaustion since Mark had definitely shown him that what he’d said about his huge fingers, was indeed true.
Heejs and Beejs

Chapter Summary

Request: A tipsy Mark makes one too many jokes about 'Bro-jobs', 'beejs' and 'heejs'; which gets Jack riled up because MARK STOP MAKING ME WANT YOU. WHAT do you mean I said that out loud?

“Hey Jack.. Want a heej? You want a heej… Bet ya want a heej..”

Looking over at his friend with a confused expression on his face, the younger man rolled his eyes since it was way too obvious how drunk Mark was. They should have never decided to go to the bar before returning back to the hotel room to drink more. It was just common knowledge that Mark and alcohol did not mix.

“I’m fine Mark, I’m pretty sure I don’t a heej..” Jack tipped his bottle and downed the rest of the contents before he placed it on the table, belching softly and blinking slowly since he could feel the alcohol already working its magic.

The older man on the other hand, had felt the booze’s effects at least an hour ago, he was utterly hammered and he was loving it. He was literally only on his fifth beer and yet, he couldn’t even keep his eyes open.

Jack glanced in his direction and saw him giggling away to himself, he frowned and stood up, going over to the fridge to grab another beer before he spoke. “Somethin’ funny Mark?” The other man grinned away to himself, leaning against the wall and still giggling.

“It’s nothing.. But if ya don’t want a heej.. I bet.. I bet you want a beej!” Rolling his eyes again at Mark’s ridiculous nature, he sat himself down next to his friend and leant against the wall, letting out a wistful sigh. “No, I don’t want a beej either Mark. Please can yeh stop talkin’ about this kind of stuff?”

A smirk appeared on Mark’s face and he leaned in dangerously close to Jack’s face, the Irishman turning a soft shade of red while Mark’s eyes bore in him. “Why’s that? Am I getting you horny Jackaboy?” Jack pushed him away and sighed.

“No. Yer really not. Trust me.”

“I don’t believe you” The American chided, poking the younger man in the ribs in a teasing fashion which had Jack laughing since he was ticklish there, trying to push him away again but he was too strong for his own good. “Mark, I swear t’god” Mark giggled, feeling smug.

He tossed his beer back and downed it, dropping the bottle onto the floor beside him and burping loudly. “Just admit it Jack. You so want a heej from me. Just admit it”

Staring down at the ground, Jack tried to shake off the idea in his mind that if anything, he wouldn’t mind having a heej from Mark. But he wouldn’t dare admit that and therefore kept it pushed far back in his mind.

“There’s nothin’ t’ admit Mark. I don’t want a handjob from yeh, can ya jus’ shut it?”
Noticing that Jack’s tone had become harsh, the American leaned over and placed a hand on his thigh, biting down on his lip sheepishly. “I didn’t mean to upset you..” Mark slurred, his breath stinking of booze and making Jack turn his nose up.

“Well ya did. Ya were teasin’ me since ya know it’s a fuckin’ fact I do want yah an–” Jack stopped mid-sentence as he slapped his hand over his mouth and his whole face went bright red, Mark too drunk to recognise what he said, just starting to laugh since he saw him blushing.

“You do want a heej! I fucking knew it!”

Jack just shook his head and chuckled gently, thanking the gods that Mark was hammered enough not to realise that he’d just admitted his feelings to him.
White Couch

Chapter Notes

Request: Matthias’ new sketch idea involves a Google+ vs Bing fight and Jack and Mark's fake fighting on the floor turns into heavy petting.

Jack couldn’t contain the excitement that he felt that day. Only yesterday, had he been rang up by Matthias being asked if he could be part of his new sketch alongside Mark. Any other time, he’d have declined since he’d have been in Ireland. But currently, he was spending the week with Mark in L.A so this was perfect. He’d immediately accepted his request.

They were on their way to Matthias’ home, Jack hadn’t been able to control himself as he bounced up and down in the car seat. If Mark didn’t know him so well, he’d have thought that he was suffering from a nervous twitch.

“Excited?” The American asked, a large smile on his face at the positive vibes being given off from his lover. Jack quickly nodded his head while he wore a cheesy grin on his face. There was no denying how much he’d been looking forward to doing a sketch with Matthias.

Both men arrived at the house and made their way inside, suddenly being greeted by Matthias himself as he hugged them both. They made themselves comfortable while he began to talk to them about what he wanted them to do, if anything, the sketch sounded hilarious.

“So I want you guys to be ‘Google’ and ‘Bing’ and was thinking maybe you two could fight? But make it really obviously fake and robotic, bring in the laughs ya know”

Nodding their heads, both Mark and Jack were handed shirts. A blue one for Mark and a green one for Jack, the symbols for the websites would be edited on later.

Matthias gave them both scripts and allowed them to read through them, there wasn’t much talking thankfully but that still panicked Jack. He had terrible memory for stuff like this and he hoped to god that he wouldn’t mess up his lines.

An hour passed before the cameras were finally set up, Jack and Mark had gone over the script and scenes multiple times. The Irishman felt confidence that he’d be able to do this sketch effortlessly and with no faults.

They got into their positions and Amanda pressed the record button on the camera before grabbing a camcorder to film them all at a closer angle. Jack was currently stood to the side, he’d be coming in later.

The scene went pretty well, Jack managing to ace his part pretty well despite it being the first time acting for a sketch. Mark and Jack said their lines without fault and when it came to their fight scene, Jack thought that there was no doubt anything would mess up now.

Mark was the first one to lunge at Jack and he expertly avoided him, doing the same and managing to catch the American on the shoulder. The entire time, he tried not to laugh since this was quite amusing to do.
The older man went for him again and knocked him to the floor where their part in which they had to really fake it up came into play, but seeing Mark on top of him, acting like this dumb robot guy had really got him giggling.

Noticing that Jack was laughing, the older man grinned at him and started stroking him on the head. “We are peaceful robots..” Mark monotoned, earning an even louder laugh from the Irishman as both Matthias and Amanda stopped in their actions.

“Oh my god, you guys we were doing so well. What happened?”

Both men glanced up at their friend and chuckled, turning back to look at one another before Mark leaned in, pressing a kiss to Jack’s lips and smirking when he felt the other man return it. Matthias rolled his eyes and looked over at Amanda, shrugging his shoulders.

They continued to kiss, breaking in-between to laugh since this was so dumb to both of them. “Are you guys actually kidding me? Can we continue the scene please?” The couple ignored him and kissed one another again, Jack deciding to piss Matthias off further by wrapping his leg around Mark’s hip and pull him in closer.

“Jeez, come on Amanda. Lets leave the lovebirds to mingle until they can act again..” Walks over toward the front door and opens it, that was until he turned around and looked at them both with a glare.

“You better stay off my white couch or I swear, there will be hell!”
The room was still, safe for the sounds of quiet moans and gasps as two men lay there on the bed, kissing one another as if it would be their last while their hands roamed hungrily across each other’s bodies. The moment they shared was heated and intense.

“Jack..” Mark moaned, opening his eyes to look at his boyfriend who was currently above him, desperately planting hickeys on his neck while his hips ground into his. The Irishman stopped in his actions and glanced in his direction, smiling away at him.

His body shifted downward and he pulled up Mark’s shirt, pressing kisses to the toned flesh of his stomach and nibbling gently, earning moans from the other man as he pushed his head lower, trying get his head as close to his hard crotch as possible.

“Yeh want me t’ suck ya off, Markimoo?”

The older man shook his head and breathed in deep through his nose, feeling his jeans unbutton and then pulled down to release the tight pressure that had surrounded his hard-on. Jack stroked the bulge in his boxers fondly, Mark grunting in response.

Jack gently peeled away the hem of his underwear and watched as more and more of his cock was exposed until it jumped out of its material confides, smacking harshly off Mark’s stomach and making the man gasp at the sudden contact. It was clear how hard he was.

The length itself was to Jack, very beautiful. He’d always admired his lover’s cock. It was long and thick, giving the Irishman pleasure when they had sex since he could always fill him efficiently and reach those spots that made his toes curl.

It was tan alike the rest of his body and heavy in weight when he grasped it, it felt almost like another limb. Mark’s dick was simply gorgeous and Jack loved it. The way it pulsed in his hand and the colour it flushed when the American was extremely aroused. The precum that rushed from it and the way it came so thickly.

There was denying that this man had a wonderful cock.

Shifting his head close to it, the younger man pressed a soft kiss at the base and ran his lips down the shaft until he reached his balls, licking all the way back up and causing Mark to stutter out a groan, throwing his head back against the pillows.

He chuckled at his boyfriend and repeated the action multiple times until he paused at the head of his dick. It was leaking precum heavily and the Irishman decided he was curious to have a taste, delving his tongue into the slit and lapping up the clear substance.

Mark moaned softly and ran his hands through Jack’s short hair, pulling at it in intervals when the pleasure became too much for the other man. His eyes closed tight as he fought through his want to vocalise his arousal, keeping himself quiet for the sake of their neighbours.
The Irishman placed his lips over the head and took it in fully, head travelling downward as he swallowed the entire length into his mouth. The way it tasted so sweet and filled his mouth caused Jack to smirk. He’d forgotten how much he’d loved sucking this man’s cock.

Taking the entirety of his large dick into his mouth, Mark groaned aloud when he realised that the other man was deep-throating him. His hips trembled as he tried not to buck into his throat, knowing that he’d cause Jack to choke and that would not help his already sensitive gag reflex.

Jack lifted his head back up and breathed in deeply through his nose, moaning softly while his lips were wrapped tight around his cock. The vibrations travelling through the older man and causing him to shake with anticipation.

He sucked harshly and began to move his head up and down, creating a pace in which he’d suck harder every time he threatened to pull off his dick. The American the entire time was attempting not to groan too loudly as he watched Jack suck him off.

“I’m close..” Mark grunted at one point, causing the younger man to smirk while he continuously sucked him off, getting faster and sucking harder. Feeling the precum escape him faster and fill his mouth with the sweet tasting substance, Jack never got sick of tasting it.

Sucking harder and faster as his head bobbed furiously on Mark’s cock, the other man cried out as he thrusted his hips upward and came hard into his mouth, filling it with his load as the other man nearly choked as it hit the back of his throat. He pulled off his length with a loud gasp and swallowed his come, grinning at his boyfriend.

“Did yeh enjoy that?” Jack asked, a smug expression on his face.

Mark nodded, breathing out hot and heavy as he tried to recover from his orgasm. His once hard length began to soften and Jack pressed a gentle kiss to it before he covered it back over with Mark’s boxers. The Irishman shifted his hips over to Mark’s head and smirked at him.

“My turn..”
Wet Dream

Chapter Notes

Request: Mark having a wet dream while jack is in the same bed

Mark pounded harder into Jack, the bucks coming hard and fast as he thrust his cock further inside the Irishman. The other man was screaming out in pleasure, his mouth gaping open and his face flushed bright red, hand having a firm grasp on his own leaking length.

“Oh god Mark, fuck me harder! Fuck me harder!” Jack basically yelled, his head hitting off the cushions behind him multiple times when he increased pace on his fast he was tugging at himself.

Mark did as he was told and began to fuck him harder, the springs of the bed creaking loudly and the headboard hitting off the wall in harsh thuds.

The younger man’s face evolved into pure arousal as his moans became more like cries, the other man’s name falling past his swollen lips with every breath he took. It was clear how close he was. “I’m gonna come! Oh god, I’m gonna come!”

He watched as a thick load escaped from the Irishman’s cock and he screamed out Mark’s name, the older man loving the idea of him coming because he’d fucked him so hard. Mark was close too, still pounding into Jack but his vision began to fade and that beautiful image of Jack drifted into darkness.

Eyes shot open and Mark found himself awake. His heart pounding in his chest and his entire body soaked in sweat. That had been an incredibly intense dream. But just as he started to come back to reality, did he realise the circumstances around him.

He was in a hotel room in Seattle while sharing a bed with his friend Jack, while he bore the largest and most painful hard-on the world had ever seen. Not to mention that the man in question was the one to cause it.

Mark looked over at him and sighed in relief, he was sound asleep beside him. His whole body relaxed and lost to the world, he snored softly and his face was relaxed and peaceful. The American envied how unconscious this man was while he was awake and dealing with an erection thanks to his recent wet dream.

There was denying that the older man had feelings for his friend and had fantasised of moments to occur between them, his dream being an example of one of them. His cock twitched uncomfortably as he remembered parts of it, feeling like he was stuck since he was terrified to masturbate while Jack was laid beside him.

Granted, the Irishman was one heavy sleeper. Every morning this weekend, Mark had to force his friend out of bed by literally shaking him until he cracked his eyes open. It had definitely been a tedious process for the American.

Feeling his length twitch again as he started thinking back to the dream, Mark shrugged his shoulders and decided that he might as well get himself off as quick as possible so that he could return to sleep and pretend nothing had happened.
His hand reached beneath the sheets and into his underwear, hissing through his teeth when he felt just how hard his length was right now. Jerking it slightly and breathing out heavily since his cock was highly sensitive. He must have been seriously aroused by that dream.

Mark pulled his boxers fully down and grasped his dick, beginning to tug at himself and biting down on the knuckle of his other hand in order to mute himself. At times, Jack shifted in the bed but there was no sign of him waking up.

As he found himself getting closer to orgasm, Mark’s breaths became harsher and a tad bit louder, still muting himself with his hand but it seemed apparent he was having a hard time keeping himself under control. He had never felt so good jerking off before.

Just as he was about to let himself come, Jack moved so that he was facing his friend and slowly, he began to open his eyes. “Mark?..”

Getting a fright as he heard Jack’s voice, the American came hard onto his hand and the sheets and fell off of the bed with a loud bang, causing the other man to immediately sit up in bed and look down at his friend with an unamused look.

“What the hell? Are you seriously just masturbating? Can’t ya wait until we go home?”

Mark blushed a light red from embarrassment and pulled up his boxers, hiding his shame and watching as Jack climbed out, going over to his side of the bed and putting his hand out for him to grab. Jack pulled him up and they shared an awkward look before both men got back on the bed.

“So.. What were ya wankin’ t’?” Blushing even more, Mark began to stutter and he looked around the room for the sake of an escape route out of his conversation. “I.. Uh.. Um…” Rubbing the back of his neck, Mark stared down at the mattress of the bed and didn’t say a word.

Sitting back straight, the Irishman looked over at his friend with wide eyes. “Oh my god. Were yeh wankin’ t’ me?”

Staring up at him, Mark immediately shook his head and attempted to dismiss his assumption. “N-no I wasn’t!” Jack just laughed, rolling his eyes. “I know I’m hot Fischbach, but jeez, take me t’ dinner first” The other man glanced away from him, feeling too bashful to look him in the eyes.

Jack moved in closer, resting a hand on his thigh. ‘Look, I don’t care if yeh were wankin’ t’ me. If anythin’, I’m flattered. But please do it in the bathroom next time, yeah?”

Nodding his head, Mark let out a deflated sigh and lay back down in bed. The Irishman joining him and immediately falling back to sleep. The older man just watched him, again envying his ability to pass out so quickly.

If only Jack felt the same way as him. Maybe what had just happened, would have gone differently.
Three Months Too Long

Chapter Notes

Request: Jack finds out heâ€™s pregnant when mark is away for a 3 month trip and returns late into the night. He finds jack in the bed fast asleep and when he goes to join him he startles him awake. Mark claims his partner down and they kiss, when mark tries to go in the covers jack holds them down. Mark asks why he not letting him in and jack replies that heâ€™s going to be in for a shock, again mark is confused when Jack lifts up the covers to reveal a small bump. Mark laughs and says that if he was eating too much while he was gone and Jack hit him over the head. Jack then angrily says that itâ€™s his fault heâ€™s this way, but mark is dense and he still doesnâ€™t get until it finally realizes that heâ€™s pregnant. At first he doesnâ€™t say anything and hugs Jack close and cries with joy rubbing the bump gently and vows to be there for them the rest of the pregnancy. They sleep soundly with them spooning and mark has his hand over jacks baby bump protectively.

Staring down at the pregnancy test in his hands, Jack couldn’t believe what he was looking at. His whole world seemed to crash down all at once and he felt his legs weaken beneath him, unable to support his body weight. He was pregnant.

“This can’t be happenin’..” The Irishman whispered to himself, placing the test down in the sink and letting out a heavy sigh, placing his hands over his face as he tried his hardest not to cry. He breathed in deeply and moved away his hands, going back to staring at the pregnancy test.

Currently, Jack was alone. His boyfriend Mark, was away on a three month trip for a charity event in his hometown. Jack had admired his dedication but knew that he had to stay loyal to his fans, therefore remaining in L.A to carry on his Youtube channel and maintain the apartment while Mark was away.

It had only been a month and yet it had felt like the man had been gone for years. It didn’t feel the same without him. Jack had felt so deliriously alone, well that was, until he learned about the baby recently growing inside him.

The reason this news was so devastating was that the younger man had no idea how to tell Mark. He was fearful that if he told him, Mark would start pointing fingers and assume that Jack had cheated on him while he was away. Of course that wasn’t the case, he must have fallen pregnant before Mark left.

Jack decided that it might be in his best interest not to tell his lover and therefore kept it a secret, hoping to god maybe this was a fluke or a faulty test. Anything to tell him that the nausea he’d been experiencing was the stomach flu and not pregnancy symptoms.

Another month passed and the Irishman knew for a fact that this was no stomach flu. His belly was beginning to grow, if not yet visible and the nausea had not receded. In fact, it had only worsened as the weeks had gone by. Jack was beginning to miss Mark since he wasn’t there to comfort him through his sickness.

He went for a scan and received the first small part of physical evidence that told Jack he really did
have a baby inside him, despite the fact it looked like a blob in the scan photo. It was enough to tell him that he could no longer pretend he wasn’t pregnant.

The third month came much slower than Jack had wanted it to. He’d been spending most of his time attempting to learn how to take care of the thing that was now inside him, even if he still struggled to believe that it existed.

The Irishman lay in bed that night, sleep deciding not to come easily much to Jack’s frustration since it was becoming a common thing that he’d stay up to ridiculous times when he didn’t have Mark there to hold him while they slept. His exhaustion was beginning to hit him hard and he knew it wasn’t good for the baby, but if anything, they were also a reason he couldn’t sleep.

Miraculously though, somewhere around early morning, Jack did manage to fall asleep.

Mark giggled away to himself as he entered the door to their apartment, dragging in his suitcases and setting them down on the floor beside him. Having gotten an earlier flight, the American had chosen to come home late at night in order to surprise Jack. He too had been missing him.

He crept up the stairs and wandered into their bedroom, his heart melting when he came across the sight of his lover asleep in their bed. How he’d longed to be snuggled up to him in the three months he was away, he was so glad to be home.

Clambering onto the bed, Mark leaned down and began to press kisses to the side of Jack’s neck in a way to coax him awake. The Irishman grunted and turned onto his back, eyebrows furrowed as he found himself getting disturbed by something. His eyes opened and he was met with the sight of Mark above him.

He screamed.

“Hey, hey.. It’s me baby, it’s me”

The older man said gently, holding Jack’s face in his hands as he tried to calm him down. Jack looked up at him and he quickly smiled, beginning to cry since he had missed his boyfriend badly. “I missed yeh so much”

Kissing him on the lips, Mark smiled sweetly at his lover and ran hand through his hair. “I missed you too babe” He took hold of Jack’s hands and pinned them above his head, leaning down to begin kissing him while the other man returned them.

They found themselves lost in their kisses and Mark felt like he wanted to move on, his hands stroking at the Irishman’s bare chest and slowly making their way down until he suddenly felt Jack grab at them, stopping them in their travels.

“Don’t..” Jack started, staring down at the hands in front of him while fear began to build up inside him. He still hadn’t told Mark about his little secret.

Looking at his boyfriend with a confused expression, Mark moved his hands away and couldn’t help but question his reluctance to be touched. “Why? What’s wrong?”

Jack swallowed thickly and couldn’t help the tears that filled his eyes, he blinked them away, not wanting to cry again in front of Mark and seem weak. “I jus’. You’ll be shocked. That’s all I’m sayin’..” Getting even more curious, the American quirked his head to the head and gave him a concerned look.

“Why would I be shocked?”
The Irishman sighed softly and decided that he might as well show him to get it over and done with. He grasped the covers and ever so carefully, began to pull them down. Revealing the small bump that had grown over the space of the three months that Mark had been gone.

Expecting a negative reaction from Mark, he was met with the sound of him laughing and glanced over in his direction to see the amused expression on his face. “Oh god, how much did you eat when I was gone? I’m gonna have to take you to the gym with me”

Jack rolled his eyes and sighed heavily, obviously the older man was too dense to realise what he’d actually just shown him. “No, Mark. That’s not why my stomach is like that..”

“You sure? I’ve never seen you this fat befo– Ow! Why?”

Not being able to put up with his boyfriend’s stupid remarks, Jack had decided to smack Mark across the back of his head.

“It’s yer fault I’m this way, ya fuckin’ doof!” The younger man exclaimed, this time a little more angrily since Mark still wouldn’t shut up about losing weight and gyms. The man’s face contorted for several moments as he absorbed the information Jack had just fed him.

Suddenly, his face lit up and his eyes widened as it seemed he’d finally realised what he’d been getting at. “Are.. Are you pregnant?!” Jack felt relief wash over him and he nodded his head at his lover, still expecting negativity but instead being met with a hug.

“I can’t believe this! We’re gonna have a baby?!” Grinning widely at Mark, Jack nodded again and tried not to cry since after all this time, his lover was actually happy to learn that he was having their baby. When he’d been so terrified to even acknowledge it.

Looking down at Jack’s bump, Mark rested his hand there and stroked gently, allowing the Irishman to blush slightly since he’d never expected this kind of intimacy. “I promise I’ll be here for you through the entire thing Jack. I can honestly say, I’m so happy that you’re having my baby..”

Jack felt the tears building up before they fell thick down his cheeks, the older man pulling him in close and pressing multiple kisses to his lips since he couldn’t find a better way to express his gratitude toward his lover for carrying his child.

They lay themselves down once Mark had readied himself for bed, the man in question spooning Jack as he kissed at the back of his neck, nuzzling his face into the softness of his hair and smiling since he’d missed this.

The Irishman couldn’t believe that his lover was back, feeling his presence against his back was almost enough for him to pass out immediately since it was the one sure fire way to get him to fall asleep. His hands joined Mark’s which were placed on his bump, almost in a protective fashion.

They slept soundly that night. Reminiscing about the idea that finally after months of separation, not only were they back together, they were about to start a family too.
“Mark, we shouldn’t be doing this..” Jack wistfully moaned, closing his eyes slowly when he felt the older man’s hand rub against the erection currently growing in his jeans. He pressed his head against the wall of the bathroom stall and tried to hold back the noises that dared escape him.

“Don’t pretend like you don’t enjoy it..”

Mark teased, his hand cupping his cock delightfully above the covering of his clothes, letting the Irishman gasp and throw his head back to rest against his lover’s shoulder. Mark kissed it, chuckling as he continued to stroke him.

The Irishman cracked his eyes open slightly to see that Mark was watching him, he glared since it was clear that the older man was enjoying the view. He was about to say something when the pace of strokes on his dick increased and Jack knew for a fact he was close.

His breaths quickened and his face contorted itself as he readied himself for orgasm, but just as he was about to come, they heard the bathroom door open and someone walk inside. “Guys?”

It was Wade.

Releasing Jack from his grip, Mark quickly made himself look as innocent as possible while the other man sighed, his cock straining in his jeans but he knew for a fact it was too late to do anything now.

Mark wandered out of the stall as inconspicuously as he could and Jack sheepishly crawled out behind him. Wade looked on with confusion but decided not to question it too much, he had always thought that him and Jack were a thing.

They got back to their hotel room and Jack sat himself down on the bed, breathing a heavy sigh before he placed his head in his hands. That interruption had done nothing but make his boner worse.

“Problem babe?” The American asked, walking toward him and seating himself on the bed beside him, putting his arm around him only for Jack to push it off. “Yeah, you. I’m still horny as fuck..”

Beginning to laugh, Mark couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “Did Wade’s voice not put you off? It sure would put me off.. Why do you think I tell him to shut up all the time?” The younger man exhaled through his nose and looked at his lover.

“Well.. No. The thing is. I kinda.. I kinda get off t’ doin’ stuff while people are there..”

Mark’s eyebrows raised and he stared at Jack, not sure whether or not to be surprised or aroused. “Is that so?..”

The Irishman nodded his head and swallowed thickly, he expected that Mark would be disgusted by
his kink but instead, the older man leaned in and pressed a light kiss to his cheek.

“If anything, I find that hot. You being an exhibitionist.. I never knew you were so kinky McLoughlin..”

Jack furrowed his eyebrows at Mark. “Last time I checked, I came in my pants when ya put a buttplug in my ass and then jerked you off all while in front of a crowd. I’d say that kinda tells ya someone is an exhibitionist”

Rolling his eyes at Jack’s condescending tone, he lay back against the bed and pulled Jack down next to him. Leaning in to kiss him gently on the lips while one of his hands rested itself on the side of his face. Jack smiled, kissing him back and moving closer to him.

“I have an idea..” Mark whispered, smirking at his boyfriend and Jack automatically guessing that this was something dirty. “What?”

Kissing him again, the older man grinned and quietly whispered. “I wanna fuck you on the balcony..” He hinted toward the small balcony outside of their hotel room. Jack’s face lit up a bright red and he stared at Mark.

He slowly sat up and stared over at the doors of the outside area, his throat becoming dry as he felt a mixture of embarrassment and arousal fill his chest. “I.. I’d like that”

The American smirked and grabbed hold of Jack, carrying him bridal style toward the balcony and opening the doors, walking out where the warm summer air caught them. It made Jack shiver, anticipation growing in his loins.

Laying him down on the table that sat on the balcony, the older man disappeared back inside for a short moment before he returned with a bottle of lube in his hands. Jack grinned and began to shuck off his jeans, finding difficulty since he was laid in such a funny position.

Mark assisted in removing his clothes before the man himself removed his shirt, allowing Jack to gaze upon the glorious sight that was his torso. He tugged at his hard cock, getting off to the sight of his beautifully built boyfriend before Mark leant down, kissing him on the lips again.

“Everyone is gonna see how much of a slut you are..” The American growled, biting down on the younger man’s lip roughly before he pulled away, undoing buttons and reaching into his jeans to pull out of his length. Hard and dripping precum.

Jack placed a hand at his mouth and cursed under his breath, watching as his lover shifted toward him and grabbed the lube he’d brought earlier. His fingers were lathered in the substance and Mark was quick to insert them inside him, allowing a moan to escape him as he did.

“Jesus fuck..” Jack hissed, eyes closed tight as he breathed in heavily through his teeth and tried to get over the slow stinging sensation that burned at his hole. Feeling Mark begin to thrust his fingers in and out of him at a fast and unforgiving pace, Jack screamed out, not caring if people heard him.

“That’s right. Let them know how much of a dirty whore you are, let them know that your slutty ass is about to be fucked. Let them know, how much you’re loving this”

Listening to his boyfriend growl such dirty words in his ear, the Irishman whimpered softly and spread his legs wider than they were before, taking in three of Mark’s fingers all at once as he fucked him hard and fast. Feeling himself be worked open with every thrust.

Impatience got the better of Mark and he pulled out his fingers, slicking his cock with lube before he
pressed it against the other man’s entrance. Grinding the tip over it and pushing it in and out with caused Jack to moan louder.

He pushed the entirety of his dick inside of the younger man with one swift thrust, the Irishman crying out in pleasure and pain as he was filled so quickly. His legs flying out wide to take in such girth which Mark tried his best not to lose himself. The sheer tightness and heat being enough to nearly throw him off edge.

Mark thrusted his hips deep into his lover, watching him as his face flushed a deep beet red and his mouth was so open, he might as well be trying to catch flies. When he looked over the balcony, he smirked when he could see one or two people stood there, staring up. It was clear that they could see them.

“Looks like we already have an audience” The American purred, Jack opening his eyes and nearly moaning when he saw the people below. “Are.. Are they really watchin’ us?” Mark nodded, bucking his hips harder and catching the other man off guard.

The sheer idea of people being able to see them made Jack more aroused than he had been previously, grasping at his length and beginning to tug at himself as got closer to orgasm. Mark pounding into his prostate as every thrust was rough and hard.

“I’m gonna come Mark! I’m gonna come!”

Hearing those words made the older man moan hoarsely, fucking him harder and harder until he watched as Jack released his load thickly in front of him, the substance flying and catching on both men’s stomachs.

The American followed soon after and filled his lover to the brim with his come, pulling out and watching as some of it leaked out. He had to bite his lip in order not to groan again. Mark looked over at their audience again and his eyebrows rose when he realised there was much more people watching now.

His fear that it may be fans made Mark’s chest tighten so he was quick to grab Jack and lead both of them inside.

“That was soo good..” Jack mumbled deliriously, grinning up at his boyfriend with a dazed expression on his face while Mark closed the curtains of their balcony and then placed him down on the bed, sitting beside him.

“Yeah, but lets never do that again. At least not at conventions..”
Family Meeting

Chapter Notes

Request: Can I request one where Markimoo meets Jack’s family and is like “jaCK YOUR SIBLINGS ARE SCARING ME!” Since Jack is the 'baby' of the family.

Mark couldn’t believe this was happening.

Over the period of two months, he’d been saving up and planning for this moment and finally it was happening. He was going to Ireland.

Jack had been over the moon too, they’d seen each other plenty of times in America whenever they’d gone to conventions but it had never been just to stay with one another. Now that Mark was able to spend a week with his boyfriend in a different country, his excitement had sky-rocketed.

His plane arrived after six hours of grueling travelling and Mark felt relief wash over him when he finally set foot in the airport and began to look around for the man that he’d be spending the next week with.

Mark’s heart skipped a beat when he saw Jack sat not too far from him, the sun catching his face at just the right angle to make him look just as gorgeous as he was online. He began to walk over to him, feeling giddy as he went light-headed and quickened in pace.

The other man looked over nonchalantly in his direction when he heard footsteps but his eyes widened when he realised that it was Mark. “Oh my god! Yer here!” Jack stood up, pulling his lover into a well-needed hug.

They arrived at the apartment not too long after, the place was large and eerily empty much to Mark’s understanding since he lived alone. He placed his bags in his bedroom and began to unpack when he heard Jack enter and sit on the bed behind him.

“I hope it’s okay, I happened t’ let my family know that you’ll be meetin’ them later”

Freezing in his tracks, the older man turned around with raised eyebrows since he’d not expected to hear that. “I’m sorry, what?” The Irishman sat back and bit his lip. “I want yeh t’ meet my family, Mark. We’ve been datin’ fer a year now, don’t ya think it’s appropriate that ya meet them?”

“Well of course, I just didn’t expect it to be today, when I’ve just arrived..” Mark said with a sigh, running a hand through his hair and lying back on the bed where his lover sat. “I kinda wanted to do stuff with you today..” The Irishman sighed softly, playing with Mark’s hair.

“We will t’night, I promise. But I can only get all my family around t’day. So yer jus’ gonna have t’ suck it up, Fischbach”

Mark felt himself begin to panic as they edged toward his parent’s home. Perhaps he should have argued more with Jack so that he wouldn’t be thinking about shitting his pants the second they walked into the room.

The Irishman sensed his fear and took hold of his hand, squeezing it gently. “It’ll be fine. We might
be Irish, but I assure yeh were jus’ the same as any other family” Mark nodded, knocking on the front door.

Quite soon after they knocked, did the door open and they were met with two rowdy men, grinning away with beers in their hands. “Hey Sean!” They both yelled, pulling both men inside and slamming the door shut.

“Mark, these are my brothers. Brothers, this is Mark, my boyfriend”

“Nice t’ meet yeh! Yer a lucky one gettin’ t’ date our brother! He’s a picky bugger yeh know!” Mark politely smiled and shook his head, taking off his coat and hanging it up amongst the others. Both him and Jack followed them into the kitchen where Jack’s mother was stood.

Her face automatically lit up and she went over to her son, hugging him tightly and laughing as she realised who he was with. “Is this the man ye have been talkin’ t’ me about?” The Irishman nodded, looking up at Mark with a large smile on his face.

“Mark Fischbach, it’s nice to meet you” The American said politely, realising just how much of a foreigner he actually was here in his household with his differed tone. “Oh, yeh told me he was American but wow, that’s quite an accent yeh have there lad!”

Laughing awkwardly, he rubbed the back of his neck and smiled when she patted him on the cheek. “Well then, shall we get some drinks down yeh? I bet yeh like a good beer, amiright Mr. Fischbach?” He nodded, watching as she handed them both a beer and then smacked Jack on the ass, causing the younger man to yelp and glare at her.

“Well don’t keep yeh sisters waitin’, they’ve been talkin’ all day about this mysterious Mark Fischbach.. Don’t want t’ disappoint them d’ya?”

Jack shook his head and sighed, grabbing hold of Mark’s hand and leading him into the living room where two women sat, as soon as they saw the couple, they stood up and walked over. “Eeeh, look at ‘im! He’s a keeper Sean fer sure!” They said joyfully, the older man smiling as a way to cover up the shyness he felt inside.

They placed their hands all over the couple, pointing things out about what was similar about them and what didn’t. The one that they focused on most was definitely their height. Jack was the shortest in the family and it seemed that he wasn’t alone in that now.

“Wow, your family sure is tall..” Mark whispered as they sat on the sofa together, drinking their beers while everyone chatted. The younger man snorted, looking up at his lover with an amused expression. “Wait until ya see my dad”

Just as if he’d heard the que, the man in question walked into the living room and everyone stood up to greet him. Jack forced Mark to join the crowd, though his father did look quite threatening.

“Are yeh the boy who’s seein’ my Sean?” Jack’s father asked, causing a knot to form in Mark’s throat as his tone seemed terrifying. “Um, yes I am..” The man’s eyebrows quirked and he walked straight over to Mark, towering over him and making him feel even tinier than he already was.

“D’ya plan t’ treat my son right? I’d hate t’ learn one day if yeh hurt him..”

Mark stared up at him with bulging eyes while Jack scolded him, only to get no response out of him. “Well?” The American blinked momentarily and then squeaked. “Y-yes I do. I’ll treat him good, I promise”
Suddenly, the whole family apart from Jack and Mark began to laugh and this confused the couple. “Don’t worry lad, I’m not really like that protective! But he is the bairn of this family and I still want him t’ be treated good”

Feeling embarrassed, Jack covered his face and let out an exasperated groan. “Dad, can yeh please shut up. I’m not a baby anymore” The old Irishman chuckled heartily and patted Mark’s shoulder.

“Care t’ have a pint with me at the local pub, son?”

The older man felt warmth spread through him at the term ‘son’ used by his boyfriend’s father, he had truly been accepted into the family. “Heh, why not” He accompanied him alongside Jack and his brothers. A proper guy’s trip to the bar.

Both Jack and Mark finally arrived back in the apartment, at least two hours after they’d set out. They hadn’t drunk much at the bar but they were definitely exhausted. Mark collapsed on the bed and Jack followed after him, too tired to even get ready for bed.

“So, what did ya think of my family then?” The Irishman asked, glancing over in his lover’s direction and listening to Mark’s chest heave as he spoke. “They honestly remind me of my family, loving and sweet. But I have to say, I don’t think I’ve been so scared in all of my life”

Jack began to laugh, turning so that he was facing Mark and shuffling closer to him. “So would yeh meet them again? Despite the fact they scared yeh?” The older man paused for a second and then smiled.

“If I was given the chance to, I’d definitely meet them again.”
Shifting closer to the man at the bar, Mark smirked and took a sip of his beer. It was almost too obvious how drunk he was right now and it seemed the guy beside him wasn’t too far from being called pissed too.

“Damn, if I saw any more angels, I’d have to assume I was in Heaven..” Jack looked up from where he’d been staring at the floor and looked over at this guy with a confused expression on his face. He had literally no idea what he just said.

“I’m sorry, what?”

Mark grinned widely and moved in closer, ordering another drink for himself and for the man beside him. “Irish huh? I love Irish accents..” The older man purred, grabbing the drink and handing it to the guy.

Reluctantly taking it off him, Jack sipped it carefully before he placed it behind him on the bar. “Who are ya, exactly?”

Grinning more, Mark ran a hand through his hair and let out a confident chuckle. “The name’s Mark Fischbach.. How about you?” The Irishman took another swig of his drink and smiled at him.

“Sean McLoughlin, though people call me Jack”

“I like that name.. ‘Jack’. You suit it” Jack just laughed, thinking that this guy was trying to be humourous. “Are yeh like, a comedian or somethin’?”

Mark confidently chuckled again and gave him a chiseled look. There was no doubt how drunk this man was. “I wish I was, I’m just a simple Youtuber..” The younger man’s face lit up and he grinned at him.

“Really? So am I!” He couldn’t help but think that maybe a friendship was going to form between them both, they seemed to share an interest in one another. “Oh, what a coincidence huh? I do games, do you like games Jack?”

His purrs seemed to fall on deaf ears as Jack was just excited about the aspect of them both being Youtubers. “Me too! I’m a gamin’ Youtuber jus’ like ya! So yeah, I do like games” Mark felt himself get frustrated, how did they get stuck on this subject?

He downed the rest of his drink and then rested his hand on Jack’s thigh, smirking at him. “I’m glad to know you like games.. Maybe we could play one sometime?” The Irishman nodded, also downing his drink before he grabbed his phone.

“Want my number? Then we can text each other and organise a time and date t’ collab!”
Staring blankly at the man before him, the American felt himself running out of ideas. “Of course I’d like your number, but I bet we’d be texting each other more than just dates..”

“Oh yeah, we could talk about games too! You seem so cool, ya know that?” Mark just sighed and grabbed Jack’s phone out of his hand, writing in his number and doing the same in the other man’s device too.

“Do you have any idea of what just happened tonight?”

The older man asked, his voice annoyed and patronising but Jack didn’t notice it. “Yeah, we jus’ became friends is what happened!”

Sighing heavily, Mark knew that it was hopeless trying to flirt anymore and instead just smiled politely at the younger man. “Yes, that’s what happened. Be sure to talk to you later, bye!” And with that, he wandered away from Jack, blood boiling in his veins.

If anything though, the sound of collabing with Jack did sound fun. So maybe being rejected wasn’t so bad afterall.
Jack sighed heavily and watched as the waves lapped at the beach, the tide coming in thick and fast as he walked across what was left of the shoreline. He was making his way toward the pier where he’d sit and stare at the ocean.

He usually did that when he needed time to think or when something negative had cropped up in his life. Recently, it was something negative. Jack had just broken up with his girlfriend of five years and was really feeling the impact.

Reaching the pier, he wandered up right to the edge and sat down. His legs dangling just above the water’s surface as it glittered away under what was left of the sunlight. It was evening and the sun was just beginning to set.

As he stared down at the bright blue below him, the Irishman sighed and allowed his tears to fall fast from his eyes. It wasn’t like he was paranoid of people seeing him, no one ever came out to the beach at this time of day.

“Why are you crying?”

Jumping in his seated position, Jack grabbed the post beside him and steadied himself since he’d nearly just fallen in the water. He looked around confused since he was sure someone had just been talking to him, but it seemed like it must have just been a figment of his imagination.

“Hey dumbass, I’m down here”

Getting a fright again, he did as the voice told him and looked down toward the water where he was met with a strange sight. There in the ocean not even metres away from him, floated a man. He didn’t know people still swam in the sea during the evening.

“Oh, yeh gave me a fright. I had no idea ya were in the water” The man laughed and slicked back his soaked hair, from the looks of it, he hadn’t been in long since his skin was yet to be wrinkled. “It’s fine. What I wanna know, was why you were crying”

Swallowing thickly, the younger man looked away from him for a short moment before his eyes met him again. “I.. I jus’ broke up with my girlfriend..” The man nodded, his face understanding much to Jack’s relief.

“Yeah, I hate it when that happens.. But you’ll find someone else, don’t worry” He said reassuringly, smiling sweetly up at Jack which had butterflies growing in the Irishman’s stomach.

“What’s yer name, if yeh don’t mind me askin’?”

The man slicked his hair back again and swam around so he closer to him by the pier. “I’m Mark, what about you?” Lying down on his belly so that he could look at Mark better and not have to crane his neck, he glanced down at him and smiled. “The name’s Sean, but I prefer t’ be called Jack”
Quirking his eyebrows for a short moment, Mark took in what he said and then swam even closer. “Care to swim with me Jack?” Frowning at his request, Jack wasn’t too sure he wanted to go in the water, especially during high tide.

“Um, no thanks.. I’d rather stay dry” Mark pouted before he smirked at him. “Come on, just for a little bit. It’ll put your mind off your girlfriend”

Thinking about it for a moment, Jack decided that he might as well take his advice and jump in with him. He stood up on the pier and removed his hoodie, beginning to take off his jeans until he was only in his boxers. Pausing when he realised that Mark was staring, causing a blush to appear on his cheeks.

Jack walked right to the end of the pier and readied himself, the other man swimming along until he at the water’s’ end, anticipating the moment where he jumped in. “Go on then!” He began to run, getting right to the edge where he leaped off, landing in the water with a loud splash.

Laughing at him, Mark moved away as Jack surfaced and he shook the salty liquid off of his face. “Well, ya can tell it’s the sea” The Irishman muttered, blinking repeatedly as his eyes stung, making Mark laugh more.

“Awww, you’ll get used to it. Come on!”

He began to swim away, impressively fast much to Jack’s surprise but that didn’t throw him off trying to catch up. They swam for what felt like miles until they reached a point where Jack knew was his limit.

“You having fun yet?” Mark asked, his face pulled into the largest of grins as he tread water alongside the younger man. Jack just shrugged, unable to answer as he spat out a large bit of water. “Gettin’ there..”

The older man simply chuckled and then splashed water at him, the Irishman getting a shock and then glaring at Mark. “Oh, so that’s how it’s gonna be” Jack chided, splashing water back at him and then dived under the waves.

“Mark?” Jack questioned, swimming over to where he’d disappeared and feeling concerned when he didn’t come up for a long time.

All of a sudden though, he surfaced and swatted a massive wave his way, completely soaking the Irishman and causing him to yell out in annoyance as the salty water stung. “Yeh bastard!”

Mark giggled and swam over to him, using his hands to rub the salt out of Jack’s eyes. As they got closer, it became apparent that neither man wanted to part away. “Um thanks..” The younger man mumbled, his cheeks flushing again.

“No problem..” Mark replied, his face also heating up as they looked at one another, their bodies close and nearly touching. “Thank ya fer this” Jack suddenly said, making Mark’s eyebrows raise.

“For what?”

He hinted to the water and then at him. “Fer makin’ me feel better, I really appreciate it..” The older man smiled and swam slightly closer to Jack, the space between them growing smaller by the minute.

Rubbing the back of his neck, Mark let out a soft sigh and smiled even more at him. “It’s honestly no problem.. I just hate seeing people upset”
Jack bit his lip and shifted his eyes upward until they met with Mark’s, they stared for a long time and he wasn’t even aware of how close they had gotten. With reluctance, he placed his hands on Mark’s chest and bit down even harder on his lip.

Mark was the one to make the move, leaning down to press a chaste kiss on Jack’s lips which soon evolved into them kissing passionately. Their arms wrapped around each other and they pulled one another in close, their breaths hot and heavy as they couldn’t keep their lips off each other.

They parted, panting hard as they stared down at the water and then back up at the other person’s face. In this situation, they had no idea what to say or do but they just appreciated the moment as it was.

“We.. We should do this again sometime..”

The Irishman whispered, a genuine smile on his face as his hand graced at Mark’s stubbled jaw, the other man sighed heavily though, knowing that he couldn’t agree.

“Look Jack, I need to tell you something. I haven’t been completely honest with you” Jack froze in place and stared at the other man, panic beginning to rise up inside him. “I’m.. I’m not like you.. I..” Mark struggled to put it into words, therefore his only choice was that he’d have to show him.

Rising his lower end out of the water, instead of legs breaching the surface. A large fish-like tail came into sight, the other man gasped, unable to say anything as he stared at it.

“Y-yer a mermaid?..”

Nodding his head, Mark could only wait for the harsh rejection that was about to come his way, but instead, he felt Jack’s hand run across his tail. “Wow, it sure is beautiful..” The Irishman whispered, his fingers tracing each delicate scale before he paused, looking up at Mark.

“Does.. Does this mean you.. That you sti–” He was cut off by Jack kissing him again and the older man smiled, his arms coming to wrap around Jack’s slender body as they began to kiss passionately again. They parted, grinning at one another.

“Yes, I still want t’ do this again”

Mark let out a sigh of relief and kissed the Irishman as hard as he could, the other man gasping at the harsh contact but soon laughing it off. “This will definitely be interesting..” Jack added, placing his hand on the merman’s tail again.

“Same here..” The older man commented, his hands coming to rest themselves on Jack’s thighs and alike before, he too stroked at them.

They both just floated there, admiring one another until the sun finally went down and plunged them into the darkness. Mark offered to help Jack swim to shore and once he was there, he bent down to press one last kiss on Mark’s lips.

“Same time tomorrow?”

“Yeh fuckin’ know it” Jack replied, a large grin on his face.
Jack returned to the beach nearly every single day after his encounter with Mark. No longer seeing the ocean as a place to be sad but now as a place where he felt like he could be himself. Happy and content without a care in the world.

He sat himself by the pier, like he’d done for the past two weeks and and waited for Mark. Jack knew he wouldn’t be long since they’d made a schedule which meant they’d see one another every day at seven in the evening. It worked out perfectly for both of them.

“Hey, good looking!”

Pricking his head up as he heard a recognizable voice, he looked down and smiled when he saw Mark there, the waves lapping at his sun-touched body. “Hey, even um.. better lookin’..” The older man laughed, swimming up close to the pier.

“Coming for a swim then?” The Irishman scoffed, rolling his eyes at the other man. “As if yeh even need t’ ask”

Pulling off his shirt and jeans and placing them in a neat pile just at the edge of the pier, Jack ran toward the end again and then dashed forward before he leapt off the wooden decking, a huge crash signifying that the man had landed in the water.

When he surfaced, he was met with Mark’s face and he couldn’t help the blush that formed on his cheeks. “Usual spot?” The merman asked, running his hands through Jack’s drenched hair.

“Ya know it”

They swam toward their shared spot which was not too far from the shore but just far enough that people wouldn’t be able to see them properly. Both men swam around for a good while, chatting as they did so and catching up on each other’s lives.

“Damn, bein’ a mermaid sounds tough..” Jack uttered when Mark had told him about their laws within the deep depths in which the older man lived. Mark just shrugged, not really sure how he could reply to that.

The Irishman swam closer, watching as Mark smirked at him and then pulled him into his arms. “I do wish yeh could come up t’ the surface with me.. I want t’ show our ways and where I live”

Mark froze, sighing softly as his hand stroked at Jack’s perfect face. “I.. Could.. But it’s risky” Immediately, Jack’s eyes lit up and he looked up at his lover with a shocked expression.

“Y-ya could? How would it be risky?”

Again, the other man sighed and parted their embrace, rubbing the back of his neck in an uncomfortable fashion. “Well, I’m not even meant to be with you, let alone go on the surface.. Mermaids are banned from making contact with humans, if I was caught.. Jesus, I don’t even know what would happen..”

Jack took hold of Mark’s face and pulled him down for a soft kiss, the older man melting into it before he severed them. “It’ll only be fer one night.. Please Mark, I want t’ know what yeh look like with legs” Hints down to the water below where Mark’s tail was hidden.
“I... Um... Okay, I guess one night wouldn’t hurt”

Feeling happy, Jack fisted the air and then wrapped his arms around his lover’s neck, pulling him in for a well-needed hug. “Thank ya, I promise I’ll make this the best experience fer ya ever”

The older man smiled, kissing the top of Jack’s head.

“I’m looking forward to it”

The next evening came much faster than both men were expecting it to, the entire time, Jack had been a huge ball of excitement at the idea of Mark finally being able to join him on the surface. He arrived at the beach, standing by the shoreline where he’d been told to wait.

Out of the blue of the sea, Jack saw a figure shifting toward him and his face contorted into a grin. Mark smiled back at him as he got closer and closer and that’s when he saw a remarkable thing begin to happen.

The closer he got to the shoreline, the more his tail began to shift and change in physicality. The once fish-like end started severing until two pairs of legs were becoming visible, his feet beginning to form and even more private parts that Jack dared himself not to stare at.

He was a merman within the ocean, yet here he stood, on the beach as a man.

“Oh wow..” Was Jack’s only response, taken back by the sheer beauty that had been Mark transforming. The older man chuckled and walked over to him, hugging him tight and allowing Jack to realise just how short he was compared to Mark.

They parted and smiled at one another, Jack handing the other man a towel which he took graciously, wrapping it around his hips since he understood the idea of modesty here on the surface.

“You like what you see?”

Jack nodded his head, unable to stop smiling since he was so damn happy. “Ya look gorgeous..” The Irishman whispered, running his hand over the sleek tone of his lover’s body.

“You gonna take me to your home, are ya just gonna stare at my body all night?”

Rolling his eyes, the younger man playfully punched him in the shoulder and put out his hand for Mark to grab. They began to walk along the beach and Jack was having trouble getting over how weird it was having Mark walking beside him instead of swimming.

They arrived at the apartment and the older man couldn’t help his awe as he wandered around it, entering every room and looking at each and every detail that made them up. Jack watched in the background with a huge smile on his face, happy to show him aspects of the surface for the first time.

“I love your home, it’s beautiful” Mark mumbled, sitting himself down slowly on Jack’s sofa and watching as the other man sat down beside him. “It’s honestly nothin’ compared t’ other places here on the surface. There’s churches and museums that I really should show ya”

Mark paused and stared at Jack. “I thought this was for only one night?” Afraid he’d panicked him, Jack shook his head rapidly and placed his hands on his shoulders. “No, no, no. Of course it is, I jus’ fergot.. Sorry” He sighed, feeling stupid.

“No need to apologise” He said gently, trying to reassure Jack since he could tell that he thought he’d a fool of himself. “I wish I could see those things, but for tonight. Why don’t you show me what you want to do?”
The Irishman slowly looked up at him and swallowed thickly, a blush appearing on his cheeks as images flashed in his mind. “I-I was kind hopin’ we could.. Ya know..” At first, Mark had no clue what Jack was talking about, but when he saw the red on his face, it became quite apparent.

“You.. You wanna have sex?”

Staring down at the ground, the younger man didn’t really know how to answer and instead, just shallowly nodded his head. Mark sat back and breathed in deeply through his nose. “It would be nice to.. I’ve never done it with a human before. But I’m scared of what might happen”

Sitting up from his slouched position, Jack looked over at Mark with confusion. “What are ya scared of, that might happen?” Sighing softly, Mark took hold of his Jack’s hand and bluntly said.

“I’m scared I’m gonna get you pregnant..”

Jack had never laughed so hard in all of his life, smacking his hand against his knee while tears streamed from the corners of his eyes. The entire time, Mark stared at him, unsure what had amused him.

“Mark, ya can’t get me pregnant. I’m a man”

This just made the other man quirk his eyebrows, still not catching on. “Only surface women can have babies, us men aren’t built fer that”

Nodding his head, Mark felt like he understood what he meant. “Well then, that gets rid of the weight on my shoulders” The Irishman smiled, moving in closer to Mark while he looked up at him, arousal beginning to flare in his eyes.

“Shall we then?..” The older man smirked and ever so slowly pushed Jack down on the sofa.

“It would be my pleasure, McLoughlin..”

The room echoed with noise. The soft moans and aching creaks of the bedsprings, followed by a sudden gasp from the Irishman resting upon the bed.

“You alright?” Mark whispered, kissing Jack sweetly on the lips when he saw the pained expression on his face. “It’s jus’ my first time.. Don’t worry” He said reassuringly, stroking at Mark’s cheek as the man dared to push further into him.

A small groan escaped Jack and he closed his eyes tightly, breathing in sharply through his nose as he opened his eyes again and saw the way that Mark was looking at him. There was this warmth that had the Irishman’s heart melting. He really did care about him.

Mark buried himself to his hilt and let out a loud moan, resting his forehead against Jack’s while the younger man stared up at him, trying to hold back the noises that wanted to leave him. “You feel really good..” The older man growled in his ear, causing Jack to whimper.

Drawing out, the older man was quick to thrust back into him and listen as Jack cried out in pleasure. Hissing harshly through his teeth as he stared at the man above him with lust-glazed eyes. The image itself provoking Mark to keep going.

They soon created a pace which was slow and heavy, both men kissing one another passionately as Mark rutted his hips deep inside of him. The moment between them filled with heat and intimacy, both men unaware of how much they really loved each other.
The bedsprings creaked a little more loudly and the bedframe began to hit off the wall behind them as they sped up, still kissing and allowing their hot breaths to mingle against one another’s lips. “I’m close..” Jack whispered, his grip around Mark’s neck tightening.

“Me too..” Mark breathed, increasing pace until he was fucking his lover hard and slow. The Irishman cried out when he managed to hit his prostate, feeling himself come hard onto their torsos.

As he felt the hot substance strike against his skin, the older man couldn’t help the moans that escaped him, also coming and then continuing to rut through his orgasm. They lay there for a good while after, panting harshly as they stared into each other’s eyes.

Slowly drawing out, Mark didn’t move away from his position above Jack and instead leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to his lips and inhaling deeply, catching his scent which was heavy with spent arousal and sweat.

“I love you..” He muttered against his lips, listening as the younger man’s hitched and then sighed softly. “I love ya too..” Jack whispered, kissing his lover lazily until they fell onto their sides with a gentle thud.

They slept soundly that night, listening to one another as they breathed and feeling comfort in each other’s presence.

A few weeks passed and this particular visit was different for Jack. He was currently about to give some news to the man he’d been dating for nearly a month.

He walked onto the pier and watched as Mark swam over, a sweet smile on his lips but Jack could only let his face be a picture of grimace. “What’s wrong?” The older man queried, wading closer.

“Ya know when ya said, ya were afraid of gettin’ me pregnant?”

Mark frowned, nodding his head.

“Well, ya really should have argued more with me..” And with that, Jack tossed a small stick at Mark and he caught it, his eyes bulging. “Is this..?” The younger man nodded and let out a small sigh.

“Yeah, it’s a pregnancy test”

“And it says positive?..”

Jack nodded, still feeling upset since he was fearful of what would happen next. “I’m gonna be a dad?” The Irishman’s eyebrows rose and he stared down at Mark, noticing the goofy grin on his face.

“Yes..?” Mark jumped out of the water and gained height, diving down back into the waves like a dolphin before he surfaced again. He went right over to the pier and grabbed hold of Jack’s arm, pulling him in with him much to the other man’s shock.

Coming to the surface, Jack glared at him but soon started to smile as he couldn’t get over how happy Mark seemed to be. “I can’t believe you’re gonna have a baby..” He rested his hand on Jack’s stomach and the younger man blushed.

“Yeah, but ya do realise that this is really unusual fer guys like me, right?”

Mark nodded but he was still grinning like a madman. “I’ll make sure that this isn’t found out by anyone, okay? I know ways on how to conceal pregnancy and stuff”
Nodding his head, the Irishman couldn’t help but feel confidence that Mark would be able to sort this. “Well, if yer happy. I’m happy!”

They hugged tightly and kissed one another hard on the lips. Mark still grinning and Jack decided that he might as well grin alongside him.

Perhaps that breakup had really been for the better after all.
The Whisper Challenge

Chapter Notes

Request: Could you do one where Mark and Jack are doing the whisper challenge with Wade and Matthias and so instead of Wade giving the shoulder kiss to Mark he does it to Jack and Jack goes along with it because they both know how jealous Mark can get?

It had definitely been fun doing a second Whisper challenge, especially now that Jack was able to join in. It was the Irishman’s first time meeting Matthias in person and Matthias’ first time realising that him and Mark were dating.

They’d just finished the challenge and were planning on wrapping things up, Mark saying his last comments before they ended the video while the other three men sat around watching him. The three consisted of Matthias, Jack and Wade.

Though, not even halfway through his speech, Wade decided that he might as well try and play it up for the camera for the sake of pissing off Mark. He remembered what Matthias had done last time, having made a kissing noise behind him which had caused him to pause in his actions.

He decided he might as well do something similar to that.

Wade leaned in and noticing that Jack was directly in front of him, grinning to himself as he pursed his lips and then placed a quick kiss on Jack’s shoulder, causing the Irishman to jump and turn around, beginning to laugh.

The American turned around when he heard laughter and noticed that all three men were giggling their asses off. “Jeez Wade, take me t’ dinner first! Yeesh!” The laughter worsened and Mark couldn’t help but realise what had happened.

“I swear to god, I can’t even finish a god damn outro without you guys fucking it up!”

They all burst out into howls of giggling again and Mark rolled his eyes, trying to finish what had been interrupted. “I never did think yeh had a thing fer me Wade!” The other man laughed heartily, giving Jack a suggestive look. “Maybe after this, me and you could go outside and forget about Mark!”

Despite the fact everyone was just messing about and treating it as a joke, Mark couldn’t help the jealousy that built up inside him when they were talking like that. he finished his outro and then turned the camera off, the other men still going on about it though.

“So evil, Wade! But I like the way ya think” He winked at him, grinning away to himself before he turned to face his lover, only to be met with quite a stony expression. Jack swallowed thickly and looked away bashfully.

Wade noticed too and Matthias realised and managed to calm down since he was the one who had been laughing the most. “Come on Mark, we were only messing” His friend exclaimed, looking at him painfully.

“You know how jealous I get, I wish you’d have just shut up before ya pushed it”
Mark said grumpily, earning a chuckle from Jack though as he leaned in and pecked the side of his cheek. “Yeh know me and Wade are only friends. Stop bein’ so silly”

The American sighed and shrugged his shoulders, admitting defeat on his front of being the jealous, over-protective boyfriend. The younger man smiled and then kissed him again.

“Anyway, I wouldn’t dare steal Wade away from Molly. I’m pretty sure she’d kill me!”

They all uproared in laughter again, especially Wade since he knew for a fact, that was only too true.
Hard and Heavy

Chapter Notes

Request: Mark and Jack get into an argument and it ends with angry, heavy sex (they stay together because no more ow). You get bonus points for: light BDSM, dirty talk, orgasm denial, overstimulation and choking/face-fucking

“Jesus fucking christ.. Where are they?!”

Mark searched around on his desk and pushed the contents off it, his anger taking over since he had literally no idea where his headphones were. Jack wasn’t home and he wasn’t answering his phone so he couldn’t ask him where they are. He was incredibly frustrated.

Pounding his fist onto the desk and then breathing out heavily, the older muttered multiple swear words under his breath and kicked at the wall, allowing a dent to form. When he got angry, everything around him suffered too.

Just at that moment, Jack walked through the door to the sound of his boyfriend yelling to himself and his cheeks suddenly went bright pink as he had a fair guess at why he would be so pissed. The Irishman had borrowed his headset earlier that morning and had forgotten to tell him.

Storming into the room, Mark looked over at Jack and let out a frustrated sigh. “Welcome home..” He grunted, lifting up the sofa as he searched under it and Jack could only watch on with pity.

“Um Mark.. I have your headphones”

The American dropped the sofa roughly and marched over to his boyfriend, watching as he produced them from his bag and Mark snatched them off his roughly. “Yeh could at least say thank you” Jack snapped, feeling annoyed at his rudeness.

“Excuse me?” Mark turned around swiftly, glaring at Jack. “Last time I checked, you haven’t been searching this god forsaken apartment for the past hour for these. Only to fucking learn that my boyfriend stole them!”

Feeling insulted, Jack placed his bag roughly on the sofa and gritted his teeth. “I didn’t steal them! I borrowed them and fergot t’ tell ya. Is that a fuckin’ crime?!?” Mark scoffed, rolling his eyes. “Might as well be” He began to march off again but the Irishman grabbed him by the shoulder.

“Well are ya bein’ such a fuckin’ asshole? I’m sorry, jeez.. Didn’t know those headphones meant so much t’ya”

“Why are ya bein’ such a fuckin’ asshole? I’m sorry, jeez.. Didn’t know those headphones meant so much t’ya”

“We’ll they do, Jack. So maybe next time, fucking ask before you take my shit” The older man spat, attempting to storm away again but Jack gripped his shoulder firmly. “Stop talkin’ t’me like I’m an idiot Mark. I fuckin’ fergot okay?”

Snorting, the American moved away from him. “Ya still should have asked me! I don’t let people take my stuff without asking, it’s fucking rude!” Glaring even more at his lover, Jack felt his blood begin to boil.
“Yer bein’ fuckin’ rude right now! Yer bein’ a big baby over literally nothin’!” Mark shook his head at him, running his hands through the thick of his hair. “It is something Jack! You took my headset without asking me! How am I meant to trust you with my stuff now?!” The younger man rolled his eyes, unable to handle what was going on right now.

Jack decided that he wasn’t gonna take Mark’s horrid remarks any longer and began to make his way toward the front door before he felt his boyfriend grab him, shoving him in front of it.

“Where you do think you’re going?!”

“Out! I can’t handle ya bein’ such a pretentious jackass right now! I need time t’ think!” Gritting his teeth, Mark pressed Jack further against the door. “I’m being a pretentious jackass? Listen to yourself!”

They both glared at one another and Mark got closer and closer, the entire time not letting his eyes leave his boyfriend. “I am listenin’ t’ myself and I know I’m not bein’ a massive bitch right now..”

Jack growled, eyebrows furrowed into the largest of frowns.

Mark scoffed once again and moved in even further, narrowing the opportinity of Jack being able to escape. “You’re obviously not listening hard enough then..” The Irishman looked up at his lover and noticed something in his eyes, something that was definitely not anger.

“Fuck. You.”

“I won’t. But there’s no doubt I’ll fuck you.” The older man hissed, grabbing hold of Jack’s hands and throwing them over his head, hitting the door with a loud slam. “Is that a fuckin’ challenge, asshole?”

Smirking, Mark leaned in and went as close as he could to his face. “You wanna make it one?” Jack smirked back at him, still glaring. “You fuckin’ know it.” And with that, their faces crashed together as began to kiss each other harshly, anger being spent through their kisses.

“Yer still a fuckin’ dick” The younger man muttered against his lips, feeling as Mark bit down on his roughy and pulled at it. Their embrace angry and testosterone filled.

“Wanna move this to the bedroom?” Mark growled, his hands already up Jack’s shirt as he could feel his erection pressed hard up against his thigh. Jack nodded, panting heavily as he’d lost breath from their make out.

They both stormed up the stairs, the bedroom door slamming behind them as they began to kiss again, each one harder and rougher than the last. Mark pulled off Jack’s shirt and leaned in, biting harshly at his neck and creating large, painful hickeys which had the other man gasping.

“I hate ya..”

He hissed, his eyes closed tightly as he let the other man ravage at his neck, covering it with red welts that wouldn’t fade for weeks. Mark grabbed hold of his lover’s arm and lead him over to the bed, pushing him onto it. “Undress now.”

Doing as he was told, the Irishman looked at him with an angered expression as he removed every single article of clothing. The older man watching him as he did so, relishing in the sight of the other man before he pounced on him again.

Mark bit hickeys all the way down his torso, coming toward his hips where he nipped and sucked at the area, the younger man gasping in pain since that area was highly sensitive. “You fucker..” Jack
hissed, closing his eyes as he felt fire gather in his belly.

“You fucking know I am. Dirty bitch” The American growled, undoing the belt on his jeans and allowing them to fall to the ground with a soft thud, his shirt coming next until he was only in his underwear. “Sit up.” Jack moved, his eyes first noticing the tent in Mark’s boxers.

The Irishman swallowed thickly when he felt Mark’s hand grasp his hair incredibly tightly, pushing his face as close as it could against the bulge in his underwear. “Suck it” He commanded, letting Jack pull down the hem of his boxers and release his erection, swearing under his breath as he saw the sheer size of it.

Placing his mouth upon it, Jack wasn’t even given time to suck it when he felt the older man thrust quickly into his mouth, causing him to nearly choke as it caught at the back of his throat. He steadied himself, feeling Mark guide his head up and down his shaft, basically staying still as his lover used him.

“Good boy, such a dirty boy..”

Hearing his boyfriend’s voice grumble above him, the Irishman groaned and allowed his mouth to be fucked hard and rough by him. His head remaining stiff as his length was thrusted in and out, Mark grunting loudly as he got off at the sight. Jack nearly choking now and then with how fast he went.

Eventually, Mark had enough and he pulled out of his mouth. Grabbing Jack again and throwing him back on the bed, the other man was still angry with him and he wasn’t appreciating being treated so roughly.

“Get on your hands and knees, gonna fuck you from behind..” The younger man whined softly and got into position, listening as his lover got behind him and the sound of a cap opened, obviously Mark lubing up his cock. “Not even gonna prepare me. Really fuckin’ affectionate t’night aren’t ya Mark?”

In response to Jack’s sarcastic remark, Mark allowed his hand to crash down on the Irishman’s ass, causing him to cry out at the pain caused. Mark pressed his length against his hole and began to push in, Jack grunted at the intrusion.

“I fuckin’ hate you..” Jack gasped, his eyes closed tight when he felt Mark push all the way in with one swift thrust. “Good.” Was Mark’s only response, smacking his ass again and drawing out his dick only to thrust it back in again.

He rammed hard and heavy into his lover, pounding his hole and allowing Jack to cry out and scream with the pleasure it caused. Each thrust rougher than the last and grinding against his prostate. It was almost too sure he was getting closer.

“I’m gonna come..”

The Irishman groaned, waiting for Mark to pick up pace as he felt his body ready itself for climax. But instead, the older man began to slow down.

“The fuck are ya doin’?” Jack yelled, feeling frustrated since he was so close to orgasm and yet, Mark had decided to snatch that away from him. “Don’t wanna give you the satisfaction..”

Turning around and looking at his boyfriend, the sheer expression on his face would have made the scariest man have nightmares. “I swear t’ fuckin’ god, Fischbach. If ya don’t fuck me right now, I’m gonna twist around and snap ya dick off!”
Eyes bulging since he hadn’t expected such a potent remark from the man below him. Doing as he’d asked, Mark began to pick up pace again and started pounding into the Irishman once more. The younger man gasping and groaning as he felt bubbling in his lower belly.

“Fuck.. Fuck.. Fuck!” Jack gasped aloud when he felt himself lose his load, his mouth gaping open and his body trembling when he could still feel Mark’s cock rutting against his prostate. The man still fucking him while he was beginning to collapse.

Mark grabbed hold of his lover’s cock and started jerking it, Jack screaming since it was currently sensitive and he felt the unbearable sensation of Mark overstimulating him. The American still pounding until he too came, filling him with his come before he drew out quick and fell against the bed.

“Yer a complete asshole, yeh know that?”

The older man smirked, still breathing hard as he tried to recover from his orgasm. “Yeah, I know I am..”
Pleasant Surprise

Chapter Notes

Request: I have an Mpreg prompt (more like post-mpreg). Person A is in hospital, having just given birth to their and Person B's baby. A begins to panic about the future of their relationship with B now that a baby is thrown into the mix. B returns with a ring.

The whole world turned blurry, his hearing going fuzzy as every seemed to faze into one. Jack couldn’t comprehend what had just happened, his body was still numb and his limbs felt dead.

He had just given birth.

His vision slowly returned and he was met with the sight of the doctors placing a baby on his chest, his eyes bulging in their sockets since he’d never seen such a small thing before. To even believe that they had been inside him for nine months was a completely different story.

Jack blinked slowly and the world came back, sound filling his ears as he recognised it as a baby crying. His hands were trembling and he lifted them, coming to shakily wrap them around this thing that he could actually call his baby.

To his left, he could hear someone else crying and when he looked over, he saw his boyfriend Mark in a fit of tears. Obviously happy that after nearly six hours of labour, their son was here.

Returning his attention to the baby on his chest, the doctors took them for a short moment as they weighed and measured them. Jack felt sorry for them, knowing they were thrust into tests so quick into their life. They called Mark over, asking him if he’d like to cut the cord.

The older man obliged graciously and walked over, Jack watched as he took hold of a small pair of medical scissors and snipped at their son’s umbilical cord, severing the source that they’d relied on for so long while inside Jack.

Being wrapped in blankets and having a small hat fitted onto their head, the child was carried back over to Jack who had managed to sit up in the minutes waiting for them. Slowly, he took the baby off of them and then stared down. Still shocked to believe they were his.

Mark sat himself down on the side of the bed and placed an arm around the Irishman, kissing the side of his head and then watching as the doctors left, giving them privacy.

“I’m so proud of you”

After being in a daze for so long, Jack was finally snapped out of it when he heard his lover speak.

The younger man smiled at him and then looked back down at their baby, pulling away at the blanket in order to expose his face. Jack sighed and tried not to cry, already noticing what aspects their child had of them.

“He looks so much like you” Mark whispered, kissing Jack on the cheek before the Irishman manoeuvred his head, allowing him to kiss him on the lips. “I.. I jus’ can’t believe he’s ours..”
The American sighed softly, running his index finger over one of his son’s delicate cheeks. “Either can I, this has suddenly just become.. So real”

Inside, Jack felt himself stiffen at the older man’s words. From the sounds of it, it was as if Mark was put off at the idea of them now having a baby. He’d been fine throughout the entire pregnancy, but it seemed that right now, seeing them in front of him. There had been a change of heart.

“Yeah, it has..” The Irishman mumbled, leaning down to press a gentle kiss on his baby’s head, watching as he screwed up his face and gurgled quietly. Jack felt his heart beginning to swell with the love he felt for this child.

And yet, he was so terrified that because of them. He was going to lose Mark.

“You got any names yet?”

Jack sighed softly and bit down on his lip, names rushing through his mind all at once and yet, he couldn’t find one that fitted. That was, until he looked up at Mark. “I was thinkin’ maybe.. Edward”

Quirking his eyebrows, Mark looked at his boyfriend confused for a moment. “Why Edward?” The Irishman smiled, noticing their baby was beginning to open his eyes. “It’s yer middle name ain’t it?”

The older man nodded, looking on as his eyes became visible.

They were bright blue, just like Jack’s.

“Oh god..” Mark choked, feeling tears fill up in his eyes again as he moved away and stood up from the bed. Jack looked up at him, feeling worried. “Everythin’ alright?”

Nodding slowly, Mark walked out of the room, leaving Jack alone.

The Irishman tried to blink back the tears of upset yet he realised that Edward was staring up at him, the younger man smiling and putting out his finger for the baby to grab. Holding it tightly and causing more tears to well up.

This gorgeous child was going to be the reason that Mark would leave him.

Mark suddenly entered the room again, his face seemed to be serious and that scared Jack. He was preparing for the rejection, for the man to say that he couldn’t stay with him any longer and wanted to break up.

“You okay?”

Jack asked, his stomach twisting knots while the grip on his finger tightened, even outside his womb, Edward could still sense his father’s anxiety.

“Yes, I’m more than okay actually. There’s something I need to tell you..” Expecting the worst, Jack was taken back when he watched as Mark slowly got to his knees in front of the bed, producing a box that held a small silver ring. This was nothing compared to what he had in mind.

“Sean Mcloughlin, will you marry me?”

Feeling his chest tighten and untighten multiple times and tears fill up so quick they blurred his vision, Jack nodded his head rapidly. “Yes, yes I will marry you!”

Mark ran over to Jack and pulled him into a hug, being careful of Edward as he lay between them. They both kissed intimately before the American pulled away, leaning down to kiss the top of their
baby’s head and listening as he gurgled again.

“What made ya want t’ marry me?” Jack asked, wiping tears out of his eyes as the older man stood beside him, placing the ring on his finger.

“I realised just how much I love you, that you’ve given me a child and everything I could have ever wished for. I don’t want to spend my life with anyone other than you, Jack”

Tears filled up again and the Irishman allowed them to fall down his cheeks. “God, that’s so cheesy but I love yeh so much” Jack pulled him down for another kiss and they laughed gently, listening as Edward grumbled at their embrace.

Jack had never imagined in the space of a day. He’d become a father, a husband and most importantly be given his own family. But then again, when would he?
“Why would anyone love a man like me?”

Jack stared into the bathroom mirror once again, feeling like this was the twentieth time he’d done it this week. His reflection was pasty white, almost sickly. He knew why, he hadn’t been eating properly for about two weeks now. His whole body was already beginning to give up on him.

“What’s the point?..” Letting out a heavy sigh, he sat himself down on the edge of the bath and tried to wipe away the tears that fell down his face. Jack glanced down at his wrists and cursed loudly, noticing how his scars had become more prominent. If Mark was to see, he wouldn’t know what to say.

There was no doubt that Jack hated himself. He hated the way he looked and the way he lived his life, he hated his personality and felt like he was a burden on others. The Irishman felt as if his life were pointless and therefore he should stop himself existing.

His eyes caught the sight of the razor near the sink and his throat went dry.

“Jack! You home?!”

Entering the apartment in which both men shared, Mark closed the door behind him and giggled away to himself, currently hiding a bouquet of flowers behind his back that he’d bought for Jack not too long ago. It was coming up to their first anniversary and Mark felt like he had to surprise him.

He could hear the sound of running water and assumed that his boyfriend was in the bath, going over to the bathroom door and gently knocking on it. “You in the bath, babe?”

When he got no reply, his curiosity got the better of him and he tried to open the door, only to be halted in his actions when he realised it was locked. Strange, Jack wasn’t one to lock the door when he was bathing.

The American pressed his head against the door and listened in closely, but the sound of running water was still prominent. He knocked again, this time a little harder. “Jack? You alright?” When he still didn’t get an answer, panic began to fill him.

“Jack?!”

Only silence came from his yell and Mark felt his heart beginning to pound in his chest. “I-I’m coming in!”

Mark dropped the flowers and barged into the bathroom door with his shoulder, using all his strength and feeling the frame give-way where the older man fell through, turning around and being met with
a terrifying sight.

There lay Jack, lying in the bath with blood leaking from his wrists, staining the water.

“Jesus fuck!” Running over to him, Mark pulled the Irishman out and immediately shoved him onto the floor, noticing that he wasn’t breathing. “Jack please don’t do this to me!”

He placed his hands on his chest and began to pump, attempting to restart his lover’s heart while he pressed his lips against Jack’s, trying to breath air back into his asphyxiated lungs.

“Jack please!”

When he still didn’t get a response after a good two minutes, Mark was beginning to give up hope. When suddenly, after an especially hard pump to his chest, water gushed out of Jack’s mouth and he began to gasp, taking in air.

The Irishman looked up dazed and saw a fuzzy image of his boyfriend above him, hissing when the sting of the cuts on his wrists came to his attention. “I’m sorry..” He croaked, listening as he could hear Mark crying.

Picking him up gently, Mark placed Jack on the sofa and began to delicately bandage his wrists, luckily he hadn’t cut too deep much to the older man’s relief.

“Why?..” Was Mark’s only question, watching as Jack found himself getting more and more conscious with each breath. The younger man sighed, running a hand through his soaked hair. “I don’t deserve t’ exist, Mark..”

The words that came from his lover’s lips cut through Mark like a knife, he breathed in deeply through his nose and closed his eyes, trying to stay calm. “Of course you do, you’re here with me right now and I love you” Jack stared at him blankly.

“How could anyone love me?”

Feeling tears build up in his eyes, the American lunged forward and wrapped his arms around the other man, beginning to cry and hearing Jack join him as they sobbed together.

“I’ll tell you how, because you’re the most wonderful person I have ever met. You’re funny, charitable, sweet and so caring. Your laugh lights up my day, your eyes are simply gorgeous and that smile, I couldn’t go another day without seeing it”

Jack cried harder, hearing Mark’s loving words and feeling himself feel regretful of the actions he’d just performed beforehand. He had nearly lost Mark, of all people.

He could never lose Mark.

“Please don’t do that again, if you feel down, I’m here for you. It’s what I’m here for” Mark pressed a sweet kiss to the top of the Irishman’s head and Jack nodded, cuddling in close to the warmth of Mark’s chest.

“I promise..”
After a long day of work, Mark couldn’t help the satisfaction that rushed through him the second he walked through the door of his apartment. Breathing in the homely smell and closing his eyes as he sighed softly. He was glad to be home.

The first thing he noticed, was that Jack wasn’t there. Usually, the Irishman would either be in the kitchen or sat on the sofa, waiting for him to come home and yet he was nowhere to be seen.

His only assumption was that he was recording and therefore decided to leave his curiosity there, going over to the sofa but pausing when he realised there was a note placed on one of the sofa cushions. “Weird..” Mark muttered, bending over to pick up the paper.

‘Follow the rose petals ;)’

Love Jack xx’

Staring at the words on the note as he read them over and over again, Mark looked around in confusion since he’d seen no rose petals in the vicinity of their apartment. But then his eyes noticed something red by the stairs and wandered over, confused still.

“Whatver you have planned Jack, I’m not in the mood.” The older man sighed, picking up the flower petal and smelling it, realising that they were indeed real and not fake. Jack had gone all out on whatever the hell he was doing.

Beginning to follow the petals, he realised that they lead to their bedroom. He paused, hearing music being played on the other side of the door. Mark slowly opened it and walked in, his eyebrows raising with what he saw.

“Like what yeh see?”

The Irishman was currently laid on their bed in nothing but his boxers, rose petals scattered around and on top of him and ‘Reptile’ by Nine Inch Nails being played from his phone on the bedside drawer.

Confused, Mark shut the door behind him and waltzed over to him, pausing the music on his phone so that he could talk to him. “Can I ask what you’re doing?”

Giving out a frustrated sigh, Jack sat up and looked at Mark with a disdained expression. “I was tryin’ t’ spice things up a bit. Is that a crime?” The older man shook his head, smirking at his boyfriend.

“It’s fun seeing you setting the mood for once, kinda sexy”

Blushing, Jack grinned at him smugly and then lay down on the bed. “Yeh fuckin’ know I am, Fischbach. But what are ya gonna do with me?”
Listening to the way his lover purred, Mark unpauued the music and began to carefully remove his shirt. The Irishman watching as he stripped himself of his clothing and then climbed onto the bed, body hovering just over his.

“I’m gonna fuck you so hard, you’re gonna be limping in the morning..”

The music started to kick in and Jack felt arousal spread thick through his body, his erection strained against the material of his underwear. Mark looked down and noticed, his eyes coming back up the other man’s face as he smirked at him.

“How are we?” Nodding excitedly, the younger man spread his legs wide for the man above him and felt as Mark began to grind his boner against his own, Mark grabbing his thighs and spreading him further as he started grinding harder.

Jack’s hand flew up to his mouth and he bit down on one of his fingers, trying to hold back a moan. The sensation of his boyfriend’s hard length rutting against his over their clothes felt deliriously good. “Gonna work ya fucking open..”

Shivering, the Irishman closed his eyes and just let Mark take control. The music getting intense as the older man removed his boxers, lubricating his fingers before he began tostroke at his taint, Jack moaning like a whore.

“You like that baby?”

The younger man nodded, breathing in sharply through his teeth as Mark kept on teasing his perineum. The fingers tracing downward and one of them slipping quickly inside him, pushing all the way in and beginning to thrust, giving Jack no time to recover from the intrusion.

“Motherfuck..” Jack groaned, running his fingers roughly through his own hair and pulling at it when he felt the second digit enter him, starting to work him open at a fast and rough pace. He loved it when Mark fingered him, he filled him so graciously and always fucked him hard until he came quick.

The American chuckled when he heard the other man curse under his breath, Mark fucking him roughly with his fingers until he was pretty sure Jack couldn’t take it any more. His breaths having become gasps and near cries of pleasure.

“Want me to fuck you now?”

Nodding his head, the Irishman grabbed his legs and spread them as wide as he could for the older man and watched as Mark slicked himself, pressing the head of his cock against his hole and beginning to slowly push in.

“Oh god yes..” Jack gasped, closing his eyes again and lolling his head against the pillows as his boyfriend filled him bit by bit, each thrust allowing more girth to enter him until Mark was buried to his hilt. “You’re so tight Jack, fuck..”

Kissing his lover on the neck and sucking a hickey there on the pale flesh, Jack whined gently and shimmied his hips for the other man to start moving. Mark obliging and drawing out before he bucked hard back inside him. This pace continued, hard and rough like both men loved.

The bed ached and groaned under their activities, Jack himself moaning as Mark began to pound into his sweet spot, every thrust better than the last. A familiar bubbling began in his belly, knowing he was close.
His breathing hitched and the older man smirked, knowing the other man’s current condition. “I’ll let you come when I want you to, whore."

Hearing his boyfriend talk to dirty to him, Jack shook violently and nodded his head, obeying him as they fucked one another harder. The American kept his eyes open, watching the faces that Jack made as he rutted into him.

Soon, the younger man was finding it difficult to hold back. The sensations becoming painfully intense and he started screaming out, Mark smirking since he loved when he got him like this.

“Come now.”

Relief washed over the Irishman as he told he was allowed to come, releasing hard onto his chest and stomach as wave upon wave of his orgasm crashed down on him. Mark followed soon after, fucking Jack through his climax.

They pulled apart, collapsing on the bed and looking at one another as they panted. “That.. That was good” Jack barely managed to say, swallowing thick as he struggled to keep his eyes open.

“I did tell you I’d fuck you hard didn’t I?” Mark teased, leaning over to press a kiss to his lover’s lips before he sat up, looking down at his lover and seeing just how tuckered out he was. “You want a drink?”

Jack didn’t even need a second to think about his question. “Please.”
Jack had never expected that this moment would happen. That he would be walking, hand in hand with Mark toward the infamous place that was the Fischbach household. Jack was finally going to meet Mark’s family.

They stood by the door and knocked, the Irishman looking up at his lover with a large smile on his face while the other man smiled even wider at him. Happy to see how excited Jack was to meet his family. It gave him confidence that this visit would go well.

The door opened and there stood Mark’s mother, she was just as gorgeous in real life as she was in photos and videos. Her face lit up, happy to see both men there since she’d been anticipating their arrival.

“Hello you guys! I was wondering when you’d get here, come on in. I have dinner cooking”

As they both walked in, the scent of food caught at the younger man’s nose and he shivered since it smelled luscious. He loved it when his mother made him dinner, so Mark’s mom would be no exception.

“Thomas is in the living room if you wanna go see him” She uttered from inside the kitchen, both men obliging and wandering into the room where they were met with the sight of Tom. Jack grinned, feeling excitement spread through him.

Noticing they had arrived, Thomas sat up from his slouched position on the couch and went over to his brother and his boyfriend, grinning at them both as he seemed happy to see them. “Hey Mark! Is this Jack?” He hinted over to the shorter man beside him, Jack nodding his head.

“Nice to meet ya Jack” He put his hand out for him to shake and the Irishman politely shook it, feeling a little bit awkward since he was kind of a fan of his comic series. He felt like spilling his guts and fanboying in front of him but he didn’t really think it was appropriate right now.

“Mark! Can you please help me get food served?!”

Hearing his mother shout for him from the kitchen, the older man let out an exasperated sigh and then turned to Jack. “You gonna be okay by yourself?” Feeling confident, Jack snorted in derision. “Of course I will, ya go help yer mother”

Mark smiled at him and kissed him on the lips sweetly before he left him, Jack looking over at Tom with a genuine smile but it became apparent that if Thomas was smiling before, he definitely wasn’t now.

“Look here Jack, I just want to run some things over with ya. First things first, try to remember that Mark is my younger brother and I care very much about him. Second, you better treat him right and
look after him as he would for you. And third, if you hurt him. I hurt you. Understood?”

All the colour in Jack’s face suddenly disappeared and he found himself staring up at Thomas with a scared expression, unsure what to say or do as he found himself frozen in fear. “U-uh.. Yes, understood” Swallows thickly, his lips pulled into a thin line.

“I’m glad. Just remember, if you do hurt him. I will be the first one to find out so don’t think you can escape my wrath..” Nodding, the younger man looked away from and crawled toward the kitchen to look for Mark.

Noticing that Jack had come into the room, the American grinned and placed his hands on his shoulders. “What did you and Tom talk about?”

The Irishman looked up blankly at his boyfriend, his face still pale. “I love ya so much.. Jus’ wanted yeh t’ know that” He wrapped his arms around him, his face pressed into his chest much to Mark’s confusion.

“Oh, I love you too. Everything alright?”

Jack just nodded his head, clinging tighter to him. “Never better heh, jus’ wanted t’ spend some lovin’ time with my boyfriend is all..” Mark pushed him away, feeling worried now.

“I got that but you’re starting to freak me out. What did Tom say?” Feeling too afraid to say anything, Jack just stared down at the floor and kept his lips sealed shut.

Mark lifted up his lover’s chin, making him look directly into his eyes. “Tell me what he said.”

“He said that if I h-hurt ya, he’ll hurt m-me..”

Rolling his eyes, the American began to laugh much to the younger man’s confusion since he wasn’t expecting him to react like that. “Jeez, he’s still playing that card? He’s been doing that to guys since I was sixteen.. Each one got scared shitless. Take no notice okay?” Jack slowly nodded, feeling a bit relieved.

“If ya say so..” The older man leaned in and pressed a light kiss to Jack’s lips. “Trust me, I know Tom better than you, he is my brother for god’s sake”

They both chuckled and then allowed their lips to connect again, kissing intimately before they heard footsteps enter the kitchen followed by a giggle. Jack and Mark looked up and both blushed a deep red when they noticed it was Mark’s mom.

“Oh, don’t mind me boys! I’m just serving dinner now”

Staring at each other for a short moment before they glanced back over in her direction. They did in fact, mind her being there.
Requests: My idea is that either Mark or Jack confess to each other at the upcoming convention which is Pax.

This weekend was going to be hard.

Jack looked down at his phone and noticed that he’d woken up five minutes before his alarm. He wasn’t surprised, he could hardly sleep last night.

The entire night was filled with the terrifying thoughts of seeing Mark again, he hadn’t seen him yesterday when he’d arrived here in Seattle for Pax Prime but just thinking of even coming into contact with the man again had Jack’s skin trembling.

It was just unfortunate, that Jack had a massive crush of Mark.

Sighing as he climbed out of the shower. Mark wrapped a towel around his waist and pulled his wet hair back before he looked in the mirror, leaning against the sink as he found himself lost in his thoughts.

Yesterday, Jack had arrived and yet he had made no effort to go see him or any of the guys. This confused Mark since it was usual tradition that Jack met up with everyone straight away, there must have been something wrong.

Mark missed him anyway, ever since Indiana anyway. Having seen him in the flesh again, to touch him, hug him and talk to him face to face. It was really brought out the aspects in Jack that the older man adored.

There was denying he had a massive crush on Jack.

Today was the day that they’d finally see one another again and frankly, the Irishman was shitting himself. He had no idea how he’d managed to speak to him let alone be in the same room as him. Every time he saw Mark, the more attractive he appeared.

Jack pulled on his clothes and grabbed his phone, freezing when he saw he had a text from Mark.

‘Wanna meet up before the panel? Kinda need to talk to you xx’

“Oh fuckin’ hell..” He whispered, his eyes bulging in his skull as he read the text over and over, trying to comprehend what he meant by ‘kinda need to talk to you’. The sheer idea of even being in his presence was enough, how was he going to talk to him?

Placing his cell down on his bed, Mark finished putting on his shoes and listened as he heard it go off, only assuming that Jack had replied to his text.

‘Can’t make any promises. But I’ll try.’

Mark felt his heart crack slightly but tried to keep himself together since he didn’t want this dumb
crush to get him down when he was meant to be doing a panel today. This was a happy day and he needed to fucking act like it was. So that meant no getting upset.

He arrived at the convention not long after that, immediately being swarmed with fans and laughing as he began to sign their things until security rushed over, asking him to make his way over to the main stage where he obliged. Promising his fans that he’d be able to sign once the panel was over.

The Irishman awkwardly stood around near the edge of the stage, his heart pounding in his chest and a cold sweat making his whole body tremor. Felix and Ken were there to keep him company but he honestly couldn’t help his anxiety. He hoped it wasn’t too obvious.

“You alright Jack?” Felix asked, walking over to him when he could see that he was pacing around like a madman. “Jus’. Jus’ waitin’ fer Mark” He answered, feeling scared though when it seemed like the Swede was seeing through his facade.

“Hmm okay then, well when you’re done having a panic attack. Me and Ken will on the stage” He patted his shoulder, wandering away with a smug expression on his face which had Jack glaring at him.

“Jack?” Turning around when he heard his name, the younger man’s face flushed red when he saw Mark stood there. His heart picked up in pace and he felt his whole body weaken at the sight of the man stood before him. “H-hey Mark..” Internally, the Irishman cursed at his nervousness.

“Can we still have that talk? Since ya know, you’re here” Jack sighed softly and nodded his head, allowing himself to be lead to right at the back of the stage, away from where Ken and Felix were.

Mark swallowed thickly, his hands becoming clammy when he noticed just how gorgeous Jack looked right now. The stage lights shining down on him at a flattering angle, he was starting to understand why he liked him so much.

“So..? What d’ya wanna talk t’ me about?” The younger man asked, his stomach twisting into knots thanks to his nervous demeanor.

Mark cleared his throat and tried to give him a confident look even though on the inside, he was like jelly. “I just wanted to tell you. That you’re really sweet and funny and I see you as such a great friend, but.. But I see you as so much more than that” A light blush appeared on the Irishman’s face as Mark had just admitted his feelings to him, something that he’d definitely not expected to hear just before he went on for a panel. “I.. Mark..” “I see ya as more than that too..” Eyes widening, the older man looked at him questioningly and acted as if Jack had been hit over the head. “Do.. Do you?” Nodding his head, Jack smiled sweetly at him and walked in closer, his stomach unknotting and instead filling with butterflies. His arms reluctantly wrapped themselves around Mark’s neck and he pulled the man close to him.

The American returned the affection by placing his hands on Jack’s hips, pressing him in closer before he leaned down, kissing the younger man softly on the lips and closing his eyes when he felt Jack return it.
They kissed for what felt like years until Jack was the one to part, looking up dreamily into Mark’s eyes as he couldn’t believe what had just happened. “Did we jus’?..” He smiled at the older man, unable to control himself as he kissed him again.

“I think we just did” Mark replied gently, hands resting on Jack’s lower back as they started kissing again, that was though, until they heard giggling from behind them.

“Hey guys! Get a room!”

Turning around, they froze as they realised that Felix and Ken were standing there having seen the whole thing. Felix was laughing hard while Ken chuckled in the background, the couple just glared at them, parting from their embrace.

“You can kiss later, right now. We have a panel to do!” Felix yelled, going back to the main stage and as if on cue, the technicians and staff began to arrive. Jack and Mark thanked the gods that they’d parted in time.

Jack looked over at him and smirked before he winked at him, going over to technicians to get his microphone fitted.

The older man rolled his eyes and let out a soft chuckle before he joined him. He felt relief having been able to finally tell Jack how he felt.

Sighing softly, Jack smiled to himself and let relief fall over him like a wave, so glad that he finally told Mark how he felt about him.
“Are you sure you want to do this? You don’t have to if you’re not comfortable..”

Jack looked down momentarily at the floor of their living room and swallowed dryly, feeling the lump forming in his throat when he could hear how concerned Mark was for him. As much as he appreciated it though, Jack wanted this.

“I want this, Mark. We’ve been datin’ fer nearly a year now. It’s about time we fucked..” The Irishman replied, watching as the older man looked him over and bit his lip. The situation was awkward and silent.

He moved in closer on the couch and placed his hand on Jack’s thigh, stroking gently. “I know that, but it’s your first time. I don’t wanna hurt you”

Sighing softly, the younger man placed his hand on top of Mark’s and squeezed, giving him reassurance. “Trust me on this, alright? I know what I want and right now, I would give anythin’ t’ have sex with ya right now” Mark smiled, leaning in to kiss his cheek.

“I’m glad to hear it. Shall we get started then?” Jack nodded, smiling back at him and shifting so that he was straddling the American’s lap, his arms wrapped around his neck as they shimmied in close, pressing their bodies together firmly.

They leaned in and began to kiss one another on the lips, soft and sweet pecks at first while their hands roamed. Jack’s hands pulling at Mark’s hair while Mark’s hands stroked at Jack’s hips. The moment was intimate and hot, it became apparent that they’d have to undress soon.

Mark allowed his hands to sneak up the back of the Irishman’s shirt, fingers tracing over the soft skin as he felt Jack shiver under his touch. Jack’s teeth nibbled and grazed at the pale flesh, taking it into his mouth to suck and flush the skin gentle shades of red, covering Jack in hickeys.

Jack let him do his worst, letting him coat his neck and shoulders in love bites that wouldn’t fade for days. The pain bitter-sweet and pleasurable, causing Jack to occasionally moan now and then when it became too much.

“You’re quite vocal..” The American muttered against his skin, causing Jack to blush since he didn’t want to think of that while in this situation. His loudness did come as a sense of embarrassment for him, he hated not being able to hold back his noises.
Fingers moved again and this time, started playing with the waistband of Jack’s boxers which were sticking out of his jeans, Mark pinging back the hem for it to smack off his lower back. The younger man cursed under his breath, making Mark smirk.

“Wanna undress?”

Jack didn’t take no for an answer, standing up off of his lover as he began to pull his shirt off, he heard Mark inhale sharply much to the Irishman’s smugness. He was obviously enjoying the sight. He dropped his shirt to the floor and his jeans followed suit until he was only in his boxers.

The older man took off his shirt and chucked it at Jack, the other man yelping in surprise but being quick to throw it to the growing pile of clothing. When his jeans came down, the Irishman had to hold back a moan when he saw the bulge in his boyfriend’s underwear.

“Hard are we?” He teased, allowing Mark to collapse back on the couch and have Jack sit back on top of him. They started kissing again and the American’s immediate choice of where he rested his hands, had to be Jack’s ass.

Letting out a small gasp, Jack opened his eyes and was quick to glare at him, feeling his hands placed so firmly on his ass and squeezing it. “You fucking know I am..” Mark finally replied, using his grip on his rear to adjust the Irishman’s position and have it that his groin could grind into it.

“Jesus fuck..” Jack lolled his head forward and hid it in the crook between Mark’s neck shoulder. His gasps becoming more like heavy pants when he could feel his lover’s hard cock rubbing against his asscheeks, only separated by the thin material of their boxer briefs.

Mark chuckled, listening to him pant and increasing the pace at which he ground against him, moaning himself since it felt good getting this kind of friction after about a week of holding back. “I really wanna fuck you.” The American whispered, biting down on the shell of Jack’s ear.

Shivering with anticipation, the younger man whined softly and let out a sharp moan when their lengths happened to gain contact, the sheer aspect of it being enough to nearly make Jack come in his pants. “I really want yeh t’ fuck me too..”

He pressed a kiss at the side of Jack’s stubbled jaw and his hands wandered toward the hem of his boxers again, beginning to pull them down and expose the perfect image of his boyfriend’s ass. His hand crashed down, smacking the flesh and leaving a red mark.

The Irishman gasped aloud at the connection made between his asscheek and Mark’s hand. “Yer a dirty bastard..” Jack groaned, feeling his underwear be pulled down completely before the older man paused in his actions.

“There’s a small tube of lube in my jeans pocket, can you go get it please?”

Obliging to his lover’s request, Jack stood up again but this time with his legs shaking more than usual and crouched down by Mark’s jeans, searching through the pockets until he pulled out the tube, going back over to hand it to him. Noticing he’d also taken his boxers off.

“Thanks babe” He sat himself back down on the older man’s lap and watched Mark as he squirted the lubricant onto his fingers, Jack biting down on his lower lip since he had an idea of what was about to happen.

They shifted into a comfortable position on the sofa and Mark positioned his fingers. “Spread yourself a lil bit!” The Irishman took hold of his asscheeks and pulled them apart, his face a mess of arousal when he started feeling the first finger grazing at his entrance.
“If it hurts, let me know okay?” Nodding at him, Jack’s mouth suddenly fell open when he felt the digit plunge deep into his hole, the intrusion foreign but definitely good. “Jesus fuckin’ christ.”

Mark chuckled, keeping his eyes on Jack the entire time not only to watch his face for his constant pleasured expressions but also for any signs of pain.

The second finger was added and the younger man understood what he meant about it hurting, the girth of the two digits causing him to be stretched and allowing a burning sensation to start. “O-oh god” Jack grunted, one of his hands flying to his mouth to bite at it and hold back a cry of pain.

“You okay?” Mark quickly asked and the other man nodded his head, not wanting to discourage him. Taking his word, the older man drew out slowly and then as carefully as he could, thrusted the digits into him again. His middle finger just so happening to catch at Jack’s prostate.

“JESUS FUCK! Please do that again!..”

Taken back a small bit by the sudden vocalisation that came from his boyfriend, Mark just shrugged his shoulders and did as he was told, trying to hit his sweet spot with each thrust that he plunged up inside of Jack.

The entire time, the Irishman wasn’t able to say anything intelligible, his vocabulary mainly consisting of loud moans and cries that had Mark groaning too. Getting off to the sight before him as he fucked him hard with his fingers.

“Mark.. I need.. I need yeh t’ fuck me! Fuck me please!”

Smirking, the older man pulled out his fingers out of Jack and took hold of the lube, placing a hefty amount onto his cock and slicking it in the substance. The younger man watched on, his eyes focussed hard on the length that would soon be inside him.

“You ready?” Mark asked, moving around until they felt like they were in an efficient position. Jack nodded his head and kept his teeth biting hard on his lip, his eyes tightly shut since the anticipation was killing him.

The older man chuckled and grabbed his dick, lining it up with his hole when Jack spread himself again for him. He manouvered his hips upward and the head edged inside, the Irishman’s mouth falling open as he fell forward at the sensation.

Slowly, he pushed his length inside of his lover and kept a firm eye on him incase there were any signs of pain. There was no doubt in Jack’s mind that this hurt, but that the same time, being filled with such girth really took his mind off it.

“I’m gonna start fucking you now, you gonna be alright?” The younger man nodded, his head hanging forward as each breath came out as a wheeze, unable to speak. Mark rolled his eyes at him since Jack was such a mess, drawing out gently before he thrusted himself back into him.

Jack gasped aloud and his whole body shook with arousal, his cock jumping and his face flushing darker. Mark could only guess that he’d literally turned his boyfriend into putty without even trying, this man couldn’t even support his own body weight.

“Y-ya feel so good, Mark.. Holy shit”

Repeating the action, Jack reacted the same and the American couldn’t help the laugh that escaped him. Grasping his shoulders and pulling the man down for a kiss as he started to gently fuck him. Each thrust earning a louder moan from him.
As they got faster and harder, the more vocal that Jack became. Soon, he wasn’t even moaning anymore, his vocalisations more like screams that bounced around the living room walls. It was a surprise people didn’t think he was being beaten and come knocking on the door.

Jack knew how loud he was being but it was just so difficult trying to hold back the noises that rose up in his throat like vomit, each one unable to be contained as they fell from his lips and travelled across the vicinity of the room they were in. His embarrassment was there, but it was crushed by the upcoming knowledge that his climax was coming.

“I’m close” He whined, running his hands through his own hair and tugging hard when at that exact moment he’d chosen to speak, Mark had picked up pace and began to fuck him hard and fast, pounding into his prostate and causing heat to pool in his abdomen.

“I’M COMING! OH GOD, I’M COMING!”

Losing his load and allowing it to fall onto his and Mark’s chest, the American continued to thrust up into him until he too came, his moans loud but nothing compared to the sheer screams that had come from Jack during his orgasm.

Jack collapsed on top of Mark, his chest heaving and his eyelids heavy as he found it difficult to stay conscious. The older man was about to say something as soon as he pulled out of him but his attention was caught by the sound of snoring.

It had been so good, that Jack had passed out.

The American laughed gently and kissed the top of his head, wondering if he’d remember this in the morning.
Request: I want an angsty fic where Dark escapes from Mark and attacks Jack, and Mark (dies or almost dies) protecting Jack.

Jack felt Mark’s forehead and frowned, concern coming to replace the once humoured expression on his face. “Oh wow, ya weren’t kiddin’ when ya said ya felt ill. Yer burnin’ up”

The older man sighed and lay back in bed, feeling his whole body ache and sweat under the sheets. “I feel like utter shit” He groaned, rubbing his temples when he felt a headache coming on. Jack smiled at him, kissing the top of his head.

“Should I stay home t’day and look after yeh?”

Immediately shaking his head, Mark sat up again though a little too quickly as his head began to throb. “No, I want you to go into work. You have people depending on you today, I don’t want my silly sickness getting in the way” Jack rolled his eyes, letting out a defeated sigh.

“Oh, okay. Ya win, I’ll go t’ work. But if ya start feelin’ worse, don’t hesitate t’ ring me okay?”

Mark nodded and smiled sweetly at his boyfriend, the Irishman returning the smile and running his hands through Mark’s sweat soaked locks.

“I’ll be back by lunchtime, I hope ya feel better by then”

And with that, Jack was gone, leaving Mark to suffer his sickness by himself.

Mark regretted his decision to let his boyfriend go to work minutes after he left, it was becoming apparent that without someone to take care of him, he’d be struggling to get through the day.

His head throbbed painfully and his whole body was burning up and aching, sickness came in waves and sometimes, the American was only too sure he was going to vomit. He missed Jack’s calming presence and wished that he was back to look after him like the big baby he was.

Hours passed and within that time, Mark felt no improvement to his health whatsoever. Every time he closed his eyes, pain travelled swift through his body and the nausea served to worsen too.

“Jesus christ..” The older man groaned, sitting up in bed after lying there for what felt like days. Mark stood up on shaky legs and made his way toward the bathroom, nearly losing his balance on the way there and having to lean against the walls in the hallway to evade the dizziness.

He was only too sure he was dying.

He entered the bathroom and leaned against the sink, looking in the mirror to be met with his pasty and sweaty reflection. “Maybe a cold shower will do me good” Mark said, glancing at the shower in question before he looked at the mirror again.

As he stared at his reflection however, a sharp red hint appeared in his eyes before it quickly disappeared again. Mark gasped, surprised and confused to what had just happened.
“I’m probably just hallucinating..” The American mumbled, going over to the shower and starting the taps, allowing the water to run cold before he began to remove his clothes. Disgusted as he realised they’d been stuck to him with sweat.

Mark climbed into the shower and sighed in content when the icy water began to hit at his sweltering body, immediately cooling him much to his satisfaction and easing away the awful headache he’d been having.

After his shower, the older man made his way back to his room and pulled on a fresh pair of pajama pants and an old shirt, feeling better now that he’d cleaned away all the filth that had been stuck to his skin.

Sheer exhaustion got the better of him and he fell asleep, but not before his body began to violently twitch and convulse, Mark having no knowledge as he slept soundly.

His mouth fell open and he began to gag and groan, fitting rapidly on the bed and twisting into unimaginable positions. Dark smoke began to escape his throat and manifest beside him. The manifestation becoming the form of a man who looked exactly like him, only his eyes were coloured black with red pupils shining noticeably.

“Finally, years of being trapped in that idiot and finally I’m free again” The man spoke, looking down at Mark and scoffing when he realised that he probably wouldn’t wake for a long time. Lost to the world in a near comatose state.

Jack arrived home only an hour after, he’d hadn’t had a phone call or text from Mark so he had assumed that he must have been doing better. He placed his keys in the bowl beside their door and took off his jacket, placing it onto the side of the sofa before collapsing on the sofa itself.

“Welcome home baby”

Looking behind him, the Irishman grinned when he saw Mark standing in the hallway, looking almost immediately better than he had been earlier. “Yer lookin’ good, I told ya you’d be better soon!”

The older man chuckled softly and walked over to Jack, sitting down beside him on the couch and leaning in to kiss him on the lips much to the other man’s reluctance. “Jus’ cause ya feelin’ better, doesn’t mean yer not still contagious doofus” He laughed, running his hands through Jack’s hair.

“I just thought I’d give you a little welcome home present..” The sheer tone of his voice had shivers travelling through Jack, biting down on his lip and swallowing thickly. “Wh-what kind of present?”

The American chuckled and began to lay the younger man down on the sofa, pulling up his shirt to reveal his stomach. He leaned down and pressed kisses along it, earning a soft exhale from the man below him.

“Wait here..”

Feeling excited, Jack stayed exactly where he was and closed his eyes, expecting that Mark was going to surprise him with something new.

A soft chuckle escaped the man as he walked into the kitchen, knowing that Jack was completely and utterly oblivious to his actions as he searched around in the cutlery drawers and pulled out a large steak knife. A dark grin appearing on his face as he made his way back to the other man.

“Keep your eyes closed, it’ll make it more of a surprise..” The Irishman grinned and nodded his
head, feeling as Mark pulled up his shirt even more to expose the full length of his belly before he pressed the tip of the knife into his flesh, not stabbing but instead inspecting his skin.

Feeling something sharp pressed against his stomach, Jack tried not to make any fuss about it and guessed that this must have been the surprise. “Ya gonna show me then?”

He lifted the knife away and hovered it over his upper abdomen. “Yeah.. I’m gonna show you” Lifting his arm high, he readied himself to stab and launched forward, only to be stopped in his actions by someone grabbing his arm.

“Get the fuck away from him.”

Mark was currently stood behind him, he twisted his arm and the knife fell from his hand as he yelled out in pain. Falling to the ground with a thud as Jack opened his eyes, gasping when he saw two Marks in front of him.

“What in the ever-lovin’ fuck is goin’ on?!” Standing up from the floor, the other man threw himself at Mark and they fell against the sofa, the knife just out of their reach as Jack backed away from them both, confusion getting the better of him.

The older man punched the dark figure in the face and pushed him off of him, running over to Jack and standing in front of him in a protective stance. “Stay away from Jack. You have no reason to hurt him.”

A scoff left the other man and he picked up the knife from the floor, placing his finger at the tip and playing with it. “That’s when you’re wrong. You love him and since my purpose is to destroy your life, why not start by killing Jack?” The man himself hid further behind his lover, feeling terrified.

“Who is that?..” He asked, fear filling him at the aspect of being killed for the sake of getting to Mark. “Oh sorry, did I not introduce myself? I’m Dark, here to make your boyfriend’s life a fucking misery”

Mark glared at him and stepped forward, still remaining protective of the younger man behind him. “I swear to god, if you hurt him. I’ll fucking kill you, Dark.” Snorting, Dark gave him a derivative look.

“Remember the last time you tried to do that Mark? Didn’t end so well did it?” Hints to the large scar going down his torso, the American gritting his teeth as he didn’t want to be reminded of that. He knew for a fact that to defeat Dark, he needed to get him when he was least expecting it.

Taking another step toward him, Mark kept his eyes fully on Dark, not letting him out of his sight. “What must I do, to make you go away?”

Chuckling, the dark man ran his hands through his hair and stared down at the knife in his hand, grinning smugly at him. “Look, Mark. If you even make one wrong move, I’ll gut your boyfriend where he stands” The Irishman gasped, his face paling.

“For fuck’s sake Dark. This has gone on long enough, I got rid of you before. I can do it again” “Good luck trying then!” And with that, the man charged forward right toward Jack, the younger man attempting to run away but it was apparent that this guy was much faster. Mark chased him, rugby-tackling him to the ground.

Mark successfully pinned his hands to the floor and snatched away the knife, throwing it away from his reach and panting hard as he glared down at the man he’d come to hate throughout his life. “Face
“Your confidence is cute, I’ll miss it though”

Out of nowhere, a knife manifested itself into Dark’s hand and he gripped it tight, Mark not seeing it. “Mark! Watch out!” Jack cried out, but it was too late. Dark plunged the weapon hard and fast into Mark’s stomach, pulling down the flesh to open him up before he pulled it out. Blood gushing as Mark collapsed to the floor in shock.

Dark stood up and began to laugh, watching as the older man began to twitch and convulse at the unbearable pain caused by the knife wound, blood pooling around him and saturating his clothes.

“Just face it Mark! You’re done for!” He carried on laughing, a dark expression on his face as he watched the man he’d fought so hard to destroy, begin to die.

“Might wanna rephrase yer choice of words..”

Turning around, Dark was met with the sight of Jack as he launched the steak knife from before into his throat, stabbing multiple times before a dark mist escaped the holes now forming in his neck. “NO. NO THIS CAN’T BE!” He tried to yell, his words choked out as he fell to the floor and exploded into a dust cloud, finally erased from existence.

Chuckling the knife onto the ground with a loud clatter, Jack ran over to his lover and immediately ripped off his shirt, noticing just how big the stab wound was. “O-oh god.. Mark.. Oh god..”

Mark’s whole body was trembling as he tried to fight through the god awful pain that was threatening to take over him. “J-Jack.. I.. Thank you..” Tears began to fill the Irishman’s eyes, holding his boyfriend’s head on his lap as he started to speak.

“I’m so sorry Mark.. I’m so sorry..” Jack started sobbing, tears falling down and landing on Mark’s blood splattered face. “Don’t a-apologise.. You did n-nothing wrong..” A shaky hand rose up, holding the side of Jack’s face as he stroked at his cheek.

“Please don’t die..”

Tears fell down the American’s cheeks, knowing that was something he couldn’t reassure him about. His whole body began to weaken, knowing that it was beginning to give up on him. “I’m sorry b-baby.. I can’t m-make any promises..”

Hiding his head for a short moment in his shoulder as he cried harder, the younger man leaned down and pressed a soft kiss against Mark’s lips, feeling the other man return it before he reserved his energy for breathing.

“I l-love you so much..” Mark whispered, his hand slipping away from Jack’s face only for the Irishman to grab it and squeeze it tight. “I love yeh too..”

With the last of his energy, Mark smiled at him and allowed his eyes to fall shut, no longer looking up at the gorgeous sight that was his boyfriend. His breathing grew shallow and sharp until his chest stilled, Jack feeling cold rise up in him.

Mark was dead.
Alone

Chapter Notes

Request: Could you write something where Jack has to go away for a few days for whatever reason (family birthday or something) but Mark can't go with him because of reasons (probably youtube or travel costs or something) and when Jack comes home again after the few days, he finds Mark asleep at his desk wearing one of Jack's hoodies and with a playlist of Jack's videos playing on the computer? (then maybe kisses and cuddles happen idk)

“Do you really have to go for a week? I'm gonna miss you”

Jack let out a soft sigh and ran his hands through the older man’s hair, kissing the top of his head and nuzzling into the soft, sweet locks. “It’s only for a week Mark, you’ll live”

Sighing heavily, Mark wrapped his arms tighter around his lover and pressed another kiss to the side of his neck. “Doubt it.” He muttered against his skin, eyes closed tight as he dared not let the tears escape him.

The Irishman parted slightly in their embrace and looked down at Mark’s face, smiling sweetly as he saw the upset expression that plastered his face. “Yer a grown ass man, I’m sure ya will” The American rolled his eyes and sat up in bed, stretching out his arms as he saw the light coming through the curtain.

“What time’s your flight?” Mark yawned, glancing in the other man’s direction as he saw him get out of bed. His shirtless body making Mark yearn to touch him as he started to dress himself. “In about three hours, better make haste babe”

The older man nodded his head and breathed out softly through his nose, slowly pulling himself up and walking over to his boyfriend, arms coming around his torso and pressing him flush against his chest. “I’m not kidding when I say I’ll miss you” Jack sighed, staring down at the floor.

“Yeah I know, I’m gonna miss ya too..”

The drive to the airport was long and painful, they made small talk on the way there but the entire time both men knew that they didn’t want to sever from one another. Yes, seeing his family again for the first time in over a year was important, but being away from Jack was just so damn hard.

They arrived at the airport car park and climbed out of Mark’s car, coming around to the front where they sorted out Jack’s bags and suitcase, the other man unable to keep his eyes off his lover when he realised how little time they had left together.

“Ya know, ya could always come with me” Mark chuckled softly, running a hand through the thick of his own hair. “I can’t neglect my fans, they need me” Jack rolled his eyes before he shifted in close to him, placing his hands on Mark’s broad shoulders.

Both men shared a sentimental look as they knew that it was time to say goodbye. “I love you” Mark whispered, leaning down to place a chaste kiss to the Irishman’s lips. Jack smiled, warmth filling his
chest. “I love ya too. I’ll be home soon, don’t worry”

Mark inhaled deeply through his nose, closing his eyes momentarily before opening them again to stare down at Jack. “Both you and me know that I will” They shared a laugh and then kissed one another again, this time a little bit more intimately.

“See yeh in a week?” The younger man whispered, the American nodding his head as they finally parted and Jack grabbed his stuff, beginning to make his way toward the airport while Mark watched on until he could no longer see him.

Heading back to the apartment by himself was a numbing situation, entering the apartment alone was even worse. He’d never felt so lonely until now. Mark was really missing Jack.

Days went by and Mark refused to leave his apartment, feeling uncomfortable at the aspect of going places without the man he loved so dearly. He remained in isolation, spending each and every waking moment either texting Jack or watching his videos on Youtube.

He thought himself insane for this kind of behaviour but he couldn’t handle being alone. Not after nearly a year of Jack by his side.

The week passed quickly and before he knew it, Jack was on the plane home. The last text he’d received was just before he had boarded and it had read ‘I can’t wait to see you. Missed you so much and your beautiful face. Watch me tonight, I’ll show you how much I’ve missed you xx’

This text had anticipation running in the form of shivers through the Irishman’s body, excited to know that his boyfriend was planning on giving him a present on his return to L.A. Mark was known for that kind of stuff though, to ravage Jack at any given moment that could be called a celebration.

It was late when he finally arrived in Los Angeles, the sky was pitch black and the city was lit up beautifully. Jack smiled to himself as the plane slowly made its way down the runway and came to a hault. He was home.

Opening the door as carefully as he could, the younger man walked into the apartment and breathed in deeply, catching a scent that he knew was home. Filling his veins with joy as he set down his bags and closed the door behind him.

“Mark?” Jack called out, looking around the apartment for any signs of the other man but not finding him anywhere. He wandered up the stairs and into their bedroom, his heart melting at the sight he saw.

Mark was sat at the computer, unconscious with his headphones resting limply on his head. His body was adorned with one of Jack’s bigger hoodies and on the computer screen itself, was a playlist of the Irishman’s videos. One currently playing. Jack couldn’t help the tears that filled his eyes at the sheer image in front of him.

Quietly, he walked over and switched off the monitor, being careful as he took off his headphones and placed them on the desk. His hand stroked at the sleeping man’s cheek gently and he watched as his touch had no impact on his slumber. He was completely out of it.

“Mark, I’m back..”

Eyes cracking open slightly, Mark looked up slowly to see a man stood above him. Adrenaline rushed through him since in his half-asleep state, he imagined it to be an intruder. Jumping up and trying to get away from the other person but as his mind began to wake up, it became clear this was
no intruder.

“Jack? Is that you?” The Irishman smiled sweetly and pressed a kiss to Mark’s lips, the older man’s immediate response being to wrap his arms around his lover and pull him onto his lap. “I missed you so much, Jesus Christ.. I did”

Laughing gently, he rested his hands on the sides of the other man’s face and pulled him for another kiss, Mark returning it eagerly as his hands ran up the sides of Jack’s body. “I can guess, considerin’ what I saw when I came in” Confused for a short moment, Mark then remembered he was wearing Jack’s hoodie and that he’d been watching his videos.

“It was very lonely, Jack. What other choice did I have?” Jack giggled at his lover and rested his head on his shoulder. “Well then, best be glad I’m back then”

The older man smiled at him and kissed the top of his head, closing his eyes as he found himself getting sleepy again. He took hold of Jack and picked him up, placing him on the bed before he joined him. They didn’t even bother taking off their clothes.

“G’night Mark..” Jack whispered, feeling his eyes falling shut. Mark kissed his forehead, cuddling closer to him.

“Goodnight Jack”
Mark expected a lot of things on his bed honestly. His sheets for a start, then his pillows and maybe Jack now and then when things were getting really heated. But there was one thing that Mark had never expected on his bed. And that, was a baby.

The thing just lay there, squirming around on the covers like no tomorrow. On its small body, was one of Jack’s shirts and a letter attached. Mark could only stare, confusion and fear getting the better of him.

With reluctance, he approached the child and began to notice their features. They were scarily similar to Jack’s. “Was Jack pregnant and I didn’t even realise?” The older man queried, picking up the note and unfolding it to see what it said.

‘To whom it may concern,

The baby on the bed is no normal baby. It is in fact, Jack. He decided it would be a good idea to piss me off at the last convention he was at. Poking fun at the fact I looked like a sorcerer.

Bet he’s regretting calling me that! Cause look what happened buddy!

I’m not a sorcerer, I just happen to dress like one and have powers. I’m sick of being called one and therefore, he had to pay.

The powers will wear off in a couple days but for now, looks like he’s stuck being the big baby he is!

Signed,

Joe aka ‘The Magic Man’

Staring at the note for a good while, Mark looked back down at the baby and blinked rapidly. “This has to be a joke..” The baby stared up at him and then giggled, a small grin plastering their face as they continued to squirm.

“You can’t be Jack. This is a joke, this has to be a joke” With shaking arms, Mark bent down and picked up the infant, inspecting them and noticing that they indeed seemed physically and characteristically like Jack. But it just so hard to believe.

The supposed baby Jack grinned at the older man and reached out his arms toward his face, attempting to grab his glasses which Mark was quick to pull his head away, laughing when he saw them still trying. “No can do kiddo, these help me see”

Jack grunted and tried again, but the American made sure they were clearly out of his grasp, causing
the infant to get frustrated and saw grumbling. Much to Mark’s fear since he didn’t want them to cry.

“Okay, okay. You can have them, just please don’t cry”

Taking off his glasses and giving them to Jack, the baby smiled again and held them delicately in their hands. Almost as if they knew they had to be careful with them. Mark gently put Jack down again and sat down next to him, watching as he looked at the glasses with such an interested expression.

Mark couldn’t help but smile, he’d always wanted a baby but he knew it was too early in his and Jack’s lives to have one. But just looking at his infant boyfriend, it made his heart yearn at the aspect of having a child.

“You’re pretty smart for a baby, but then again, you’re not a normal baby are you?” Jack turned his head and glanced up at the older man, his face almost pulled into a disdained look if it hadn’t been the baby face that sweetened it. Mark laughed, knowing that the Irishman was definitely in there.

A couple days passed and Mark was finding himself growing more and more attached to infant Jack. He took him everywhere, people stopping in their travels to gush over the child in the man’s arms and constantly say how cute he was and how lucky Mark was to be a father.

Each comment made Mark feel more broody.

It was late afternoon and currently, the American was giving Jack his hourly feed when it became apparent that something was happening. The child was distant and hardly even acknowledged his existence, it was clear something was wrong.

“You okay, Jack?” The baby gave no response, only focusing on the bottle in his mouth and keeping his eyes firmly closed. “Jack?” Again, he didn’t open his eyes. This strange behaviour was beginning to scare Mark.

Thinking that maybe it was just him being tired, he waited until he finished the bottle and then took him upstairs, placing him in the basket that he’d bought for him. Wrapping the blankets around his body and smiling when he noticed Jack fell asleep almost immediately.

Mark went back downstairs and made himself comfortable, deciding to maybe watch television for a good couple hours before he headed to bed. But after an hour, he heard the sound of thudding and banging from upstairs. His instincts kicked in and his response was to head up the stairs.

“Jack?!”

Rushing into the room, the American looked around frantically but the baby was nowhere to be seen, his basket empty and the blankets dishevelled. Panic rose up in his throat. Jack was gone.

“Oh god.. Oh god..” Mark whimpered, tears filling his eyes at the idea that he’d not only lost his boyfriend, but also the baby he’d come to care for so much. He fell to the bed, feeling too impacted to call anyone.

Just as he was about to start crying, he felt a hand rest itself on his shoulder.

“Why in the fuck are ya cryin’?”

Eyes widening when he heard a familiar voice, Mark slowly looked up and gasped when he realised that Jack was stood there. No longer a baby and as the grown man he’d come to meet him as.

“J-Jack? I thought.. But..” The Irishman rolled his eyes, sitting himself next to the older man. “The
spell wore off, I’m back t’ my normal self” Relief flooded itself through Mark and he pulled Jack into
a hug, kissing him on the lips since he’d missed seeing him like this. A small part of him though,
wished he still had a baby to look after.

Parting their hug, Mark placed his hands on the younger man’s shoulders and looked at him in the
eyes intently. “Jack, I was thinking. I really think we should have a baby”

Taken back slightly by his partner’s request, Jack rubbed the back of his neck and swallowed
thickly. “I don’t know Mark, I mean. Are we really ready t’ have a baby?” The older man smirked,
confident as he again spoke.

“I just raised you for a week and you were practically a baby yourself. Come on, we’re ready.”

Sighing softly and giving the other man a genuine smile, Jack moved closer to him and rested a hand
on his thigh. “Okay Mark, let’s try fer a baby”
Imprisoned

There was one thing for certain and that was, jail sucked.

Only a couple weeks before, Mark had been running around as a free man. Robbing places on the go and spending his ‘winnings’ on what he called essentials and yet, here he was. Stuck in a cell with nothing to stare at but the wall before him.

“Hey jailer! What’s a man got to do to get some water around here?!”

Jack hunched up his shoulders and sighed heavily when he heard the man in the cell again call out to him, this had to be the sixth time this night and he hadn’t even been in the prison a day.

Going over to the cell, Jack reluctantly handed him a small cup of water through the bars and the older man turned up his nose at it. “The fuck is this? I’m not a child ya know, I can’t survive on one piddly-ass cup of water”

The Irishman glared at him and clutched the glass a little bit harder, surprised that he didn’t smash it with how tight his grip was. He thrust his arm further in as a way to tell Mark to take it and the man did as he was told, taking the cup but still looking at it with disgust.

“I think it’s disgraceful how you treat your prisoners, no respect at all. You might as well kill us”

Jack was tempted to reply but kept his mouth sealed shut, knowing he wasn’t meant to make communication with the prisoners.

“Aww come on, don’t leave me in silence. I’m already bored as it is in this dungeon, at least talk to me” Again, the younger man made no effort to speak and instead stared out at the door in front of him, not giving Mark the satisfaction of being acknowledged.

Huffing to himself, the American sat himself down on the floor and began to tap the now empty glass off the floor, creating an annoying sound that echoed through the dungeon. Causing Jack to get pissed off.

“Can ya please stop that? Fer fuck’s sake, what is wrong with ya?”

Smirking at the Irishman, Mark stopped with his tapping and placed the cup to the side. “What’s wrong with me? How about the fact I’m fucking trapped in a jail cell with the world’s hottest jailer who won’t even pay me the light of day? That’s what is wrong with me”

Jack blushed slightly when he heard him call him hot, that was something he’d definitely not expected to hear while guarding tonight. “Can you please just talk to me? Being here is so boring and you’re my only sense of entertainment” Turning his head to look at him, the Irishman felt compelled to know what he meant by ‘entertainment’.
“Last time I checked, I didn’t take this job t’ entertain prisoners. My job is t’ make sure ya don’t escape and yet, yer makin’ it fuckin’ difficult” Again, the man smirked when he heard him reply and saw how angry he was getting. “Hey, count yourself lucky. At least I find you cute”

Breathing out hard through his nose, Jack glared at him since he wasn’t enjoying being flirted with. “Can yeh cut that out?” Mark grinned, moving closer to the bars of his cell. “Cut what out?” The younger man moved closer too, his teeth gritted.

“Cut out flirtin’ with me”

Mark pouted and raised his eyebrows, a smug expression on his face. “Who ever said I was flirting with you? Something tells me I’m not the only one interested here”

Letting out an exasperated groan of frustration, Jack felt like the only way he was going to shut this idiot up would be to knock him out. “I swear t’ god. If yeh don’t shut yer mouth, I’m gonna come in there and shut it fer ya” Grinning, Mark leaned as close as he could to the bars.

“Do it. I fucking dare you.”

Seeing red, Jack grabbed the keys for the cell and unlocked it, barging inside much to Mark’s satisfaction as the Irishman scowled at him, his face flushed with both embarrassment and anger.

“You just made a fatal mistake, my sweet little jailer..” And with that, Mark pounced onto him. Knocking him to the floor before he pinned him down, grinning the entire time as he saw the shock on his face. “What’s your name anyway?”

Surprised that Mark had managed to tackle him so easily, the other desperately attempted to escape under his weight but to no avail as it was clear how much stronger he was compared to him. “Why should I tell you?” Jack spat, feeling frustrated.

Getting up quickly, Mark dangled the keys in front of the Irishman before he locked the door, tossing the keys through the bars and to the other side of the room. “Mainly because you’re going to be in here a while..”

The younger man stood to his feet and brushed himself off. “I can call fer help, people will find us and you’ll get sentenced fer attackin’ a guard” Mark just laughed, rolling his eyes at him since he found him amusing.

“Good luck, we’re in a fucking dungeon and the closest guard is four flights of stairs away. I should know, I was dragged down them”

Listening to the menacing tone in Mark’s voice, the Irishman found himself beginning to panic. Unsure of what this man was going to do to him. “S-so what’s yer deal anyway” The older man smirked, walking over to him.

“Been a while since I’ve had any action, think you could help?”

Jack’s eyes bulged out of his skull and his mouth fell open, backing away from the other man and pressing himself against the wall. “Don’t yeh even think of touchin’ me..”

He took another step forward, edging nearer to the jailer while wearing a smug grin. “Come on, I know how to show a guy a good time. Just let me do this” Feeling himself start to panic, Jack rushed directly into the corner of the room, attempting to hide away from Mark.

“N-no.. I don’t want this, yer gonna fuckin’ rape me” Stopping in his tracks, the older man looked at
him confused. “Who said anything about rape? I just wanna make out for a bit, is that too much to ask?”

Glares at him, Jack continued to back away from him. “Yeah right, as if I’d believe that bullshit” Feeling himself get impatient, Mark rushed directly over to him and grabbed his arms, pinning them above his head while he pressed his lower body into the other man’s.

The younger man gasped, his face flushing a deep red when he felt their bodies connect, his arms held above him in such a suggestive manner. “P-please don’t do this…” Mark ignored him, leaning in and starting to press kisses to the side of his neck.

As he felt lips against his neck, Jack shivered violently and bit down hard on his lip, trying to ignore the sensations coming from his man being against him. His teeth nipped and his scruff grazed against his skin, causing arousal to strike much to Jack’s reluctance.

“Oh god…” He whispered, listening as Mark chuckled and allowed his lips to travel upward, kissing at his stubbled jaw and getting closer to his own lips. Their eyes met and Jack felt himself unable to look away, the sheer blissful sight of seeing Mark horny being enough for him to give in.

Their lips met and Jack kissed him back, just as hungry as the man above him.

“M-my name is Jack..” The Irishman mumbled against his lips, Mark smirking as he realised he’d allowed the jailer to become undone. “Such a lovely name, it’s nice to meet you Jack..”

They continued to kiss heavily, their breaths mingling and their spit being shared as they explored each other’s mouths. Jack groaned every now and then, aware of the power this man had over him but in his state of arousal, he couldn’t care less.

Mark bucked his hips experimentally into the other man’s and Jack let out a startled moan, feeling the older man’s erection graze against his own. “You like that?..” He purred, rubbing his hard-on against the Irishman’s.

“Yes.. Oh god yes..”

Jack gasped, his eyelids unable to stay lifted as they began to close. His body coated in a thin sheet of sweat as Mark continued to thrust his hips against him, their bodies pressed tightly against each other and their makeout become dirty and sloppy.

The man had never felt so violated in his life and yet, it felt so right.

Chuckling, the American let go of Jack’s arms in order to hold the back of his head with one of his hands, pulling their faces closer together much to the younger man’s approval. The other hand slinked down, grabbing his ass and squeezing hard.

“Fuck..” He breathed, eyes opening momentarily to look at Mark and see him in nearly the same state. The other man smirked at him, rutting harder against him. “You close yet?..” The older man asked, hand pulling his hair.

“Nearly..”

Increasing in pace, Mark ground himself long and hard into the Irishman’s groin, feeling as the body beneath him began to tremble and shake. “Oh god.. I’m.. I’m.. ah..”

Mark breathed in deeply when he felt heat suddenly spread between them both, the younger man’s head lolling back as he came. His moans hot and heavy before he slumped against the wall. The
American followed him, hissing through his teeth at the sensation of his load leaving him.

The Irishman fell to the floor in an exhausted heap, wheezing as he tried to keep himself awake in the sake of duty as a guard. But it wasn’t like he’d just violated a ton of rules anyway.

Kneeling beside his body, Mark leaned in close and pressed a small kiss to Jack’s forehead, running a hand through his hair which was now drenched in sweat. “Sweet dreams, sleeping beauty...”

Unable to comment back, Jack just allowed his head to fall back, his eyelids closing shut as he felt himself be plunged into darkness.
“Hey Jack, you in here?” Mark asked, waltzing into the bedroom to see the other man laid in bed. His eyes were bloodshot and he didn’t even react to him entering the bedroom. It was almost too obvious that there was something wrong with him and that worried Mark.

Going directly over to him, the older man sat himself down on the bed and placed his hand gently on his hip, concern on his face. “Everything alright babe?”

He let out a soft sigh, looking slowly up at his lover before he hid his face in his pillow. “I’m jus’ havin’ one of those days..” Jack said, his voice muffled by the cushion. Mark exhaled gently and leaned over, kissing the side of his head.

“Want me to make you feel better?”

When he didn’t move from his position, Mark took that as a no but felt determined that he could make his boyfriend cheer up. “Come on Jack, let me help” But again, the man made no attempt to let him in. It kind of hurt but Mark understood that he was probably very upset.

His hand stroked at his hip, running along the base of his waist and carefully pulling up the hem of his shirt, exposing his skin. He continued to trace his fingers across it, watching though as Jack shivered and then tensed up. Mark froze, realising what was going on.

He was tickling Jack.

“Hey babe” When he didn’t get a response, the American smirked and took this as an opportunity to tickle at his sides again, earning shivers from the other man but still no vocalisation. His hand ran down toward his stomach and again tickled, this time though, Jack giggled. Mark grinned, grabbing hold of his lover’s body and turning him around so he was on his back, shirt pulled up just enough so that his stomach was in access. The American took this opportunity and attacked his belly with his fingers, viewing his face turn from blank to amused.

“Mark stop! Stop!”

The American refused to cease in his actions and he continued his onslaught on the younger man’s stomach, his fingers attacking every little crevice and earning new giggles and chuckles that he’d never heard Jack make before. It made his heart swell seeing him like this.

When the man couldn’t take the tickles any longer, Mark stopped and smiled when he realised how out of breath Jack was, his face pulled into a small grin as he looked up at his boyfriend. “Feel better?” Mark asked, leaning over him.

Jack nodded his head and lifted up his arms, wrapping them around Mark’s neck and pulling him down for a tender kiss. The older man smiled down at him, running a hand through his hair. “Makes me happy seeing you smile, babe”
The Irishman let out a content sigh, placing the palm of his hand on the side of Mark’s face and stroking it gently.

“Same here, Mark. Same here..”
Request: Septiplier request where Jack is prego(maybe like 5 months or something idk), falls asleep on the couch and Mark starts talking to Jack’s belly. Fluffy things are said, Jack wakes up but pretends to be asleep still to listen what Mark’s saying. Fluff everywhere!

Mark couldn’t help but smile at the sight that he saw when he entered the living room. He’d been spending at least three hours editing and had been holed up in his bedroom during that time, leaving Jack downstairs to do his own thing.

That own thing, happened to be sleeping on the sofa. Looking as adorable as ever.

As he crept over, Mark noticed that the other man’s shirt had rolled up on his torso as he’d tossed and turned in his sleep. Exposing his bump much to the American’s satisfaction since he found it deliriously cute.

Gently sitting down next to his sleeping lover, the older man placed his hand on his stomach and stroked gently. It was hard to believe that the child inside there was his, let alone know that Jack was carrying them. Finding out he was pregnant all those months ago had been the best news Mark had ever received.

He was too early into the pregnancy for them to be able to see their baby moving yet, they had only just started and the little kicks were only small flutters that you’d really have to concentrate on in order to feel them.

As he stroked his stomach, Mark paused in his actions when he felt a slight movement beneath his fingertips, his lips pulling into a grin as he moved in closer and the sensation happened again. His heart swelling as he was aware that their baby was kicking.

“Hey, looks like I’m not the only one awake” He whispered, feeling another kick and chuckling softly to himself, it seemed as if they had responded to him. “Me and Jack are so excited to see you. You really have no idea how excited we are”

Another kick hit against his hand and Mark moved even closer, his cheek rested against the stretched skin of the Irishman’s belly. “Do you know I’m your dad? I bet you don’t. I bet you just think I’m a weird voice” When he felt more kicking, the older man smiled and let out a soft sigh.

Jack felt himself be woken up by the sound of Mark’s voice, his eyes cracking open slightly and looking down to see that his lover’s head was rested on his stomach, currently communicating with their child. He couldn’t help the warmth that spread in his chest, closing his eyes again and deciding to listen to him speak.

“Me and Jack are gonna be the best dads ever. I promise you that. Through everything, we’ll be there for you. No matter how bad, we’re gonna be there to make sure you get through it. Because we love you and nothing’s gonna change that”
It was difficult to hold back the tears that dared escape him when he heard Mark talking like that to their child. He’d never heard such a tone from the other man, so caring and gentle. He wondered if that would be how he’d talk to them once they were born.

“When I first found out Jack was pregnant, I was shocked but I was so happy, because I knew we were gonna be parents. I really hope you like us as parents, cause we’re gonna try our damn hardest to be good ones” The Irishman couldn’t take it anymore, his eyes fluttered open and his hand rested itself on Mark’s, startling the other man.

He looked up at him and saw the smile on the younger man’s face, Mark returning it before he moved away from his stomach, a small blush flushing on his cheeks since he was embarrassed to realise Jack had heard him. “How much did you hear?”

Thinking for a second, Jack looked up at the ceiling and then back down at Mark, noticing his embarrassment which made him smirk. “Ehhh, pretty much all of it” The other man groaned, hiding his face in his hands while Jack giggled away to himself.

“What? It was cute. It was nice seein’ ya be so intimate with the baby. It kinda nearly made me cry” Mark moved his hands away from his face and looked at his boyfriend with eyes wide. “Really?” Jack nodded, sitting up on the couch and resting his own hand on his bump.

Mark sat up with him and leaned over, pressing a chaste kiss to the Irishman’s lips and smiling when he heard the sigh that left the other man. “I’m so fuckin’ tired..” He moved away from him and rubbed his eyes, shifting to then rest his head on Mark’s shoulder.

“Wanna go to bed then?”

His response was to nod his head and put his arms out like a baby, asking to be picked up. “Are you kidding me?” Jack grinned at him cheesily and hinted again, the American rolling his eyes before picking up his lover bridal style and beginning to carry him up the stairs.

“I might as well have two babies at this rate” The older man commented, feeling Jack cuddle closer to him, the other man didn’t respond though. Beginning to fall asleep in his boyfriend’s arms as they slowly made their way to the bedroom.
Needy

Chapter Notes

Request: I just really want a fic where jack's really needy and is into dirty talk and has a hair pulling kink and mark is all too happy to comply

“Mark. I’m horny.”

Pausing his game, Mark looked over at his bedroom door to see Jack stood in the doorway. He was leaning against the frame and his eyes were dead set on the man sat in the chair, Mark almost felt a little bit threatened by his face which was deadly serious.

“Um, babe. I’m in the middle of recording.” This didn’t seem to faze the other man as he walked into the room, pulled Mark’s chair from underneath his desk and then plonked himself in his lap. Staring intently at him as Mark swallowed thickly from the gaze.

Looking around the room and then back at Jack, the American let out a defeated sigh and rested his hands on the younger man’s thighs, glancing down to see the noticeable erection in his sweatpants. “Shit, you weren’t kidding”

Jack smirked and then began to rub himself up against Mark, almost like a dog in heat. “Can ye please be dirty with me. I’m so horny, so horny.” The older man sighed and stared down at his crotch again, watching him grind into him.

“Can’t I at least finish recording? I’m behind on work” Jack lolled his head and groaned, feeling frustrated. “But I’m horny now. Please Mark, it won’t take long. I’ve been savin’ it fer ya”

Feeling his throat become dry at the idea of his boyfriend saving himself for him, Mark decided that he might as well get him off and then he could go back to recording but just as he was about to turn his camera off. A dirty idea came into his head. He’d leave it on.

Slowly, Mark reached into Jack’s pants and grabbed hold of his cock, hissing through his teeth when he felt how hard and hot it was. Clear that the Irishman had been holding back for a while. “Shit babe, you’re so hard.”

The other man whined loudly, his voice strained as he felt Mark begin to carefully jerk him off, his hand moving slow and steady and feeling ever so good as he did so. “Jesus, fuck.”

Chuckling as he realised how he was affecting his lover, the American leaned in close to his ear and nipped at it harshly, earning a moan from Jack. “You’re so fucking horny for me baby. Look at your dick, practically weeping for me. You dirty bitch.” Jack shivered, cursing under his breath at the potency of Mark’s voice.

“Y-yes.. I am a dirty bitch.. I’m yer dirty bitch.” The older man laughed gently, kissing down the side of his neck and sucking a large hickey in the crook between his shoulder and neck. “You fucking know you are.”

Jack bucked into Mark’s hand and groaned softly, feeling nothing but pleasure from the other man as
he began to tug at his cock faster. “You better scream my name when you come, I wanna know that
you acknowledge that I did this. Made you feel so good.” Mark watching him tremble beneath him,
bucking once again.

Lifting his head up to see the expressions made by the Irishman, Mark grabbed the back of Jack’s
head and shoved his face into his, kissing him roughly and sloppily while his hand grasped his hair
and pulled. Causing Jack to cry out as it felt great.

“Such a dirty bitch..” Mark growled against his lips, biting down on them and pulling gently which
had the younger man squirming in his grasp. The pace at which he jerked at his length increasing and
getting faster, Mark knowing that he was close by the sounds he made.

Breathing in deeply through his nose, Jack groaned hoarsely and allowed his entire body to convulse
under his lover’s hold. Unable to keep kissing him as he found himself more and more out of breath.
He knew he was close, yet he didn’t want this to end.

“Mark.. I’m gonna..ah.. I’m gonna come..”

Smirking against his lips, the American pulled at his hair again and bit down on his lips. His eyes
boring directly into the other man’s as he saw the arousal that filled them. “Do it.. Come for me
baby..”

Feeling the sensations that filled his body, Jack’s breaths quickened and he became louder and louder
until he felt himself come hard between his and Mark’s bodies. His load covering the older man’s
shirt thickly much to the Irishman’s embarrassment.

Mark chuckled and kissed him gently on the lips, allowing them to sever from each other and allow
Jack to crawl off his lap with shaking legs. “Thanks..” He mumbled, still feeling embarrassed.

The other man snorted, ruffling Jack’s hair before he pulled off his shirt and tossed it to the side. “No
need to thank me you doof, now go run along. Before I kill you for coming on my shirt” The
Irishman rolled his eyes and laughed at him, walking out of his room while Mark turned back to his
screen.

He suddenly remembered the camera.

“I better save this for later..” Mark muttered to himself, pressing stop on the camera before setting up
a new video since Jack had so rudely interrupted the first one.
Jack had a lot of thoughts rushing through his head the morning that he boarded the plane to L.A.

One of them was of course the excitement that came with knowing he was spending the week with Mark, another was knowing the games and collaborations that they’d do during the week and another was knowing how difficult this week would be with how he felt toward Mark.

There was denying the mad crush that he had on him.

Ever since they’d been skyping nearly every day, Jack had known for a fact that he had began to fall for the man behind the screen. Every meet up they had, the Irishman had felt sparks whenever they hugged or touched one another. When they gamed together, listening to Mark talk to him and interact with him always left him with a smile on his face.

Jack had fallen hard for Mark and he knew there was no going back.

The plane arrived a little over six hours later and during that time, the younger man had been given time to think things over. He’d come to a final decision, he was going to tell Mark how he felt about him.

When he finally walked into the airport, his suitcase dragging behind him and a massive grin on his face. His excitement couldn’t be contained when he saw Mark sat there, the man noticing him and walking over. His heartbeat echoed in his ears, unable to get over seeing him again.

“Hey Jack! How have ya been? I missed you!”

“I’m utterly jet-lagged and haven’t slept fer more than thirteen hours. How d’ya think I’m feelin’?” The older man laughed, hearty and deep as always, making Jack’s heart increase in pace. “I imagine you want to sleep when we get to mine then?”

The Irishman nodded his head, letting himself be lead by Mark as they made their way toward the exit of the airport and toward the carpark where the American’s car was situated. He’d never been in Mark’s car before so everything was that little bit more new for him.

The journey to his friend’s apartment was relaxed and calm, just catching up with one another and discussing what they’d be doing with the week they had together. Jack could think of several things he wanted to do with Mark but knew that he couldn’t vocalise them.

Arriving at the apartment complex, Mark was polite enough to help Jack take his suitcase inside and lug it up the stairs since at that time, the elevator happened to be broken.

They entered the apartment and Jack couldn’t believe it. He was finally in Mark’s home. Instead of
seeing it in vlogs or in pictures, he was finally setting foot in the place that his friend could call his sanctuary. A small part of him filled up inside, feeling grateful to be given such trust to be able enter his home and live in it.

“Pretty cool, right?” Mark commented as he saw the Irishman staring, Jack nodded his head, still grinning away to himself. “Cool? This place is awesome!” Mark laughed and patted him on the back, closing the door behind them and heading straight to the kitchen.

“Coffee?”

“Please. Black with three sugars” The American nodded his head and went over to his cupboards where he began to pull things out. “Your room is upstairs, right down the left corridor. You shouldn’t miss it”

Jack nodded at him and wandered up the stairs, still dragging his suitcase as he did so before he arrived in his room. It was pretty mediocre, nothing too impressive but nothing too bad either. He sat himself down on the bed and sighed contently, feeling comfortable in his friend’s home.

Hearing a knock at the door, the younger man stood up and went over before opening it, smiling when he saw Mark stood there with two mugs of coffee in his hands. He took the black one off him, smiling sweetly at him. “Thank you”

The American smiled back and entered the room, going over to the bed where he sat down and watched as Jack joined him. They both sipped their coffees and then looked over at one another, expecting one to make conversation.

“So uh…” Mark began, taking another drink in order to cover up his mishap of trying to talk and failing. The Irishman decided to take over instead. “This room is pretty nice, thanks fer lettin’ me stay here” Smiling, Mark looked around and then back at him.

“It’s pretty meh but you’re welcome. I’m just happy to know I’m spending the week with you, not every day I expect my long-distance friend to be in my house ya know”

The word ‘friend’ stung Jack like a wasp and it caused a painful knot to form in his stomach, he put his coffee down on the bedside drawer, feeling slightly sick. “Yeah, me either..”

Mark noticed the sudden change in his the other man’s tone and he glanced over at him, scanning Jack with his eyes as he tried to work out what was wrong. “You alright?” Jack looked up at him quickly and tried to play off his hurt, unsure if he wanted Mark to know yet.

“Y-yeah I’m fine. Jus’ a bit tired is all..” The American seemed to take that and nodded his head, taking another sip of his coffee and giving him a reassuring smile. “Better get that coffee drunk then, I need you perky if we’re gonna film together”

Eyes widening slightly at the aspect of them filming together, the younger man grabbed his mug again and took a sip. “We’re doin’ videos straight away?” Mark picked up on his surprise and let out a gentle laugh.

“Don’t worry, it’s just a vlog. Nothing too intense”

Jack breathed a sigh of relief and ran a hand through his hair, the knots still forming painfully and causing him to wince every now and then and then since he felt like crying from how much it hurt.

“Jack, are you sure you’re alright?”
Glancing in his friend’s direction, Jack caught sight of the concern on the older man’s face and he couldn’t help but feel guilty since he knew this was all his fault but if he didn’t tell him now, when would he?

“Look, Mark. There’s somethin’ I’ve been really meanin’ t’ tell ya and I jus’ haven’t found myself able t’” Mark sat up straight and put his coffee down, his face a picture of worry which had Jack’s belly knotting more.

He rubbed the back of his neck, trying to find the confidence to tell him. “I-I’ve liked ya fer a while Mark a-and not in the way of friends. I’ve been meanin’ t’ tell yeh because it’s honestly been killin’ me and I-I didn’t want t’ tell ya now when I’ve only j-jus’ arrived. But then, when w-will I?”

A soft sigh escaped Mark and Jack could hear his heartbeat pounding in his ears again, his throat becoming dry when he watched the older man stand up and then look down on him. He seemed upset.

“I.. Jack.. I like you too but.. But this just can’t work”

The Irishman felt his entire body collapse in on itself, all of his organs imploding at once and his heart stopping dead in its tracks. Had he really just heard that come from Mark’s mouth or had it been a figment of his imagination. Jack really didn’t know but right now, all he knew was that he hurt. He hurt really bad.

“Wh-why?” He had managed to croak, tears filling his eyes and causing them to sting. The American bit his lip and ran his hands through his hair multiple times, a little stressed to hear that Jack was upset with his response since he’d expected him to understand.

“Look, if we were to date. Imagine all the shit we’d get. Imagine all the shit you’d get. I.. I just can’t handle that Jack. I don’t want to upset our fans just because we’re going out and those who do want us to go out, we won’t hear the end of it. It’s just too much stress Jack. I don’t want a relationship with someone I really genuinely like to be stressful”

Letting out a soft sigh, the younger man stared blankly at the floor and didn’t see the point at looking at the other man any more. The angered tone in his voice had been enough for him to see where Mark was going and therefore he knew that he’d been rejected. It hurt, but there was nothing he could do.

“I mean.. I guess we could.. We could date in secret”

Slowly, Jack lifted his head up and stared up at Mark, any hurt that he was feeling before was quickly diminished and instead, he felt happiness begin to flood thick through his veins. “R-really?”

Mark nodded his head, smiling down at the Irishman since he could see how much happier he seemed now. The man in question stood up off the bed and hugged the older man tightly, they both looked at one another and simultaneously grinned.

As their faces leaned in, they kissed each other sweetly on the lips and savoured it graciously.

When they parted, Jack was blushing madly and couldn’t help but feel slightly shy of the fact he’d just kissed the man he’d been crushing on for nearly half a year. “Damn, ya have no idea how good that felt” Mark chuckled, running his hands through Jack’s hair.

“I have a feeling I might”
Climbing onto the bed where Mark sat, reading a book. Jack lay himself down and rested his head on the older man’s lap, looking up at him with a smile while Mark himself stared down, confused at his lover’s odd behaviour.

“How about Mark teaching Jack something about engineering (or science related stuff) and they got into teacher and student play? Nsfw

“Can I help you?”

The younger man giggled, shuffling so that he was closer to him. “Can yeh teach me about engineerin’? I’m kinda curious t’ know” Mark put his book down and sighed softly, still confused.

“This isn’t some kind of plot to get you on my good side is it?” Jack immediately shook his head, an innocent expression on his face as he carried on grinning, the American rolled his eyes and ran one of his hands through Jack’s hair, still not convinced but thinking that he might as well tell him a thing or two.

Carrying on playing with his hair, Mark tried to think of facts that would actually be interesting and of course understandable for the Irishman. “Um. Do you know that the word engineer, comes from the Latin word meaning ‘cleverness’?”

Jack nodded his head, looking impressed. “Oh teach me more, great teacher of mine” The older man chuckled, thinking again while the other man stared at him expectantly, his bright blue eyes staring up at him with almost a kind of admiration.

“Do you know that uh, engineers solve problems by applying mathematical and scientific knowledge?”

Nodding his head again, the Irishman felt himself getting slightly bored and moved ever so closer to his lover, nuzzling his head into the flat of his belly. “I kinda like seein’ ya as my teacher, makes the facts so much more interestin’” Jack purred, a smirk on his face.

The older man looked down at his boyfriend with raised eyebrows at what he said and suddenly, an idea came to his head and a devious smirk appeared on his lips. “You like me being your teacher huh? Where’s your homework when I need it, McLoughlin?”

Laughing at him since he couldn’t have ruined the moment more, Jack sat up and adjusted himself so that he was on all fours in front of Mark, body leaning in toward him. “I might need some persuasion sir, care t’ tutor me?” Seeing the pure arousal in his lover’s eyes, Mark couldn’t resist to say yes.

“Okay then, how should I persuade you then?” The Irishman leaned in closer and moved so that his lips were directly against his ear, kissing the lobe sweetly while he grinned away to himself.

“Surprise me..”

Chuckling at him, Mark was quick to move and expertly pinned the younger man down on the bed in one swift action, Jack shocked and attempting to escape his grasp but to no avail. “A naughty
student like you, should be punished..” Hearing those words caused shivers to travel through Jack, a lump forming in his throat as he stared up at Mark.

One of Mark’s hands slid downward toward his crotch and began to rub, earning small moans from the supposed student beneath him. “S-sir.. I’m not too sure this is how ya punish studen–” His words were cut off by the older man’s other hand covering his mouth, silencing him.

“I’m no ordinary teacher.. And a simple detention won’t make you learn. I’m gonna have to do something more drastic”

And with that, Mark swooped down and latched himself onto Jack’s neck, the Irishman calling out with the pleasure that sprung from the bites and sucks caused by the other man. “I’m so bad.. I’m such a bad student..”

His voice was muffled by the hand covering his mouth and yet, his moans were perfectly audible as the American continued to rub harshly against the bulge in Jack’s jeans, his teeth nipping rough and harsh to cause soft blemishes to appear on the younger man’s pale skin.

“Gonna make you see the error of your ways, you naughty fucking boy” Jack nearly came hearing his boyfriend speak to him like that, his voice so serious and yet so seductive at the same time.

Mark harshened the strokes against the Irishman’s groin and he could feel him getting harder by the second, Jack himself moaning continuously regardless of his mouth being covered by the other man’s hand. Already he was close and it didn’t help that Mark kept whispering dirty shit in his ear.

“M-Mark.. I.. St-stop..”

A smirk appeared on the older man’s face and he lifted his head for a moment to stare down at his lover’s face. “Stop what? Are you close, naughty boy?” He nodded, his breath hitching when Mark squeezed his crotch and caused shivers of arousal to travel fast into his cock.

The American lowered his head again and continued to suck hickeys onto the sweet flesh of the younger man’s neck, nipping hard and listening to the luscious sounds that practically came flowing from Jack’s mouth. He didn’t even have to do anything and he was already making Mark hard.

“I’m.. I’m.. ah..” Jack shivered violently and swallowed thickly, the lump still prominently there as Mark shifted again to look at him, his eyes filled with admiration as the Irishman found himself unable to maintain control.

“Go on. Come for me. I know you want to. Naughty boy.”

Those last few words had heat pooling thick in Jack’s lower abdomen and before he knew it, he was coming hard and thick in his pants. His moans harsh and loud even if muffled and Jack had a hard time keeping his eyes open with the pleasure that came from his orgasm.

Slowly, Mark removed his hand away from the younger man’s mouth and he was allowed to breath properly for the first time in a while. He looked up at his boyfriend with a dazed expression and smiled at him, Mark stroking his cheek while he carefully sat up, limbs shaking.

“Guess it’s time I paid ya back, teacher..”
Cotton Tail

Chapter Notes

Request: Mark and Jack prepare for a halloween party and mark surprises jack and everyone that his pink playboy bunny costume.

Setting up the last of the decorations, Jack breathed a sigh of relief and climbed down from the step-ladder, looking around their apartment with a large grin on his face since he felt proud having done all of this in only an hour.

The apartment was covered in head-to-toe with halloween decorations, with cobwebs hanging from the ceiling and pumpkins placed haphazardly all over the floor. Mark had been right, he may have overdone it with the pumpkins just a little bit, but it was a little too late to return them now.

This was to be the first time that either of them had hosted a halloween party and Jack was especially excited since it was to be his first one while living in L.A.

“Mark? Are ya ready yet?” The older man walked out of the bedroom door and toward the top of the stairs, directly in the Irishman’s view who stood at the bottom. His face turned into a scowl when he realised Mark was still dressed in normal attire.

“Are yeh kiddin’ me? The guests are due t’ arrive in half an hour!”

Noticing Jack’s anger, Mark put his hands up in a defensive manner and tried to calm him. “I’m gonna get changed, I just haven’t thought about what I’m wearing yet” The younger man rolled his eyes and sighed softly, unable to put up with his boyfriend’s incompetence.

“Jus’ promise me you’ll be in costume when people get here” Mark nodded his head and smiled at him, still not shifting the scowl off of Jack’s face though much to his upset since he hated it when he was angry.

Currently, Jack had gone for the cliche kind of costume and had decided to go as a zombie, though as Mark had made out, he just looked like another version of antisepticeye. He’d had enough of those comments last year when he had dressed up as a vampire.

Half an hour passed and the guests began to arrive, it was nice to see what efforts they’d gone to in order to dress up. Wade as Frankenstein with Molly matching him with her costume as Frankenstein’s bride. Bob and Mandy had both dressed up as cats in order to push the joke ‘Bob, King of the Werecats’ to it’s death.

As more people arrived, the more angry Jack was getting at his boyfriend since he had still not made an appearance. He’d been managing the guests and had been getting asked where Mark was. He was just about to go storming up the stairs when he heard the bedroom door slam open and the sound of Mark laughing enter the room.

Everyone averted their attention to the stairs and their eyes widened at the sight that befell them. Mark was dressed in a pink playboy bunny outfit, tail and all. The Irishman couldn’t help but laugh, everyone else joining in much to the older man’s amusement since that had been his plan.
He went over to him as he came down the stairs, noticing he was much more taller considering he was wearing heels. “Is that what took yeh so long?” The American nodded his head, grinning away to himself and earning an eyeroll from his lover.

“Yer fuckin’ dumb, yeh know that right?”

“Yeah, but you have to suffer my dumbness on a constant basis. So get used to it” Mark stuck his tongue out, only for Jack to smack the top of his head so he happened to bite down on it, causing him to yelp in pain. “Mean..”

Jack just shrugged his shoulders and wandered away from him, unable to comprehend how funny his lover actually looked right now. Meant to be a macho and manly man with his muscles and deep voice and yet here he was stood, bright pink with a bunny tail and ears.

The Irishman had to admit though, he was only the slightest bit jealous of his outfit.
“Get in the bedroom.” Mark ordered, his voice harsh and deep yet seductive at the same time. Jack did as he was told, walking in front of the older man as he opened the door and wandered in, his heart pounding as he heard Mark follow behind him, door slamming behind them.

“Good boy, now take off your clothes”

Swallowing hard, the Irishman felt his heart rate increase, feeling both excitement and arousal come from his boyfriend’s orders, he loved it when he talked to him like this. “Y-yes master..” Jack said, his voice trembling as his hands crept their way to the hem of his shirt.

Ever so slowly, he pulled off his shirt and exposed his torso to the man stood by the door. The entire time, his eyes locked on the younger man as he seemed to almost absorb his image, causing Jack to feel both a mixture of anxiety but also confidence. It was strange but he chose to ignore it, not wanting to stop for Mark.

His jeans came next, his shaking hands unbuckling his belt and allowing the material to fall past his hips and land on the ground with a soft thud, he kicked them away. Now feeling the true cold of the room as he shivered, staring down at his boxers which he knew he had to take off next.

“Fuck..” The American growled, noticing the tenting in the Irishman’s underwear as he bit down on his lip and rubbed himself through his jeans, getting off to the gorgeous sight that was his lover.

Smiling slightly at him, Jack carefully began to peel away the waistband of his briefs and allow his erection to slowly become released, the length smacking back against the flat of his stomach and making the younger man groan softly at the contact made. They too fell to the floor.

“Get on the bed and spread yourself for me”

Nodding his head slowly, the Irishman obeyed him and he slowly made his way toward the bed, climbing onto it before laying down on his back, the entire time his heart pounding hard in his chest. He got himself comfortable and ever so carefully, spread his legs apart, revealing everything to the other man.

“You’re so beautiful..” Mark hummed, walking over to him with his eyes transfixed to the sight of his lover spread so wide for him. The older man grabbed hold of Jack’s thighs and he pulled him roughly to the end of the bed, kneeling down so that his ass was directly in Mark’s face as he smirked at him.

Jack was just anticipating what Mark had in store for him next. His whole body trembling with anticipation and sweat rolling off his body as heat built up within him, he could feel Mark’s hot breath against his hole, making him moan hoarsely in response.

Looking up at him for a short moment, Mark caught sight of the pleasured expression on his boyfriend’s face and he hissed sharply through his teeth, cock twitching since Jack knew how to turn
him on without even touching him. “I’m gonna eat you out, but you must remain silent. Do you understand?”

“Y-yes master..”

“Good boy..” The American leaned in close to his ass again and grazed his tongue off the sensitivity of Jack’s taint, the younger man shivering and sucking in a huge breath which had the other man grinning away to himself.

He licked there again, creating a long stripe from the top of his entrance up to the base of his balls, Jack just remained silent, hand over mouth and his eyes staring hard at the ceiling as a way to control his urge to moan.

Mark shifted lower and his tongue came toward his hole, lapping around it and hitting off it with teasing flicks, the entire time the Irishman convulsing and grunting under his touches. The older man’s strong hands grabbed hold of Jack’s thighs and spread him further apart, his tongue beginning to delve inside which had Jack gasping.

“O-oh god..” He choked out, Mark hearing his voice and smacking his thigh harshly which caused the younger man to yelp in surprise. “I said you had to remain silent. I don’t have to punish you do I?”

Quickly, Jack shook his head and placed his hand further into his mouth, biting down on one of his fingers as a way to cut out the sounds that dared fall from him. Mark on the other hand, moved back down and plunged his tongue inside him and then drew it out, beginning to slowly fuck him with it.

The Irishman squirmed underneath him, his legs trembling with the sensations that ran rampant through them and his teeth biting down even harder on his finger, tasting blood but unable to care as he found it more difficult to hold back his moans.

Mark’s hot breath caught against his hole as he continued to fuck him hard and fast with his tongue, teasing it every now and then with sharp flicks which had Jack’s hips thrusting up into the air. The older man began to moan himself, rubbing at the bulge in his jeans as he got off to eating out his boyfriend.

Soon, Jack felt a familiar build up of pressure start in his lower belly and his dick twitched continuously, the Irishman grabbed hold of it and began to tug himself off while he felt Mark’s tongue delve deeper inside him.

Breaths getting faster and louder when he knew for a fact that his lover was close by the way he gasped, Mark rubbed at himself harder and sucked and licked at Jack’s hole, attempting to catch him in all the right spots to have him coming with no mercy.

“M-Mark..”

The older man smacked his thigh again, this time much more roughly so that it caused a red mark to form against the pale flesh. “Did I say you could speak?” Mark practically growled, pressing his tongue into his hole for what felt like the fiftieth time.

Jack threw his head back and whined, sucking in his stomach repeatedly as he tried to hold back, unsure if Mark wanted him to come yet and with each second that passed, it became increasingly difficult to keep himself from his orgasm.

“C-can I.. Can I com– AH!”
As he’d began to speak, Mark again smacked at his thigh but this time still had his tongue inside him. The sensations from both the harsh hit and the pleasure from being fucked with his boyfriend’s tongue proved to be too much and Jack knew he couldn’t hold back any longer.

But just as he was about to release, he heard the other man gasping harshly and he came to realise that Mark was climaxing, not even realising that the older man was getting off but it seemed fairly obvious now. Just thinking about Mark coming was enough to drive Jack over the edge.

He came hard and thick onto his torso and in Mark’s hair.

Moving away from his knelt position in front of the bed, Mark stood up and looked down at Jack, smirking but also glaring when he saw how much of a wreck he was. “You’re a naughty boy, you came without permission. You know what this means right?”

Slowly, Jack nodded his head and began to roll over. Even though this was meant to be the worst part, he couldn’t help the grin that plastered itself on his face.
Chapter Notes

Request: Is it possible for you to write smut about Mark play some sort of rage game, getting extremely mad and rage fucking Jack? Maybe a little fluff at the end.

“FUCK YOU GAME! FUCK YOU ALL TO FUCKING HELL!”

Mark slammed his mouse down on the desk for at least the twentieth time in the past ten minutes and proceeded to yell again at the game he was playing. It was rare that he raged this hard but there was just something about ‘Don’t Give Up’ that really had his blood boiling.

He turned to the camera and the turned it off, too angry to even make an outro as he inhaled deeply through his nose and stood up, knocking his computer chair to the floor with a loud thud and exiting his recording studio with a bang of the door.

Hearing the noises, Jack tugged his headphones off slightly and paused his editing as he was sure that he could hear Mark crashing around. He could only assume that he was playing a rage game and therefore was taking his anger out on everything.

What he didn’t know though, was that it wasn’t just inanimate objects he was taking it out on.

The bedroom door slammed open and Jack turned around fast in his chair and stared at his lover with a surprised expression on his face, swallowing thickly when he saw the anger that was purely seething from him. “U-um.. You okay Mark?”

“Bed. Now.”

Jack looked at his blankly and then turned around to start editing again, assuming that the older man was being stupid but when he didn’t hear him move, the Irishman turned around and sighed softly when he saw he was still pointing at the bed.

“Don’t ya think it’s a bit early fer sex?” The younger man questioned, still getting no reaction from the other man as he glared at him and carried on pointing at the bed. “If you don’t get on the bed, I’m going to fucking throw you onto it”

Eyes widening slightly at the aggressive tone of Mark’s voice, Jack decided that he might as well do as he was told and took his headphones off, saving his work before he stood up, feeling slightly annoyed.

“This really isn’t fair ya know? I’m not exactly in the mood”

“Don’t care. Get on the fucking bed.” Sighing again, Jack lay himself down on the bed and he watched as the older man slowly shut the bedroom door and then rushed over to him, pouncing on the bed and directly above Jack.

His head crashed down and immediately, their lips made contact. Rough, bruising kisses that had Jack gasping for air while Mark grabbed hold of his wrists and tugged them above his head, pinning his lover to the bed.
As they kissed, Mark made it in his best interests to run his spare hand up the Irishman’s shirt, fingers grazing against one of his nipples and earning a shrill moan from the younger man. “Jesus fuck..” He whispered against his lips, shaking as Mark pinched at the nub and then twisted.

“Mark! Fuck..”

The older man chuckled deeply and traced his lips down the other man’s stubbled jaw, nipping as he did so and then latching himself to the side of Jack’s neck, sucking and biting hard to allow painful hickeys to form. His hand continued to tease his nipples, this time playing with the other one.

Feeling impatience though, this didn’t last long and Mark pulled himself off of the Irishman, smirking when he saw how crippled his boyfriend was already. His whole body twitching and shaking while he wheezed for air. He loved when he got him like this.

Mark grabbed Jack’s shoulders and pulled him upward so that he was sitting up, beginning to undress him while he sucked more hickeys onto his body, covering the younger man in his marks and displaying who he belonged to. The American also removed his clothes, throwing them in a growing pile by the side of the bed.

When both men were naked, Mark took it upon himself to get hold of the lube that was tucked right at the back of their bedside drawers, he snapped open the cap and squirted a heavy load onto his fingers, grinning at Jack the entire time.

The Irishman himself was just watching with anticipation, his heart hammering in his chest and shivers travelling up his spine like voltage from a plug. He carefully opened his legs for the other man and allowed him to gain entrance, feeling the first finger enter him effortlessly and cause a gasp to escape his lips.

Not wasting any time, Mark was quick to enter the second and then third digit inside his boyfriend, spreading him wide as he fucked him hard and slow with his fingers, purposely grazing them against Jack’s prostate and allowing the younger man to call out with pleasure each time. “Fuckin’ hell..”

Continuing to thrust into him until he was sure that he was spread enough, Mark removed his fingers from within his lover and grabbed the lubricant once again, this time coating his cock in the slick substance while Jack watched on, lust glazing his eyes.

“You ready?” The older man growled, not even needing his confirmation as he began to plunge himself deep into the Irishman, Jack throwing his head back and groaning aloud at the sensation of being filled and stretched so quickly. Painful and yet so good.

Mark pulled out immediately and then thrusted back into him at full force, his blood was still boiling and with each time that he pounded into Jack, he felt his anger slowly melt away. The younger man cried out when his length began to hit his prostate every time he drew out.

“Mark! Yes! Oh god yes!”

Hearing his boyfriend’s calls of pleasure, this only furthered him to continue and very soon, he was fucking Jack hard and fast into the bed. His arms still pinned behind his head and the whole bed creaking and aching with the pace at which he fucked him. There would be no denying that the neighbours would be complaining later.

Jack gritted his teeth together and breathed in harshly through them when he felt bubbling begin in his belly, balls beginning to tighten. “I’m.. Mark.. I’m..” Mark leaned in as close as he could get to Jack’s ear and with each hard thrust, the older man managed to whisper out.
“Do it.”

As his whole body shook and convulsed, Jack felt himself lose all control as his orgasm hit him hard with wave upon wave crashing down on his body, load being lost somewhere between their bodies while Mark continued to thrust roughly into him.

Mark grunted when he too came, filling his lover with his come andrutting through his climax before he quickly pulled out, collapsing beside Jack while the man himself panted harshly and tried to recover from what had just happened.

As their breaths slowed and they slowly found themselves coming back to consciousness, the Irishman turned to look at Mark and smiled at him. “So what did get ya so angry that ya had t’ rage fuck me?”

Looking away for a short moment, Mark felt himself slightly bashful of the ridiculous reason. “Um.. ‘Don’t Give Up’.. It really pissed me off” Jack snorted and rolled his eyes, smacking the older man on the chest since he couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“So yer tellin’ me that because of a dumb game like that, ya decided to split my ass in two?”

Mark nodded sheepishly, earning a laugh from the other man.

“Yer so hopeless Mark, yeh fuckin’ doof”

They both giggled in unison and cuddled closer, kissing each other intimately before they felt like they should probably get up and wash their bedsheets, knowing this wasn’t the first time this month they’d covered it in stains.
Request: Mark finds out that Jack has this one REALLY sensitive spot behind his ear, and licks and kisses it until Jack comes in his pants

As hands travelled up each other’s shirts and kisses were made dirty and sloppy, nothing really did feel as good for Jack as a lazy make out with Mark on the sofa.

They parted and smirked at one another, their breaths hot and heavy and their eyes lidded with the lust that they felt for each other. Jack bit down on his lower lip and looked away shyly, the older man nuzzling into the side of his neck and breathing in his scent.

“I love you so much, you’re fucking gorgeous..” Jack felt his cheeks flush at the sweet words that came spilling from his lover’s mouth, his kisses gentle and sweet as they ran front the side of his neck up to his jaw, teeth nibbling as a way to tease him which had the Irishman sighing in content.

“I love yeh too..”

Jack never really knew how to compliment Mark, the man himself was to the younger man, utterly beautiful with chiseled features that could only be formed by a sculptor and yet, as much as he wanted to say those things, shyness got the better of him.

His hands crept low toward Jack’s shirt and he slowly began to pull up the material, exposing the sweet flesh that the American had been craving to see. He exhaled softly with satisfaction as the sight that caught his eyes, removing the clothing and throwing it to the floor.

He leaned in and started pressing kisses to his chest, catching his scent again and smelling pure arousal which had the older man’s cock throbbing in his jeans. Mark smirked and lifted his head so that it was level with Jack’s, kissing his lips again and tasting him.

The attention that Mark poured out onto the younger man, he always felt like he didn’t deserve it. When his eyes scanned his body, filled with admiration. Jack couldn’t help but not feel like he could believe it, that this man loved him so much.

“I love you..” Mark whispered again, kisses migrating to his cheek and then toward his ear, nibbling at the shell in a teasing fashion before he slipped behind it and kissed again, only for Jack to shiver violently and let out a loud moan.

They both paused and realised something, they’d found Jack’s sweet spot.

“You like it when I kiss you here?..”

Hearing him purr so hotly against the back of his ear, the Irishman could only nod and attempt to hold back the groan that dared escape. His breathing became heavier and hitched whenever Mark kissed him there, it was indeed bringing pleasure to the other man.

Mark stroked his chest with one of his hands while the other cupped the back of Jack’s head, pulling him in closer as he continued to kiss and nuzzle behind his ear. He then dared to test the waters and
ever so carefully, grazed the area with his tongue.

“Jesus Mark! Shit..”

The older man chuckled lowly and licked again, listening as the younger man whined loudly and shook in his grasp again, he could feel goosebumps forming on the Irishman’s skin and he knew for a fact that this area was bringing him great bouts of arousal.

“Want me to do it again?..” Jack was quick to nod his head, feeling as the American breathed hotly onto the sensitive area and then lapped his tongue, the man in his arms moaning hoarsely and shaking again. “S-so good..” He whimpered, gasping harshly.

A smirk appeared on Mark’s face and began to lick and kiss at the spot, Jack having to ram his hands over the growing bulge in his jeans in order to stop it from straining so painfully against the tight material. But Mark was having none of it, placing his hand at the bulge and beginning to stroke at it.

“Ah..yes..” The Irishman gasped, lolling his head back and allowing his eyes to fall back in his head as his eyelids fell shut, his whole body filled with pleasure as heat pooled in his belly. Mark carried on licking and kissing the spot, knowing just how much this was getting to Jack.

Without any warning, Jack found himself unable to control his upcoming orgasm and he soon came thickly into his underwear, keening and whining aloud as Mark continued to stroke and lick at the spot throughout his climax.

“Did you like that?..”

Mark purred, shifting so that he was in front of Jack’s face again. The younger man nodded his head and kissed him tenderly on the lips, their breaths mingling as Jack stared up at him with dazed eyes.

“But, I do believe it’s yer turn..”
Strip Club

Chapter Notes

Request: Mark goes to a male strip club and Jack is one of the strippers

“Come on Mark, it’ll be fun!”

Letting out a small sigh and rubbing the back of his neck, Mark looked down at the ground and found himself conflicted.

It was to be Wade’s Stag Party next week and all the men had planned on going down to a strip club since it seemed like a traditional thing to do, the thing was though, Mark wasn’t one to go to places like this.

“Oh, I don’t know Wade. I don’t really like strip clubs..” The other man sighed overdramatically and swung his arms in the air as if in defeat. “Come on, you’re my best friend and I want you there. You can just sit at the bar if you don’t want the girls on you”

With a slight amount of contemplation, Mark did find that to be a fair deal. “Fine, but I swear to god if I get a stripper on my lap, I’m gonna steal your wallet and put it in her bra” Wade laughed heartily and patted his friend on the back.

“Fine, fine. Sounds like a plan”

Mark was already beginning to regret this, they were in a taxi on the way to the club and already, most of his friends were already drunk and that included Wade. He didn’t know if he’d keep his promise that he made last week and that made the American uncomfortable.

It wasn’t that he had a problem with girls stripping their clothes in front of him or dancing seductively in his face that caused problems for Mark. It was more that he wasn’t really attracted to that, if anything, he was more into the masculine side of stripping.

There was a male side to the club as he’d learned but he was worried of being judged by his friends if he went there, but as they edged their destination, it was becoming more obvious that maybe they wouldn’t care that much. They were nearly plastered and it wasn’t even nine at night yet.

They arrived at the strip club and paid the taxi driver, getting out of the vehicle and going straight over to the doors. A lump was beginning to form in Mark’s throat and nervousness got the better of him, he really didn’t want to go in and yet, he wanted to be there for his friend.

Wade made the decision for him and he grabbed hold of his arm, pulling him inside and leading him straight to the bar. Mark thought that maybe with booze in his system, he might be able to handle tonight better and ordered a round of shots for him and the other guys.

About an hour into the night, Mark was finding himself bored. His friends had left him and had gone over to the performers, throwing money at them like there was no tomorrow and causing shivers to travel up his spine. That did look fun, but if only he could do it to his own taste.

He heard female screaming and turned his head to see that the male performers were acting on the
main stage and his curiosity got the better of him, standing up from the bar and deciding to take a seat near the stage as the men came on.

Most of them were okay in appearance but none of them really stood out for him. Well, that was, until the stage went dark and the music changed. Something much more erotic, slow and pulsing that had the club vibrating.

A man came onto the stage dressed in nothing but leather, he even bore a leather mask to cover his eyes as he stomped over to a pole. The women in the crowd yelled louder as he curled his slender body around the pole’s frame, he definitely had a nice body, there was no denying that.

As he twisted himself around the pole, items of his clothing began to fall from him, exposing new parts of his body that had Mark intrigued, unable to look away as the man was quick to break away from his dance as the music changed again.

This music was much more upbeat and fast paced, the man suddenly producing a can of whipped cream which of course had more screams echoing through the audience. He began to shake it in time to the beats of the song, climbing off the stage and grinding himself against multiple women and spraying the cream.

That was, until his masked eyes caught the sight of Mark.

The pace of the song increased and he made his way over to the older man, jumping onto his lap and grinding himself playfully into his hips. Mark knew not to touch him and just watched on, entranced with the sheer beauty of this stripper as his body moved against his.

Mark was reminded by the whipped cream when he felt it be squirted onto his face and neck, the man throwing his head back to allow the mask to fall off and expose his face, creating more screams. When he lifted his head back up, Mark’s breath was taken away by how handsome he actually was.

He leaned in close and began to lick the whipped cream off his face and neck, his tongue grazing against his stubble and causing shivers to travel thick through the American’s body. The man smirked at him and licked his lips, tasting cream.

Continuing to dance, the song changed again for the last time and this one was fast and heated. More of the man’s clothes falling off his body and suddenly, he grabbed the sides of his leather shorts and pulled, tearing them to reveal his ass which bared a thong. Mark couldn’t help his arousal and licked his lips, tasting cream.

Soon, the song started coming to an end, his dancing started slowing down too and the older man couldn’t help his disappointment. The stage went dark and the announcers spoke.

‘Give it up for our leather stud, Jackaboy!’

The audience cheered and applauded and Mark was quick to stand up out of his seat, wiping what was left of the cream and going back to the bar. He couldn’t believe that he had just let that happen but he found himself craving for it to happen again.

As the night came to a standstill, Mark severed himself from his friends and waited near the doors of backstage, he was waiting for Jackaboy since he was curious to know what all that meant. Yes, it was a job but he felt there was something more behind the man’s advances.

The man in question exited the doors and stopped in his tracks when he saw the American stood there. Mark couldn’t help but see how much different he looked when he wasn’t dressed up.
He was wearing just a normal, baggy hoodie and skinny jeans. His hair messed up in a cute style and if anything, he seemed as average as any guy in this bar. Even though Mark knew that was not the case.

“Oh.. Hey” The younger man said awkwardly, his voice thick with an Irish accent, smiling sweetly at him and rubbing the back of his neck as he seemed almost shy, very different from his act beforehand.

Mark smiled back at him, moving closer. “Hey, so I was just wondering.. Are you available?”

The Irishman snorted and laughed gently, rolling his eyes and shaking his head since this was nothing new. “If ya want sex, I’m not that kind of stripper buddy” Mark’s eyes widened and he put his hands up defensively.

“All, no. I meant as in relationship-wise. Are you single?” A blush appeared on his cheeks and he looked around for a short moment before glancing back up at the older man. “Are yeh bein’ serious?”

He nodded his head, smiling genuinely at him.

Still blushing, the man bit down on his lip and laughed awkwardly, feeling a bit shy. “Heh, yeah I am.. The name’s Jack. Jack McLoughlin” And with that, he handed him a small card that had his number on it, Mark taking it and reading it before his eyebrows rose.

“I thought you weren’t that kind of stripper?” The card seemed like an invitation that he would give to men who wanted ‘a good time’.

“I’m not, but I carry them around jus’ in case. What’s yer name then?”

Smirking at him, Mark pulled his hair back and grasped the number tight in his hand. “Mark, Mark Fischbach”

“Nice t’ meet yeh Mark, now if ya excuse me. I have a car waitin’ fer me outside. I’ll catch yeh later” He winked at him and then walked off, the older man looking back at the card and then back at Jack until he was out of his sight.

Maybe going to the strip club hadn’t been such a bad idea afterall.
Mark waltzed into the apartment and slammed the door behind him, breathing a heavy sigh of relief as the day had been long and exhausting. He’d been editing and recording for most of the morning and this afternoon, he had been filming a sketch with Matthias. Right now, he felt like he could collapse where he stood.

Hearing the door, Jack sat up on the sofa and felt himself get giddy, a large grin blossoming his face as he stood up and walked over to his boyfriend. “Hey you” The Irishman greeted, wrapping his arms around his neck and pulling him down for a kiss.

“Miss me?” The older man asked, a smirk on his face as he ran his hands through Jack’s short hair and pulled at it gently, the other man closed his eyes and sighed happily at the sensation. “Miss doesn’t even begin t’ comprehend it babe”

He chuckled at the younger man and kissed him chastely on the lips again before parting from him, Jack scanned his body with his eyes and noticed that he was wearing his ‘Google’ shirt still, assuming that it was from Matthias’ sketch.

“Heh, never kissed a robot befer”

Confused for a short moment, Mark looked down at where his lover was looking and then immediately understood, laughing gently and rolling his eyes at him. “Of course, why don’t you ask Google some questions?”

Jack smirked at him and shifted a little closer to him, narrowing the distance between them. “Okay Google, where’s my shirt?” Mark looked at him confused again, his eyebrows furrowed but soon caught on when he saw the expression on his face.

“On your body, what would you like Google to do with ‘your shirt’?” The Irishman laughed gently and bit down on his lower lip in a seductive manner. “Could Google, remove my shirt please?”

Slowly, Mark’s hands travelled down and clutched at the hem of his shirt, pulling it up carefully to reveal the beautiful figure of his torso before he tugged it over his head and threw it to the side of the room.

They stared simultaneously up at one another and their eyes met, it was clear to see the lust that filled both. They tried to look away but were transfixed in each other’s sight.

“Okay Google, remove my jeans”

There was a small pause as they contemplated whether or not to keep up this silly act, but in a way, it was kind of making the moment that little bit more special. “As you say, I will now remove your jeans”
The younger man swallowed thickly when he felt hands at his belt, slowly unbuckling it and then the soft noise of his zipper being pulled down. The entire time he just watched Mark, his heart pounding in his chest as the American began to tug off his jeans.

They fell to the floor with a soft thud and Jack was quick to kick them away.

Mark moved even closer to Jack and the space between them again grew smaller, but they kept their hands away from one another as they carried on this game of Mark acting as Google.

“Okay Google, kiss me” Shifting toward him, Mark began to lean in but he purposely missed the Irishman’s lips and began to kiss around his shoulders and chest, allowing Jack to become confused. “You never specified where you wanted me to kiss you”

Jack rolled his eyes and decided to speak again. “Okay Google, kiss me on the lips” This time, the older man grabbed ahold of his boyfriend’s hips firmly and closed off the space between them, their lips colliding in the middle and Jack letting out the softest of moans.

As their kisses became much more intimate and deep, Jack knew for a fact what he wanted now and felt like he should keep up the act just a little bit longer. “Okay Google, show me what sex is” The American’s eyes bulged slightly and he parted from their kiss, but he was quick to smirk at him.

“To do that action, we must go over to the couch”

But Jack had other ideas.

“Okay Google, show me what it’s like t’ be fucked up against a wall”

The older man’s eyes widened once again and he felt his cock throb within the restraints of his clothes, having never heard Jack talk so dirty to him before despite the fact they were both acting.

“As you wish” Mark grasped hold of Jack’s shoulders and shoved him hard into the wall, being careful not to hurt him as he pinned his arms above his head, exposing the full of his torso to him.

Taking it in with hungry eyes, the American leaned forward and started attacking his neck and shoulders with light kisses and teasing nips, allowing the other man to tremble under his touch and sigh in content.

“You enjoying this?” Jack nodded, the older man dipping his kisses lower and letting go of his arms until he came down to the Irishman’s happy trail and the waistband of his boxers, it was almost too obvious that he was hard by the bulge that happened to tent them.

His fingers slipped beneath the confines of his underwear and began to slowly pull down, revealing Jack’s dick in all of its glory as the length escaped and smacked rough against his lower belly. Mark chuckled, hearing the noise that left Jack when he freed him.

Mark took hold of his cock and began to gently jerk him off, his hand moving at a steady pace which had Jack using his own hand in order to block out the noise slipping past his lips. He wasted no time in then pulling his underwear fully down and then allowing Jack to kick them away.

“Want me to finger you?”

Jack struggled to reply and instead just nodded his head.

Taking his own fingers into his mouth, the older man sucked and lapped at them to cover them in his spit and make them slick. Mark removed them and then stood back up from his knelt position,
grabbing one of Jack’s legs and wrapping it around his hip while his fingers teased at his hole.

“O-oh shit..” The Irishman’s voice strained, his eyes closed tight as he felt the first digit slip up inside him, steady and slow as it buried to a hilt and then drew out, beginning to thrust gently which had Jack’s legs shaking like there was no tomorrow.

He watched on, enjoying the view that he received as he fingered his boyfriend. Mark added a second finger and repeated the same action, spreading him wider which had the younger man choking on his moans. He couldn’t help but feel himself get harder at the sight of his lover getting off as he fingerfucked him slow and hard.

When he was sure that Jack was stretched enough, Mark was careful to draw out his fingers and then start undoing the buttons on his own jeans. Jack was already a mess and therefore couldn’t really do much, just watching as the older man readied himself.

“O-okay Google.. Fuck me”

After slicking his cock, Mark didn’t leave any space between before he was pressing the head of his length against the other man’s hole, Jack making keening noises which signified how much he was loving this.

The American breached Jack’s entrance and began to carefully gain depth while Jack himself tried not to cry out at how good this felt. Mark grabbed his legs and held them tight against his hips, keeping Jack suspended as he drew out and then thrusted back into him.

They picked up a rhythm and very soon, Jack was being fucked hard and heavy against the wall, Mark’s cock pounding into him with each thrust and catching his sweet spot every time. Jack was already close and the older man was making sure he reached his orgasm first.

“M-Mark..”

Looking him directly in the eyes, Mark kept up the rutting but made sure that he was paying his full attention to his boyfriend. “Yes babe?” The Irishman whimpered and closed his eyes tightly, his face suddenly turning bright red.

“I… I’m coming!”

Jack released himself onto their bodies as he gasped harsh and hoarse, his whole body trembling with the sensations that ran rampant through him, Mark followed soon after, thrusting into him through his climax until they both stopped. Breaths heaving and coated in sweat.

Taking the hem of Mark’s ‘Google’ shirt, Jack wiped his forehead of sweat and laughed gently since it was apparent that the older man had left it on while they’d been fucking.

“Heh, not only did I kiss a robot, looks like I was jus’ fucked by one too”
Sleepless Nights

Chapter Notes

Request: Can you pretty please write a fic about Jack not being able to sleep and going to Mark for help?

Jack turned around for what felt like the fiftieth time that night and sighed heavily, rubbing his tired eyes with frustration and getting sick of this constant tossing and turning that he found himself in.

He hated it when he couldn’t fall asleep.

The day had been long and tiring and all that the Irishman asked for was that he got a decent nights sleep and yet it seemed like his body was refusing to shut down, it was becoming quite annoying now.

He turned to the side of the bed where Mark usually slept and exhaled softly, snuggling into his lover’s pillow and smiling since it smelled so strongly of him.

Mark was currently in his study, editing one of his videos for the next morning but it was becoming apparent that Jack craved his contact and therefore climbed out of bed, head heavy with exhaustion and causing him to sway.

Wandering out of the room and through the hallway, Jack didn’t see the point in knocking on the door when he knew that Mark would have his headphones on and wouldn’t be able to hear him. The younger man opened the door and walked in, going over to his lover who was sat at his desk editing.

Jack tapped him on the shoulder and the American jumped, getting a fright since he hadn’t expected anyone to still be awake. “Jesus babe, you scared the shit outta me. What’s up?”

A soft sigh escaped the other man and he slumped on the chair beside him, Mark taking off his headphones and placing them on the desk in front of him, resting a hand on Jack’s thigh and squeezing it gently.

“What’s wrong?”

Feeling frustrated, Jack tried to hold back the tears that dared trickle from his eyes. “I’m really fuckin’ tired and I can’t sleep.. I’ve been awake fer hours now”

The older man nodded his head and patted his own lap. “Come tell Markimoo all about it” Unable to comment about his boyfriend’s weirdness, Jack stood up and then collapsed on his lap, resting his head against Mark’s shoulder and inhaling deeply through his nose.

“Can yeh come t’ bed with me? I know ya gotta edit but it’s not the same without yeh” Mark nodded his head and ran one of his hands through Jack’s hair, soothing him and hopefully making him feel better. “I’ve only got an hour left babe, I’ll be in bed soon”

But that wasn’t good enough and Jack just hid his face in the American’s shoulder, letting out a frustrated sigh and allowing some of his tears to escape since he was just so tired and without sleep, he was an emotional wreck.
“Please Mark.. I.. I can’t sleep without yeh”

Mark watched as the younger man lifted his head back up and it became clear just how bad he really was. His eyes were bloodshot and his face pale and near sickly, he was obviously sleep-deprived and ill from exhaustion.

He leaned in and pressed a tender kiss to his lover’s lips, stroking his cheek since he knew there was no point in arguing his case when Jack was like this. “Fine, you go get yourself back to bed and I’ll save my edits. But you owe me, McLoughlin” The Irishman chuckled and kissed the side of his head, climbing off his lap and making his way to the bedroom.

Only ten minutes later, Mark appeared in the bedroom and pulled off his shirt since he happened to have been editing in his underwear. He collapsed in bed beside Jack and wrapped his arms around his body, spooning the younger man.

“Feel better?” Jack smiled and snuggled in as close as he could to his boyfriend, feeling much more comfortable with Mark’s presence. “Yeah.. Much better..” Mark pressed gentle kisses to the back of his neck, the sensations being enough to make him drowsy.

It wasn’t long before Jack was asleep, knocked out by his boyfriend’s affectionate touches.
“Jack?”

Mark shook his lover again, expecting some sort of reaction to come from him but his body remained still, his eyes closed tightly shut and snoring softly to himself. The older man was beginning to become impatient.

It was common that Mark found himself struggling to wake his boyfriend. Jack was infamous for being a heavy sleeper and not waking until ridiculous times of the morning, sometimes not even the morning. This proved annoying since Mark woke up early and he hated having to wait around for Jack to wake up too.

“Jack, please wake up” This time, he shook him a little bit hard and when the Irishman still made no signs of life, Mark felt like he had to resort to extreme measures.

He carefully lifted up the sheets and exposed the slim form of Jack’s naked torso. Mark took a moment to admire him, his hands gently stroking the sides of his waist and dipping into the crevices and jutting bone of his ribs and hips. He almost didn’t want to wake Jack but at the same time, he knew he had to.

The American readied himself and ever so carefully, began to tickle Jack.

Feeling a funny sensation start at his stomach, Jack’s eyes cracked open and he became aware of someone touching him. The touches became more intense and before he knew it, he found himself giggling since they seemed to be tickling him.

That someone turned out to be Mark.

“Mark? What are yeh doin’?” The younger man asked, rubbing sleep out of his eyes and still giggling when he felt his fingers dig playfully into his ribs. “I’ve been trying to wake your sleepy ass for about half an hour so I resorted to tickling you”

Jack laughed at him and curled up his body, trying to escape the torturous tickles as they worsened and attacked his sides, making him shiver and convulse. “Stop! Stop it Mark!” He squealed, trying to push Mark’s hands away.

“Never!” Mark yelled, pinning his arms down and going for his armpits which had Jack shrieking with laughter, squirming away under his grasp and begging to be released as he found himself tiring of the tickles to his torso.

“Mark! Please stop! Please!”

Deciding that Jack was probably fully awake now, the older man let go of him and allowed the other man to crawl away from him, panting as he’d been laughing so much. He glared at his boyfriend and
pulled the sheets up his body, snuggling into them.

“Why d’ya have t’ be such a meanie?” The American chuckled sweetly at him and wrapped his arms around Jack, pulling him in for a small hug and kissing the top of his head. “Maybe next time, wake up when I ask you to”

The younger man rolled his eyes and hid his head in Mark’s chest, closing his eyes since he was warm and comfortable and Jack still felt kind of sleepy. “Whatever..” He mumbled, cuddling in closer and yawning softly as he found himself falling asleep again.

“Hey!”

But Jack didn’t respond this time, ignoring his lover’s objections as he slowly lost himself to sleep once again, only this time, in Mark’s arms.
Chapter Notes

Request: In a freak accident involving Mark's volume being too loud, a video game jumpscare and the audio for said jumpscare being EXTREMELY high pitched, Mark goes completely deaf from the intense noise.

Mark loved getting scared, it was one of the many things that he enjoyed about horror games. But in order for him to get the full immersion, he always wore his headphones and always had the volume turned up high, Jack always warned that it was a bad idea but he didn’t know why.

He was currently recording a new video, a new Indie horror game had came out and his fans had been desperate for him to play it. How could Mark deny them of a game which actually looked quite decent.

So far, the graphics and scares had all been good. Not too much to really have him freaked out, but enough that he was constantly on edge. A couple times, the jumpscares didn’t really get him and that caused a small amount of disappointment but apart from that, this game was fun to play.

Halfway through the playthrough, there hadn’t been a scare in quite a while and Mark was on edge the entire time. Looking out for anything that could jump out at him but right now, the game remained unearthly silent, well apart from the music playing. It was really playing with his emotions.

A cold sweat began to form on the back of his neck and he couldn’t help but keep swallowing a large lump that had formed in his throat, this was actually quite scary and Mark’s anticipation was getting the better of him. In order to really get himself more immersed with the game, Mark turned up his game volume as loud as he could.

His character walked into a building that was deliriously dark and spelled out that the older man should expect some scares from it, but after ten minutes of walking around inside it, his expectations were beginning to lower and Mark was getting bored of this game.

That was, until a ghost jumped out at him and let out the most high-pitched scream that Mark had ever heard and will ever hear again.

Throwing his headphones off his head since the noise had been so loud, he found that his hearing had suddenly gone very fuzzy until it suddenly broke into nothing but silence. He tried to talk but he found that he couldn’t hear himself. Mark began to panic.

He had gone deaf.

Not being to hear himself meant that Mark had no idea how he was meant to shout for Jack, he just yelled as loudly as he could and stared at the door. His heart was pounding in his chest and there were tears building up in his eyes.

The Irishman bolted through the door and noticed that Mark was crying, he ran over to him and wiped the tears from his eyes. “What’s wrong?” Mark’s eyes widened when he realised that he
couldn’t hear Jack and that made him cry harder. He could no longer hear his lover’s beautiful voice.

“Mark? Please tell me what’s wrong” But the older man could still not hear what he was saying, he shook his head and pointed at his ears but Jack was still not catching on. Mark sighed softly and tried to speak to the best of his ability.

“I-I’ve gone d-deaf...”

His voice was a mere whisper and that made his words very difficult to hear, but Jack had managed to catch the drift of what he was trying to say. “What?..” At first, he thought that Mark was messing with him, but when he saw him begin to cry again, that’s when Jack knew this was no joke.

Leaning over to the American’s desk and grabbing a pen and paper, he began to write something down before he showed it to Mark.

“How did this happen?’

Mark took the paper off Jack and decided that it would probably be easier to communicate with him through writing rather than through speaking.

“It’s dumb. But the game was too loud. There was a jumpscare and it was really loud. My hearing went away. I think I’ve gone deaf”

Swallowing thickly, the Irishman stood up fully and put his hand out for Mark to grab, the older man reluctantly taking it and allowing himself to be pulled out of his computer chair. “Wh-where are we g-going?” He whispered, Jack felt tears fill his eyes at the aspect of Mark not being able to speak properly.

He stopped in his tracks and took the paper, writing something down again. ‘I’m going to take you to the hospital and get this sorted out’ Mark nodded his head and allowed himself to be lead out of the room and then out of the apartment as Jack kept walking, upset getting the better of him.

The trip to the hospital only confirmed their worst fears. Mark had gone completely and utterly deaf.

Chapter End Notes

Gonna leave this as a cliffhanger ;)

Chapter End Notes
Request: Mpreg AU where Jack is online or in public and they see his belly and call it a monster. Jack lashes out at the person and doesn't come out for a long time. He looks at himself in the mirror and runs his belly whispering to the baby it's not a monster, it's blessing. Mark then comes home and comforts him too.

There was nothing better than going to conventions. This was to be the sixth one that Jack was attending and he couldn’t wait to see his fans and friends again, his excitement was through the roof.

Not to mention that this would also be the first time he’d attend a convention while he was pregnant.

The entire plane ride to Seattle had been tedious and long, but it had been worsened by Mark’s overprotective behaviour. At seven months, Jack was showing quite a bit now and at any given chance, Mark would make up an excuse for something being bad for the baby.

Now Jack wasn’t stupid and knew that the reason Mark was doing this, was because he was worried for his lover’s welfare and health. But in all honesty, him worrying was doing more harm than good.

“Mark, I swear t’god. I’m gonna dropkick ya t’ the floor” Jack growled as they exited the airport.

“What?” The younger man rolled his eyes and pointed to the masses of bags that the American was carrying. “Yeh do know that I have arms too, let me take some of the bags”

Mark was quick to swerve away from the other man’s advances. “But what about the baby?” The Irishman cursed under his breath, holding his brow and trying his hardest not to smack Mark upside the head.

“I’m not made of fuckin’ glass Fischbach and either is this baby. Now give me some of the damn bags or so help me, I will kill you”

Nodding his head at his boyfriend, Mark handed some of the bags to Jack and lead them toward the taxi station beside the airport, calling one of them while they waited. The entire time, Jack had a scowl on his face.

They arrived at their hotel and entered their room, Mark had of course carried all the bags again much to the younger man’s anger but he honestly couldn’t be bothered to argue with him. “Wanna go to the convention?” Jack asked, slumping down on the bed and breathing a sigh of relief.

“Don’t you wanna rest first?” The Irishman exhaled deeply and looked up at Mark, glaring at him. “I’m fine, can we please have a day where yer not constantly motherin’ me? I am the one who’s pregnant here”

Mark sighed softly and ran a hand through his hair, looking bashful. “I’m sorry, it’s just.. I don’t want anything to happen to you while we’re there” The other man rolled his eyes and stood up off the bed, going over to his lover and pulling him down for a chaste kiss.

“I assure ya I’ll be fine Mark, now please. Shut up and allow yerself t’ enjoy yer time here”
The older man breathed out gently through his nose and nodded his head, deciding that he might as well try to relax for not only Jack’s sake but his own as well. “Okay, I’ll try”

When they arrived at the convention, it was clear to see just how many people were actually there. Much more than they’d anticipated from the previous years that they’d gone to Pax Prime. Mark felt a small bout of panic build up inside, worried for Jack’s wellbeing.

“Are you sure about this Jack? What if people crowd you?” Jack breathed heavily and looked up at his lover, a disdained expression on his face. “As I’ve said befor Mark, I’m not made of glass. I’ll be fine”

But Mark just couldn’t shake the feeling that something was going to happen to him.

After finally an hour, Jack had been able to sever himself from Mark and was able to wander around the convention as a free man. It was fun because he got to meet fans during his travels and it was great just being by himself because it meant he got more time with them.

As much as he loved Mark, sometimes he just needed his space.

Another hour passed and the Irishman was currently surrounded by a small crowd of fans who were getting him to sign their things, he didn’t mind it of course and was even having conversations with some of them. There were compliments and advice here and there about the baby and it really warmed Jack’s heart seeing how much they cared.

That was, until he heard someone yell from the back of the crowd. Jack froze in his tracks and he felt bile rise up in his throat. The words echoed in his mind and it caused it to spin uncomfortably. He’d never heard something so hard-hitting before in his life.

“You seen that stomach of his? Fucking monster!”

His fans noticed his upset and they were quick to reassure him but there was just some things that simple words couldn’t fix. “I-I’m sorry guys. But I have t’ go” Jack broke away from the crowd and rushed away, some attempted to follow but he made sure that he was faster than them as he made his way to the entrance.

Jack could feel his whole body trembling and nausea was washing over him in heavy waves, the words just wouldn’t leave his head and every time he thought of it, the more hurt he felt inside. He called for a taxi and allowed it to pick him up, taking him back to the hotel.

Once he had arrived and was back in the safety of his apartment, Jack collapsed on the bed and began to cry heavily. Soaking the pillows beneath him but he didn’t care, not when he was so hit by that comment. He’d never seen someone be so harsh before.

The Irishman slowly got up and went over to the mirror, pulling up his shirt and running his hands along the rounding of his stomach, stroking the taut skin as he felt his baby begin to wake up, stirring inside of him.

“Yer not a monster..” He whispered, tears still rolling down his cheeks while he felt them kick gently, obviously sensing his upset and becoming distressed by it. “Yer not a monster, yer a blessin’.”

Jack wandered back over to the bed and lay himself down on his back, propped up by the pillows behind him as he continued to stroke at his belly, trying to soothe the child inside him as they continued to kick and squirm.
“It’s okay, they didn’t mean it. Yer not a monster, I promise ya that. I promise..”

Despite his reassurances to his baby, Jack still felt like a monster himself and in a way, that only worsened how he felt.

Mark arrived later on that night, not even aware that the younger man had left the convention. He opened the bedroom door and paused in his tracks when he saw his lover laid there, crying his eyes out while his hands were wrapped tightly around his bump.

“Jack..?”

The Irishman looked up and noticed that Mark was stood in the doorway, only causing him to cry harder. The older man immediately knew that this was not normal and therefore ran over to him, taking him into his arms and embracing him as tightly as he could.

“Tell me what happened” Jack sniffed softly and cuddled into his boyfriend, still shaking as even remembering what had happened upset him. “S-someone.. Someone called our baby a monster.. They called me a monster..”

Pausing for a short moment, the American tried to take in what he had just heard and stared blankly at the other man, shock overtaking him. “Th-they called you a what?!?” The younger man sobbed silently, shaking in Mark’s arms.

“They called me and the baby a monster..”

Mark could feel his blood begin to boil and he clenched his fists tightly, feeling the temptation to find whoever said that and punch them square in the face until they weren’t even recognisable. But he knew, that right now, he had to be there for his boyfriend.

“Oh god, Jack.. I’m so sorry. But you do know that it’s not true. You’re not a monster” Right now, the Irishman was finding it difficult to believe Mark. “B-but what if that’s what everyone thinks? That I’m jus’ a monster playin’ games on Youtube”

The older man inhaled deeply and closed his eyes, pressing his lips gently against the top of Jack’s head and rubbing his back in a soothing manner.

“Both you and me know, that is simply not true. Our fans support us and they think so highly of you for continuing your Youtube channel regardless of you being pregnant. They think you’re an inspiration and brave for doing this. Don’t you ever believe for one second that everyone thinks of you as a monster, just because one guy happened to shout it out”

Jack slowly looked up at his lover and sniffed, wiping the tears from his eyes and smiling sweetly at him. “I love yeh.. Ya know that right?”

Smiling back at him, Mark nodded his head and tipped his chin back, kissing him on the lips. “I know you do, because I love you just as much” They kissed again and Mark carefully rested one of his hands on Jack’s stomach, rubbing gently.

The contact caused their child to stir and they kicked against Mark’s hand, causing him to chuckle and his heart to swell to know that his baby had acknowledged him. “And I love you too, sorry I missed you out buddy”

They both laughed, sharing another kiss before they lay down on the bed together, talking the night away while their baby continued to make themselves known.
Danger Of The Door

Chapter Notes

Request: Jack runs into a glass door and Mark laughing to much he ends up doing the same thing or vice versa if you want.

The apartment was eerily dark that evening. Every light was switched off and rain thundered against the windows as a storm raged outside, Jack could only hope that it was his paranoia that was making him feel more scared than he was.

He went to turn on the kitchen light but was confused to find that it remained dark, only assuming that the power must have gone thanks to the storm. Jack rolled his eyes and sighed heavily, using the light of his phone as he went over to the kitchen drawers, rummaging around in them.

As he rummaged, a soft creaking noise echoed behind him and he was quick to turn around, eyes scanning the blackened room but there wasn’t a person in sight. “Mark?..” The older man wasn’t due to be back in the apartment for at least another two hours so his presence was quite unlikely.

When he didn’t see anyone that looked like Mark, the Irishman swallowed the thick knotting in his throat and went back to rummaging in the drawer, attempting to find a flashlight since he didn’t want to waste the battery of his phone.

“Oh I would get stuck in a power cut while Mark was out” Jack grumbled, fishing out the torch and fist-pumping the air in celebration, feeling relief wash through him since he hated not being able to find things straight away.

The younger man switched on the flashlight and placed his phone in his back pocket, wandering out of the kitchen and toward the living room, the fuse box for the apartment was in the cupboard beside the front door but that was the darkest place in the room and it gave him slight anxiety to go over to it.

He faced his fears though and went over.

Opening the fuse box, Jack shone the torch directly at the wires and squinted his eyes, feeling baffled since he expected it to be as simple as flicking a switch and yet, there seemed to be twenty billion things to do in order to turn the power back on.

Jack fiddled with one of the wires and flinched when he heard the humming of electricity travel through them, scared that he was going to get electrocuted if he wasn’t careful. Mark had taught him vaguely what to do if the power went out without him there but the Irishman’s memory was awful and he couldn’t remember a damn thing.

Pressing a random button here and there, nothing made a difference to the suffocating darkness that surrounded him and Jack was finding himself getting impatient. He stormed away from the fuse box and toward the balcony, freezing in his tracks in order to text Mark and unaware of the movement behind him.

‘Can you come home? The power is gone and I’m too dumb to fix it :P’
Little did he know, Mark knew quite well that the power was gone.

“Oh I know you’re dumb”

Hearing a voice from the shadows, Jack got the fright of his life and his automatic response was to run away, adrenaline flowing thick through his veins as he sped toward the balcony. Though, it soon became apparent he’d made a fatal mistake in his plans to escape.

The balcony door was shut.

There was a loud bang as Jack smacked into the glass door and fell to the ground, groaning in pain as he’d happened to hit his nose. He held it in his hands and checked to see if it was bleeding, luckily it seemed as if he’d managed to avoid breaking it.

Mark had never laughed so hard in life, there were tears in his eyes and his stomach and chest hurt from the constant heaving of his laughter. He’d fallen flat on the floor beside Jack and was currently holding his belly since it was straining since he couldn’t stop laughing.

The Irishman glared at his boyfriend and went up to him, punching him hard in the shoulder and causing the older man to yelp in surprise. “Ouch, what was that for?” Jack glared more, punching him again.

“Ya know damn well what it was fer. Yeh scared the shit outta me!”

Laughing again, Mark rolled his eyes and then pulled his huffing lover into a hug. “Aww come on, it was just a harmless prank. You love me really” The younger man sighed softly and pouted at him. “Sometimes I fuckin’ wish I didn’t. Yer such a pain in the arse”

“Yeah, well. I’m your pain in the ass”

Later on that night, when both men had decided to go to bed. Jack was fixing himself up in the bathroom when he heard a sudden slamming noise from downstairs followed by the noise of Mark groaning.

He rushed down the stairs and saw the American laid on the ground, holding his lip which was now bust. “The fuck did yeh do?”

“I may or may not have just walked into the balcony door..”

Jack began to giggle away to himself, unable to comprehend how much karma Mark had just suffered. In a way though, he was happy to know that Mark had gotten his just desserts.
Ocean Of Fear

Chapter Notes

Request: Jack doesn't know Mark is afraid of the ocean. And he bring Mark to the ocean or something and... Mark no likey

“I have no idea where we are, but I swear to god Jack. You better tell me soon”

The Irishman giggled at his boyfriend’s frustration and took hold of his hand again, leading him into a building and watching as people looked over at them slightly confused since Mark happened to have a blindfold over his eyes.

He went over to the main office and asked for two tickets, staying as vague as possible and the person behind the office understood immediately. They shared the same toothy grin as Jack and handed him the tickets as he paid, offering to lead them straight out much to Jack’s appreciation.

“Whatever we’re doing, I have a feeling it’s gonna be weird” Mark muttered, feeling as he was lead down a flight of stairs and suddenly, the breeze of the outside caught his face again and then, the unmistakeable smell.

The smell of the ocean.

Panic began to rise up in Mark and he stopped in his tracks, much to Jack’s befuddlement since he had no idea what the older man was doing. “What is it?” Mark swallowed thickly and tried to take his blindfold off but Jack grabbed hold of his hands.

“What is it?.” He asked, this time a little bit more seriously. Mark sighed softly and bit down on his lip, feeling bashful. “Babe, I didn’t tell you because I didn’t think it was important. But whatever we’re doing, I’m terrified of it”

At first, the younger man didn’t catch on to what the other man meant but when everything added together, Jack felt a harsh bolt of stupidity hit him. “Yer afraid of the ocean, aren’t ya?” The American nodded, hinting to whether he could take his blindfold off.

“Might as well..”

Jack felt extremely disappointed in himself for not realising his lover’s fear since this whole trip basically consisted of them going out to the ocean. The older man removed his blindfold and looked around, the sea catching his sight and causing his stomach to tie up in knots.

“Jesus..” Mark muttered, feeling all the colour in his face drain away as he could only tell what they were going to do. “I’m sorry babe but I can’t do this. I can’t go out into the ocean”

The Irishman slowly nodded his head and sighed softly, Mark noticing this and pulling the younger man into his arms. “Hey, don’t be like that. You weren’t to know, I should have told you. I’ll make it up to you, I promise. This was such a sweet gesture on your behalf” A small smile appeared on Jack’s lips but he wasn’t fully convinced.

“I jus’ feel like an idiot. The one place that yer terrified of and I take yeh there”
Mark just chuckled, running his hands through Jack’s hair. “It is quite an unfortunate situation but please don’t dwell on it too much. You were trying to be nice and for that, I appreciate it”

The older man leaned in and pressed a chaste kiss against Jack’s lips and smiled sweetly at him. “Now let’s go get a refund and I’ll take you out for dinner, my treat” The Irishman blushed and couldn’t help but snort.

“Ya fuckin’ treat me like a princess, Mark”

This earned another chuckle from the American and he ruffled Jack’s hair. “Anything for my little princess” Jack grimaced at his choice of words and shoved him in the chest.

“If you ever say that again, I won’t refrain t’ chuck yeh in the ocean. Regardless if ya have a phobia or not”
There was a soft sigh as Jack felt himself get fed up of the man who was currently latched onto him, his arms wrapped around his waist from behind and kisses being pecked all over the base of his neck. “Mark I swear t’ god. I’m cookin’ our fuckin’ dinner”

The older man chuckled and nuzzled his face into the sweet smelling fuzz of Jack’s hair. “But I’m not hungry, I’m horny..” This caused Jack to roll his eyes and he exhaled heavily, still ignoring his lover’s advances.

“I don’t give a shit if yeh have the biggest erection in the world, I’m starvin’ and need t’ eat”

Mark pouted at him and decided that maybe he could encourage him to play along, running his hands up the Irishman’s shirt and stroking at the delicate hairs of his happy trail, it definitely had Jack’s face flushing red.

“I wanna fuck you so hard..” He whispered, kissing just behind Jack’s ear and nibbling at the flesh there, the younger man sighed once again and pushed him off. “Ever think maybe I want t’ fuck ya hard?”

Stopping in his advances, the American stared at his boyfriend confused. “You want to fuck me?” Mark snorted, amused that Jack was even bold enough to come out with such a statement.

“What? I’m sure I’m just as much as a top, as ya are as a bottom”

This just caused Mark to laugh harder, there was just some things that he couldn’t take seriously from Jack.

“No offense babe, but I’m pretty sure you’re 100% bottom. No doubt about it” Jack glared at him, feeling offended by the older man’s comments. “Is that so? What makes ya such a fuckin’ top then?” Mark looked at him smugly and grinned very toothily. 

“I’ve fucked more people and plus, I know each and every pleasure spot inside a man’s body. Including yours, McLoughlin” This caused a strong blush to stain Jack’s face and he stared down at the ground, unable to respond.

He decided to brush it off though, still not satisfied with his answer. “Pfft, whatever then. I’d like t’ see ya prove that”

Mark’s eyes flashed for a short moment and he stepped slightly closer to him. “Is that a challenge?” The younger man considered it for a short moment and then smirked at him. “Yeah, why not” He turned back around to finish cooking their food but gasped when he felt Mark smack his ass, flipping him off in response.

Their dinner went on as normal but there was a heavy fog of tenseness in the air, one which had Jack
nearly suffocating it was so thick. The entire time he couldn’t stop thinking of what Mark in store for him and his cock was straining uncomfortably in the confines of his jeans.

The American was basically in the same position, he could practically smell Jack’s arousal from across the table and it was only making him feel more excited. He was quick to eat his food, wanting to get this over and done with so he could prove himself to his lover.

They finished their food and their forks hits the plates with a loud clatter, their eyes looked up from the table and at each other. Their hearts were pounding in their chests and each man knew that the other was horny.

It was only mere seconds before Mark pulled Jack over the table and had him in his arms, carrying him up the stairs and toward the bedroom.

He dropped the younger man on the bed and was quick to remove his clothing, too impatient to keep this slow and steady when was feeling so desperate to be inside Jack. They both found themselves naked and spent a good minute or two admiring one another’s bodies.

Mark was the first to make the move as he climbed on the bed, towering over the Irishman and kissing him roughly on the lips, grabbing the other man’s cock and beginning to slowly tug him off which had small whines escaping Jack.

Lube came next and Mark spread his boyfriend wide, his slicked fingers teasing and sliding over his hole, causing Jack to whimper under his touch. The first digit sliding in without difficulty and causing Jack to cry out, the foreign sensation creating shivers of arousal to travel swift through his body.

“You like that?..” The older man purred, thrusting the finger in and out of him in a fast pace which had Jack’s toes curling and his fists gripping the sheets tightly. “Y-yes..” The Irishman wheezed, feeling himself spread more as a second digit entered him.

The pace at which he fucked Jack with his finger increased and Mark watched on in sheer awe at the sight of his face contorting into pure ecstasy, especially when he began to hit at his prostate. “O-oh fuck.. Ya feel s-so good M-Mark..”

Mark chuckled and kissed him tenderly on the lips, removing his fingers suddenly and then grabbing at his own dick. He slicked the length in lubricant and pressed it against the base of Jack’s hole, pushing the head in and out in a teasing fashion which had the Irishman keening.

“Please.. Just fuck me already”

Doing as his boyfriend had commanded, the older man began to slowly push inside of him, filling the other man thickly which had Jack’s mouth opening so wide he seemed to resemble a venus flytrap attempting to catch flies.

“Oh jesus fuck..” Jack grunted when Mark had buried himself fully inside of him, his hips pulling out only to snap forward again and cause Jack to cry with the pleasure it brung. The American repeated the action and started fucking him hard and fast, Jack clutching onto the sheets for dear life as he did so.

The whole bed shook and shimmied under their weight and actions, the headboard smacking harshly off the wall and leaving marks while the bedsprings ached and creaked. The noises of the bed combined with the sounds of Jack gasping and moaning echoed through the room, Mark getting off to every single one.
He plunged his cock further inside of the Irishman and started angling himself in order to hit the spots that had Jack crying out. At one point, he felt himself whack off something inside him and he’d never heard the sound that came screaming from Jack’s mouth.

Mark definitely knew that he needed to hear that again.

Thrusting harder into his lover and pounding into his prostate, Jack couldn’t do anything but scream, the sensations coming from Mark being too intense to do anything but that. His heart was hammering in his chest and his whole body trembled. He was close and yet, he didn’t want it to end.

Knowing that the other man was getting close, the older man made it his objective to make him come and therefore fucked him as hard and as rough as he could. This proved successful as he heard Jack’s screams become louder and louder, his eyes tightly shut as he threw his head back.

“O-oh god.. I’m.. I’m c-coming.. OH GOD!”

Having his prostate be pounded again, Jack lost all control and came extremely hard onto his chest and stomach, yelling as loud as he could and allowing his voice to echo violently through the room. The sheer sound had Mark coming, unable to hold back when his boyfriend made noises as delicious as that.

Mark pulled out of him and collapsed next to Jack on the bed, his chest was heaving and his vision was blurry. He looked over at the younger man and noticed the wreck that lay beside him.

“What was that about you topping again?”

Jack slowly glanced over in Mark’s direction and with as weak as he was, managed to flip him off before his arms fell against the mattress again.
Talk Dirty To Me

Chapter Notes

Request: Mark and Jack get into a really heated fake sex session while they're playing a game together, only for one or both of them to end up actually coming because they find the other's voice so erotic.

There was nothing quite as fun as playing ‘The Forest’ with Mark.

The Irishman had missed their collaborations and finally after a month, they were playing games together again and he absolutely loved it. Not to mention that he was gaming with the man he’d found himself falling for ever since their last convention together.

Of course, there was no way in hell that Jack would ever let him know that. The only time that he even expressed the slightest romantic interest was when he was messing around and playing with the ‘Septiplier’ shippers. Mark saw it as a joke and so did Jack, though in a way, he did sometimes wish it was real.

“Everything okay, Jack?” Mark asked out of the blue, catching the younger man’s attention since he’d had no idea that he had even zoned out. “Yeah, I’m fine. Was jus’ thinkin’” This intrigued Mark’s curiosity and he felt compelled to ask him what he was thinking about.

Though, he felt maybe he could make it funny by making it ‘septiplier’ related, since they happened to be recording.

“What were you thinking about Jack? Was it me and my big, strong muscles?”

The Irishman laughed gently and realised where this was going. “Oh yeah, it’s all I think about. Stuck in my mind. Though it’s not the only thing that I think about..” Mark smirked to himself and rolled his eyes, looks like they were going down that route.

“Oooh, what else were you thinking about, Jackaroo?” Jack couldn’t help but snort and giggled softly to himself, running a hand through his hair before he carried on controlling his character on the game. “I was jus’ thinkin’ about somethin’ much lower down than yer muscles, if yeh catch my drift”

Mark made a strange noise and then gave a fake laugh that was meant to sound perverted, only earning more laughter from the other man. “Are you thinking about, what I think you’re thinking about?” Jack grinned, looking into the camera with a devious expression.

“That depends, why don’t ya describe what ya think I’m thinkin’ about?”

There was a short pause between their speech and that caused Jack to panic, thinking that he may have gone too far but before he knew it, Mark was speaking again, his face right against the microphone while he put on a sensual voice.

“Oh I know what you’re thinking about. You’re thinking about us, alone, in a bed. We’re making out and you look down, seeing that I’m hard”
Jack’s eyes bulged out of his sockets and he suddenly realised that what he was saying, this was probably going to be censored so therefore, he didn’t panic that much about people hearing it. Though, on the other hand, his voice alongside what he was describing, was quite arousing in a way.

“You grab hold of my long, hard cock and start jerking it in your hand. I moan and you moan too, basically we’re just one big moaning mess as we tug each other off”

Feeling shivers travel down his spine, the Irishman felt a blush appear on his cheeks and his dick began to twitch to life as he found himself getting more and more aroused by the sound of Mark’s voice. In a way, he kinda wanted to get off from it. “What happens next?” Jack asked, the tone of his voice just as low as Mark’s.

“I imagine that we would keep on making out, our tongues sliding into each other’s mouths and our spare hands pulling each other’s hairs. We’d still jerk each other off, but we’d wanna go further”

“Motherfuck..” The younger man whispered under his breath, closing his eyes tightly and inconspicuously unzipping his jeans before he pulled them down, grabbing hold of his length and carefully and out of sight of the camera, starting to get off to the sound of Mark.

“We’d probably wanna fuck. So I stop jerking you off and instead, I grab your legs and move them apart, pushing my dick inside you”

Jack couldn’t believe that this whole thing was just entertainment for the video and that the man he was speaking to was actually just joking. The Irishman had longed to hear these words from Mark and to hear them be spoken in such an erotic way, there was no denying that he had to jerk off from this.

“What happens after yeh stick yer dick inside me?”

There was a stifled chuckle and Jack panicked, afraid that the other man may have caught on that he was getting aroused from this due to the tone in his voice. Regardless though, it didn’t stop him as he kept on moving his hand around his cock and going faster.

“I’d fuck you so hard. You’d probably be screaming for me to stop but I’d keep going, you’d come but I’d still keep fucking you. Just to show you who’s in control”

The Irishman’s mouth fell open and the sheer idea of what Mark had just described caused him to quicken his pace, jerking off as hard as he could before he came thick onto his hand and shirt, having to hold back the moans that dared escape him as he did so.

“Um Jack, you okay?” Suddenly, Mark was back to his old self and the younger man was sprung back to reality, realising that they were still recording, we’re still friends and that they were still playing a game together. “N-nothin’, jus’ nearly got my character killed”

It was a blatant lie but he wouldn’t dare admit what he had just done. He quickly tucked himself away and pretended like nothing had happened despite the fact his face was flushed brighter than a tomato.

He wished though, that Mark had kept the voice going and that actually, he did realise that Jack was jerking off to him but instead of being disgusted, he was also aroused by it.

But that was just dumb fantasy.
Mark’s hand slammed down again, catching against the already reddened skin of his ass and causing a sharp slapping noise to crack through the room. Jack could only gasp, clutching onto the sheets and pulling them up to his face as he felt the other man spank him again.

“Dirty fucking bitch, needs to be taught not to misbehave” The older man growled, grabbing the flesh of one of his asscheeks and squeezing harshly, the Irishman moaning softly at the roughness of his boyfriend’s touches.

He brought his hands up to Jack’s shoulders and dug his nails in, dragging them down his back in a harsh fashion and earning cries from the younger man, his eyes closed tight as pain and pleasure reeked havoc on his body.

“So good..” Jack panted, hiding his face in the sheets as Mark repeated the action again, though he knew he had to remain quiet since they weren’t the only ones in the apartment.

Currently, Wade was staying over for the week and had caused disruption to their frequent sexual endeavours. Mark had grown impatient though and on the last day of Wade being here, the American had decided to pounce on Jack and give him the best punishment he could ever imagine.

Mark brought his head toward the space between Jack’s lower back and ass, biting the taut flesh and creating small blemishes, smirking at his work while the other man continued to tremble underneath him. It made Mark’s cock hard just seeing him like that.

The older man pressed kisses down until he was at his ass again, teasing him as he nipped at the skin of his asscheeks with his teeth and had Jack moaning again, this time the sound coming out a little louder than he had expected it to.

Hearing how loud the Irishman was, Mark smacked his ass again and bit down hard, Jack convulsing since the pain was harsh and stung. “Be quiet. Or you’ll get yourself into more trouble”

Jack swallowed thickly, excitement shooting through his body at the idea of what he meant by ‘more trouble’.

It seemed that he didn’t have to wait too long to wait for what he meant though as he felt Mark’s hard length grinding against him, it seemed like the older man didn’t have the patience to wait for when Jack was ready for him.

“Gonna fuck you so hard.. You’ll be begging for me to stop when I’m done with you”

“Oh sh-shit..” The Irishman nearly choked, his eyes slipping shut when he heard Mark speaking so dirty to him, the tone of his voice mixed with the sensation of his length against his asscheeks being enough to make arousal bubble up inside him.

Mark spanked him again and dug his nails in. “I said be quiet. Don’t even fucking speak” Jack
nodded his head quickly and bit down on his lower lip, though he couldn’t help the silent whines that kept leaving his lips every time he exhaled.

Turns out, they weren’t as silent as Jack thought. He felt the American’s hand crash down on his skin again, creating a pleasurable burn which had Jack’s lungs stuttering as he attempted to inhale.

But just as he was about to spank Jack once more, his attention was caught by the sound of the door opening behind them.

Wade stood there, looking shocked and extremely confused.

“I.. Um.. I’ll leave you two in privacy” The door shut again and both men were left in silence, they looked at one another mortified and a large blush appeared on Jack’s face since his friend had just seen him in such an intimate position.

“Oh good god.. Did.. Did that jus’ happen?”

Mark nodded his head, his face equally just as red as the Irishman’s. “Y-yeah, but uh.. Let’s focus on that later. I still wanna fuck you..” But Mark’s tone was all off and it seemed like the mood had been killed, Jack definitely didn’t feel like having sex anymore.

“Maybe we should go talk t’ him” The older man’s eyes bulged at Jack’s request and he shook his head rapidly, though Jack was having none of it. “No, we should go talk t’ him. He needs to know and the way he found out, was the worst way possible”

Letting out a soft sigh, Mark reluctantly nodded and went to pull his boxers on, a little irritated that their play had gone without result. Jack noticed this and went over to him, pressing a gentle kiss to his lips.

“I promise once we’ve talked t’ him. I’ll let yeh ravish me all ya want”

Hearing the seductive tone in his boyfriend’s voice, Mark grinned at him and then pulled his clothes back on. They took each other’s hands and opened the bedroom door slowly, making their descent down the stairs and toward their embarrassed friend.

There was no doubt this was going to be awkward.
Heat

Chapter Notes

Request: Can you write an a/b/o fic with omega!Jack going into heat and alpha!Mark knotting him

There was one thing that Jack hated more in this world. More than heights and more than gore. That one thing that he hated was something that occurred every two months and without pills, had him at his worst. At his weakest. And that thing just happened to be, his heat.

Jack knew to take suppressants, he was one of those people who just couldn’t handle his heats. Every heat that he’d had in the past four years since he started had been just as bad as the last and when he could finally when he could take suppressants when he was eighteen, he was given relief from the hell that they brought.

But this was the thing, Jack had just so happened to forget to pick up his monthly prescription and when he ran out of suppressants the week just before his heat. The Irishman knew it was too late.

He was going to go into heat.

It was a late Tuesday night when Jack could sense that he was starting to come on. His whole body was damp with sweat and his boxers were uncomfortable with the slick that coated them, his muscles kept twitching and he was aware that he probably stunk. He was glad that Mark was out for the night, unable to smell him.

He shakily took a drink of water and tried to make himself comfortable on the sofa as he attempted to watch a movie but it was difficult when his body was trying to tell him that he needed to be fucked. Everything ached and his cock strained against his pants, but he knew that simply jerking off wouldn’t be enough to relieve him.

The door swung open and Jack froze in place, his heart pounding in his chest since he knew that Mark had come back. He tried to act natural, crossing his legs and wrapping a shawl around his neck, hoping it would somehow block out the scent of his oncoming heat.

“You alright babe?” The older man asked with a smile, coming over to the sofa and joining him as he sat down, he noticed that Jack was tucked directly into the corner of the couch but he didn’t question it too much.

“D-did ya have a good night out with Wade and Bob?”

Jack attempted to sway him from finding out, trying to keep his mind occupied on other things. But when his nose caught the smell of Mark, his pheromones caused the Irishman to become slicker and he had to cross his legs tighter, hoping to god Mark didn’t find out.

“Yeah, but Bob went home early and Wade got really drunk so I had to take him home. So if anything, the night was a little shitty. I wish you could have come” The younger man smiled at him, nodding his head. “I’m sick though, I wouldn’t have been much fun”

The older man chuckled and inhaled deeply as he got himself comfy on the sofa. But as he breathed
in, his nostrils twitched when he came across a scent that he hadn’t smelled in quite a while. His whole body trembled and he let out an inaudible moan.

He could smell the heavy stench of heat just wafting from his lover.

Mark slowly turned his head to look at him and immediately, everything came together. The sickness, the reluctance to be touched and the constant isolation. It all pieced into one when he took in the smell again, his mouth watering at it and his eyes glazing with lust.

It didn’t take long for Jack to realise this and he swallowed the ball in his throat, hoping that maybe it was just his imagination since he felt slightly embarrassed to be going in heat for the first time with Mark.

“... You’re.. You’re in season, aren’t you?”

There was a heavy and seductive thickness to Mark’s voice and it had shivers coursing through the younger man’s limbs and straight into his dick. Jack nodded slowly and licked at his lips to moisten them.

“I’ve never seen you in heat before...” The American whispered, moving closer to him and burying his nose into Jack’s neck where his scent was at its heaviest. “... mainly cause I take suppressants.. But I fergot this time...”

The older man chuckled lowly and pressed a wet kiss against the side of his neck, lapping at the sweat covered flesh and biting down hard, earning a moan from Jack who then spasmed, his actions proving intense.

“Want me to fuck you better?”

With his whole body aching and crying out for his boyfriend to fuck him, there was no way that he could say no.

“P-please fuck me Mark.. Make me feel better.. Make me feel good” Jack begged, feeling the other man’s hands travel across his body and then up his shirt, rubbing at one of his nipples which had the Irishman keening under his touch. “M-motherfuck..”

Mark continued to suck and nibble at the side of his neck, loving the scent that he gave off while his hands teased at the younger man’s body. One pinching and twisting at his nipple while the other rubbed at the bulge in his sweatpants.

“Ah.. Mark” The older man smirked and carefully began to hitch Jack’s pants down, pulling out his cock as he did so and beginning to slowly jerk him off which had the other man nearly choking on his own saliva, the sensations ten times more intense now that he was in heat.

The desire to fuck Jack got the better of the American and he was quick to pull off the younger man’s shirt, throwing it across the room before tugging his sweatpants off too, allowing them to join the pile of clothing. He then lay Jack down on the sofa, kissing along his chest and allowing his mouth to latch onto one of his nipples.

“O-oh god..”

As Mark sucked and nipped at the nub in his mouth, he carried on jerking his lover off. His thumb running over the head of his dick and encouraging precum to leak from it, the Irishman unable to do anything as he lay there, his mouth agape and pleasured sighs escaping his mouth.
Moving away from him, the older man was again too impatient to wait and removed his own clothing until he was fully naked alike the younger man, his cock twitching at the anticipation of fucking the man who lay beneath him.

The man in question seemed to be deliriously beautiful as of this moment. With his arms resting behind his head. His face, length and chest flushed with arousal while it heaved as his breaths were shaky and heavy. Right now, all Mark wanted to do was the ravish him and let him know how much he wanted to let him know who he belonged to.

“Jack.. Can.. Can I knot you?”

There was a short pause before the Irishman decided to speak. “Yes.. Yes ya can knot me Mark.. Ya don’t even need t’ ask”

Well, in a way, the older man kind of needed to. Knotting was a serious business in relationships and only happened when both partners truly trusted one another and were ready for this kind of commitment. It was probably Jack’s heat talking mostly but they had been dating for two years. Maybe they were ready for this.

Slowly, Mark grabbed hold of Jack’s legs and spread him, his fingers not even needing lube as he looked down and saw the slick practically leaking like a faucet from the younger man. A small blush appeared on the Irishman’s cheeks as he saw him staring but Mark was just transfixed, turned on by the sight.

He wetted the digits in the sticky substance and was quick to press two into the slick of his hole, moaning softly when he watched how easy they entered Jack. The man himself hissing through his teeth and closing his eyes tight. There was a burn but it was good, helping satisfy his urges slightly.

The American began to thrust his fingers inside of his boyfriend, the other man convulsing and groaning under his touch as each time he plunged them inside him, they helped cool the heat currently building in his belly. “G-god.. Enough with the foreplay, jus’ fuck me already”

Chuckling softly, Mark did as he asked and pulled his fingers out of him before he replaced them with his cock, pressing the head into his hole and grunting when he saw how it basically swallowed him, no movement needed.

“God, your body is so fucking ready for my cock..” He gently began to push himself all the way inside of the younger man until he was buried to his hilt, Jack muttering Irish drool under his breath as his body couldn’t take the sensations currently overwhelming it.

Mark leaned down and pressed a sweet kiss to Jack’s forehead, running his hand through the Irishman’s sweat-soaked hair before he drew out, slamming back into him with little effort thanks to his slick. The older man continued this pace, getting harder with every thrust.

The thrusts of his length inside him was like a fire extinguisher to the flames in his belly, cooling him down and allowing the aches of his muscles to melt away as his body’s intentions were being fulfilled. Mark filling him lusciously and fucking him at just the right pace, Jack was in pure heaven right now.

Suddenly, as both men found themselves getting closer, Mark felt his knot begin to swell and he groaned as the speed of their fucking began to slow, still hard but it was hard to draw out now when his dick was growing in size.

Jack could feel his knot forming and how it grazed intensely off his prostate, the sensation being
enough to make him come hard and heavy onto his chest, his orgasm harsh enough that some of his load ended up on his face too.

Watching as his lover came, Mark followed soon after and released his load thickly into his boyfriend, his knot fully formed and keeping him tied to Jack as they panted heavily. “Jesus christ.”

“Ya can say that again..” Jack wheezed, his face clammy and kind of sticky from his come before. Mark saw his grimace and shifted close to him, licking up the load that coated the skin and watching as the Irishman only grimaced more. “Yer fuckin’ disgustin’”

The older man laughed gently and lay himself down on top of Jack since it would be a while before they went anywhere with Mark’s knot inside him, they shared chaste kisses and smiled at one another, feeling complete that they’d finally had sex while Jack was in heat.

“You still okay with this?” Mark asked, hinting to the tie that they had between them. The younger man nodded his head and ran his hands through the thick of Mark’s hair. “Of course I am, who else who I want t’ be tied t’ other than you?”

Mark smiled widely and kissed him again, unable to disagree with the fact that he felt completely the same.
Kicking at the floor again in boredom, Jack stared up at the wall and sighed heavily as it seemed this exam was ceasing to end. His eyes glanced at the clock again and he groaned under his breath when he realised that he still had an hour to go. He regretted not studying now.

There was just something about engineering that had the Irishman bored out of his mind, each lesson he’d just daydream and think about what he looked forward to when he got home. His teacher would give great lectures and was good at his job but if anything, he was too attractive to be a teacher. Jack’s attention was always focussed on him rather than what he was saying.

And now, this is why Jack found himself in this situation. Where he’d only done the smallest parts of his exam paper because he literally didn’t know the answers to any of the questions. He regretted all those weeks of staring at Mark and blocking out his words, how he wouldn’t give to have a lecture right now.

The hour eventually passed after being painfully slow and Jack was meant to hand in his paper to his teacher, but he knew for a fact that if he were to give him it, that would be his whole future thrown away within a mere second. He just couldn’t handle that reality and therefore waited until the end when everyone had left.

“Mark..” He started, feeling nervous as he approached him at his desk. “Yes, is there something I can help you with Jack?” The Irishman swallowed thickly, rubbing the back of his neck.

“I’ve done really shit and I’m jus’ wonderin’.. Is there anythin’ I can do in order fer ya t’ pass me? I’ll do anythin’, like literally anythin’”

Pausing for a moment as Mark took in what the student said, he nodded his head and then closed his eyes, exhaling softly through his nose. “I guessed that this would happen. I notice the way you look at me in lessons Jack. You didn’t listen to me at all did you?”

Jack’s cheeks flushed a light pink and he bit down on his lip, trying to look as innocent as possible as he hadn’t even known that Mark had noticed him staring. “N-no, I didn’t..” The older man chuckled and smiled at him, hinting for him to come closer to his desk.

Doing as he was told, the Irishman wandered over until he was stood beside Mark’s chair, the American again hinted for him to come closer so Jack bent his head down. “If you say you’ll do anything.. I’ll let you pass.. If you suck me off”

Backing away quickly out of surprise, Jack stared at his teacher with wide eyes as he saw the serious expression plastered on his face. “Are.. Are ya bein’ serious?” The older man snorted, rolling his eyes.

“It’s either that or you fail, McLoughlin..”
Jack considered it and stared up at the ceiling again. It had been his desire to know what Mark’s cock looked like. Sometimes, when he was horny at college, he’d think about how nice it would be to hold it in his hands and jump up and down on it and the list could go on. The Irishman had considered every single scenario with this man’s penis.

“F-fine.. If it means I pass, then I’ll do it”

The older man pushed back his desk chair and made way for Jack to crawl underneath his desk, the Irishman catching his drift and going under before he pushed it back in again, hiding the student from anyone’s view but Mark’s.

Smirking down at the younger man, Jack couldn’t help but blush more when he saw his eyes set on his. His hands made their way toward the American’s suit pants and began to unbutton them slowly, already noticing that the other man was hard.

With hands shaking, the Irishman rubbed Mark through his underwear before he reached under the hem of his waistband. Taking hold of the older man’s length and carefully pulling it out of the confines before it was fully exposed, Jack stared at it, admiring the view.

“Jesus..” He whispered under his breath when he saw just how big his dick actually was, moving closer in-between Mark’s thighs and using his tongue to lick a stripe from the base of his balls all the way up to the head, earning an aroused sigh from the man above.

Jack repeated that multiple times before he dipped the tip of his tongue in the older man’s slit, using his hand to milk out the precum that poured from it, the taste sweet and causing shivers to travel through him since it felt so strange to know his fantasies were coming true.

As careful as he could, the Irishman took the head of his length into his mouth and sucked gently, Mark moaning and combing his fingers through the shortness of Jack’s hair. The younger man took more and more of him in with each suck, hearing the American groan as he did.

“God you feel so fucking good..” Mark growled, the grip on his hair in his hands tightening as Jack began to move his head up and down on his cock, fucking his head on the length at a quick pace which left Mark unable to vocalise, grunting only when his tongue teased at the head again.

At one point, Jack let the older man have full control as he fucked his mouth with his dick, hard thrusts which left the Irishman nearly choking but just holding onto the contents of his stomach. The situation was hot and steamy, Mark’s moans coming faster and louder as he got closer.

Jack felt Mark ram into his mouth as rough as he could and the younger man took this as an opportunity to suck hard and tease with his tongue again, causing the teacher to throw his head back as he came thickly in the other man’s mouth.

Swallowing every single bit, Jack removed himself off his cock with a loud pop before he crawled back out from under the desk. “S-so does this mean I pass?”

The older man smirked at him and patted him on the hip, taking hold of it before he drew the Irishman’s crotch close to his face.

“Maybe we could get some extra marks in there too..”
Caught

Chapter Notes

Request: Jack catches Mark jerking it. Hijinks ensue.

Pulling his hair back and groaning softly, Mark tugged at his cock harder and bit down on his lip, trying to stay as quiet as possible.

He didn’t really want to be masturbating right now but he was left with no other alternative.

Jack had come over for the weekend and currently, anything he did was making Mark aroused. He could be drinking a glass of water or bending over to pick up his headphones and it had Mark hornier than a sixteen year old on viagra.

Over the past two days, he’d managed to hold back but today had crossed the line. They’d been on the train, travelling through L.A when Jack had dropped his phone on the floor, the carriage itself was already incredibly full and left them with little room but he was given no choice but to get it.

As the Irishman had bent over, he had managed to press his ass into Mark’s crotch.

That sensation had stuck with Mark the entire day and now that he was back in the apartment, he’d decided that the only way that he was going to relieve himself of it was to jerk off and jerk off he did.

This particular session was incredibly pleasurable considering how long Mark had been holding back. The tugs of his hand on his length sent volts of delectance streaming through his body and he was finding it hard to hold back his moans.

Another jerk though threw him off and he couldn’t help the groan that passed his lips.

As he got closer and found himself ready to finish, he suddenly heard the sound of a door opening and for the silhouette of Jack to form under the bright light of the hallway, contradicted by the darkness of Mark’s room.

“Mark?.. You alright?”

Jack wandered further into the room and the American was quick to cover himself, throwing his sheets over his lower body and trying to hide the flush of his face. The light flickered on as the younger man hit the switch and he was met with a rather obvious sight.

There was no doubt in Jack’s mind that Mark had been masturbating. He looked guilty as shit.

“Jeez dude, yeh could have told me yeh were jerkin’ off” A blush appeared on Mark’s face and he stared down at the ground in embarrassment. “But, on the other hand. I feel offended that ya didn’t tell me”

And with that, Jack slowly closed the door and waltzed over to the other man on the bed, lying on it beside him and then pulling the covers off his torso, much to Mark’s surprise since he hadn’t expected this kind of reaction from the Irishman.
Hissing through his teeth, Jack hovered his hand over his groin and then looked at Mark for permission, the older man nodded his head, keeping his eyes on him the entire time. His hand grabbed hold of his cock and carefully began to jerk it, earning a satisfied sigh from the man beside him.

“Oh fuck..”

Jack just giggled, leaning in closer to start pressing light kisses against his friend’s neck while his hand went at it with his length, jerking him harder and faster and listening to the way Mark inhaled and how he sucked in his stomach. It was too clear how close he was.

“Jack.. You keep that up.. And I’m gonna come..” A devious smirk appeared on the Irishman’s face and almost immediately, he increased in pace until Mark was gasping aloud, throwing his head back as his eyes squeezed tightly together.

He thrusted his hips roughly into the younger’s man’s fist and felt himself loose his seed, coming hard onto his stomach and Jack’s hand and allowing the man in question to tug him through his orgasm.

“Was that good?” Jack whispered, kissing the stubble of his jawline and nuzzling into the side of his neck. Mark nodded, turning his head to kiss his friend sweetly on the lips before he too nuzzled into him.
Bad Boy

Chapter Notes

Request: Maybe a sequel to the 'teach me' fic? Jack loved the student/teacher thing so much that this time he surprises Mark by wearing a sexy school girl outfit. And maybe some old fashioned paddling by teacher

Sighing softly to himself, Mark checked his watch again and let out an audible groan of annoyance when he realised that it was only eight at night. Evenings seemed to be going slower and without Jack there to occupy him, Mark found himself getting bored at night.

That was, until he heard a knock at the door.

Getting up off the sofa and wandering toward the door, Mark opened it only to find that Jack was stood there, holding carrier bags in each hand while he wore a large blush on his face. “I-I went shoppin’..”

Unable to see what the carrier bags said, the older man simply shrugged his shoulders and allowed his boyfriend to come in. Ever since the teacher thing a week ago, Jack had been acting off and distant. He was beginning to worry if maybe his kinks had been too much for the other man.

“I’m jus’ gonna go get changed..” Jack mumbled, beginning to walk up the stairs but he was stopped by Mark grabbing his arm. “Aren’t ya gonna show me what you bought?” The Irishman let out a gentle sigh and patted his hand.

“All in good time, Markimoo”

Confused by his statement, the American let go of his arm and let him ascend up the stairs toward the bedroom.

When it seemed like nearly an hour of waiting, Jack finally called for his lover to come to the bedroom and Mark felt anticipation run thick through his loins. He jumped up off of the sofa and dashed up the stairs toward the room, opening the door but he was met with emptiness.

“Babe?”

“I’m in here..” The Irishman purred, walking out of the ensuite bathroom in what Mark could only describe as the sexiest thing he’d ever seen.

Jack was adorned in a schoolgirl outfit. Black knee-high stockings wrapped around his legs, a skirt that was way too small for him around his hips and a shirt that cut off around his belly, joined by a tie that was tied way too loosely.

At least that teacher thing hadn’t been a negative effect on their relationship.

Mark could feel himself getting hard as he absorbed the whore-ish image of his boyfriend, desperate to pounce on him.

“You like it?..” Jack asked, twirling around so that the skirt flew up and exposed his bare ass. The
older man nodded slowly and walked up to the Irishman, running his hands over the uniform and then toward the back of his skirt, pulling up the material and listening as Jack gasped.

“I really fucking like it.”

The Irishman sighed in anticipation as he felt Mark’s hands grace his asscheeks, squeezing gently as he leaned in and attacked the side of his neck, kissing roughly and sucking hickeys against the pale flesh.

“I bought somethin’ else.” Moving away from his lover, Jack picked up the other carrier bag and searched around in it before he pulled out what could only be described as a paddle. Mark felt his cock throb in his jeans and he bit down on his lip, inhaling deeply through his nose.

He had a clear idea of what Jack wanted him to do tonight.

Grabbing ahold of his hips in a violent manner, Mark threw the younger man onto the bed and turned him over onto his belly, pulling up the skirt as he did so. “You better stay still. Because you’ve been a bad, bad boy. Haven’t you, Jack?”

Jack nodded enthusiastically and swallowed thickly, closing his eyes since he knew what Mark was going to do to him. The older man went over to him and took one of his asscheeks into his hands, squeezing again only this time a little harder.

“You like that, bad boy?” Again, the Irishman nodded and tried to hold back his moans, burying his face in the sheets as he heard the sound of the paddle being picked up off the floor.

“Bad boys deserve to be punished. Do you want to be punished, Jack?”

Hiding his face still, Jack could only nod again and push his ass out as far as it could, spreading his legs slightly as he felt Mark’s hand stroking his thighs, making him shiver. “I’m gonna make you see how naughty you really are..”

There was a split second of silence before the sharp noise of wood against skin filled the room, the Irishman crying out as the pain travelled thick through him. “Oh god.. S-so good” He mumbled, voice muffled by the sheets in his face.

Mark brought the paddle down again and spanked his ass, watching as the once pale skin turned a glorious shade of red. He repeated the action and witnessed it become darker, loving the sounds that escaped his boyfriend.

“Jesus.. Mark.. Fuck..” Unable to make comprehensible sentences, Jack just lay there and screamed into the mattress whenever he felt the paddle hit off the sensitive skin of his asscheeks, the noise echoing through the room and causing him to shake with pleasure.

He ground himself into the side of the bed, his hard length weeping at the sensations brought by being spanked.

At one point, Mark stopped and grabbed Jack by the hair, pulling him up so his face was finally exposed. The younger man was gasping, his whole face flushed and tears streaming down his cheeks. “I wanna see how much you’re enjoying this, bad boy..”

Keeping his hair in his hands, the American allowed the paddle to crash down against Jack’s skin again, only this time to smack off his inner thigh which caused the other man to choke and moan, unable to comprehend what was happening.
“I—I’m so close.. I’m so close..” The older man chuckled at his whimpering and kissed the side of his neck before he spanked him a couple more times against his thigh, loving the way the flesh coloured so beautifully with every hit.

“Go on. Come. I’m letting you.”

After one last hit, Jack moaned loudly as he felt himself release hard onto the bedsheets, rutting his hips hard and fast into the bed as his whole body trembled violently. Mark dropped him so he collapsed against the mattress, wheezing as he tried to get air back into his lungs.

“Good boy, you feel better after your punishment?” Jack weakly nodded, finding himself unable to stay conscious as he felt darkness surround him and before he knew it, he had passed out.
There was something blissful about silence. The way it filled a room so thickly and could be categorised into different emotions, sometimes it could be awkward and sometimes it could be comfortable. In this situation it was comfortable and Jack was indulging himself in it.

Well, he was, until he heard the one noise that threatened to cut through it all. The sound of his baby crying.

Both men simultaneously sighed in their bed, turning over to look at one another and decide once again who’s turn it was to go see to them. “I’ll go” Mark muttered, half asleep as he sat up. Jack smiled at him and patted his thigh, appreciating his actions.

The older man smiled back at him and then climbed out of bed, rubbing his eyes and yawning as he wandered out of their bedroom and toward the nursery where their child was currently situated. He opened the door and the cries became louder, going over to the crib where they lay.

“Hey buddy, can’t sleep?”

His voice was gentle and deep as he leaned over into the crib and picked up his bawling newborn, placing them against his chest and patting their back as he hushed them, bobbing up and down in order to rock them.

“It’s alright, Papa is here. You’re okay” He lay them in his arms and kissed the top of their head, they were still crying but it was becoming quieter, soothed by the presence of their father.

Mark smiled at them and walked out of the nursery and down the stairs toward the kitchen, he grabbed one of the prepared milks out of the fridge and began to heat it up. Still rocking the baby as they continued to cry. “It’s okay, I have your milk here. You’ll be fed in no time”

After the milk was heated, he poured it into a bottle and then sat down at the kitchen table. Tipping the bottle onto his wrist to check that it was the right temperature. When he felt certain that it was okay to feed them, he tipped the teat by their lips and watched as they began to suckle, their tears stopping.

Watching them look so content as they fed, Mark couldn’t help the warmth that spread through his belly and chest seeing his child. He felt so lucky to know that he was a father and that the baby in his arms was actually his.

“Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree top. When the wind blows, the cradle shall rock..”

He found that when he sung to them, they almost immediately calmed further down and in a way, it was calming for Mark too. The American kissed the top of their head again, smiling when he saw them looking up at him with those big blue eyes.
“When the bough breaks, the cradle with fall. And down will come baby, cradle and all.”

The bottle was soon emptied and Mark had realised that the baby had fallen asleep, he chuckled gently and wiped the milk away from their mouth, kissing the top of their head again before he stood up and turned toward the kitchen door, only to stop when he saw Jack stood in the hallway.

“Yeh sing beautifully, ya know that?” Mark chuckled softly and wandered over to his lover, kissing him tenderly on the lips while both men looked down at their child, Jack stroking their cheek lovingly before he glanced back up at Mark. “You should sing more often”

The older man snorted but Jack seemed to be serious. “I might, I don’t know..” Jack rolled his eyes at him and began to go back up the stairs.

“If it gets our lil buddy to sleep, then please. Sing more often”
Request: Imagine a Septiplier BDSM where Jack is unable to speak until the end and Mark leaves tons of hickeys and stuff BUT, when their done and they are cuddling in bed Jack just whispers "That's gonna leave a MARK"

The night was long and lonely without Mark there beside him. Jack felt like sleep evaded him whenever he was alone now, so used to sleeping with someone beside him.

It wasn’t Mark’s fault, the traffic bad been horrid in L.A for the past couple weeks thanks to roadworks coming in and disrupting everything. It took at least an hour now for the older man to come home from work and yet, it felt like years to the Irishman.

Eventually, he heard the door open and for the sound of footsteps to fill the apartment. Jack smiled to himself and turned onto his side, anticipating the moment where he felt his lover join him in bed.

The floorboards creaked as Mark made his ascent up the stairs and finally came into the bedroom. Jack could hear him taking off his clothes and before he knew it, Mark was in beside him, arms wrapping around his body and resting cold hands on the base of his stomach.

“I missed ya..” The Irishman whispered, cuddling in closer and smiling when he could feel the American nuzzling into the back of his hair. “I missed you too” Mark mumbled in a low tone, kissing the back of his neck and pressing his hips against his ass.

Jack blushed and realised what was going on, biting his lower lip as he pressed himself against the other man’s crotch, he could feel his cold hands slipping toward the waistband on his boxers, dipping in and out of them in a teasing fashion.

“It’s a bit late fer this, ain’t it?”

The older man ignored him and started rutting his hips up against the soft plumpness that was Jack’s ass, feeling himself get harder with every rut while one of his hands slipped beneath the confines of his boxers, not yet touching him but just resting there as a way to tease him.

Deciding that he might as well follow on with this, Jack turned onto his back and pulled Mark’s head down, kissing him chastely on the lips but allowing it become deeper until they were making out heavily with one another.

Mark pressed kisses lower, down the stubbled outline of the Irishman’s jaw, down the junction between his neck and his ear and then down to the side of his neck. Jack turned his head to give him better access and at the same time, Mark pulled out the other man’s cock, starting to jerk it slowly.

Unable to say anything, Jack just gasped softly and closed his eyes. He loved it when Mark was like this with him, so slow and yet so passionate with him. Mark’s teeth sank into the tender flesh of his neck and sucked harshly, beginning to create hickeys which he knew for a fact wouldn’t fade for weeks.

“I’m gonna cover you in bites.. Show people who you belong to..”
Listening to how his partner practically growled in his ear, the Irishman could only whine and shiver as he felt the pace at which Mark tugged at his length increase, his thumb rubbing over the head teasingly and making him inhale sharply.

As he pressed more hickeys against the younger man’s neck, Mark pulled Jack’s boxers further down and then spread his legs apart. More shivers travelled through Jack and he watched as the older man made no effort to move his head, only bringing his fingers up toward his mouth before he whispered.

“Suck...”

The Irishman did as he was told and took the digits into his mouth, sucking on them graciously and coating them in a thick coat of his saliva, he could feel Mark smirk against his neck. “Good boy..”

His hand shifted down again and the fingers ran circles over his hole, coating it in the spit and causing Jack to keen and groan from the sensation brought from it. His cock twitching and his body trembling.

Mark bit down on the crook between Jack’s neck and shoulder and the other man cried out, only to have his breath hitch when the American stuck a finger firmly up inside of him. Burying itself to the hilt before it drew out, thrusting back in quickly which had Jack choking on his spit.

He could only vocalise breathy moans at this point as his body was too overtaken by pleasure for him to say anything, Mark still placing hickeys all over his neck but he was growing bored of that area, travelling downward to his chest and nibbling the flesh there.

The finger currently inside him was then accompanied by a second and the younger man hissed when he felt a familiar burn start at his entrance, spreading his legs wider while Mark thrusted them in and out of him, gaining speed as they searched for his prostate.

It became obvious when he had found it, by the sound that the Irishman made after a particular thrust, his length jumping upward and his mouth agape as he gasped.

Jack grabbed hold of his neglected dick and began to jerk it, getting off to the sensations brought by his boyfriend fingering him and sucking hickeys on his body. His whole body trembled and shook as he felt heat pooling in his abdomen, having to bite down on his lip as he tried to keep his moans contained.

There was no holding back though when Mark thrusted as hard as he could into Jack’s hole, catching his prostate roughly and then biting down on the taut flesh of his collarbone. The Irishman threw his head back and thrust into his own hand, coming thickly onto his belly and listening to Mark chuckle as he did.

As he recovered from his orgasm, the younger man looked over at his lover and smirked at him, going over to start pulling down Mark’s boxers much to the American’s surprise.

Once Mark had also come, they found themselves cuddling in bed and kissing sweetly. Jack sat up for a short moment and grabbed his phone, turning on the flashlight and allowing his eyes to bulge when he saw just how many hickeys the older man had planted on him.

“Holy shit, ya weren’t kidding when ya said yeh were gonna cover me” Mark laughed and sat up also, inspecting the lovebites that he had smattered all over his boyfriend. The Irishman then turned to him, a smirk on his face.

“I guess ya could say, yeh left yer MARK on me”
There was a pause before Mark glared at Jack, punching him in the arm and smirking when he heard the younger man yelp in pain.
“Fuckin’ christ..”

Jack threw his head back for what felt like the sixtieth time, his breaths heavy and hot and his whole body shaking as he felt Mark slam his cock into him again.

Nothing beat having sex with this man, he was basically the sex angel from Heaven.

He pounded against his prostate again and the younger man had to smack his hand over his mouth, trying to swallow the scream that had nearly broke the barrier of his lips. His eyes closed themselves tightly and he pressed his face against the nearby pillows, anything to stop himself from being too vocal.

It was something that embarrassed Jack during sex, the fact that he couldn’t stay silent. Mark was like a fucking rock, only the occasional grunt or moan but Jack was full on crying out and screaming like a whore. He couldn’t control but he felt very ashamed about.

The older man noticed how he’d placed his hand over his mouth and took hold of his wrist, pulling it away despite the fact he was still thrusting into him. “Don’t silence yourself. I wanna hear you.. I love hearing you..”

Mark always knew how to reassure the Irishman and make him feel better but in a case such as this, when everything was building up and he could see the seething light of orgasm near the back of his eyes, he couldn’t help but feel that little bit more insecure.

His teeth bit down on his lower lip and he breathed in sharply through them, his eyes rolling in the back of his head while they were masked by his heavy eyelids. The older man was just watching him the entire time, he loved seeing him like this. The face he pulled before climax.

“M-Mark.. I..” At that point, the American knew what was to come and almost immediately, increased in pace and speed and started fucking his boyfriend as hard as he could. “O-oh shit.. Mark!” His cock slammed against his sweet spot again and Jack threw his head back, knowing he couldn’t hold back.

The Irishman came hard and thick onto his chest, his breaths harsh and wheezing as he felt his body convulse under the rampage of his orgasm, but he’d successfully managed not to be too loud.

On the other hand though, Mark did not see this as a success and therefore took matters into his own hands. He wanted to hear Jack scream.

Instead of slowing down or coming himself, Mark sped up his thrusts and fucked Jack harder and faster. The younger man’s eyes bulged in his skull and he felt the shrill sensations of his oversensitive body succumb to more pleasure.
“Mark ah.. Mark, I’ve came! Please! Oh shit..”

The older man could only smirk at him, still pounding into him and catching his prostate with every thrust, Jack knew what he was doing but it was too late to stop him. Another thrust to his sweet spot caused arousal to spike in Jack’s sensitive cock and he screamed as it felt like a sting of voltage.

Mark chuckled and continued that, Jack’s screams like music to his ears before he heard the younger man call out with the pure pleasurable agony that came from being overstimulated. The American’s voice spilling from his lips in shouts which had Mark coming in seconds.

They collapsed in a heap, breaths harsh as they attempted to inhale air back into their lungs. Mark looked over at Jack and kissed him on the lips, smirking deviously at him.

“Told ya I love hearing you..”
Jack knew it was a bad idea to go to conventions this late into his pregnancy, but there was just something about meeting people just before he had the baby which kind of excited him. Sort of like a last chance kind of thing so he wasted no time when he accompanied Mark to Pax South.

“You sure you’re gonna be alright?” Mark had asked when they’d arrived at the hotel. The Irishman had simply rolled his eyes and sat down on the bed. a large smile on his face. “I’ll be fine, I promise ya”

Currently, they were at the convention. They had just finished their panel and were now at the signing, a large line before them as they sat at the table or stood up to meet their fans. Jack was enjoying himself especially, nothing beat meeting the people who had made his Youtube career possible.

As he signed their items, gave them hugs and took selfies with them, Jack found himself beginning to tire. It wasn’t easy keeping up his energy like he used to, not when he was carrying an extra human around inside him that was almost ready to be born.

Mark noticed his fatigue and went over to him. “You can always just take a break, babe” But the younger man shook his head, a soft sigh passing his lips. “I don’t want t’ let people down, some of the people here have travelled miles. I don’t want t’ disappoint them” Nodding his head at his boyfriend’s valid point, he backed off and went back to signing.

Everything seemed to be going nice and calmly much to Jack’s relief since anything too over the top was something he wouldn’t be able to handle. Well, that was until a girl happened to sneak up behind him and yell ‘BOO!’ right in his ear.

The Irishman jumped and fell forward, clutching his chest as he tried to recover from what had just happened, the girl giggling away to herself while Jack attempted to calm his pounding heart. “Jesus, that was quite a scare yeh gave me”

She asked for his signature and then gave him a hug but as the girl left, Jack felt a small ache in his lower back, feeling similar to his braxton hicks so he knew he had to sit down.

Wandering over to the table and sitting down behind it, he instead met people there and much to his relief, Mark seemed too occupied with fans to notice his discomfort. He hated making him worry, that was the last thing he needed.

Jack expected the pain to dissipate over the hour but there was no change, in fact the ache only happened to get worse and travel over to his middle. There was definitely something wrong.

Another person came over to the table and just as he was about to stand up and hug them, a sharp pain travelled through his stomach and he fell forward, hissing through his teeth. “Fuck..” He whispered, realising that people had noticed and therefore had begun to worry.
“You okay, Jack?” The fan asked, concern on their face. Jack just smiled at them and nodded, quickly giving them their hug before he sat back down again, the pain lasted a good thirty seconds and then disappeared. He could only fear the worst at the regularity of these pains.

He was going into labour.

Finishing with a small group of people, Mark wandered over to the table and sat himself down next to his lover, kissing the side of his head and smiling sweetly in his direction. “You alright?” Jack just smiled back, not looking directly at him.

“Jack? Are you alright?”

Sighing softly, the Irishman grabbed hold of the older man’s hand and placed it on his belly, allowing him to feel the contraction that was currently taking place. Mark’s eyes widened and he looked at Jack for confirmation, he nodded and bit down on his lip.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Jack sighed again and stared down at the ground. “I thought it was jus’ braxton hicks, I didn’t know that I was goin’ int’ full blown fuckin’ labour..”

The older man ran a hand through his hair and swallowed thickly, feeling himself start to sweat as panic got the better of him. “I think it’s best that we get you to the hospital. I’d rather not have my boyfriend give birth at a convention” Jack chuckled and nodded his head as they both stood up simultaneously.

“Sorry to be the bearer of some bad news guys but Jack’s gone into labour so we’re gonna have to leave”

It was immense how the crowd reacted, most were girls screaming because they’d been anticipating the moment in which Jack gave birth for a while now. Other people gasped in shock and for some it was just stunned silence.

Mark lead the younger man out of the convention building and toward the car park where his car sat, unlocking it and both men climbing in. “Bet you’re glad I brought my car now” The Irishman just closed his eyes and breathed through another contraction, too busy trying to get through the pain than listen to Mark’s dumb remarks.

“Jus’ drive or I think I might have this baby right now..”

There was seriousness to the tone in Jack’s voice so the American nodded his head vigorously before pulling out of the parking lot and out into the main road, putting the directions of the hospital on his GPS as they set off.

The entire time, Jack tried to fight through the contractions that wreaked havoc on his body, the baby inside him squirming away as they were clearly in an uncomfortable environment. The Irishman himself felt uncomfortable, having felt a pressure in his abdomen for a while now.

“You doing okay?” Mark asked, pulling out onto the highway and grimacing when he saw the expression on his boyfriend’s face. “How d’ya think I’m doin’? It feels like someone has my insides and are stabbin’ them repeatedly with a fuckin’ sword”

Nodding his head at Jack’s harsh response, the older man just sped up on the road and sighed heavily when he realised the hospital wasn’t for another ten miles and it didn’t help when he could see traffic ahead either.

The pressure that had been building up inside Jack for a while now was starting to become painful
and he squirmed around uncomfortably in the car seat. But as he leaned forward fast in order to hopefully put his mind off it, it proved to be a little bit too violent as he heard a pop and the hot gush of liquid to come flooding from within him.

His water had broke.

“O-oh shit..”

Turning to see what the younger man was going on about, Mark’s eyes bulged when he saw the damp patch on the Irishman’s jeans and the car seat. “Oh shit indeed, babe. Does that mean you’re fully in labour?”

Even though his teeth were clenched tight and he was focused on breathing in and out through his nose, Jack managed to nod at him and clutched his belly, moaning aloud as the pain became much more intense. He could feel the baby begin to shift inside him, they wanted out and it seemed there was no stopping them.

“M-Mark.. I think they’re comin’” Confused by his lover’s statement, Mark slowed the car down as they approached the traffic and looked at him, wearing a befuddled expression. “I think we found that out the moment we realised you were having contractions” But Jack shook his head, hissing through his teeth.

“N-no.. I m-mean.. They’re comin’ now.”

Jack’s eyes bulged in his head when he felt the baby shift more and a horrid pressure start again in his lower abdomen, his body almost immediately telling him to push. “O-oh fuck.. It’s comin’ Mark.. They’re comin’ !”

Doing as his body told him, the Irishman began to push and this caused Mark to panic as everything was becoming way too real. “Shit, oh fucking shit..” He noticed the traffic was moving and therefore went as fast as he could, only to curse when the cars stopped again.

Another wave of harsh contractions passed over Jack and he grunted as he beared down again, teeth still gritted and his chin pressed against his chest. “Babe.. C-can ya help me get my jeans off?”

The American stared at him blankly as he came to terms with the question he’d just been asked. “You.. You want me to what?..” Jack cursed as the urge to push came again, he found himself impatient with his boyfriend.

“Help me get my fuckin’ jeans off or I swear t’god Fishbach, I will rip off yer balls!”

Swallowing thickly, the older man did as instructed and began to unbutton them, assisting Jack as they were pulled down and the other man did little work to remove his underwear too. He pushed again and cried out in pain as the baby started to crown, his entrance burning.

“They’re comin’.. Oh god, they’re comin’..” Jack wailed, shifting himself into a more comfortable position on the car seat as he found himself giving birth to his child. More waves of his body telling him to push washed over him and he did just that, unable to retaliate as he was wracked with pain.

Mark watched on in near horror but also curiosity, still driving but looking over now and then at his boyfriend as he began to deliver their baby. He was just hoping to god, he’d make it to the hospital before Jack popped them out.

The younger man cried out again and threw his head against the headrest, gasping harshly as the burning was horrifically intense and didn’t help his motivation to keep pushing. “Mark.. I.. They’re
comin’..” Jack didn’t care if he kept saying the same thing, he just couldn’t believe that his child was almost here.

Another push wave took over and the Irishman beared down for the last time, grunting aloud as with every nudge he made, more of his baby escaped him until they finally escaped the confines of his body. He caught them in his arms and immediately cleared their airway as taught, the child beginning to cry.

Hearing the sound of crying, Mark turned his head and allowed his eyes to widen when he came across the sight of his lover holding a newborn in his arms. The older man pulled over into a breakdown section and stopped the engine, unbuckling his seatbelt as he leaned over and went to inspect them.

“I.. I can’t believe you did it”

Mark whispered, kissing the top of Jack’s head while the Irishman himself was nearly crying. Out of breath and tired as he attempted to clean their child off as efficiently as possible with one of their travelling blankets.

“Is it.. Is it a boy or a girl?” The younger man turned them around and smiled, looking up at his boyfriend and kissing him on the lips. “We have a little boy” Mark felt tears well up in his eyes and he kissed Jack again, feeling ever so proud of him.

They wrapped their son up in a clean blanket that the American found in the boot of the car and helped Jack with the rest of the delivery. He’d called for paramedics to come deal with cutting the cord and such but for now, he was allowing his lover to rest.

It wasn’t every day that you found him giving birth in a car.
“Jack?”

The room was painfully quiet as Mark entered, a knot immediately forming in his throat as he walked into the darkness and felt a pang of angst fill up inside him. He knew for a fact that Jack was sad and therefore he felt it his duty to cheer him up.

Wandering over to him, the older man approached him on the bed and gently took hold of his shoulders, lifting up the other man’s heavy body which hardly even reacted to his touch. “You alright?” Mark whispered, Jack not responding and just leaning into his embrace.

Mark sighed softly and nuzzled his face into the back of Jack’s neck, breathing in deeply and catching the faint scent of his aftershave which always comforted the American. “Anything I can do to make you feel better?”

There was a silence that followed before the Irishman’s lips finally moved.

“Can yeh kiss me?”

Warmth filled the older man and he quickly nodded his head, kissing his neck and beginning to trail the kisses around until he was pressing his lips against the harsh stubble that coated his jaw. Jack just sat there, eyes closed as he appreciated his lover’s gentle touches.

Eventually, he trailed up to his face and their lips finally met. Mark feeling his heart flutter as they kissed tenderly, each one filled with more emotion than the last and he could sense that Jack was crying when he could feel the wet of tears coat his cheeks.

“I love you.” Mark said softly against his lips, kissing him again and then parting to rest their foreheads together, his eyes staring into the younger man’s. Jack managed a smile and lifted his hands, running them through his boyfriend’s soft locks of hair.

“I love yeh too.. So much..”

They kissed again and then remained there for a while, foreheads still resting against each other and staring into one another’s eyes. Mark’s hands graced the Irishman’s cheeks and continuously wiped away his tears, reassuring him through his touch that everything would be okay.

Both men lay slowly down on the bed and shared one last kiss before Mark wrapped his arms around Jack’s torso, pressing his lips chastely to the soft skin of Jack’s neck and again nuzzling into him. Even though he was still crying, Jack felt better knowing that Mark was there.

As long as they were together, Jack didn’t think he’d ever be completely sad and he took comfort in that.
Hair Puller

Chapter Notes

Requests: How about one where it's just after Mark and Jack get their hair done and they are playing with each other's hair. Jack gently pulls on Mark's hair by accident and Mark lets out a small moan, then one thing leads to another

Mark loves getting his hair tugged and played with, making an 'accident' slip from his lips.

Mark having a hair pulling kink and Jack accidently learning about it after yanking on Marks hair when he was ignoring him, (bonus: in denial mark but not in denial boner)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If impatience was a physical form, than Jack wanted to punch it in the face because it was a constant emotion he was feeling right now. Mark was getting his hair done and his anticipation to see what it looked like was getting the better of him.

As if on cue, the American himself stepped out into the waiting room and Jack’s eyes bulged when he saw the sheer colour of Mark’s hair. A massively bright shade of hot pink.

“Jesus, I knew it was gonna be pink but that took me by surprise” The older man laughed at his lover’s comment and ran his hands through the freshly dyed locks, going over to Jack and wrapping his arms around him, kissing him gently on the lips.

“It looks good though, right?”

Jack chuckled and ruffled Mark’s funky-coloured hair before he parted from the hug. “Ya look fabulous, babe”

They arrived back at the apartment and collapsed on the sofa, dishevelled and exhausted from the day’s events. “Jesus, you have no idea how much I wanna eat your hair. It looks like green jello” The Irishman rolled his eyes and playfully shoved Mark in the shoulder.

“If yeh try to eat my hair, good luck tryin’ t’ get rid of the hairballs” Both men laughed simultaneously and looked up at one another, admiring each other’s hair colours and wondering if they’d actually get used to the change they’d made.

The Irishman lifted one of his hands up and ran it through Mark’s hair, loving the way that the bright pink was almost luminescent against the pale skin of his fingers. He tangled the digits further and then pulled at the strands, expecting the older man to complain but instead, he happened to moan.

A strong blush appeared on Mark’s cheeks and he shifted away from the younger man, feeling embarrassed that he’d managed to do that in front of the other man. “I. Um..” Jack smirked and shuffled closer, guessing what had just happened.

“Did that feel good, Markimoo?”

Listening to the way his boyfriend purred, the American attempted to hold back the fact that he’d
gotten aroused by him pulling his hair and was quick to shake his head. “N-no.. I didn’t.. It hurt”

Jack wasn’t convinced though and ran his fingers through his locks again, pulling and watching as this time, Mark tried to hold back the noise that dared to leave his lips. This just caused the Irishman to smirk more and he looked down at the crotch of Mark’s jeans, noticing the bulge in them.

“Ya sure about that? Somethin’ tells me ya did” Mark knew for a fact he was hard and that whenever he felt the sting of his hair being pulled, it did things to him that he simply couldn’t describe.

“I assure you.. I didn’t like it”

The younger man snorted and then climbed on top of Mark’s lap, straddling him much to the American’s surprise since he hadn’t expected this kind of behaviour from Jack, especially with how tired they were too.

“Stop lyin’ t’ me.. Yer only gonna make it worse” He whispered, kissing the side of the older man’s neck and nibbling in a teasing fashion, Mark simply growling and grasping Jack’s hips tightly.

“You’re an asshole, you know that?”

A smug smirk appeared on his face and he nodded his head, leaning down again and nipping again at the tan flesh of his neck, attempting to mark him with hickeys. “Jack.. I have to record tomorrow.. I can’t do that with lovebites all over my neck” Jack giggled, biting harder.

“As if I give a shit..”

Suddenly, Jack rolled his hips against the erection that had formed in the American’s jeans, Mark moaning softly and rocking back against him, biting down on his lower lip as a way to silence himself.

The Irishman on the other hand, let out every single noise that escaped his throat, moaning aloud in his boyfriend’s ear since he knew for a fact that his vocalisations always aroused Mark.

“St-stop..” Mark groaned, lolling his head back and increasing grip on Jack’s hips, grinding the younger man harder into his groin and feeling the harsh shivers of pleasure creep through his skin as he heard him whine and gasp in response.

Instead of listening to his lover though, Jack just grinded himself rougher into the older man and allowed his hands to latch themselves in Mark’s hair again, pulling as hard as he could and listening to the way that he hissed through his teeth.

“Sometimes, I wanna kill you Jack..”

“As if you’d kill me.. Yeh fuckin’ love me..” The Irishman practically hummed against the marked flesh of Mark’s neck, the vibrations of his voice travelling swift through Mark and causing his throat to become dry.

The hands in his locks tugged once again and Mark bucked his hips forward, feeling himself get closer as heat began to bubble in his lower belly, his eyes closed tight as he continued to rut his boyfriend harder against his clothed length. “You close baby?..”

There was a soft snort followed by another pull to his hair. “Not as close as you..”

Mark had to hold back making a snide retort when he felt the younger man bite down incredibly harshly on the junction between his shoulder and neck, just happening to tug his hair too as he did so and allow the pleasure of both sensations to become too much.
He came hard, thrusting against the Irishman until Jack followed him, his moans loud and breathy much to the older man’s satisfaction.

They devolved into a heap on the sofa as they fought their post-orgasm haze and wheezed in order to get their breath back. “This is not how I imagined we’d celebrate getting our hair dyed for charity..”

Jack laughed, cuddling into Mark as he kissed him on the collarbone sweetly. “Me either to be honest.. But I ain’t seeing it as a bad way t’ celebrate” The American was quick to nod his head, running his hands up his lover’s lower back.

“You’re not wrong about that.. Not wrong at all.”

Chapter End Notes

I got a few requests wanting me to write about Mark having a hair pulling kink so I decided to satisfy those perverts
Lap Dance

Chapter Notes

Request: Are you able to write a fanfic where Jack gives Mark a lap dance?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“You sure about this? You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to, babe” Jack shook his head and swallowed thickly, staring up at the ceiling while contemplating his thoughts for a short moment.

“No, I need t’ do this.. I need the practice..”

Mark nodded his head and then walked into the kitchen, grabbing one of the chairs from under the kitchen table before he wandered back into the living room, setting it down and and then seating himself in it. “Well go on, I’m waiting..”

The Irishman felt slight anxiety to be doing this in front of Mark since he wasn’t one to perform out of work, but he knew that his fiance was supporting and therefore, wouldn’t judge him if he happened to slip up.

“Want me to make this more realistic?”

Jack quirked his eyebrows at the older man and watched as he got up and went into the kitchen again, only this time to come out with a large wad of dollar notes in his hand that he’d grabbed from the money jar. “Jesus babe..” He laughed, feeling himself blush at his lover’s stupidity.

Slowly, the younger man picked up his phone and started to search through the songs, settling on ‘Pony’ by Ginuwine which he had to admit was quite a seductive song. The entire time, Mark kept his eyes locked on Jack, anticipating the moment he started to perform.

It wasn’t every day that he received a lap dance from Jack.

As the music began, the Irishman began to dance around the older man, rutting and grinding his body into the metal frame of the chair in beat to the song. His body moving in an elegant fashion with actions fluid and sensual. Mark found it difficult to stop staring as he performed.

The beat picked up and Jack climbed onto the chair, just above Mark and rubbed up against him, his hips swaying and his arms stroking at his own torso, clinging onto the hem of his shirt and threatening to pull it up.

“Fuck babe..” Mark whispered as more and more of the Irishman’s body became exposed to him, his shirt being tugged off the top of his head and then thrown across the room. The older man felt tempted to touch him but stayed restrained for now, allowing Jack to still grind and dance against him.

He turned around and bent forward, pressing his ass against the other man’s crotch and sliding himself up and down, still in the beat of the music and getting harder as the song became more intense.

Deciding to be naughty, Mark grabbed one of the dollars and tucked it into the exposed waistband of
the younger man’s boxers, listening as Jack chuckled and then turned around again, facing his lover and pressing their groins together as he ground himself harder.

The American bit down on his lower lip and realised that he couldn’t hold back any longer, grasping Jack’s hips tight and allowing them to be moved with him as he continued to sway. “You’re so beautiful..” He whispered, eyes boring into the gorgeous sight that was his fiance.

A smile appeared on the Irishman’s face and he began to unbutton his jeans, still dancing and allowing them to fall to the floor with a soft thud, kicking them again before he spun around again but this time with Mark’s hands still on his hips.

Jack climbed fully onto the chair and purposely pushed the entirety of his ass against the awaiting crotch of his lover, hissing through his teeth when he could feel that he was hard. The music devolved into something much softer and deeper and his pace slowed, one of his arms wrapping around the American’s neck and pulling his face close to his.

“So beautiful..” Mark growled, rubbing his face up against Jack’s and inhaling deeply to catch the smell of arousal in the Irishman’s sweat which made him smirk. The younger man continued to dance away and grind in a painfully slow motion, Mark running his tongue up the side of Jack’s neck and tasting him.

“Fuck..”

Feeling that he’d probably gone a little bit too far with this, Jack stopped in his actions and clambered off his fiance toward his phone where he turned off the music and then swung round, seeing the way that Mark was looking at him. Pure arousal glazing his eyes.

“Bedroom?” Jack asked, smirking at him when he watched the older man stand up, eyes never leaving him.

“Bedroom.”

Chapter End Notes

I DON’T SEE NOTHING WRONG WITH A LITTLE BUMP AND GRIND
Start To Finish

Chapter Notes

Request: Could you do one where the story goes from Jack finding out he's pregnant all the way to birth?

“What does it say?” Mark asked, walking into the bathroom and standing behind his lover, kissing the side of his neck in a reassuring manner when he felt how tense the other man was.

“I-it.. It says positive..”

The air of the room became thick and Mark found it difficult to breathe, his heart beginning to pound in his chest and backing away from Jack, trying to comprehend the news he’d just heard. “S-so this means..”

Jack turned around and couldn’t help the large grin that was plastered on his face, his cheeks flushing a light red as he stared down at the test in his hands. “Yeah, heh.. I’m pregnant” The Irishman laughed gently and grinned wider.

“I’m gonna be a dad!” The older man shrieked, running toward Jack and pulling him into a tight hug, pulling him off the ground and spinning him around in an exaggerated fashion which caused Jack to laugh harder.

When he was put down, he kissed Mark hard on the lips and felt joy rise up inside him, happy to see his lover so excited to be a father. “We’re both gonna be dads..”

A month passed and Jack cursed aloud when he felt another bout of vomit escape his throat, resting his head against the toilet bowl while Mark rubbed his lower back, soothing him through his nausea.

“Mornin’ sickness fuckin’ sucks..” The younger man grumbled, pinching his brow as a wave of dizziness passed and he felt himself throw up again. Mark just sighed, kissing the back of his neck and hoping that it would pass.

His whole body was shaking and he couldn’t keep his eyes open, whenever he did, the sting of the bathroom light caused him to get dizzy and as a result, throw up again. He enjoyed being soothed by Mark though, his touch relaxing him.

He felt the American’s hands slide up his shirt and stroke at the pale skin of his waist, sliding around to rest on the small mound that he couldn’t even call a bump yet. The fingers dipped into the tender flesh and rubbed gently, causing Jack to sigh at the satisfaction it brought.

“Ya always know how t’ make me feel better..”

The older man chuckled softly and kissed his hair, guessing that his sickness must have been passing. “I think of it as my job to make you feel good, baby” Jack chuckled, leaning against Mark and allowing his hands to join Mark’s. “Yer so fuckin’ cheesy..”

Two months went by and Mark felt himself confused, currently he was meant to be greeted with the sight of Jack in bed beside him but the Irishman was nowhere to be seen. “Jack?..” He queried,
sitting up and the climbing out, pulling a shirt over his head before he made his way downstairs.

The smell of food hit his nostrils and he immediately felt his stomach growl, biting down on his lip as he could only guess that his boyfriend was making breakfast.

Mark wandered into the kitchen and smiled when he realised his guess was right, coming up behind the younger man and nuzzling his nose into the softness of his hair. “What ya making?..”

Leaning back into the American’s touch, Jack looked down at the frying pan and smirked. “What do you think?” Mark glanced down and then couldn’t help but grin since he was happening to be making his favourite.

“You spoil me, McLoughlin”

The Irishman laughed and nudged him in the chest with his elbow. “Go make yerself comfy in the living room, I’ll plate our food up”

Doing as he was told, the older man walked into the room in question and collapsed on the sofa, watching as Jack entered a couple minutes later, the shirt he was wearing baggy but just enough to see the distinct outline of his stomach. Mark couldn’t deny he was getting bigger now.

He sat down beside him and handed his lover his food, Mark thanking him graciously before he started eating, only to stop when he realised what was on the Irishman’s plate. “Um babe, what the fuck are you eating?”

Stopping in his tracks, a strong blush appeared on Jack’s cheeks and he felt himself embarrassed. “Uh.. Pizza and pancakes.. With syrup” The older man snorted and rose his eyebrows in surprise.

“I know you’d get cravings but that’s just weird… And gross”

Jack laughed heartily and shrugged his shoulders. “Meh, if it tastes good t’ me. Then I’ll eat it”

They sat in silence for a couple minutes, just eating their food before Mark brought up something that had been on his mind ever since he’d found out that Jack was pregnant.

“So.. Will we ever tell them about the baby?” The Irishman froze in place and he stared at the older man as if he’d just stabbed him, putting his fork down slowly on his plate and then exhaling heavily through his nose.

“I was afraid ya were gonna ask me that..”

Mark sighed too and rubbed the back of his neck, feeling bad for mentioning it but knowing that they were eventually going to need to discuss it.

“I mean.. Yeah.. Eventually I guess. I jus’. I don’t know Mark. It’s such a sensitive subject and I jus’ don’t know if we’d get a good reaction..” Nodding his head, the American did agree with him but knew for a fact that they couldn’t leave this too late.

He shifted closer to him on the sofa and put an arm around him, the other resting on the constantly growing bulge that was Jack’s bump. “They need to know soon, babe. Before we get exposed and don’t have a chance to say it ourselves”

Jack closed his eyes and hung his head, nodding slowly even though he didn’t really want to think about confessing right now. Not when things were going so well for them.
“C-can we wait until next month? Jus’. I need t’ think about this..”

The month came much faster than Jack had anticipated and he found himself sat in front of a camera, Mark beside him as they readied themselves to make a vlog. He didn’t want to do this at all but he knew that Mark was right, they needed to say this themselves before someone else did.

“Top of the mornin’ t’ya laddies! My name is Jacksepticeye and today, I’m joined by the fabulous and most handsome man in the world, Markiplier!”

Mark laughed and rolled his eyes at him, greeting the camera and then turning back to Jack since he was expecting him to keep speaking but the Irishman felt himself lost for words, he just couldn’t do this.

“T-today.. We need to talk about something that me and Mark have been keepin’ a secret from ya guys fer quite a while..” He swallowed thickly, feeling a cold sweat beginning which had shivers travelling down his spine.

“We thought that we might as well address this before it becomes exposed, though I’m assuming some of you guys already know or have guessed”

The older man added, biting down on his lip as he twiddled his thumbs and waited for Jack once again. “Y’eah.. The thing is that..” Jack was quick to stand, turning himself to the side in order to reveal the large mound that had now built itself to his body.

“.I’m pregnant”

Another notification cropped up on Jack’s phone and he groaned in frustration, only to hear Mark laugh as he unlocked it and opened it. “Seems like people just can’t stop congratulating you, Jack”

The spillage of his pregnancy last week had caused a phenomenon of constant messages and fanmail celebrating the reveal and Jack honestly couldn’t be happier with the response created. Though in a way, he still regretted uploading that vlog.

The last month proved to be the toughest for the Irishman. He’d never imagined that stairs would one day, become his worst enemy or that a lack of sex was actually relieving. His whole body was full of baby and ached constantly.

Back pain was a bitch, his ankles swelled uncomfortably and his ribs were pummeled by the kicks from the infant inside him. Jack found that the only times he actually found himself comfortable was when he was sat on the sofa, receiving backrubs or footrubs from Mark.

Currently, the American was kneading his thumbs into his lower back, Jack appreciating it greatly as he inhaled deeply and let out a small whine of appreciation. The older man chuckling behind him and increasing the intensity at which he kneaded at his taut muscles.

“Ya have the angels of a fuckin’ angel, Mark..” The man in question laughed and kissed his shoulder, amused by his boyfriend’s compliments. “You say that every single time I give you a backrub now”

Turning to look at him, there was a genuine grin on Jack’s face.

“Well it’s true!”

Jolted from sleep that night, Jack looked down at his stomach and cursed softly when he felt it become tight, pain striking through his abdomen and causing him to fall forward.
“Mark! Wake up!”

Jumping when he heard the Irishman yelling at him, Mark was quick sit up and his eyes bulged when he saw the state Jack was in. “Shit. Is it time?”

The younger man nodded his head and moaned loudly when the pain became much more intense, throwing his head back and feeling pressure build up uncomfortably as he knew for a fact he was going into labour.

But just as he was about to say something, he felt the rush of waters leave him and he stared down at the now soaked sheets. His water had broke.

There was no time to even get out of bed before the sensations telling him to push kicked in. “Oh fuck.. I don’t think we’re gonna get t’ the hospital.. They’re comin’ now” Mark felt panic rise up in his throat and he ran his hands through his hair repeatedly.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” The Irishman glared at him and was quick to pull off his pajama pants, pulling his legs apart and doing as his body commanded, not even caring that he was practically giving birth on their bed.

“Jus’ come help me fer fuck’s sake..”

Crawling into Jack’s side of the bed, the older man maneuvered between his legs and gasped when he realised that the baby was already crowning. “Holy shit, they don’t wanna wait do they?”

Jack shook his head and threw his head back again, groaning when the pain became worse after another push. “So much for goin’ t’ the hospital.. Little shit didn’t have the patience..” Mark nodded and his hands reluctantly took hold of the head, helping urge the child out of his boyfriend.

“This is so weird..” The American said, his voice shaky since he was starting to realise what was happening. He was about to have a baby in only a couple minutes.

Ignoring what his lover had to say, the younger man just concentrated on birthing their kid until he felt a release of pressure, gasping harshly as finally managed to release the child that had been gestating inside him for a good nine months.

Mark caught them in his arms and he was quick to clear their mouth, grinning as he heard them begin to cry. Tears filling his own eyes and handing the child to his lover who held them against his chest, both men unable to comprehend what has just happened.
Chapter Notes

Request: Mark and Jack confess feelings for each other during PAX and decide to come out about it during a panel

Jack fell against the bed of his hotel room and let out a relieved sigh. Finally he’d arrived in Seattle.

It wasn’t every day that he found himself being able to go to conventions so far away and he really appreciated the opportunities given to him, especially since those opportunities were mainly down to his fans and of course Mark too since he’d helped get him out there.

Thinking about Mark, the Irishman couldn’t help the heavy sensation that set itself in his belly whenever he thought about the other man. Mark was his closest friend and the one he trusted the most and yet, this had caused him to develop a crush on him.

Crushes were horrible to the younger man, he’d always hated having them because there was no right way to deal with them, especially when you were older. The innocence of fancying someone was kind of depleted with the older you got, therefore if he were to admit that to Mark, there is no way that he’d get a positive reaction.

But that’s what made things worse, the aspect of knowing that he’d never be able to admit to the man he’d been falling for his emotions toward him. That whenever he saw him, those feelings would have to be cooped up painfully inside. It truly hurt Jack knowing he could never tell Mark.

Just as he was about to close his eyes, readying himself for sleep. There was a knock on the door, alerting the Irishman that someone wanted to come in.

He heaved his heavy body from off of the bed and slumped over to the door, opening it slowly and feeling the weighty sensation in his stomach increase when he realised that Mark was stood there, much to Jack’s surprise.

“Holy shit, looks like we’re staying in the same hotel again!”

The Irishman laughed at him and rolled his eyes. “I jus’ think yeh stalked me, I know what yer like” He teased, watching as the older man pouted his lips and then walked into the room. “So, what have you been doing since you got here?”

Not seeing the point in lying, the Irishman closed the door and turned around before he moved his lips.

“Literally jus’ lyin’ in bed”

Mark chuckled at him and sat down on the bed in question, making himself comfortable and then patting the mattress for Jack to join him. He was slightly reluctant but didn’t want to come off as that, therefore he collapsed beside him, a small smile on his face.

“I’ve missed you so much” The American muttered, much to the younger man’s surprise since he hadn’t expected those words to come from the other man’s mouth. “Yeah.. I missed ya too”
They both smiled simultaneously and then looked away from one another awkwardly, the silence in the room painful and Jack knowing that he needed to break it before it consumed him.

“S-so.. How was the trip up t’ Seattle?” Glancing over at his friend, Mark let out a huffed sigh and ran his fingers through the dark of his hair. “Stressful and boring. I always hate travelling” The Irishman nodded, unable to disagree with him.

The silence befell them again and Mark felt it his responsibility to speak now. “How have you been? I haven’t heard much from you since Indy..” Jack felt a knot form in his throat and he stared down at the ground, feeling himself embarrassed.

Noticing the other man’s reluctance to answer him, the older man felt curiosity and therefore wanted to know why he didn’t want to say why he hadn’t been speaking to him. “Come on Jack, I don’t bite. Just tell me why”

Still staring down at the ground, the Irishman closed his eyes and exhaled softly through his nose, unable to comprehend with the fact that he was wracked with nervousness right now. Mark was questioning him and with every question that cropped up, he struggled to find an answer that would fit them.

“I.. Um..”

Mark felt himself get frustrated and he rested a hand on the younger man’s shoulder, giving him reassurance but it was only causing Jack to blush harder than he had been previously. Trying to fight back the ache in his belly as the American’s touch caused him to shiver.

“You know, you can tell me anything Jack”

Hearing the seriousness in his friend’s voice, the Irishman knew for a fact that this reluctance to speak was just stupidity at this point and decided that he might as well stop ignoring him, he was trying to be helpful.

“I know I can. This is jus’ somethin’ I’m not sure I can share with ya..” The silence came back and Mark moved his hand away from his shoulder, only this time it rested on the younger man’s thigh, much to his surprise since he hadn’t expected this. Especially not from Mark.

Jack watched as Mark seemed to close up the space between them as he shifted closer and the other man felt panic rise up in his since he had no idea what was going on. The American smiled in a sweet manner and gently squeezed his thigh. “If it’s what I think it is.. Then I feel the same, Jack..” If relief was in the form of a physical wave, Jack could feel it crashing down on him multiple times, his whole body released of the aches and pains of the stress beforehand. He hadn’t even had to say anything too potent and yet, Mark understood him.

“Y-ya mean.. Yeh like me more than a friend?”

The older man nodded his head and leaned forward, pressing a chaste kiss to the Irishman’s lips which had shock hitting the man like a hammer to a nail. His eyes bulging and whole body tensing up as their bodies made contact.

Mark noticed this and moved away, feeling confused. “You do want this, right?” Jack was quick to nod, grabbing the American’s face and pulling him for another kiss, this time feeling the other man melt into it much to his undeniable relief.

After what felt like years of them kissing, they finally parted and looked into each other’s eyes, desire
glazing them and causing both men to smirk at one another. “I think we should tell the fans tomorrow at the panel..” Mark whispered, taking hold of Jack’s hand and squeezing it gently.

The Irishman on the other hand wasn’t too sure with his request and felt his heart skip a beat, swallowing thickly as the knot came back and planted itself surely in his throat again. “I-I’m not sure, Mark.. Isn’t it a little soon t’be admitting such potent information?”

Nodding in agreement to what the other man had to say, Mark did know the risks that came with telling an audience of fans and plus those watching the livestream that they were dating so early into their relationship. But people would catch on, they might as well tell them before people got suspicious and made their own guesses.

“I can agree with you, Jack. But I feel like we should do this. You never know, they might be really accepting. Especially those ‘Septiplier’ shippers”

The panel came much sooner than the Irishman had been anticipating it to, anxiety building up in his veins as he took his seat on the sofa behind him and looked out at the vast crowd before him, there wasn’t as many as IndyPopCon, but there was definitely a lot out there.

Halfway through the panel, Mark stood up out of the blue and started talking about Youtuber’s lives behind Youtube and the younger man knew for a fact that he was going to bring him into this. He gave out a heavy sigh and watched on, feeling terrified since he still had no idea what was going to happen.

“Jack, could you please stand up?” The older man turned to look at him, a sweet smile on his face but if anything, Jack was still scared shitless.

He joined the other man and stared out at the crowd, wanting Mark to keep speaking since he knew for a fact he physically couldn’t.

“Me and Jack have started dating and we felt that we might as well, let you guys know because we trust you and want to let you guys know before speculation started. All we ask if that you don’t discriminate or be hateful, because if you are. You’re obviously not part of our communities..”

Jack felt warmth spread up inside him at the aspect of Mark speaking so boldly and confidently to those before them, listening as people cheered and celebrated the relationship they’d created together.

All of a sudden, the Irishman felt himself be whipped around and for the sensation of lips to be on his own, becoming aware that Mark was kissing him in front of their fans. He kissed back, not wanting to seem like a buzzkill even though inside, he didn’t really want to flaunt their relationship.

Once their speech was over, Mark and Jack sat back down and the younger man looked up at him, glaring at him playfully while the American watched in amusement. “It’s done now, you can’t kill me for that”

The Irishman sighed softly and rested his hand on Mark’s. “I can’t, but I sure as hell will kill ya fer somethin’ else..” Mark laughed heartily, ruffling Jack’s hair.

“I’m looking forward to it”
“O-oh god..” Jack whined, throwing his head back for what felt like the fiftieth time that night, breathing hard through his teeth and allowing shivers to travel swift through his body. Mark watched on, his face lighting up at the reaction that came from the other man.

He leaned down, pressing light kisses to the slim build of his torso, burying his face in his skin and inhaling deeply, he could smell the harsh scent of arousal coating the Irishman in the form of sweat and Mark loved it.

Their eyes met when Mark lifted his head back up and they smiled at one another, the older man shifting upward so their lips met in the middle. His grasp on Jack’s cock tightened and he whined, causing another smirk to form on Mark’s face.

“Yer such a fuckin’ tease..”

The Irishman whispered, grinning at his lover as he wrapped his legs around Mark’s hips and pulled their groins together. Mark smirked more, kissing him again and shallowly bucking his hips into him.

“You love me teasing you, you fucking love it..” There was no denying it, Jack did indeed love the American teasing him. Even though it sometimes left him delirious to receive more pleasure.

“What do you want me, to do to you?”

Shivers travelled through Jack’s body again and he closed his eyes, inhaling deeply through his nose as he tried to hold back the moan that dared to pass his lips since he found himself aroused by the tone of the older man’s voice. “I want ya.. T’ fuck me”

Mark snorted in derision and leaned in closer, sucking a nice hickey to the underside of Jack’s ear and listening to him squawk in arousal. “Pretty vague request, don’t ya think?” Jack lifted his arms up and placed them on Mark’s shoulders.

“Only vague if yeh don’t know what I like..”

Having to agree with him, the American shifted toward his lips again and kissed them chastely before he moved away, leaving the younger man sprawled out on the bed with his whole body throbbing with anticipation.

The older man returned with a long piece of cloth in his hands, going over to Jack’s head and gently lifting it up, he then began to tie the cloth around it, allowing it to gag his mouth much to the Irishman’s enjoyment.

“Well then, I’m gonna make sure that you can’t even scream my name..”

If it were possible, Jack could feel himself choking on the cloth and he closed his eyes in frustration,
knowing for a fact that he was now silenced, though in a way, that just made things even more interesting.

Looking down at the Irishman’s cock, Mark licked his lips and jerked at his own length, feeling himself turned on by the sight of his boyfriend so vulnerable beneath him. Since Jack hadn’t given him specific instructions on how he wanted to be fucked, Mark decided to take his own needs into his hands.

“I’m gonna fuck you so hard, you’ll be crying for me to carry you everywhere..” Jack’s breath hitched and he watched as Mark slowly pulled his legs apart and then crept one of his hands between them. “Still slick from yesterday right?”

Jack nodded his head and bit his lip, knowing that he hadn’t had a shower since their activities last night, therefore he was still slicked which was just to Mark’s satisfaction.

His fingers entered him with ease and the younger man felt the luscious tingles of pleasure travel through his abdomen, to his cock and all the way down to his toes which curled at the sensations. They fucked him easily and opened him more for the American, Mark jerking off the entire time as he watched his fingers disappear inside of his boyfriend repeatedly.

“Oh fuck.. Mark..” The Irishman said muffled, pulling at his own hair and arching his hips up off the bed, his legs shaking as the tingles became much more intense and he was finding himself close with each thrust that came from the digits.

Smacking his thigh with his spare hand, the older man raised his eyebrows in a disapproving fashion since Jack had decided to speak when he wasn’t meant to. “Hush. Dirty bitch.”

Just as soon as his fingers entered him, did they remove themselves from Jack and for Mark’s cock to replace them, slowly sliding inside of him and Mark hissing through his teeth since his hole happened to be tight regardless of being slick.

“You’re so tight baby.. Fuck..”

He pushed in further and then drew out, repeating this action until he was thoroughly fucking the other man. Watching his dick the entire time as it slipped in and out of him and feeling himself get aroused as he could hear Jack’s muffled groans.

Mark quickened his pace and threw his head back, thrusting harder into the younger man and beginning to pound into his prostate which had the incoherent noises from Jack becoming louder and his face becoming brighter in colour. This only encourage Mark to go further and he increased speed, fucking him as hard as he could.

“I’m gonna come.. I’m gonna come..” Jack managed to say through the binding of the cloth, it earned another smack to his thigh and that was enough for him to completely lose it, coming hard and heavy onto his belly and arching his hips fully off the bed.

But Mark didn’t stop the pace and only proceeded to fuck him harder.

The Irishman’s eyes bulged and he stared at the older man as he realised what he was doing, the head of his length still driving straight into his sweet spot and still causing arousal to shoot through him, but his cock was sensitive and therefore it made much more intense.

“M-Mark.. Oh god!”
Since his voice was muffled, Mark smirked at him and carried on bucking his hips heavily into his lover and smirked more when he heard how Jack became even louder. Screaming out as he felt himself becoming over-stimulated and more load left his dick, not even sure if it was possible to be able to come again but in this case Mark was doing just that to him.

His screams became louder and louder until his vocalisations were echoing around the room, Mark finally losing himself as he came hard inside of his boyfriend, riding himself through his orgasm before he collapsed on top of the other man, his breathing heavy.

They looked at one another, eyes glazed with delirium and unable to say anything. Drool was dribbling down the side of Jack’s face since he’d been fighting against the binding on his mouth, the older man undoing the cloth and allowing Jack to breath properly again.

Both of them smirked and shared a kiss, letting that be their way to thank each other for such a good night.
Chapter Notes

Request: How about an unrequited love fic? For example Mark has a crush on Jack but since Jack has a girlfriend he knows it won't happen? Just lots of angst plz

There’s nothing worse than having a crush. There’s nothing more worse than having a crush on your friend. But there’s definitely not anything as worse as said friend being in a relationship while you have a crush on them.

And that just happened to be Mark’s case and he fucking hated it.

Jack was a beautiful specimen of the human race. With his gorgeous blue eyes, slim physique, dusty grey-brown hair and the way he smiled. Genuine and toothy that also made Mark’s stomach knot. His personality was that of a saint. So generous, so caring and ever so humourous.

To Mark, they were a match made in Heaven, it weren’t for the fact that Jack had a girlfriend.

Every day hurt more than the last. Waking up was difficult and when he finally did pull himself out of bed, the air around him was always heavy and suffocating. There was no escape to the constant sadness that surrounded Mark and yet, he fought through it in order to make videos for his fans.

His fans were what kept him going the most and he appreciated that. They were his focal point when everything else seemed pointless.

Skype calls with Jack became painful and he found himself unable to carry on an hour’s worth of conversation, usually bailing out around the twenty minute mark by making an excuse up about recording or tiredness. Something so he didn’t break down in tears in front of the Irishman.

Nights became endless hours of daydreaming and hopes that would never come true. Mark reminisced about him and Jack together, holding one another in bed and kissing each other tenderly on the lips. Comfortable in their embrace as they slept the night away.

But alas, it was only for Mark’s imagination.

When he was horny, the only person that the older man could think of was Jack. It made him feel guilty but it helped pass the time, getting off to images of them in a heaped pile of passion underneath Mark’s sheets. Jack would be moaning his name, crying for more and telling him to go faster. Sometimes it felt more real than it was.

And yet, the more he wanted them to be in a relationship, the more he came to realise the harsh truth that it would never happen. That Jack was in a stable relationship, happy and convincingly heterosexual to the other man. Mark on the other hand, wished the same type of relationship but only if Jack were in the picture.

It was torturous but Mark couldn’t do anything. He couldn’t deny that he was in love with Jack and that just killed him more inside. His hopeless unrequited love was to be the death of him.
Chapter Notes

Request: A/B/O verse. Mark and Jack trying to get pregnant and when they believe they are infertile, turns out Jack is pregnant with more than one baby (you choose how many)

Mark collapsed on top of Jack for the fourth time that night and felt himself utterly exhausted, his whole body aching with exertion and every nerve ending fried as he’d pushed himself to extreme lengths tonight.

Looking up at his lover and taking his face into his hands, Jack smiled sweetly at the other man and kissed him chastely on the lips, his chest heaving as he tried to recover from the previous onslaught of orgasms he’d just received.

He kissed him back and ever so slowly turned onto his side, Mark making sure that they were both comfortable since his knot was still tightly tying them together, Jack pressing his back against Mark’s chest as they spooned. “Was that good for you?”

Jack smiled to himself and pulled Mark’s hands over his chest, hitching them close to his face and cuddling into them. “It was better than okay.. I can’t believe yeh knotted me four times t’night.. I didn’t even know that was possible” Mark laughed, kissing the back of Jack’s neck.

“I just wanted to be safe than sorry, we’ve been trying for months Jack.. I want a baby”

The Irishman let out a soft sigh and turned his head to look at the older man, his face slightly upset at the context of what he said. “I know Mark.. I want a baby too.. We jus’ have t’ keep tryin’”

Exhaling gently, Mark leaned over and kissed Jack one last time before he made himself comfortable behind the younger man, still pressing kisses to his neck and shoulders while his hands stroked fondly over his chest.

“I love you..”

Jack smiled, feeling his stomach tighten. “I love yeh too..”

A few weeks passed after their session and Mark had gone mad at the pharmacy, grabbing as many pregnancy tests as he could from different brands and prices in order to get an accurate result of whether or not his boyfriend was pregnant. Jack found it both obsessive but also cute in a way.

Several pregnancy tests were urinated on and the Irishman found himself sat bored in the bathroom, the tests resting face-down on the floor before him and causing a small tingling of anxiety in his belly. Mark entered the room, sitting down on the ground beside him.

“You looked at them yet?” Jack shook his head and let out a heavy sigh, running a hand through his hair since in a way, he didn’t want to look at them since he knew that he’d end up with the same result as last time.

“I think you should babe, what’s the harm in it?”
The younger man knew exactly what kind of harm it would bring. This was not the first time that they’d been in this position and if anything, Jack was beginning to give up. Only guessing that perhaps maybe his body just wasn’t built for children like other Omegas were.

But regardless, he leant over to start flipping the tests over and a cold chill spread itself down his spine. Each one spelled the same result.

Negative.

“Oh Jack..” Mark muttered as gentle as he could, putting his hand out to hold his lover and reassure him but the Irishman pulled away, his body tense and aching with upset. He turned to look at the other man, tears pouring down his eyes.

“It’s jus’ not fair Mark. All our friends are havin’ children and yet, my fuckin’ body refuses to house one.. It’s been a year and half since we first started tryin’ Mark.. I think we need t’ face the facts that one of us must be infertile..”

Mark was the one to feel the chill this time and he swallowed thickly, staring blankly at the younger man and trying to convince himself that the words that had spilled from Jack’s mouth were just because of his upset.

“I-if you think that’s the case.. Maybe we should go to a fertility clinic, get ourselves tested?”

He slowly nodded his head, his cheeks still wet with tears.

The clinic smelled painfully of antiseptic and cleaning products, the atmosphere way too sterile for Jack’s comfort as he watched Mark talk to the woman behind the desk, he himself sat in the waiting room.

Walking back in, the American sat himself down next to his boyfriend and smiled in a reassuring manner. “Our appointment is in about ten minutes. How ya feeling about this?”

Jack simply shrugged, unable to really convince himself that he was happy being here. “Jack?..”

There was a heavy sigh and Jack kicked at the floor with his foot, feeling angry.

“What if we are infertile Mark? What do we do then?”

A pause followed his question as Mark found it difficult to answer him but he managed to formalise something in order to calm the other man. “We consider adoption.. Or IVF. But I promise you, we will have a baby Jack”

Their names ended up called and both men stood, Jack still feeling anxious as he was lead into a small room at the back of the clinic.

Both men were instructed on what they had to do. They had to give semen samples for the nurse to test but the Irishman had honestly never felt so awkward about masturbation in his life. To know that he was going to have to wank in a fertility clinic bathroom was just strange, but he did it regardless of his awkwardness.

When they returned, the nurse told them both that she’d do the tests and have results in about a week’s time but she paused when she saw how Jack seemed to be acting. “When was your last heat?” She inquired to the younger man, the man in question blushing and looking up at the ceiling as he tried to remember.

“About two months ago, I stopped takin’ my suppressants a year ago and I guessed that the lack of
heats was jus’ a symptom of it.”

The nurse’s eyebrows quirked and she was quick to type something into her computer. “Could you come with me, Jack?” I just need to quickly examine you” The Irishman’s eyes bulged out of his skull and he looked over at Mark, asking for help in his facial expression.

“You’ll be alright babe, she’s a nurse so she knows what she’s doing. Just trust her, alright?” Jack nodded his head and breathed a deflated sigh, following the nurse into a room in the back of her office. Mark sat in said office, waiting for her to finish.

But only fifteen minutes in, did the nurse come barging out of the backroom, a serious expression on her face. “Mr. Fischbach. You may want to come in here”

Feeling panic since he could only assume the worst, the American was quick to stand to his feet and follow the younger woman, entering the room and noticing that Jack was laid on a long examination table, his shirt pulled up and an ultrasound machine beside him.

“Uhh, what seems to be the problem?” When Jack didn’t answer him, the older man sat himself down next to the other man and watched as the nurse placed a probe over his lower abdomen which currently had gel on it, moving it around until she stopped in a specific area.

“If you look there..” She pointed to a particular part of the screen where a blob was situated. “..that’s your baby” But before Mark got a chance to say anything, she pointed to another part of the screen. “And that’s the second baby.. And right next to them, is the third baby”

Both men’s eyes widened when they heard what she had just said. “You’re kidding right?” The older man exclaimed, his eyebrows raised so high he swore they were touching his hairline. The nurse laughed and shook her head.

“Nope, it looks like you guys were trying just hard enough. Jack seems to be at least twelve weeks pregnant with triplets. You’re both very lucky”

Jack swallowed the knot in his throat as his eyes were transfixed to the screen. “T-triplets?.. Holy shit..” Mark’s face quirked though, unsure of the information he’d just been given. “But Jack took pregnancy tests last week and they came up negative? How come that happened if he was already pregnant?”

There was a pause as the nurse collected her thoughts. “Sometimes, Omega bodies have a hard time being able to regulate the hormones from pregnancy, especially in males too. So that’s why the tests didn’t detect it in his urine and also why he’s been very anxious lately”

Everything seemed to add up after that, but Jack and Mark still just couldn’t get over the idea that they’d accepted that they would never have children and yet, they were about to have three.

In a way, it was a very nice surprise for both of them.
Panic

Chapter Notes

Request: Jack goes into labour and Mark panics

Slowly sitting himself down on the sofa, Mark looked up at his boyfriend and smiled at him with an expression of admiration, the other man blushing when he saw how intently he seemed to be staring at him, causing him to hide his face in his hands.

“Stop starin’ at me.”

The American laughed gently and made himself comfortable, making space for the younger man to sit down on his lap. “How can I not? You’re beautiful.”

The blush on Jack’s face grew and he shook his head, letting an exasperated whine since he hated it when Mark was so sweet to him and made him feel so good about himself, though at the same time, he had to admit he loved it.

“Ya jus’ sayin’ that. How can I be beautiful? I’m all full up of kid!” Again, Mark laughed and patted his thighs, wanting Jack to seat himself since he was already missing his touch. “Come here, or I swear to god I’ll drag you down”

Rolling his eyes at Mark, the Irishman gave in to his demands and went over to him, sitting himself down on his lap like he’d requested and getting comfy though it was hard when he was dealing with a nine month grown swelling on the front of his torso. Mark sometimes couldn’t believe that he could still move around with it, he was so small and slender to carry something so big and heavy.

“Yeh happy now?” Jack asked, his voice patronising but in a playful way. The older man nodded his head and kissed the other man sweetly on his forehead, trailing the kisses down onto his eyelids, his nose and then his cheeks, making his way toward his lips.

“Don’t you ever say you’re not beautiful. Because you might not see it, but I do” If it were physically possible, Jack went even brighter in colour and had to bite down on his lower lip in order not to squeal when Mark said such loving things to him.

Their lips finally connected and the moment let off a spark between both men, unable to break apart as they lost one another in each other’s taste. Tongues fighting and lips being teasingly bitten. It was passionate and heated and Jack was enjoying every second of it.

Just as Jack was about to part, whisper something about going upstairs in order to have more fun with this moment, he paused in his actions when he felt a strong pain travel swift in his lower abdomen, causing him to fall forward in Mark’s embrace and gasp aloud.

Mark’s instincts immediately kicked in and he grabbed Jack’s shoulders, pulling him up and looking him directly in the face. “What is it? You okay?”

The younger man couldn’t lie to his boyfriend, he shook his head and closed his eyes as another pain ripped through him, causing him to gasp again and hold his stomach, the muscle underneath taut and
“M-Mark.. I think I might be havin’ contractions. . .”

Staring blankly at his lover, Mark was lost for words as he absorbed the information currently fed to him from Jack. He opened his mouth but no words came out, opening and closing it like a fish which had the Irishman wanting to laugh but he couldn’t in his crippled condition.

“I know yer shocked Mark.. But we need t’ get t’ the hospital” But the American couldn’t comprehend anything right now. His whole body was stiff with the sheer surprise of what Jack had said. To learn that his child would be born tonight, that it was going to come out of Jack after a long and tedious nine months. It was just too much to handle.

Helping Jack off his lap and to then sit on the sofa in his place, Mark stood up and started running his hands through his hair continuously, pacing back and forth in front of him. “Oh god.. Oh god.. Oh god..” He repeated, unable to concentrate properly as he began to panic.

“Mark?..”

But the older man was in a world of his own, a tight sensation in his chest growing as if someone was blowing up a balloon inside it and compressing all the space. Mark just couldn’t handle the idea that he was having a child.

Jack immediately picked up that the other man was going into a panic and that was something that the Irishman couldn’t have, not when his body was readying for birth and the only person who would be able to support him was his boyfriend. But when his boyfriend was just as scared as him, it did not help at all.

“Come out Mark, ya have t’ snap out of this. I need yeh right now” The younger man announced, standing up off the couch despite his struggles with his weight and now induced labouring condition. He walked over to the American and took hold of his arm, stopping him in his tracks and turning him to look at him.

“Yeh have t’ stay with me, okay? I can’t have yeh freakin’ out on me”

But Mark still found it difficult to respond, doing the fish mouth thing again and his eyes darting all over the place instead of at Jack’s face. The younger man felt himself frustrated and another contraction hit him, bending his knees and his whole body lowering as he fought through the pain, Mark still unaware as he stared out into space.

“Fer fuck’s sake Mark! Snap out of it!” And with that, he raised his hand and smacked the older man sharp on the cheek, Mark nearly falling over in the process but he started blinking rapidly, coming to terms with what was happening as he held his reddening cheek and looking over at the younger man.

Jack felt relief wash over him and he fell against his chest, moaning loudly and burying his face into the comfort of his shoulder as a way to muffle the noises escaping him. Mark wrapped his arms around him shakily, staring down at him. “Oh shit Jack.. I’m so sorry” Once the contraction has passed, the Irishman parted from the embrace and smiled at the older man. “It’s alright, yer better now. Can ya please jus’ drive me t’ the hospital. I’d rather not birth our child right here on the living room floor” Mark nodded and raced upstairs toward the bedroom where their overnight bag was situated under the bed.

When he came back down, Jack was already putting on his shoes and a jacket, the American admired how calm he was being about this while he was still panicking a small bit inside. He did the
same and then slung the bag over his shoulder, putting his hand out for Jack to grab.

“Ready to have a baby?”

Jack smiled, taking his hand and squeezing it gently. “As long as I’m with you, I’m ready fer anythin’”
Hatred

Chapter Notes

Request: How about Jack gets some hate on a video he worked really hard on and Mark comforts him?

Jack felt pride swell up inside him as he finally uploaded the video that he’d been working on for months, so much energy having gone into it in order to have it all edited together and as funny as he could possibly make it.

This was his first funny moments montage and he’d never felt so proud of a video than he did right now.

Immediately, as soon as it was posted to his channel he watched as the views began to go up, for the like button to be clicked much to the Irishman’s happiness and he sat back in his chair, letting out a relieved sigh as people seemed to be enjoying the video he’d worked so hard on.

Deciding to look through the comments in order to see the feedback given, he was very happy when he saw the sheer amount of positivity exploding from his fans, telling him how much they had enjoyed it and how funny it had been. So far, it looked like it had hit off really well.

Well, that was until he refreshed the page and the first comment he saw, was extremely long and to his misfortune, contained no positive outlook whatsoever.

‘I’m fucking sick of Jack trying to be like other Youtubers. He’s no longer got any originality. He might say he’s not leeching off other Youtubers, but he is. And this montage takes the piss. I’m fucking sick of watching my most favourite Youtuber be sucked into the void of the egotistical, pretentious and pompous world that is Youtube.

You used to be so genuine Jack. Where the fuck did that go?’

The comment wouldn’t have been as hurtful if it weren’t for the amount of likes on it. From the looks of it, a lot of people seemed to agree with this person and Jack felt a pang of hurt strike his stomach, travelling upward toward his chest and causing it to tighten uncomfortably.

That video which he’d put so much effort into, was just being compared like any other montage from any other Youtuber and to be called ‘egotistical, pretentious and pompous’ was just the icing on the cake. Those were the three words he’d never wanted to be labelled as in his entire life and yet, nearly thirty-three people agreed that he was.

It hurt so much, that Jack turned off his monitor and collapsed in bed. Not seeing the point in being motivated anymore when his efforts came as nothing.

Later on that night, Mark arrived home from work in a tremendously good mood, skipping with each step as he whistled a song away to himself. A grin of his face and his whole body jiving with positive energy. He looked around for Jack, only to notice that he wasn’t downstairs.

Something very unusual for the Irishman at this time of night.
Feeling confused, the older man made his way up the stairs toward their shared bedroom, opening the door and wandering into the darkened room where he was hit with a strong cloud of tension. Without even seeing Jack, he could already sense that something was wrong.

“Jack baby, you alright?” When he didn’t get a response, Mark immediately began to worry and walked further into the room, noticing that Jack was lying in bed. Another unusual place for Jack to be at this time of night.

He gently pulled the sheets back and saw that the Irishman was awake and from the looks of it, he’d been crying. Mark turned on the bedside lamp to bring light into the room and Jack hid his face from it, burying it in the pillow since he’d been lying in the dark for so long.

“Is everything okay?” The older man queried again, resting a hand on Jack’s shoulder and squeezing it softly, his whole body tensing up at his touch much to Mark’s upset since he hated it when Jack didn’t want to be touched.

“You’re beginning to scare me, what’s wrong? Please tell me, Jack..”

Hearing how scared the American seemed to be, the younger man turned his head and looked up at his boyfriend with bloodshot eyes, wiping away the tears that still fell. “I.. Somethin’ happened t’night.. A-and it’s really hit me”

Immediately, Mark felt himself become protective over the other man, knowing for a fact that if anything bad happened to him, he’d be there to sort it within an instant.

“Tell me what happened.. I want to know”

The Irishman heaved another sigh and slowly began to sit up, resting his forehead against the comfort of the older man’s arm, closing his eyes since he felt better when Mark was here to console him. “I.. I got some hate on my newest video.. Yeh know, the montage that I’ve been workin’ on fer ages..”

Mark quickly understood his upset and moved his arms in order to wrap them around the younger man’s slender form, pulling him close to his body so that he was sat on his lap and cuddled close into him.

“What did they say?” Jack shifted away for a moment and grabbed his phone, pulling up the video and going straight to the comment section where the comment in question was voted the second best via how many likes it had gotten. Just knowing how many people agreed, really fucking hurt.

“This is just awful. I’m sorry babe, want me to report them?”

Jack shook his head and wiped away another tear. “People have their opinions, it jus’ seems like a lot of them are negative..” But Mark couldn’t agree with that and in secret, reported them before he went through the other comments.

“I don’t think you should concentrate on that particular comment babe. I mean look at all these positive ones, they would for sure drown out that negative one. You need to understand that your fans love you and your videos. Just because some people don’t like a particular video, doesn’t mean you should care. If they can’t accept it when you try something different, they shouldn’t be apart of your community.. Please understand Jack, there are people out there who love you and that includes me”

Feeling a small bout of warmth spread in his chest, Jack looked up at his lover and smiled slightly which brought relief washing over Mark like a wave. To see him smiling, it was a start. “Thank
you...” He whispered, cuddling into his boyfriend again.

“Anything to make you better baby, I hate seeing you so upset” Mark kissed the top of his head and hugged him closer, appreciating this moment as they held each other in the silence and expressed just how much they loved each other through the action of their embrace.

Mark couldn’t have asked for anything better.
Take Me Rough

Chapter Notes

Request: C-can you do one where mark has jack completely tied up and stuffed with vibs and stuff and mark is just teasing him endlessly before taking him roughly?

Watching as Mark tied his other hand to the bed frame, the younger man swallowed thickly and closed his eyes as he tried to bypass the sensations of arousal that travelled swiftly through his body, straight down his exposed cock that jumped at a result. Mark saw and smirked, knowing what he was doing to his boyfriend.

“Excited?” He asked, a devious grin on his face which had Jack blushing in a dumb fashion, but regardless he nodded his head and grinned back at him.

The older man walked toward their wardrobe and opened the wooden doors, searching around until he picked up a shoebox which rattled as he carried it, bringing it toward the bed and placing it on the mattress. Jack already knew what its content held and could only shiver in anticipation.

Taking off the lid, Mark rummaged inside it until he pulled out a small bullet vibrator, smirking away to himself as he placed it on the bed beside Jack’s leg. Going through it again to then pick out three more bullets and then a large vibrating dildo which had the Irishman’s toes curling already just thinking about it being inside of him.

Mark noticed his excitement again and grabbed the first bullet, slicking it in lubricant that was also inside the box before he spread the younger man’s legs apart and started pressing it against his hole. Jack laid his head back and allowed the other man to take control as he submitted his entire body to the man above him.

The vibrator slid inside him with little tension thanks to the lube and Mark pressed the small button as the bottom, the vibrations starting and Jack keening under the sensations brought from it, his whole body shaking and arms pulling at his binds as he tried to get used to the vibrator going off.

Watching on in arousal, Mark pawed himself through the material of his jeans and went on to grab the second bullet, lubing that one up and again pressing it against the barrier of his lover’s entrance. The younger man hissed through his teeth as it burned as it entered him, stretching him as it joined the other vibrator. He turned it on and the vibrations increased in intensity.

“O-oh fuck..” Jack whined, hiding his face in the pillows behind him as he spread his legs out wider and felt his dick going crazy, wanting to jerk himself off but unable to to as his arms were still tied. Mark noticed his struggle and grinned, looking at him with an evil expression.

“I’m just gonna leave your cock untouched, make you beg for me to touch you. Beg to have it tugged to your slutty heart’s content..”

Shivering violently, the Irishman closed his eyes tightly and nodded his head at the other man, even though to know that he wasn’t going to jerked off was a torturous idea in itself.

On the other hand, the American grabbed the final bullet vibrator and this time turned it straight
away, stroking it against his thigh, against his taint and then against his straining length which had Jack cooing like a pigeon. The older man had to hold back laughing when he heard his lover sound like that.

Believing that he’d teased him enough, he brought the bullet down and slicked it once again, pushing it inside the younger man and feeling his cock get harder when he heard the broken moan that left Jack’s throat.

“That feel good baby?..” Mark asked, hands running over his thighs and up his hips which he stroked and squeezed in a teasing manner. Jack whined again, looking over at him with a delirious look in his eyes. “So good.. It feels so good..”

Feeling accomplished, the American leaned over Jack and started pressing kisses along his flushed chest, his mouth latching onto one of his nipples and sucking gently which had Jack bucking his hips into the air.

Mark grinned and repeated the action, this time a little harder which had the Irishman’s breath stuttering as he felt himself become over-stimulated. Everything proving intense and his brain becoming fuzzy as the older man sucked and nibbled at his nipple and the vibrators made his whole body tingle with arousal.

While he was occupied with one of his nipples, he used his thumb to rub at the other and the Irishman could only moan louder since he wasn’t sure he’d be able to hold back with how good this felt. Mark was just too much of a tease and he fucking knew he was.

Just as he’d latched onto his nipple, did he pull off and then go between his boyfriend’s legs again, carefully removing the bullet vibrators and noticing the way that Jack’s hole twitched as each one was taken out, obviously stimulated by the vibrations given off by them.

Once they were removed, Mark grabbed hold of the dildo before lavishing it heavily in lubricant and pressed it against Jack’s hole, listening out for the noises made by the younger man. More of the dildo entered and stretched him further, Jack calling out in both pleasure and pain while Mark tried his best to be careful.

Eventually, the entire vibrator was inside of the Irishman and Mark pushed the button at the bottom and watched as the toy sprang to life and how Jack’s eyes bulged out of his head, seemingly nearly falling out of his skull they’d gone so wide.

“How does that feel?” Mark asked, genuinely curious but at the same time feeling like he knew the answer when he saw how the younger man practically writhed around on the bed, his mouth open so wide he’d probably catch flies with it.

“So good.. So good.. Mark.. Fuck..”

From the looks of it, Jack was being driven into near delirium with how the dildo felt inside him. Mark took it a step forward and slowly drew it out before thrusting it back into him, hearing how the other man grunted and pulled at the ties around his wrists.

“F-fuck me Mark.. Fuck me..” Taken aback by Jack’s sudden announcement, the American stared at him for a good second before deciding that he might as well do as he’d asked. Since this was meant to be the younger man’s night of pleasure, Mark took it in himself to hold back from fucking him himself and deliberated instead, to use the dildo.

Grabbing hold of the toy again, the older man drew it out as far as he could without removing it and
then thrusted it hard inside his boyfriend, watching the way his body reacted as it convulsed and twitched. “God yes, Mark.. Fuck me hard..”

Mark smirked at him and repeated the action until he was fucking him hard and rough with the dildo, the entire time his eyes on Jack’s face as with each thrust, a new expression formed upon it.

“You like this baby? You like being fucked with a toy like the slut you are?”

The Irishman simply whined and nodded his head rapidly, moving his legs apart as far as they’d go and taking in all of the vibrator as he did so, he was becoming used to the hard thrusts. Well, we was, until the head of the vibrating toy grazed his prostate.

“HOLY SHIT! YES MARK! OH GOD YES!”

Nearly getting a fright when he saw the way that Jack had just reacted, his assumption could only be that he’d managed to catch the other man’s prostate and therefore angled the dildo until he was sure that it was hitting off his sweet spot. His guess seemed correct as Jack’s moans became louder and louder with each thrust.

“I’m gonna come.. Oh god Mark, I’m gonna come!”

“Come for me baby, come hard” Jack didn’t have to be told twice, Mark grasped ahold of the younger man’s cock and started jerking it hard and that pushed him over the edge alongside the dildo that pounded into his prostate.

He came hard, the load being released so powerfully that it caught the Irishman on his face.

Fucking him through his orgasm, Mark slowed down until he was sure that Jack had begun to recover, removing the vibrator and placing it on the bed beside the bullets. He leaned over his boyfriend and kissed him gently on the lips, licking around his face to drink up the come that had landed on it.

“Yer fuckin’ disgustin’..” Jack chided, a smile on his face as they kissed again and Mark could only roll his eyes at him. “Whatever you say, but I’m not the one who came on his own face”

It was safe to say, the handjob that Mark had been anticipating that night, never did occur and instead the only hand contact he got was a punch to his shoulder.
Trying: Part 2

Chapter Notes

Request: Can we have a part 2 to Trying when Jack gives birth to the triplets and the birthing is very hard on him (there might be complications and the like), but still finds the energy to curse Mark out for doing this to him. Angsty/fluffy/funny basically.

It was sure to say that by the end, Jack had deeply regretted saying that he was happy to be pregnant. These past nine months had been the hardest in all of his life so far and he was only begging for it to end.

He sat himself down in front of the mirror and ran a hand through his hair, feeling too exhausted to stand as he looked at himself and scanned every part of his body. Each joint and muscle aching and tired, face washed of all life and his stomach stretched to its limit.

Carrying triplets had been hell.

First finding out about them had been exciting, they’d been trying for so long and they had been awarded with the good news that they would be having three children at once. But as time went on, as his stomach got bigger and as he found more and more of his energy was being taken away from him. Jack couldn’t help but wish that this hadn’t happened.

Mark entered the room to see the younger man sat there and he smiled sweetly at his lover, fully aware of Jack’s struggle right now as he seated himself beside him and kissed the side of his head. “How you doing?”

The Irishman shrugged his shoulders and then cursed under his breath when one of the babies decided to kick at his ribs, causing a jolt of pain to catch in his chest. “I’m jus’ tired.. I’m overdue by about two days and I really jus’ want them t’ come Mark” Mark nodded his head and wrapped an arm around his waist, kissing him again.

“They will, you just have to be patient. They’ll know when they’re ready” But Jack wasn’t so sure he could believe his boyfriend. He looked down at his bump and ran a hand over it delicately, that had been the hardest part of this whole pregnancy. Trying to carry such a heavy weight when his body was already as small as it was.

There was another kiss to his head before Mark started smothering him in affection, pressing his lips all over his face and neck which had Jack’s eyes closing, easing into the comfort since he missed this so much.

He turned his face to look at him and they both smiled in mutual admiration, Mark being gentle as he slowly lay the Irishman down on the bed and climbed on top of him, well as much as he could of him anyway. They began to kiss one another passionately, Jack’s hands running through Mark’s hair and pulling at it in a teasing fashion.

“I know what you’re doing..”

Jack stopped and looked up at his lover with a confused expression. “What?” The older man smirked
at him and rolled his eyes, rubbing Jack’s cheek with his thumb in a soothing manner. “You’re trying to get me to have sex with you so you’ll go into labour. I’m not stupid”

Blushing furiously, Jack glanced away from him and crossed his arms firmly against his chest. “No, I’m not.” But he didn’t make a convincing liar and Mark saw through him immediately.

“I would have sex with you, Jack.. But I’m scared I’ll hurt you” The younger man sighed softly and returned his eyes to the other man, staring up at him with an appreciative expression on his face. “I appreciate the concern, Markimoo. But I assure ya that yeh won’t hurt me”

But Mark didn’t agree with him and therefore refrained from going any further, instead just making out with him deeply and slowly grinding his hips into Jack’s, the man in question letting out small yelps of pleasure as it felt much better thanks to his libido being higher with his pregnancy.

As they lost themselves in each other, Jack paused when he felt that the babies were beginning to wake up, obviously alerted to the sudden surge of the Irishman’s hormones as they began to squirm and kick inside him. He groaned, feeling uncomfortable.

“What’s wrong?” Mark whispered, parting their kiss and looking down concerned at his lover. Jack just sighed, resting his head against the pillows and feeling frustrated. “The babies are awake.. And I’m really uncomfortable..”

Mark nodded his head and began to move away but Jack clutched his shirt, pulling him down on top of him again. “No.. I still want this. Please..” Hearing the way he begged, Mark just nodded his head and started kissing and grinding again, getting faster which had the younger man trembling beneath him.

“You close?..”

Listening to the way that Mark growled in ear, the Irishman whimpered and clung onto him tighter as he felt the older man get rougher in his actions, spreading his legs wider which he instantly enjoyed. “H-holy shit.. Yes..”

The American chuckled deeply and rutted faster and harder, feeling himself getting closer to orgasm too while he kept his eyes firmly on Jack, loving watching the moment when he could manage to fully break Jack.

“I.. I.. Oh god.. Mark..” His climax was quiet as he hid his face in the other man’s shoulder, any noise that erupted from him muffled by the material of his shirt. Mark followed afterwards and was about to lift off him when they both heard it.

The sound of popping followed by the flush of water.

“Um.. Jack?..” Mark’s eyes travelled downward and he was met with the sight of Jack’s jeans completely drenched with what he could only assume was his own waters. “Did.. Did that just happen?” Jack was unable to answer, his whole body frozen in shock as he stared at Mark with a sickly expression on his face.

“F-fucking hell..”

Immediately, Mark felt it his responsibility to get Jack to the hospital as soon as possible. He jumped off of him and ran toward the nursery where the dufflebag full of their overnight stuff sat, he shrugged it over his shoulder and went back into the room to see that Jack was changing.

“Um.. Wouldn’t you like to go to the hospital now?” The Irishman snorted and looked at him with
derision. “I’d rather the hospital staff didn’t see that I’d came in my pants before arriving there.”

A smirk appeared on Mark’s face and he giggled at the younger man which inevitably resulted in him being hit in the face with a sock and if anything, only made him laugh harder.

They arrived at the hospital not long after and by then, Jack’s contractions had already kicked in but because his waters had already broken, they were much more intense than he’d anticipated and he was having a hard time trying to fight through them.

Both men had been led to a private birthing suite in order to not to be disturbed and currently, Jack was laid on the bed, his face buried into a pillow and crying into it constantly as his contractions were close together and horrendously painful.

Mark stroked at the area of his hip where his hoodie had rode up, attempting to make him feel better even though there wasn’t much he could do since this was something that Jack was just going to have to endure and get over with.

“You alright?” He asked gently once the contraction had lessened off, the younger man turned his head and looked at his lover with his face flushed red, tears streaming from his eyes. “What d’ya think? It feels like I’m bein’ stabbed multiple times in the fuckin’ stomach.”

The older man leaned over and kissed him on the lips, his hand combing through his short hair as he soothed him, Jack closing his eyes in response and appreciating the touches greatly. “I jus’ want this t’ be over…” He whispered, breathing in deeply through his nose.

A doctor soon wandered into the room and looked over at the couple with a genuine smile on her face, her presence seemingly relaxing much to Jack’s relief since the last thing he wanted to be right now was stressed.

“How is everyone doing?” She questioned in a joyous manner, going over to Jack and pressing her fingers into his belly in order to feel around and get an idea of what was going on with the younger man.

“Hmm, one of the babies feels like they’re in a funny position. I may have to do a quick ultrasound to see if everything’s alright. Are you okay with me doing that, Jack?”

The Irishman nodded his head even though, in this moment he was already feeling fed up with everything. The labour being enough to drain his energy and leave him utterly exhausted.

As the ultrasound had proved, it seemed that one of the babies was in a near-breech position and therefore the doctors decided that it was probably best that they further induced Jack’s labour since this could spell trouble for not only the babies, but Jack too.

He was wheeled into the birth unit of the hospital and was given an IV of oxytocin in order to induce his labour and from then on forward, Jack had been in the worst pain that he’d ever experience in his life.

Mark wasn’t even in the room yet and he could hear Jack’s cries within the hallway, causing his stomach to knot uncomfortably since he hated hearing his lover sound like that. He entered the room and it knotted more when he saw the position that he was in.

His whole body was hunched up on his side on the bed, shaking uncontrollably as he breathed in and out heavily. It was clear that after his induction, the pain must have gotten worse.

“Jack, you okay baby?” The Irishman heard his boyfriend’s voice and he turned to look at him, his
face unnaturally pale and glazed with sweat. Mark rushed over and held the other man in his arms, Jack cuddling into him and hiding his face in his chest.

“It hurts so much.. So much."

Mark felt tears prick at his eyes and he was quick to blink them away, rubbing Jack’s back and kissing the top of his head. “It’ll be over soon and then we’ll have our babies, just look forward to seeing our babies, Jack”

Managing a smile, the younger man looked up at the American and kissed him tenderly on the lips. “Okay, I’ll do it fer you.. And the babies” The older man smiled back at him, wiping away the tears that fell down Jack’s cheeks.

Another hour passed before Jack actually started feeling the urge to push, the hospital staff having now filled the room since this was quite a dangerous task to become part of. A male Omega giving birth to triplets was no laughing matter and everyone was on high alert for any more complications other than the slight breach before.

“Right Jack, I need you to be laid on your back and have your legs in these stirrups. Just let your body do the work, okay?”

Nodding his head at the doctor, Jack did as he was told and got himself into position, one of his hands holding Mark’s as he bore down for the first time since he’d gone into labour and began to push.

The grip on Mark’s hand tightened and he yelled out as his contractions toppled on top of each other and everything seemed to become much more intense than he’d anticipated. His whole body trembling as he listened to the doctors countdown from five, once they were done, he stopped and fell back against the bed.

“You’re doing so well” Mark assured, kissing Jack’s hand and squeezing it in reassurance but Jack felt like he was going nowhere. Another couple pushes and they seemed pointless as the babies didn’t even move, the Irishman feeling himself get frustrated.

“Ya know, this wouldn’t be happening if ya hadn’t fuckin’ knotted me four times in one night. Better safe than sorry my ass”

Mark’s eyes bulged as he heard what the younger man had growled out, unable to reply as Jack began pushing again and this time there was thankfully an improvement as one of the babies was finally coming.

“I-I’m sorry what?” The Irishman looked over at the other man, a sheer murderous look in his eyes. “Ya know what you’ve done t’me.. I’m practically fuckin’ dyin’ and it’s all yer fault” Mark looked over at the doctors in order to get some help but they just shrugged their shoulders.

“I wouldn’t worry too much. It’s common with labouring mothers to get like this and start blaming their partner”

But it still didn’t make Mark feel any better when Jack was being so cruel to him.

Finally, the first baby was born after another half an hour of endless pushing and when it was shown to them, it turned out that they had a baby girl. Mark’s eyes filled with tears immediately as he held the small thing in his arms.

“Holy shit.. We have a daughter..”
But their moment was cut short as the younger man was made to start pushing again, this time to birth their second child which took much longer than the first. The entire time, Jack cursed out Mark’s name and told him how he must have hated him so much to have him put through this kind of torture.

Their son was finally brought into the world around forty minutes after their daughter.

“Right Jack, we need you to really try with this baby. This was will most likely be the breach baby and we need them out as quick as possible so we can check on them” Jack nodded his head and began bearing down, Mark reassuring him the entire time but the Irishman was too angry to care and instead, still carried on smearing his lover’s name like dirt.

It took about thirty minutes, but finally their second son was born and it ended the horrid onslaught of Jack’s labour. Relief washing over him in waves as he stared over at the three children which had been housed inside him for nearly nine months, it was strange to think they were his.

After everything was tested and cleaned up, the doctors left both men alone with their children and Jack just couldn’t believe that he’d done it. That he’d managed to give birth to triplets.

“I’m sorry about befor..”

Being snapped out of staring at his daughter, Mark glanced over at his lover and couldn’t help but smile at him, kissing the top of his head. “You couldn’t help it so I understand. Before was hard, so I didn’t take it personally”

Jack breathed out in relief and kissed the older man on the lips, the connection chaste but feeling good since it had seemed like years since they’d last kissed even though it was only hours ago.

“So uh.. Names?” The Irishman looked down at both of his boys and smiled, pressing his lips to both of their tiny foreheads and watching their faces screw up at the touch. “How about Sam and William?”

Mark nodded his head, liking those names before he looked over at the small girl in his arms. “How about Maggie for her?” Feeling warmth spread in his chest, Jack nodded his head at the older man and knew for a fact that Mark was already falling for their daughter.

Nothing had felt more satisfying, knowing that finally, their children were apart of their world.
Request: Mark dreams about Jack being killed in a car accident in such detail, it was almost realistic. Marks wakes up crying, blubbering affection to Jack and Jack comforts him. Later on, they are in the car together and they get into an accident, Jack is fine. Mark not so much

The whole vehicle spun out of control, Mark clinging onto the steering wheel for dear life as he tried to stop themselves, his foot pressed so hard on the break he was sure it was going to break. The awful sound of screeching wouldn’t stop and it was causing his head to ache, Jack’s screams accompanying it as they found themselves being toppled over as the car finally lost balance and then, there was silence.

Mark opened his eyes and immediately looked over at Jack despite how blurry his vision was, the Irishman was still and blood dripped thickly from cuts that were dotted all over his mangled body. He knew for a fact that the man before him was not alive, not when his chest was as still as it was right now.

“Fuck..” The older man managed to croak, tears filling his eyes which only furthered to blur his vision. Jack was dead and he could have done something, he could have slowed the car down, he could have listened to Jack when he said they were going over the speed limit. He could have saved him.

Launching his body up in bed, Mark clutched his chest and panted hard as he tried to get over what had just happened. He looked around the room and realised that he was in his bedroom, the room silent apart from his heavy breaths and when he looked to the side of him, Jack lay there beside him. Peaceful and undisturbed.

And of course, alive.

Seeing him like that, only made the American feel more upset and he began to cry hard, unable to help it as the dream had seemed so real. He’d felt every bump of the vehicle, the noises of the tyres and even the sound of Jack as they’d finally flipped over and yet, it had all been a dream.

Jack stirred and opened his eyes to see Mark sat up in bed, head in hands and he could only assume that he was crying. “Mark?..” He asked gently, his heart beginning to pound in his chest since it was very unlike the older man to cry in front of him.

Hearing the sound of his lover’s voice, Mark looked over and his stomach knotted when he saw the Irishman looking up at him with concern in his eyes, he cried harder and this caused Jack to sit up, pulling the other man into his arms.

“Tell me what’s wrong..” Jack said gently, resting his chin on the top of Mark’s head and nuzzling into the softness of his hair, breathing in deeply as it smelled deliriously sweet.

The older man tensed for a short moment before he decided to speak. “I had a nightmare and.. And you died” Eyes bulging, the younger man knew that feeling since he’d had nightmares similar but
hadn’t really told Mark about them. He did know how he felt though. He kissed the top of his head and cuddled closer, holding his boyfriend as tight as he could. “It’s okay, it was only a nightmare and it wasn’t real. I’m here and I’m not dead. You have nothin’ t’ worry about Markimoo”

Mark looked up at his lover with a small smile and kissed him gently on the lips, watching as the Irishman also smiled and happened to blush slightly. “You’re right, you are here and I love you so much” Jack blushed more and he closed his eyes, exhaling softly through his nose in embarrassment.

“I love yeh too, ya big goof”

A week passed since the incident where Mark had found himself having a nightmare about Jack’s death and he’d finally been able to convince himself to go in the car again and take the other man out for dinner for the evening. It was the least he could do, since Jack had been so patient with him.

They drove out onto the highway and began to make their way up to a small restaurant not far from the main city of L.A, the entire time Jack spoke about how excited he was to finally be able to go somewhere romantic as just the two of them without their friends. Mark listened consistently, appreciating the sound of his boyfriend’s voice.

The weather at the minute was horrendous, it was currently storm season which meant Los Angeles was constantly being beaten with constant onslaughts of rain and hail and this meant driving was much more difficult since the roads happened to be constantly saturated.

Mark had tried to hide his anxiety as much as he could for Jack’s sake even though, as the rain worsened and it became harder to see the road in front of him, he still kept a smile on his face and continued his conversation with the Irishman as if he didn’t have a care in the world.

But maybe he shouldn’t have hidden it as much as he’d done.

The car lurched slightly as the tires caught in a pothole and Jack laughed as he was thrown forward in his seat slightly, Mark feeling the knots in his belly tighten as he kept his eyes firmly on the road and tried his hardest to still concentrate on Jack.

It soon became apparent that there must have been quite a few potholes as the car carried on lurching throughout the duration of their journey, the younger man soon stopping his laughter as he too began to realise that something wasn’t right.

“Um.. Maybe we should take a different route Markimoo.. This ride is gettin’ a bit bumpy, don’t ya think?”

Looking over at his lover for a split second, his stomach became uncomfortably tight when he saw the picture of concern plastered onto Jack’s face. “It’s only another ten minutes to the restaurant on the highway, just try to ignore it babe”

Nodding his head at him, the younger man laid his head back on the seat and tried to relax even if he was starting to feel slightly anxious that the car may or may not end up swerving if it happens to lurch once again.

More potholes came up and Jack started gripping at his carseat a little more tightly than he liked to, his heart beating way too fast in his chest and his stomach churning in an uncomfortable manner. “M-Mark.. Are we almost there?”

Just as he was about to answer, they went over another supposed pothole and the car tipped forward
violently, both men screaming in terror as glass shattered everywhere and the awful sound of metal crunching filled their ears. But just as the car settled onto the road, another slammed into them.

When Jack finally came to consciousness, the first initial sight that he came across was the car and that he was still inside it. His body was aching and he could feel the heat of his blood trickling down his face.

It ached so much that he found it incredulously painful to move but he managed to as he undid his seatbelt and he began to realise what position the car was in. It was thankfully back on all four wheels again, but the roof and Mark’s side were utterly caved in.

Mark.. Had he’d been alright?

Managing to turn his head to look over at the older man, his blood ran cold at the sight he saw.

Mark’s head was fallen forward and his usually perfect floofy hair was drenched in the red of blood, dripping down onto the headboard in front of him. His body was twisted into a strange position and yet, he could see that he was breathing.

“Mark?..” The Irishman whispered, his voice barely tolerable as he was wracked with pain but it seemed enough to stir the older man as his eyes flickered open and he inhaled deeply, almost hitched as if he’d been stabbed.

His brown eyes made their way toward the other man and they bulged, as if to say that his nightmare had come true and that caused a bout of nausea to shake Jack. “A-are ya okay?” Jack squeaked, trying to reach out for him.

But Mark didn’t say anything, a small tear trailed down his blood stained cheek and he closed his eyes again. The Irishman could only watch on in horror as his breathing began to slow until it finally stopped. His chest still.

And that’s when, in the distance, Jack could hear the sound of sirens.
Request: Jack's a virgin and he wants his first time to be with Mark

Jack felt ashamed to even think of it, to say it would be even worse. There was just something about it that made him feel insignificant and worthless whenever he thought about it. That he was twenty five years old and he still, he still hadn’t lost his virginity.

When he started dating Mark a year back, everything seemed like it was going smoothly. They went from first base, to second base and then to third base which was a huge surprise on Jack’s front since he’d never done that with anyone other than Mark.

But it was soon creeping toward the last and final base, the one that Jack had actually been dreading slightly. The one in which him and Mark would have sex.

Now, Jack wasn’t frigid, he quite enjoyed anything sexual whether that be through speech or through touch, but there was something about knowing that he’d lose his virginity after so many years of preservation. It was a little weird and daunting.

Mark had been polite enough to ask the other man about his experiences through the years, to get a better understand of what Jack knew and what he’d done. The older man knew he was a virgin and didn’t tease him about it and yet, he’d lost his virginity when he was sixteen and had done a lot since then.

He was more experienced than Jack and that terrified him more.

It just so happened, that Mark and Jack were making out while laid on the sofa one night. Their shirts strewn across the floor and both men readying themselves to give each others the best handjobs they’d ever had, when the Irishman stopped in his tracks, parting from Mark and giving him a bashful look.

“Everything alright babe?” Mark had asked gently, running his hand over the soft skin of Jack’s arm in a near soothing manner. The younger man sighed, lolling his head back in frustration. “I.. I wanna have sex with ya Mark.. But I don’t know how t’ go about it..”

The once lust-glazen expression in the American’s eyes melted away until it was just the soft brown that the younger man had come to love. “Are you sure? I mean we don’t have to, if you don’t want to” But Jack shook his head, adamant on his own behalf.

“No, I want this.. I want t’ have sex with ya”

Mark’s hands travelled down to Jack’s hips and held them, squeezing gently as he smiled up at the other man. “If that’s what you want Jackaboy, I won’t hold you back. But if you feel anything different throughout the night, tell me okay?”

Again, he nodded his head and began to unbutton his jeans, undoing the fly and allowing Mark to remove the rest of the clothing until he chucked it in the ever growing pile besides the couch. The older man ran his hands up and down the gorgeous build of his boyfriend’s body and bit his lip,
enjoying the sight.

“You’re fucking beautiful..” Mark whispered, leaning forward to press light kisses to Jack’s chest and trail it down his belly, the younger man closing his eyes and leaning into his touch as his body trembled in anticipation.

He felt as the American began to rut his hips into the base of Jack’s clothed ass, feeling his erection through the thin material and blushing darkly since it was such an unusual sensation.

Another pair of jeans were added to the pile and both men were finally in their underwear, Mark continuing the rutting and this time the sensation was much more vivid since Jack could feel every part of his cock rubbing against his asscheeks. His own length getting harder as he was aroused by the feeling.

“Y-yeh got lube?..” Jack whimpered, moving his hips back against his lover’s and pressing their clothed groins against each other in order to get more sensation, groaning under his breath as it felt deliriously good.

Mark nodded and hinted to the table beside the sofa, the Irishman raising his eyebrows in confusion at the other man since he couldn’t even fathom why it would be in there. “What? Sometimes I jerk off in the living room.. Don’t judge”

The younger man simply rolled his eyes and climbed off his boyfriend before he rummaged around the drawer of the table, picking up a small bottle of lubricant before wandering back over to Mark and sitting on him again.

“You ever been fingered before, Jackaboy?”

Hearing the way that the older man practically purred at him, Jack shook his head and allowed his body to tremble at the aspect of what was about to happen. Mark slowly peeled back his boxers, one hand resting on the plump of his ass until he fully removed the thin piece of clothing, throwing it in the clothes pile before his eyes met Jack’s again.

“Well you’re about to be now..” Coating three of his fingers in the lubricant, Mark watched as Jack grabbed his asscheeks and spread them for him. “Good boy..” He said with another purr, taking the first digit and allowing it to run circles over his hole.

“O-oh f-fuck..”

Jack stuttered, his hips jerking even though the other man hadn’t even entered him yet. The finger continued to tease until it slowly began to push in, the Irishman’s mouth falling open as his breath hitched and he spread his cheeks wider, staying balanced for Mark’s sake.

The American smirked and carefully drew out the digit before he thrusted it back inside him, his eyes focussed on Jack’s face the entire time since he got off to the expressions he made. “You like that baby?..”

Nodding his head, Jack whimpered and threw his head back as he felt the foreign thing inside him beginning to thrust in and out of him in a fast pace. “F-fuckin’ christ..” Mark added a second not long after and began to move that back and forth inside him, spreading his hole and watching Jack the entire time.

“Does that hurt?” Mark asked, concerned when he saw the pained look on his boyfriend’s face. “Jus’ a little bit.. I’ll get used t’ it..” The older man took his word for it and continued to thrust, getting a little bit faster and harder every time he drew out.
Moving his hand toward his mouth, the Irishman attempted to muffle the noises that dared escape it and that meant having to bite his knuckles which only delivered more pain. He wasn’t exactly being fully honest with Mark when he said it only hurt a little bit, it was quite painful since this was new but then again at the same time, it felt incredibly good.

The third digit was added and spread Jack to his complete limit, the younger man letting out a hoarse groan as pleasure and pain shot up in his body in an adrenaline inducing cocktail that had his body coated in sweat and for his muscles to tingle and ache with the desperation to be fucked.

“Mark.. Please fuck me.. Please..”

Breathing in deeply through his nose and closing his eyes at the sheer tone of his lover’s voice, Mark did as he begged and gently removed all three fingers from within the younger man. Beginning to take off his own boxers so his hard length was free to smack against his stomach, making him groan in the process.

When Jack looked down and saw the sheer size of Mark’s length, a small ball of anxiety started in his lower stomach and yet, the Irishman didn’t want to ruin the mood and therefore stayed quiet. But Mark must have picked something up, because he stopped.

“Hey, you alright?..” Mark asked, his hand gracing the younger man’s cheek and allowing his thumb to rub gently on his cheekbone. Jack leaned into the touch and smiled sweetly at the man below him. “Jus’ a bit nervous is all..”

Mark sat up slightly and kissed Jack on the lips, carding his hands through his hair as a way to reassure him. “Please tell me if you want this, I don’t want you to be unhappy when you lose your virginity.. I want this to be a good time for you..” The Irishman closed his eyes and exhaled softly, biting his lower lip.

“I do want this, but please be gentle Mark.. This is all so new”

The older man smiled, kissing him again. “I’ll go as slow as possible for you baby, anything so you’re happy” This caused warmth to spread in Jack’s chest and he nodded his head, watching as Mark grabbed his own length and began to slick it in lube, anxiety coming back but this time not as strong.

Feeling the head of his cock press against his entrance, shivers shot through Jack again and he felt his whole body cry for it to enter him. Both of them worked together, their bodies moving in sync as Jack slowly lowered himself onto Mark while Mark pushed up against him.

The entire time, as he felt himself become filled it was apparent that it did in fact, burn like hell but at the same time, he’d never felt so alive and fulfilled. To know that he was finally having sex with the man he loved, it could only make him smile.

“What you smiling at, you goof?” Mark teased, gripping his hips tightly as he guided him up on his cock again and then down again, going every so slowly for Jack’s sake. The man in question just giggled, resting a hand on Mark’s chest. “Jus’ how happy I am that yer the one fuckin’ me”

There were knots that grew in the older man’s belly and he couldn’t help but smile back at him. “I’m happy too baby..” And with that, he continued his pace until Jack was comfortable that they could go faster.

“If anything feels wrong, tell me..”

As they increased pace, it was sure thing that the Irishman felt nothing wrong at all. Nothing but
sheer and blissful pleasure that travelled up his core and down to the tips of his toes. “Y-yes.. Oh god Mark..”

Smiling as he knew that Jack was enjoying himself, the American pulled out once again and thrusted slightly harder, this time catching the other man’s prostate and watching the way his eyes happened to bulge right out of his skull and how his mouth opened so wide, he was sure it could have dropped to the floor.

Mark increased in pace again and started fucking the other man as much as he could without hurting him, Jack moving back against him so the only sound in the room was their moans and the noise of their skin smacking off each other. Jack found himself getting closer, his dick pounding straight into his prostate.

“I-I’m gonna come.. I’m gonna come!”

Jack threw his head back and yelled aloud as he felt his body finally let go, coming hard onto his belly and Mark’s chest while the man in question fucked him through his orgasm, also letting loose of his load since hearing him sound like that was too good to hold back from.

He collapsed on top of his boyfriend, his chest heaving as he attempted to get his breath back while Mark nuzzled his face into his hair, breathing in his scent. “Was that good?” The younger man nodded, cuddling closer to him.

“Thank yeh..” The Irishman whispered, kissing his neck and getting himself comfortable on top of him. Mark smiled, happy to know that his efforts had been appreciated and that he’d managed to help Jack lose his virginity.

“Anything for you, Jackaboy..”
Bite Me
Chapter Notes

Request: Person A is a vampire and Person B has a biting kink so A bites and drinks from B at the point of orgasm

There was nothing more a beautiful specimen than Jack. With his big blue eyes, his sweet-smelling soft hair and his body that any man would kill to claim as his own, Mark felt himself smug, acknowledging the fact that the body he was talking about, happened to belong to him.

Jack understood his possessive nature, if anything he found it hot how much the other man wanted to own him, to claim and protect him and have no one else touch him. It just showed that he was more than just a man, he was a prize that Mark swore to never tarnish. It may degrade him to be treated in such a way, but Mark wasn’t like any other man.

“You’re so fucking gorgeous, how lucky I am to have you as mine..” Mark growled one night, having pinned the Irishman against the bathroom door after their shared shower together, his hands tracing his body and touching every place that Jack allowed him to.

The younger man smirked, tilting his neck in a teasing fashion which had Mark growling. “Yeh might own me, Markimoo.. But you’ll never drink from me” He drummed his fingers against the jugular vein within his neck, stroking at it in a teasing fashion which had the man before him staring at it hungrily.

“You’re a bad boy, teasing me like that..

His voice was silky and thick, his body pressing against Jack’s and nuzzling his face against the exposed part of his neck, lapping his tongue against the daunting vein that he thirsted for daily, how Jack was cruel to him, not allowing him to drink.

Jack carded his hands through the thick of the American’s hair and pulled his head up, kissing him harshly on the lips which had the older man growling and slamming his whole torso into Jack’s. “Stop fucking teasing me.. I’ll drink you dry if you’re not careful.. Dirty slut..”

There was a soft scoff from the other man’s lips and he pulled at Mark’s hair, sticking out his tongue and grinning at him in a smug fashion. “It’s so fun watchin’ yeh get frustrated.. How can I not?”

Mark let out a low grumble and grabbed hold of Jack’s ass, squeezing roughly which earned a moan from the other man.

“Watch your tongue, McLoughlin.. I swear I will drink from you..” But again, Jack just laughed in his face, unable to believe him. “Yer threats are empty, Mark. If yeh really wanna drink from me, go ahead”

And with that, the Irishman tilted his head to the side and exposed the full of his neck to the older man, drumming his fingers against the vein again and swallowing thickly when he saw the way that Mark was staring.

“You’re so fucking beautiful.. How can I not?”
Feeling cocky, Jack grabbed Mark by the shoulder and pulled him close to his neck. “Go on. Do it.”

A few short seconds went by between both men before finally Mark gave in to his urges. His face pressed into his neck and he breathed in deeply, feeling his heart pound in his chest at the sheer smell of the blood that pumped below the thin surface of his skin.

“You won’t feel nothing but pleasure baby.. I’ll make sure of that..”

His fangs grew in sharp and he opened his mouth, sinking them into the soft flesh of Jack’s neck, blood immediately spurting from the puncture wounds created before he pulled off. “O-oh god!” The Irishman cried, his voice shrill at the pain brought.

But as Mark began to suck, his saliva mixed and it began to numb the stinging sensation so now instead, it felt glorious. Jack moaned aloud at the arousal that spread down from his neck, all the way down to his cock which stood high and mighty between both men.

“Dirty bitch..” The older man purred, grabbing hold of his length and beginning to jerk him off which caused Jack to keen under his touch. “Y-yes.. I’m a dirty bitch.. Yes..” Mark latched his mouth back onto his neck, sucking again and drinking the luscious flavour of his blood.

The entire time, the Irishman was finding it difficult to remain composed. His legs like jelly as he struggled to keep himself upright, Mark drinking him near dry of the thick red that continued to pour from his wounds. Mark opened his eyes, lidded with lust as he tugged at Jack’s cock harder, other hand teasing at his hole which had the younger man trembling more.

“I.. Fuck Mark..”

Heat began to build his lower abdomen but this was something different from all the times before. It felt so intense and hot, like his whole body was on fire and Jack felt his stomach ache as the heat became hotter and hotter, groaning softly and convulsing under Mark.

“Dirty slut wanna come?..” The Irishman nodded his head, his breath hitching as the older man sucked harder and harder at his neck and his hands continued to tease him below. The heat hurt him more, desperate to have it released before he collapsed on the floor beneath them.

With one final bite, Jack screamed his lover’s name as the load that been kept up so strongly inside was finally released, whole body spasming under the other man as Mark continued to drink him until he was finally full. His tongue delicately lapping at the wounds and sealing them completely.

He moved away from Jack and caught him in his arms as his legs finally gave way, carrying him bridal style to the bedroom where he lay him down on the bed and kissed his forehead. “Thank you for that darling.. That was very satisfying..”

Jack smirked, kissing Mark on the lips and chuckling softly. “Gotta say, that was very satisfyin’ fer me too..”
Trapped

Chapter Notes

Request: Can Jack have a panic attack in an elevator and Mark be there to comfort him?

If you experience panic attacks or happen to be triggered by mentions of them, please do not read this fic.

There was nothing worse than having to wake up early on a Saturday.

As Jack dragged his heavy feet through the revolving doors of the Youtube office and looked around the gigantic building, his only thoughts were that he wanted to go home. The one thing stopping him was Mark who had a firm grip on his hand, pulling him through the crowd and toward the lifts that would take them up the building.

“I think they booked this appointment t’day on purpose..” Jack muttered, rubbing sleep out of his eyes as Mark pressed the button for the elevator. “Oh stop being such a big baby” The older man chided, squeezing the other man’s hand as the button flashed green.

“But yeh know I hate wakin’ up.. Surely if they actually watched my videos, they’d know that..”

Mark did all but ignore his complaints, watching as the doors to one of the lifts open and both him and Jack stepped inside, choosing their floor before the grey metal doors slowly slid shut behind them. “God I hate elevaters..”

Giving him a confused looked, Mark leaned against one of the walls of the lift and made himself comfortable as they began to scale the many floors that made up the Youtube office building. “I’m gonna go on a limb and ask why?” Jack sighed, rubbing his face with both hands as he let out a groan.

“I’m always afraid I’m gonna get trapped in one..”

Just as he said that, the lights inside the lift suddenly flickered weirdly and there was the horrible noise of creaking which caused the entire elevator to sway and shake as it abruptly came to a halt. Both men looked at each other in shock and they heard the noise of the automated voice say. ‘The lift is experiencing malfunctions at this current time. Please use a different lift as this one will require repairs’

“Are ya fuckin’ kiddin’ me?” The Irishman said, his voice exasperated and panicked at the same time as he stared at the doors and felt his heart beginning to pound, throat drying up of all saliva so it became more difficult to swallow. Mark sensed his fright and went up to him, placing a hand on his shoulder which caused Jack to jump, backing away from the other man.

Rolling his eyes, Mark went over to the button panel and clicked the service button, hearing the intercom burst to life and crackle before they heard a voice on the other end. “Hello, how can we be of service to you today?”

“Hey, the elevator has kinda stopped and I think we’re stuck. Is it possible that you can get us out?”
There was discussion on the other end before the voice went back to the intercom. “Of course, would you like us to stay with you sir and keep you calm?” Jack was about to open his mouth and scream ‘yes’ at them but it seemed he had no say in the situation.

“No thanks, I have my boyfriend here to keep me sane but thank you for your help” Even in the most stressful of times, Mark’s politeness always got the better of him. “Okay, stand by and we’ll have a technician out to you as soon as we can”

And with that, the intercom went dead and the younger man stared at it as if the whole contraption had instantaneously exploded, his eyes bulging out of his skull and his stomach twisting with sickness.

“Did ya jus’ tell me them not t’ stay with us? What the fuck Mark??”

The older man went over to him and held his shoulders, trying to keep him still as it seemed he was about to launch himself at him. “Baby, calm down. I know this isn’t ideal but we won’t get through this any easier if you end up panicking and getting angry”

Jack sighed heavily and felt his whole belly churning at the sheer worry and anxiety that came from knowing he was trapped in such a claustrophobic environment. He moved away from Mark and leaned against one of the corners of the room, his mouth getting drier the more he thought about how trapped he was.

“Jack?..”

But the Irishman’s brain wasn’t working. Jack stared out at the doors and felt his whole chest tighten and untighten uncomfortably. The idea of the lift potentially collapsing to the bottom floor floating around in his head, the idea of them being stuck for so long that they die of dehydration and then the idea that the whole confined space runs out of air and they suffocate in the small environment.

All these elements began to make Jack panic and he wasn’t afraid to hold that emotion back.

“We-we’re gonna die.. Oh god, I want out Mark.. I want out!” Mark’s eyes widened for a short second when the other man suddenly started yelling, his voice distressed and panicked which only caused Mark to worry. “We’re not gonna die, stop being silly Jack!”

Yet, it seemed any sane state of mind had been tossed at the window at this point for the younger man. He started to cry, sliding down against the metal walls of the lift and hiding his face in his knees as he’d pulled them up to his chest.

“We’re gonna die.. We’re gonna die.. We’re gonna die..”

Mark went right over to him, pulling Jack’s head up and looking him directly in the eyes. “Now look here, we’re not going to die. Stop saying that” The Irishman ignored him though, panicking more since he hated that his boyfriend was getting angry.

“I don’t wanna be trapped in here! I don’t wanna die in here! We’re gonna run out of air..” He began to hyperventilate, his head spinning as he took in too much oxygen at once. “..we’re gonna run out of air”

Feeling frustrated, the American did the only thing he thought would work and smacked Jack across the face, hoping that would bring him back to him. “We are going to run out of air if you keep breathing like that!” But this didn’t seem to go anywhere and Jack only got more fearful.

“We are gonna run out of air?! Oh god.. Oh god.. Mark I don’t want t’ die!”
Jack started crying more, holding the reddening mark on his cheek where Mark had smacked him. The older man sighed softly and pulled his lover into his arms, holding him close and kissing his forehead as a way to soothe him.

“We’re not going to die. Stop saying that. Nothing will happen to you while I’m here, I won’t let anything happen to you”

He kissed his forehead again and nuzzled into his hair, kissing that too as he felt just how badly the other man was trembling in his arms. “Nothing will happen to you, I’ve got you Jack.. I’ve got you” Jack hid his face in his boyfriend’s chest, crying heavily as he attempted to let his emotions loose.

“Y-yeh promise?..” Mark felt his heart gain warmth at the sheer childishness of his lover’s voice. “I promise baby, I won’t let anything happen to you” He tipped his head back by his chin and kissed him chastely on the lips.

At that moment, both men were startled by the whole elevator swaying and for the sound of a soft ‘vrrring’ to start as it began to move. Mark and Jack smiled at each other, relief pouring in their veins.
Knocked Out

Chapter Notes

Request: Mark fucks Jack until he passes out. (Multi Orgasms or the sex was just that good, you choose)

“Mark! Fuck me harder Mark! Fuck!”

Jack’s cries echoed throughout the room, his eyes closed so tight his eyes began to see colours and his mouth open so wide that it began to dry at the lack of saliva to moisten it. His moans were like music to Mark’s ears, furthering him to continue.

He did as his boyfriend had begged, increasing pace as he started fucking him harder and harder until the entire sofa was creaking under the extreme acts of their intimate scene. Mark then pinned the other man beneath him, holding his arms above his head as he pressed kisses and hickeys to the beautiful exposure of his chest.

The Irishman could only burn and melt under his touch, feeling nothing but pleasure from the other man as he felt his hole be pounded gloriously by the older man’s lengthy cock, loving the sensations that it brought at he’d felt himself get closer to orgasm.

“Mark yes.. Fuck me harder yes..” Mark hitched the younger man’s legs over his shoulders and went as hard as he could, Jack crying out as he began to rut right against the sweet spot deep inside of him. “You feel so good Jack.. You’re so tight” He moaned, fucking his boyfriend even faster which had the man beneath him keening.

Their pace together became much more rough, the couch began to move with them, scraping against the wooden floor and the springs aching underneath them as they sprang and groaned with the weight of both men. The whole room was only filled with those noises, alongside the luscious moans that escaped Jack and the grunts that partially left Mark if a particular thrust felt good.

“You close baby?” Mark whispered at one point, bending down to suck a large hickey to the underside of his jaw which he knew he’d had to hide later much to Jack’s irritation. “Yes.. Fuck me baby.. I’m almost there..”

Wanting to watch the moment where Jack finally lost all control. The older man thrusted and bucked his hips with as much power as he could give, their bodies slamming together in a masochistic fashion that had both pain and pleasure rushing through the Irishman’s body at the way he was broken open by his lover.

There was no doubt how close he was.

Mark experimented and angled himself, going straight for Jack’s prostate which had the younger man moaning his name hoarsely, his voice instead of going lower, going higher until he was practically screaming.

“God yes! Mark! I’m there! I’m so there!”

Finally, after another harsh thrust against the spot that made the Irishman’s toes curl uncontrollably.
Jack felt wave upon wave of earth-shattering orgasm crash down upon him in a glorious fashion, his whole body numb to the world around him as he came hard between him and Mark, the load spilling against their bellies before his vision dared to blur itself.

Before he could even bask in the afterglow, the intensity of his climax got the better of him and he passed out just as Mark followed along, filling him with his load.

When Mark was able to speak again, he looked up from his lover’s chest to see that Jack was no longer conscious and that caused him to laugh in amusement. “Jack?” He asked, humour in his voice. But the younger man made no sign of life, knocked out by the sheer power of his orgasm.

“Holy shit.. Who knew I was that good?”
Another whine left the younger man, his face buried so deep into the pillows he was sure he was going to suffocate. His whole body was trembling with sensation and yet, he couldn’t shake this upset pang of hurt that dared keep itself in his lower belly.

The thing was, this act that he was about to commit with Mark would be his last. This was no normal fling or sexual endeavour. Mainly because after this, him and Mark would be separated and yet, for the sake of it, they’d decided to have sex before they broke up.

It was Mark’s wanting entirely, they’d been discussing for a while that this relationship wouldn’t work especially with them still having not come out to their fanbases. So finally, after nearly half a year of dating, both men had agreed to part ways.

But not before the older man had suggested one last bout of celebratory sex to commemorate the relationship they had together. Even though Jack had been hurting inside, he couldn’t bare to say no to him and went along with it.

And now here they were, in Mark’s apartment in his room going at it like animals. Well, they weren’t having sex yet but they were at the stepping stones toward it. The Irishman couldn’t help but let a few tears slip despite the pleasure he was experiencing as the man behind him ate him out.

“You enjoying this?” The American asked, his voice no longer having that heart melting purr which Jack had come to love over the months they’d been dating. Jack simply nodded his head and whined again, feeling as Mark leaned in and lapped his tongue at his hole, tasting him as he plunged the muscle deep inside and had shivers coursing through the younger man’s body.

He finished soon after though and was soon pressing the head of his cock against him, Jack trembling with anticipation as he gripped at the bedsheets and prepared himself for what was about to happen.

It hurt more because Mark had purposely told him for them to go doggy, maybe he didn’t want to see his face anymore.

More of his length entered him and Jack felt his legs fall apart at the sensation that came from being filled with the other man’s dick. “O-oh god..” The Irishman stuttered, a broken moan leaving his throat as he hid his face further in the pillows.

Once Mark was fully seated inside of him, the older man pulled out and was quick to push in again, repeating this action until he was fucking Jack hard and slow. The entire time, the man in question just pushed through it, unable to comprehend the arousal he was feeling as Mark fucked him good.

He was going to miss this. Miss being the only one that Mark had sex with, to know that he’d be doing this with other people, only served to hurt Jack more.

As he increased in pace, Mark suddenly had a change in heart and was quick to pull out of the
younger man for a short instant before he sat beneath him, guiding Jack back down on his cock as he decided to go for cowboy style now.

“Are.. Are ya sure?” Jack asked, feeling cautious since he was so sure of now that Mark didn’t want to think of the Irishman while they were having sex and yet, he was going to be looking him directly in the face.

The older man just gave him a simple smile and continued to lower him down, Jack assisting also until he was fully seated on Mark’s length. He sighed contently, moving himself upward in time to the other man’s hips until they were moving together at a perfect rhythm.

Having gotten distracted by the pleasure and with this, having closed his eyes. He was unaware of the other pair of eyes which were currently staring at him. Mark was admiring the other man, completely lost in the sight of his gorgeous body as he fucked him, in a way, he felt regret that he was breaking up with him.

When Jack opened his eyes again, he was met with Mark’s and began to blush when he saw how he was looking at him. Both their eyes were lidded with lust and they stared at each other intently as they moved together, panting softly and sweat coating their bodies. It was a risky move, but Jack leaned in and kissed Mark on the lips.

It was just his luck, that the American kissed back just as hard.

They made out heavily, their tongues fighting for dominance while they hungered for each other’s taste. Their moans became muffled as they shared no space, pressed against one another as if, if they didn’t touch each other they’d die.

Their bodies seemed to collide more, their skin brushing off each other and both men feared that they’d chafe if they weren’t careful. Mark opened his eyes again and parted their kiss, still thrusting into Jack as he whispered against his lips. “I love you so much.. I want nothing more than to be with you.. Don’t go..”

Jack felt his whole body go up in flames as the sweet words that spilled from the older man’s lips, his heart pounding in his chest and his stomach knotting as he didn’t want to lose Mark either, he loved him so much and he ached to tell him that.

“I love yeh too.. I don’t want t’ go.. I want t’ stay with ya”

As they stared at one another with small smiles on their faces, they shared another kiss and continued their ravishing of each other into the night. They continued until both man couldn’t bare to go any longer and they slept good, knowing happily what they’d managed to save.
Fun With Fanfiction

Chapter Notes

Request: One where they read a smutty septiplier fanfic together and Jack is super embarrassed but Mark is really confident and tries to make moves on Jack and then Mark finally kisses him and things get hot.

“You ready?” Mark asked with a giggle, a huge grin on his face as he felt himself excited for what was about to happen while Jack on the other hand, not so much.

They were at the Grumps Studio, currently about to film a challenge video together in the privacy of Mark’s own recording room. They’d had it set out so that the camera was balanced on the desk to watch them both, but Jack felt like the entire time like it was just focussed on him.

Jack reluctantly nodded his head at the man before him, staring down at his phone which had the words ‘SEPTIPLIER FANFICTION’ written across the screen in bold letters that if anything, made him feel slightly embarrassed.

The older man leaned over toward the camera and switched it on, the small red light flickering on which indicated that it had begun to record. “Hello everybody! My name is Markiplier and welcome to the fanfiction reading with the one and only Jacksepticeye!”

Waving at the camera in an awkward fashion, the younger man felt that he needed to stay a little bit more calmer than he did in his usual videos since this was Mark’s and he didn’t want to seem like he was trying to take over it.

“So the drill is quite simple. Me and Jack have to get through as much ‘septiplier’ smut as possible and if one of us chickens out, we have to drink hot sauce as punishment!” He picked up the small bottle and showed it to the camera, there was just something weird about Mark and hot sauce, almost as if he were addicted to it.

They both picked up their phones and scrolled down until they reached the first couple lines of the story. Both men shared an almost regretful look before they returned to their phones and Mark was the one to begin reading.

‘Jack knew that he shouldn’t. He shouldn’t be thinking of Mark naked right now. He shouldn’t be masturbatig to that idea, especially while sat on Mark’s bed while he showered’

The Irishman felt blood rush to his face and he blushed, feeling slight guilt since he had happened to do something similar to that in the past, he ignored it for now but still felt embarrassed to think that someone was nearly depicting his life through a story.

‘Mark emerged from the shower, shakin’ his floofy hair and then towel dryin’ it efficiently until the hairs stood on end. The apartment seemed eerily quiet so he tied the towel around his waist, goin’ t’ investigate what Jack was doing’

Both men shared another look and Jack could only hope to god that his cheeks weren’t too noticeably red.
‘Jack was lost in his own little world. Nothing else but the idea of Mark fucking him hard and rough. He plunged his fingers inside himself and worked himself. Moaning softly as he tugged his cock harder, feeling himself getting closer’

Now things were getting uncomfortably real for Jack’s liking, the entirety of his face and neck flushed a deep red and there was no denying that Mark would be able to see that now. The Irishman had never felt so embarrassed and flustered in all of his life. He might as well be reading a confession from him since these accounts were so much like real life.

‘Mark was gettin’ more and more worried. Where was Jack? He wasn’t in the spare bedroom or downstairs. His only assumption bein’ that he must be in his room. Why he’d be in there, Mark didn’t know. But he wasted no time in goin’ in, only t’ be met with a surprisin’ image on his bed’

Jack stared down at the floor after that last paragraph, the next one was extremely filthy and Mark was going to be the one to say it. To think that the American was going to describe Jack fucking himself, was just another level entirely.

‘Jack was laid on the bed. His legs spread wide apart and bare of any clothing to cover them. His hands were all over himself, one tugging at the beauty of his flushed length while the other had fingers inside him, fucking himself hard. Mark’s cock grew at the sheer sight and he couldn’t help the groan that wanted to escape him. Jack looked majestic right now’

There was no denying that the younger man wanted to melt into a puddle right on the floor, right here, right now. Yet, he was stuck having to read the next paragraph which if anything, was just as filthy as the last. Mark seemed to notice his discomfort as he was peering at him through his phone. His expression almost suggestive.

“What’s wrong, Jackaboy? Can’t take a smutty fanfiction?”

The younger man scoffed fakely and tried to look confident, but it didn’t help when his whole body was on fire and his face was the colour of a fresh fucking tomato. Jack wanted to run out of the room, out of the building in order to breath fresh air and twist his blurred mind back around. But there was something about Mark reading about him in such a way, that had him throbbing inside.

“Sure about that? You seem a bit flushed..” But the Irishman tried to remain cocky, a devious grin on his face as he puffed out his chest and looked at his phone, about to speak again when he saw that Mark was staring at him again. Only this time, his eyes seemed to be glazed.

And that glazing happened to be lust.

He tried to ignore what he saw and attempted to speak again but he was getting so flustered, the older man was obviously aware that Jack had caught sight of him and in that moment, was staring that little bit more darkly at him. “What?..”

Mark smirked, a dangerous expression on his face. “Nothing, I just like seeing how embarrassed you’re getting. Something you’re not telling me?” But before he even got a chance to reply, the other man was upon him, their lips against each other before he could even register that he was being kissed.

Of course, he returned it with as much hunger as the man against him. He felt hands travel up toward the back of his head and one rested in his hair, pulling at it while the other held the side of his face, stroking his cheek.

Jack returned the actions, both hands on the older man’s cheeks as they grazed against the harsh
stubble on his face, the Irishman feeling himself becoming more aroused than embarrassed now as Mark tasted deliriously good.

When they finally parted, both red-faced and panting, there was only one thing on Mark’s mind.

“Wanna do it on the desk?”

Jack smirked at him and nodded, he didn’t need to be asked twice.
Long-distance relationships were hard, but they were something that Jack had come to get used to over the years of him dating people. So when he found himself falling for Mark and had finally managed to admit his feelings to him over ‘Skype’ only to get Mark saying the same, it came to no surprise to him that their relationship was to be mainly technology based.

The Irishman was currently laid on his bed, it was eight at night there in Ireland and he was terribly bored waiting for Mark to come onto ‘Skype’ to call him. They’d been doing that for a least a month now. Ringing each other for hours on end over phone call until Jack fell asleep.

Nothing could be better than Mark’s voice soothing him to sleep, except this time, Jack wanted it to be different.

Finally, his phone began to go off as the man he’d been waiting for started ringing him. He felt himself giddy and was quick to answer the device, putting it up to his ear as he got himself comfortable in his bed and smirked to himself.

“Hey handsome..” Came the familiar deep purr of his boyfriend’s voice, making the younger man shiver since he sounded almost as if he’d just woken up. “How come yeh sound tired?” Was his immediate response, hearing Mark scoff into the microphone.

“Well hello to you too.. I had a nap before you rang me, been pretty tired today so I needed to recharge my batteries..”

Jack nodded to himself and then decided to respond. “My poor Markimoo, all sleepy.. So, what yeh up t’?” He asked, his voice changing in depth as a devious grin appeared on his face.

“Nothing much.. Just sat in bed, haven’t got much to do right now” Inside his head, the younger man felt relief since it seemed like Mark wasn’t busy and therefore, he could say what he’d been wanting to ask. “So uh.. Would ya like t’do somethin’?..”

There was a short pause as it seemed that the American was registering the tone of his lover’s voice, obvious that he’d caught on to what Jack wanted him to do. “And what’s that Jackaroooney?..” The Irishman blushed furiously, glad that Mark couldn’t see him.

“Wanna talk dirty with me?..”

Again, there was a couple seconds of silence as the older man took in what he said and then, he heard a soft and shaky exhale from the other side of his phone. “Sure..” Was Mark’s only response, Jack listening in as he heard the sound of bedsprings which only made him assume that Mark was getting comfortable on his bed alike him.

“So.. What do ya wanna talk about?..” Mark asked, the tone of his voice now seedy and hot, causing the Irishman to close his eyes and shiver, having to hold back a moan since he loved it when Mark
got like this. “Talk about how yeh would fuck me.”

“Now that, I can do.”

There was the sounds of shifting again before they stopped completely, hearing as Mark breathed heavily into the microphone. “I sometimes lay awake at night. Imagining you beside me. I’d turn to you, place my arms around you and pull your body close to mine, my cock is already hard so I bury it in your clothed ass. What do you do?”

Jack closed his eyes again and exhaled shakily, his whole body starting to shiver as the older man aroused him by talking in his silky voice. “I’d smirk, pressin’ my ass against yer cock and startin’ t’ make yeh harder. I’d probably start whimperin’, wantin. yeh to pull my pants down.” At the same time as he said that, he began palming his length over the material of his boxers.

“Heh.. Then I would begin kissing your neck, littering you in my mark as I bite and nibble at your flesh. I’d start grinding against you harshly, one of my hands stroking at the bulge in the front of your underwear. I’d start whispering dirty nothings in your ear, telling you how much you’re mine.”

A soft moan escaped the Irishman’s lips and he palmed himself harder, beginning to dip his hand under the waistband as he felt desperate to touch himself bare. “I’d start moanin’ fer ya. Tellin’ ya how much of a naughty boy I am.. That I need t’be punished.”

There was a sharp hiss from Mark into the microphone and Jack could only guess he wasn’t the only one who’d been contemplating masturbation.

“Fuck.. You moaning would only make me grind against you harder. I’d start pulling your boxers down and press my length against your cheeks, rutting more and wanting to fuck you so much.” Mark practically growled, the younger man being quick to pull off his underwear in real life and toss them into the side of his bed as he looked down, his eyes widening at the sight of how hard he was as it rested on his belly, leaking precum in a small puddle.

“I’d open my legs fer ya.. Wantin’ t’ feel yer hot cock against my taint.. To hit off my hole and make me tremble and beg fer ye to enter me.”

Mark chuckled on the other end, obviously amused. “I’d close your legs again and press my dick between your thighs, starting to fuck them nice and hard while I’m brushing off everything. Your hole, your taint and your balls. Nothing is safe from my cock.”

Biting down on his lip, a guttural moan left the other man and he grasped onto his length harder, tugging himself at the sheer images that Mark was implanting into his brain.

“God that would be so good baby.. I’d be whinin’, lovin’ yer cock against my ass. Fuckin’ my thighs. But I’d want yeh t’be inside me. I’d be so desperate.” Another chuckle but this time, he could hear Mark’s breath hitching, he wasn’t the only one getting off to the conversation.

“I’d lube up my fingers just for you. Spread you open as I finger-fuck you hard and still fuck your thighs. I’d make your whole body on edge, nothing left alone as my other hand rubs at one your nipples. I would make sure there was always something giving you pleasure.”

Jack whined loudly and tossed himself off even harder, his flushed cock jerking at the images that still swam around in his brain as the American continued to talk dirty to him, his voice basically pornographic material in itself. “I’d fuck myself against yer fingers. Running my hands through my hair and pullin’ at it since ya would feel so good. I would moan ya name, never stoppin’ as you fuck me harder with yer fingers.”
“Baby.. Send me a video of you jerking it.. I wanna see” Mark suddenly interrupted, his voice still deep and heated which only made more heat pool in Jack’s lower belly. He turned on his camera on his phone and pressed the record button, beginning to film himself as he got off to their conversation.

“God.. You’re so hot baby..”

The older man grumbled when the Irishman finally sent the video not long after he’d been asked to film it. They continued to talk dirtier, sending videos in-between of their dicks as they jerked them, Jack always feeling numb whenever he saw Mark’s large length, knowing one day he’d be fucked by it.

“I’d fill you nice and thick with my cock, fuck you harder and harder until you’re seeing nothing but stars. Drooling as you call out my name and beg me to go faster, you’d be so tight and it would feel so good.. Me fucking you deeply until you’re crying with pleasure”

Jack felt a familiar sensation begin in his abdomen, grunting softly as he knew for a fact that he was getting closer to orgasm, but just as he was about to pull his phone out and film his climax, Mark sent a video through. Turns out that he wasn’t the first to come.

The video itself was beautiful, it depicted Mark’s final moments as he jerked his length faster and faster until come came flying from it in luscious spurts and landed on his toned and tanned belly, making the heat in Jack become intense as he finally lost himself too.

He came hard, filming every moment of his orgasm as he moaned and cried Mark’s name, hoping the older man would hear every moment of it as he finally finished what they had started. Jack sent the video, listening to the way that the man on the other side of the phone groaned, obviously aroused by the sight.

“That was so good baby.. I had fun, I can tell you that now..” The Irishman laughed gently, wiping his come off his hand and onto the sheets before he lay down in his bed. “It was, but I’ve tuckered myself out so I’m gonna go. I have you have a nice day handsome”

There was a soft chuckle before Mark replied. “I hope you have a nice sleep beautiful.. Love you” Jack felt himself blush, hiding his face in the sheets with embarrassment.

“Love yeh too.. Ya doof”

But just before he fell asleep, Jack looked at the video that Mark had sent him and smirked, pressing the small save icon and whispering to himself. “Just in case..”
A heavy sensation sat itself in Jack’s belly, his heart aching and his brain a mess of insecure and dark thoughts as he stared at the front door, begging to god that at least one point in the night, Mark would walk through it.

It had been nearly two hours since the time in which Mark had promised to return home and Jack was starting to feel worried, concerned that maybe he’d gotten lost on the way home from the bar or that someone that kidnapped him or he’d fallen asleep in an alleyway somewhere. Endless thoughts swam through Jack’s head as he continued to stare at the door in front of him.

And that’s when it finally opened and Mark stumbled in, a drunken mess.

Jack stood up and stormed right over to the older man, holding his shoulders to keep him balanced as it seemed he couldn’t even stay coherent enough to stay still in one place.

“Where have yeh been?”

Snorting at him, Mark pushed the Irishman off of him and staggered over to the sofa, collapsing on it. “I was having a good time at the bar and a guy started chatting me up, I found it hilarious and decided to flirt with him. I didn’t do anything though..”

Eyes bulging at his statement, the younger man was quick to stand over Mark and glare at him, not caring if something happened or not. “Y-ya did what? Yeh spent nearly two hours flirtin’ with this guy?” Mark nodded, his eyes lidded in his hammered demeanor.

The Irishman couldn’t take this and was quick to snap at him, not liking how laid-back Mark seemed to be about this. “D’ya realised I was fuckin’ worried sick about ya? Worried that my lovin’, faithful boyfriend was lost or somethin’. But as it seems no, he was just at a bar chattin’ up a fuckin’ guy like he was single again”

Mark rolled his eyes at him and managed to pull himself up off the couch, giving Jack a disdained look before he went toward the kitchen, unable to put up with this now when he was so drunk and tired.

“It was just some harmless fun, get over it”

But Jack wasn’t going to get over it, not when he’d been worrying so much about him. “That’s not the fuckin’ point. I’ve been worried sick yeh asshole!”

Turning to look at him, the older man then proceeded to flip him off and search through the fridge for more booze, this caused anger to bubble in the Irishman’s belly and he stomped over to him, slamming the fridge door and standing in front of Mark.

“You’ve got some fuckin’ nerve ya know that? I could easily kick yeh out right now and yet, I’m
bein’ fuckin’ patient. Cut me some slack and apologise, you’ve hurt me and yer not acknowledgin’ it”

The American smirked at him and ruffled his hair, leaning over to press a half-assed kiss to the top of his head as he wandered over to the breakfast bar in the kitchen and sat on it. “Yeah, yeah.. Okay Jack.. Whatever you say” The sarcasm in his voice only caused the younger man to be hurt more, his chest feeling tight so he found it difficult to breath.

“Ya know what, fuck you Mark. Get the fuck out of this apartment, I don’t want t’ see ya t’night. Go sleep at a fuckin’ motel or somethin’!”

Now Mark was starting to sober up, his eyebrows furrowed in anger and he stood up from the stool he’d been sat on. “This is my apartment Jack, so if anything, I should be kicking you out!”

Jack looked at him with a disgusted expression on his face. “D’ya even hear yerself right now? D’ya hear how fuckin’ pretentious ya sound? Jus’ apologise and this will be over” But the older man didn’t seem to want to give in.

“Get the fuck out Jack. I’m sick of looking at your face. Maybe I should have fucked that guy, just to serve you right!”

Feeling his heart shatter into what felt like a million pieces, Jack swore that he was close to vomiting. His pulse hammering in his ears and his head becoming dizzy and empty. “Do.. Do ya mean that?” A small tear slipped past his eye as he blinked, feeling more fill up as he couldn’t believe that his lover had said such a harsh thing to him.

Too drunk to realise what he’d said, the American looked on with a smug expression and crossed his arms tight against his chest. “Yeah I did, if it meant shutting you up then of course I would”

The younger man moved away from him and leaned against the kitchen counter, feeling nauseated as his head wouldn’t stop spinning. Tears started falling thick from his eyes and he began to cry heavily, collapsing so that his head was hidden in his arms as he sobbed.

It seemed that the sound of the other man’s crying, was enough to rouse Mark out of his drunken condition.

“Jack.. I..” Mark felt the strong pang of guilt in his stomach and he bit down hard on his lip, knowing what he’d said was utterly inappropriate and therefore he knew for a fact he needed to apologise.

“Baby, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean it, I’m honestly so sorry” Wandering right up to him, the older man wrapped his arms around him tightly and kissed the back of his head, feeling how Jack shook and trembled as he continued to cry. “Why did ya say such a horrible thing, Mark? That hurt so much.. I love you”

“I don’t know. I was just so angry and I needed to say something that would silence you.. Just turns out I wasn’t thinking and I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you baby.. I love you too” Mark kissed the back of his neck again and nuzzled into him, holding him tight in his embrace.

Jack turned so that he was cuddled into his chest, tears still pouring from his eyes. “I should’ve realised how inappropriate I was tonight. I promise I won’t do anything like that again” The Irishman smiled, kissing the side of his neck and holding him closer.

“I guess you’ve realised yer mistakes. But yeh owe me Fischbach..”
The older man chuckled gently and tilted his chin back, kissing him chastely on the lips. “Sounds like a plan, Jackaboy..”
Setting up the camera on top of his desk like he always did, Mark made sure that everything was in
perfect proportion and view and then smiled to himself when it seemed like he’d done a good job of
making sure that this video tonight was going to be filmed successfully, mainly because the last one
had failed after Jack had knocked the camera over.

Once he was confident with the angle and quality of the recording, he clicked the record button on
the camera and it began to play. A smirk appeared on his lips as he called Jack into the room and the
younger man entered with a rather swarve stance before he pressed himself into his boyfriend.

“Oh hey..” He said in his thick Irish drole, kissing him full on the lips before parting to start undoing
the belt on Mark’s jeans.

The camera was focussed entirely on their lower halves so it got to see everything as the leather slid
through the loops of his jeans and then fell to the floor with a soft thud, the buttons on his jeans
coming next and then the fly before Jack pulled them down fully and they too landed on the floor.

It was clear to see that Mark was hard through the thin material of his boxers and Jack made fine
work of palming him through it, slowly getting down on his knees in front of his crotch and the
camera and winking at it in a teasing fashion. He began to tug down the waistband of his underwear
in order to free the older man’s large length.

When it came free, Jack was quick to place his lips upon it and litter the heated flesh in his kisses
before his whole mouth swallowed the head within an instant. A soft moan escaped the man above
him and this caused the Irishman to smirk, taking all of him at once with a swift move of his head
which had Mark tightening grabbing hold of Jack’s hair.

“Oh god.. Yes..” The older man groaned, starting to fuck the other man’s face in a painfully slow
pace which had him nearly keening, the man in question keeping his eyes shut and the suction
around his cock firm, unfazed as he started fucking his mouth harder.

Both men felt they’d done enough after a while and Jack moved his face away from his length,
gasping aloud and watching the trail of saliva fall as it connected his lips to the head of Mark’s dick.
He looked up at his boyfriend and then at the camera, winking at it again before he stood up and
now Mark found it was his turn to go down on Jack.

After their session of blowjobs, Mark skipped foreplay completely when he turned Jack around so
his back was facing the camera and then proceeded to bend him over, exposing the fact that he’d had
a buttplug in the entire time.

“Oh shit, does that feel good baby?”

Mark purred, grabbing hold of the toy and thrusting it back and forth inside his hole which had the
younger man whining softly as he spread his legs and carried on letting Mark fuck him with the
buttplug until out of the blue, he roughly removed it and threw it onto the floor, exposing just how spread the other man was.

“Dirty bitch..” The American growled, turning him so his side now faced the camera but he was still bent over, Mark stood behind him and pressed the head of his cock against his hole, pushing it all the way in with no stopping points which had Jack moaning aloud at the sheer sensation it brought.

Grabbing hold of his hips, Mark started pounding into him with no preparation or warning and snatched the hair at the back of his head, pulling Jack up so that more of him went inside the Irishman. “Fuck.. You feel so good baby..”

The entire time, the younger man remained silent to only let out moans and groans when appropriate as he tossed himself off and allowed himself to be fucked by the other man. Mark began thrusting harder, their skin smacking off each other and echoing which he hoped the microphone besides the camera would be able to hear.

Mark angled himself and found Jack’s prostate, starting to fuck him nice and good in that area until the Irishman was crying out with pleasure. “O-oh god Mark.. I’m gonna come..”

Grinning away to himself, the older man spanked his ass hard and then leaned over him, hand still tightly gripping his hair. “Go on then, dirty bitch.. Come for me like the slut you are..” He watched as Jack’s load escaped him and his body tightened and tensed around his cock, making Mark lose it as he released thickly inside his boyfriend.

He pulled out quick, making Jack’s ass face the camera again to show the come that had just filled it before he spanked one of his cheeks one last time. “You’ve been a good boy, tonight.. I’m proud of you”

They shared a quick kiss before the Irishman stepped out of shot of the camera and Mark wandered over to it, turning it off before he collapsed on the bed just behind him.

“Holy shit.. I can’t believe I get paid for coming in your ass”

The younger man laughed and cleaned his thighs of the white that currently dripped down them. “I don’t even have t’ do anythin’ and I get paid.. Pretty good livin’ if yeh ask me” Mark smirked at him and ran a hand through his sweat-soaked hair.

“Guess that’s just what you get when you’re a porntuber though..”
Jack sighed softly and felt himself frustrated, unable to sleep despite the fact he’d felt utterly exhausted earlier when he’d been editing and had therefore forced himself to go to bed straight away. But here he was, an hour later and his eyes were still open and stinging with tiredness.

The man in the bed beside him must have heard him because next thing he knew, he felt arms curl around his body and pull his back against the other man’s stomach and chest, relaxing into his hold as he felt lips against his shoulder. “Can’t sleep?”

He nodded his head, rubbing his eyes with one of his hands while the other reached around to hold the ones wrapped around his torso.

“Same, my brain doesn’t wanna shut up..” Mark said, his voice deeper than usual with sleep, it honestly just sounded adorable to Jack, despite the fact he was too tired to say that.

“Wanna cuddle for a bit, see if that helps?”

Jack didn’t have to be asked twice.

Turning his body so that it was facing the older man, Jack hid his face within the warmth of Mark’s bare chest and pressed a light kiss against the tanned skin. He heard him chuckle, one of his hands stroking at his waist while the other ran through his hair, that sensation particularly nice since he loved having his hair played with.

When Mark stopped, the Irishman whined and he got the message, continuing to thread his digits through the short locks of Jack’s hair which had the younger man smiling like a five year old who had been given chocolate.

“You’re honestly a child..” Mark chided, kissing the top of his head and inhaling deeply to catch the scent of his shampoo and the natural smell of Jack which he always took great comfort in.

The Irishman moved his head to look up at him and they shared a smile, eyes locking as brown stared deep into bright blue. Their faces moved closer until they were kissing one another slow and gentle on the lips, breathing out softly as they finally parted and cuddled even tighter.

“I love you..” The older man whispered against his lips, feeling how Jack’s body was beginning to go limp in his grasp, obvious that he was beginning to fall asleep. The other man simply grunted and kissed at his neck, causing Mark to giggle.

They both fell asleep not long after, smiles on their faces and their bodies entangled as they slept soundly together. Nothing being able to disturb them as long as they were together in the safety of their covers and of course, the safety of each other’s presence.
Mark stared at Wade as soon as he had finished speaking. His brain has gone blank and any piece of new information that the man in front of him was trying to feed him was not going through. Had he just heard him right?

“You. Want me. To babysit your daughter?”

Wade nodded at him, looking slightly confused since he didn’t know why Mark was questioning it. “Yeah, just for the weekend until me and Molly come back from her parents. She won’t need much, honestly”

But the older man still couldn’t comprehend his friend’s request. Mark had literally zero experience with babies let alone children and therefore, didn’t really know what he would be doing.

When Wade saw how his face seemed to contort multiple times in confusion, he sighed heavily and took hold of Mark’s shoulders.

“I know you and Jack don’t have kids of your own yet, but I trust that you’ll be able to take care of her fine. Please Mark, we can’t find anyone else at the minute”

Feeling defeated, Mark nodded his head and moved away from Wade. “Fine, but if you get her back and she’s not in one piece ya can’t blame me!”

Jack on the other hand, seemed to have different ideas about looking after Wade’s daughter. “We get t’ look after a baby fer the weekend! That’s gonna be the best!” The American rolled his eyes, amused at his boyfriend’s excitement.

“Aren’t you the slightest bit scared we’ll do something wrong? I know I am..” Mark muttered as he sat himself down on the sofa next to him, twiddling his thumbs in worry since he really didn’t know what to think of this.

The Irishman placed his hand on Mark’s thigh, squeezing it reassuringly since he could tell that he was worrying about it. “We won’t do anythin’ wrong, Markimoo. We might not have kids yet but we’re not stupid. We know how they work and we know how to look after things.. I mean look at us, we’re incompetent fools but we’re still here aren’t we?”

This made Mark smile, placing his hand on top of Jack’s and holding it up to lips to kiss it. “Yeah, I guess you’re right. But I really don’t want to fuck anything up” The younger man leaned over, kissing the older man’s cheek.

“As long as we work t’gether, everythin’ should go fine. Trust me”

Wade came over not long after that, dropping off everything while Molly was currently saying goodbye to their daughter who was held in her arms. She seemed upset but that was natural, she was
leaving her baby for the first time in six months since she had her.

Molly was quick to hand the child to her husband before she returned to the car, unable to stay calm in front of all three men was she was so distraught about leaving her. “Sorry about that, she’ll be fine soon. She’s just gonna miss her a lot”

Both men smiled and nodded at Wade. “It’s fine, I can understand” Mark said, taking the baby off of Wade and holding her close to his chest even though he wasn’t entirely sure on how to hold an infant since he hadn’t had much experience with it.

Wade noticed this and laughed, finding his struggle humorous. “You’ll get used to it, don’t worry. Jack knows what to do, don’t ya?” The man in question grinned and patted Mark on the shoulder. “I’ve held all my siblings kids befer so this shouldn’t be any different”

When everything was sorted, Wade said his goodbyes and left both Mark and Jack with his daughter. Mark stared down at the child and was quick to hand her to Jack, unsure if he could actually trust himself not to drop her.

Jack frowned at the older man and looked down at the baby, smiling when she began to play with one of his hoodie tassels and chewed at it like a usual infant would. “She’s so cute” He said, his voice soft as he ran his hand through the thin locks of her hair before taking her over to the sofa in order to sit down.

“Yeah.. She is..” The American mumbled, his arms crossed firmly across his chest as it seemed that his boyfriend was giving that baby more attention than him. Jack picked up on the tone of his voice and scoffed at him, feeling slightly annoyed at the other man’s immaturity.

“Oh my god, Mark. Get over it. We’re lookin’ after a baby and yer jus’ gonna have t’ get used t’ it” And yet, the older man just couldn’t find himself feeling comfortable while this baby was in his presence. He tried to push himself and sat down on the sofa beside Jack, watching as the little girl in Jack’s arms squirmed and then grabbed at the material of his hoodie, chewing at it which had the Irishman laughing.

“Aww bless her, she’s tryin’ t’ nurse off me” Jack gently moved her away and placed her in Mark’s arms. “You keep her occupied while I go warm her up some milk” He was about to argue when the younger man wandered off into the kitchen, leaving him alone with this small human who was currently staring up at him.

“What?”

He asked her, his eyebrows furrowed as the baby looked up at him with her large brown eyes that seemed almost confused as she inspected his face. Mark adjusted her so that she was facing away from him but she turned her head and stared again, making the older man sigh in frustration.

“Why must you insist on looking at me?” Mark asked the baby again, watching as she smiled at him and then began to grab at one of his fingers, making him flinch from her touch but when her face seemed almost upsetted and close to crying, he panicked and handed her the finger again.

As she grabbed at it, she brought it up to her mouth and chewed at it much to the American’s grimace since it happened to be slimy from the fact she was drooling constantly. He slowly removed the digit and wiped it on her blouse, the baby giggling at him almost like she’d done it on purpose.

He was about to say something else to her when Jack entered the room again only this time with a small bottle of milk in his hands. The Irishman gestured for him to hand him the infant and Mark did
gratefully, feeling relieved to not have to deal with her again.

It was then, the older man watched as Jack tipped the young girl back and placed the nib at her lips, taking it with no reluctance and beginning to suckle while Jack looked down at her with almost an expression of admiration on his face. A large smile forming as he seemed almost entranced with the baby in his arms.

Silence revolved around them for a small while as the infant suckled away to herself. Mark’s eyes watching his boyfriend intently since he couldn’t get over how much Jack seemed to be lost when feeding the baby. It made him feel slightly guilty, acknowledging the fact that maybe he was being selfish.

Jack really did like babies and Mark was afraid he might be crushing his dreams of them one day having a child, since he was making the impression that he hated them.

“Jack..” Mark said gently, feeling a blush forming on his cheeks as he saw how the Irishman’s blue eyes flickered over to him. “Yeah? What’s up babe?” The older man sighed softly and moved closer to his lover, kissing him tenderly on the lips which had Jack looking at him confused.

“I just wanna say I’m sorry, I know how much you like kids and I just wanna let you know. I don’t hate them and if you ever want to have one, I’m not gonna say no..”

The younger man snorted as he tried to hold back his laughter. “Babe, I’m quite aware of the fact that yeh want t’ have kids with me. Jus’ cause ya awkward with them doesn’t make me think ya hate them. I ain’t stupid”

Mark felt the blush on his cheeks grow bigger and he bit down on his lip, staring down at the ground in embarrassment while Jack continued to laugh at him. “Oh..” This made the Irishman giggled harder and he pressed another kiss to his boyfriend’s lips.

“Let’s jus’ get through this weekend, huh?”

Slowly, Mark nodded his head but managed a smile, happy to know that Jack wasn’t upset with him.

The weekend went by much faster than both men had been expecting. Throughout the two days in which they looked after the baby, they found themselves enjoying more and more of her company and did everything in their right mind to spoil her.

On the Saturday, Jack and Mark decided to take her through town and show her around and to everything that made Los Angeles. They bought her ice cream, took her to see the circus which was currently being held in town and finally let her play in the park.

While they were in the park, it was surprising for the Irishman to see that Mark had taken her to the play-area in order to go on the swings and being careful with her in each push that he gave, holding onto her the entire time.

It made his chest fill with warmth seeing his boyfriend be so gentle and sweet with her after such a cold reaction yesterday.

Sunday was much more laid-back but that didn’t stop them from still spoiling the little girl. Playing with her and her toys that morning until late afternoon and giving her the odd junk food now and then which she appreciated greatly. Mark was especially becoming close with her.

Jack was laid on the sofa, head propped up with a pillow as he watched as his boyfriend played with the baby and her teddies. He even made up own voices for them which the younger man found to be
extremely cute and when she finally fell asleep not long after that and Mark put her to bed, they both watched as she lay completely still in her crib.

“You’re right.. She really is cute” The older man whispered from out of the blue, making Jack’s eyebrows rise in surprise since he hadn’t expected Mark’s attitude toward her to change so much in the past two days. “Yeh gonna miss her? I am..”

Mark nodded his head, moving away from the crib and holding Jack against him as he noticed that the other man had started crying. “Hey don’t cry, we’ll see her again after this” The Irishman sobbed still, hiding his face in Mark’s chest.

“I’ve jus’ never had so much fun befer and.. And knowin’ that she’s gonna be gone.. It jus’ hurts Mark”

The American sighed softly, tears pricking his eyes but he kissed the top of Jack’s head, trying to reassure him and put his lover’s well-being above his own. “You gotta remember babe. One day, this will happen again only this time. We won’t have to say goodbye to them in the morning.. Because they will be ours”

Looking up at him with tears still in his eyes, the younger man leaned up and pressed a light kiss to the other man’s lips. “Yeah.. One day..” Mark kissed him again and ran his hands through his hair, looking down at her one last time.

“One day Jack.. One day”
The Hunt

Chapter Notes

Requests: Cannibal!Mark taking Jack on his very first kill.

Cannibal!Mark looking at a sleeping Jack and worries about him (Like if they got caught, it would be all Mark's fault, for example)

“You sure you want to do this, Jack? We can always go back home”

Jack shook his head and closed his eyes, breathing in deeply through his nose while the bitter coldness of the mid-august air travelled down his neck, making him shiver. “No, I’m sure of this Mark. I need t’ do this, yeh need t’ teach me”

Slowly, Mark nodded at him and wandered up to him, kissing him on the lips tenderly which caused relieved sensations to travel through Jack’s body. “I’ll try and be the best mentor I can be, if anything proves too much, let me know” And with that, the other man moved away and made his way toward a small alleyway while Jack followed after him.

“You usually catch people going down here quite late at night. Drunk or blind to the darkness, they never really know you’re there until you pounce. It’s a great place to hunt”

The Irishman felt a sensation of excitement rush through him, feeling slightly guilty though to know that he was about to witness his significant other murder another human being. Sure he’d seen him bring home the bodies, his own body covered in their blood as he set about preparing them.

Hell, he’d even seen Mark cut up a whole corpse into sections and then cook each and every one piece for Christmas last year. This shouldn’t have been as daunting as his mind was telling him.

Footsteps echoed through the alley and Jack’s heart skipped a beat, someone was coming.

Out of the corner of his eye, the younger man watched as Mark slowly pulled out a knife, the metal glinting in the ray of the moonlight which in a way, slightly romanticised what the American was about to do.

The footsteps got louder and with the increase in sound, the faster that Jack’s heart pounded in his chest. Mark carefully moved out of their hidden corner and looked to see how close his chosen victim was. Jack was transfixed, watching his every move.

Within the space of a few seconds, Jack watched as the older man launched himself out of the corner and drove the knife hard and fast into the stranger’s chest. It was a man, not much younger than Jack or Mark and it was strange to watch as all life escaped from his face.

Almost as if Jack was witnessing this man’s soul leaving his body.

Just to make sure he was completely dead, Mark drove the knife a couple more time into the person’s body until he was covered in the thick red that spurted from his wounds. Jack didn’t know whether to be shocked or aroused at the sight of his lover drenched in blood from a fresh kill.
Either way, it was a fascinating sight indeed.

Bringing the body back was much more easier now that he had someone to assist him, Mark appreciating Jack being there the entire time as they dragged his catch back to their home in order to be prepared. The sheer scent of blood was already making him hungry.

Mark couldn’t help but notice the way Jack had stared at him after the kill, almost in an admiring way which the American didn’t really expect from his lover. If anything, he’d expected Jack to be scared, traumatised by what he just saw.

Instead, he’d witnessed his own evil being casted to the one he loved. Jack was becoming more and more like him as the days went on and this worried Mark.

What would become of his beautiful Jack if this was to continue? And even worse, what if Jack became apart of the killing too?

These were questions that were constantly burning in Mark’s mind as they made their way home.

Finally arriving back, Mark was quick to start preparing the body and that meant cutting it up into multiple sections since each muscle proved to be a different tenderness of meat.

When he looked up, he saw how Jack watched from across the room. Leant over a chair like a child intrigued by some shitty show. Only this show involved the hacking of a human body, something that not every person happened to enjoy.

It soon lead to Mark making their dinner, using cuts of the thighs tonight to make a broth for both men to enjoy. The entire time, including the preparation and cooking, Jack looked on and it was becoming quite strange for the older man.

Jack’s infatuation with the consumption of human meat was starting to turn into a concern for Mark.

After they ate and Mark had finally gone for a shower to wash off the blood currently staining his clothes and skin. Both men made their way to bed and even though Jack had asked if they could make love, Mark had denied it and promised him tomorrow, much to the Irishman’s disappointment.

But right now, Mark’s mind was too occupied with worry about his lover. As they lay there, cuddling into one another until the older man could hear Jack’s gentle breaths which signified he was asleep, he could only allow his mind to start wandering.

It wouldn’t be long before Jack accompanying Mark to the hunts would become a natural thing, where instead of him simply watching, he’d begin to assist in the murders. Jack would become just as blood-driven as himself and that terrified Mark.

To think that one day he may become caught and have Jack by his side when it happened, he couldn’t bear to think what would happen to him. That this whole thing had been his influence.

In a way, he’d betray his significant other by allowing him to become involved in his own little twisted world.

And as much as Mark feared it, he knew for a fact that there would be no stopping it now. He’d already lost Jack to the world of cannibalism and there was no turning back. He could only hope that what he’d done in the past, would not be reflected by Jack himself.

Oh how he dreaded it.
Werewolves and vampires have been at war for years but the son from the ruler/head of each species meet in secret and have sex. When one of them becomes pregnant, they go in hiding. They are soon discovered by clan and parents and they say "we die and you are without an heir, or this war ends." You can decide what their parents choose.

Battles were no different. This was a war and therefore, fights were bound to happen. Both species tried to avoid each other as much as possible but there would always be the odd occasion where they’d run into each other and a scrap would break out.

But in some cases, fighting wasn’t the only thing that happened.

“Dirty wolf! Go back t' the mud where yeh belong!” A vampire yelled high from a tree, swinging from the branches as a wolf snapped at his legs, only just out of reach which was the vampire’s intention. He loved teasing wolves.

The wolf frowned in his direction and realised what was going on, the creature becoming bored of the vampire’s games and therefore deciding that he may as well shift back into his human form since this fight was going nowhere.

He watched curiously from the branch as the once black wolf transformed back into a man, it seemed almost like he wasn’t fazed by the idea of being naked in front of the undead creature before him.

“What? Ya gotta problem?” The wolf growled, looking up at the other man with a glare on his face as the other stared fondly at him. “Nah, jus’ appreciatin’ how nice of an ass yeh have there”

This made him blush and he looked away from the vampire, ignoring his comments. “You only use words because you know for a fact you’re too weak to fight me physically” This made the other man jump down from the tree, disturbing the ground beneath him to create a large dust cloud around his feet.

“The fuck did you jus’ say?”

Smirking, the wolf stepped forward and crossed his arms firm across his chest. “You heard me. You’re weak and you’re too scared to fight me” This made the vampire glare at him, feeling his cold blood suddenly start boiling in his veins.

“So what?” His voice was rough but the wolf took no notice of it. “You. Are. We~” But before he could finish his sentence, the undead man pounced on him, immediately making him transform back into a wolf.

As it turned out, he’d much regretted calling the vampire weak as he found that he was struggling to keep up with the advances that came toward him. Each punch and kick was harsh and knew would leave bruises later, he decided to go a step further and sank his teeth into his leg, earning a scream from him but only making him angrier.

It soon ended up with the wolf pinned under him, his large neck taken into the vampire’s strong
hands as he threatened to choke him. This was definitely a case for surrender.

The wolf manifested back into his human form and it soon became apparent of their current situation. They were both breathing heavily, chests heaving and faces red and meters apart while they glared at one another. He was naked beneath the vampire and both men became aware of this fact.

It was surprising to watch as the vampire began to blush and he started to climb off the wolf, that was though, until he felt strong hands grab onto his arms and pull him back down. “The fuck are yeh doin’?” He asked, accent thick as he tried to move away.

But as he stared down into the wolf’s eyes, noticing just as dilated his pupils were and how he seemed to be looking at him in a way he could only assume was admiration. He blushed more and glanced away, feeling embarrassed.

“Ya know.. You’re quite attractive for.. Well ya know, a vampire”

This made him snort and he looked back at him, smirking at the wolf as he rested himself on his chest. “Well, yer not too bad lookin’ fer a wolf either.. But what does that mean?”

Checking the surroundings around them, the wolf smirked back at him and then pulled him down so that their faces were dangerously close. “It means.. That I can do this” And with that, he pressed his lips to the vampire’s and couldn’t help but smirk more when he felt the kiss be returned.

“Jack..” The vampire breathed once they’d separated. “What?” He asked, confused by his sudden outburst of a name. “My name, my name is Jack..”

“Oh.. I’m Mark, it’s nice to meet you Jack”

They both shared an equally lazy grin and then Jack leaned back down, kissing him on the lips again before he parted. “Fuck.. I’m gonna get int’ so much trouble if someone catches us” Mark chuckled, running his hands over Jack’s arms.

“Same, my father happens to be leader of my pack..” Jack’s eyes bulged slightly and he stared at the wolf as if he’d just cursed his name. “Really? Because it jus’ so happens that my father is exactly the same, only fer the vampires”

Sitting up so that Jack fell onto his lap, Mark looked at him with a surprised expression on his face. “You’re kidding right?” The vampire shook his head, placing a hand on Mark’s chest and appreciating the sensation of warmth underneath his cold fingertips.

“Look, as long as we don’t tell people. Nothing should happen okay? Let’s just keep this a secret because if anything, I really wanna bang you”

Jack laughed gently and flicked one of his collarbones, earning a yelp from the other man. “I mean sure.. If that’s what yeh wanna do, then I’m all fer it. Includin’ the bangin’ part too”

This caused Mark to grin, laying Jack on the ground as he started to kiss him passionately on the lips.

“Has anyone got any idea where my son has disappeared to?” Joshua sighed heavily and ran his hands through his hair in a stressed fashion. It had been days since he’d last saw Mark and it starting to become quite concerning on where his son had happened to have gone.

Everyone shook their heads, also feeling their leader’s concern since without an heir to the controller of the pack, there would be havoc on who would take Mark’s place. Something that had been worrying Joshua ever since his son had become mature enough to have his own voice.
Mark was a strong wolf, just like his father. But what he gained in physical exterior, he lacked in emotional state. Time after time, Mark had refrained from killing vampires and this had started a long battle between him and the leader of the pack since they needed an heir who would be willing to carry on the war with no faults.

And this refusal to kill vampires, it only caused controversy through the pack, something that Joshua did desperately not need right now.

His disappearance only made more controversy spur and Joshua knew if his son did not return soon, the place of heir would soon begin to be fought over.

“Elgan, have you seen Jack lately? He said he was going hunting nearly two days ago and I haven’t heard anything from him since then..”

Elgan, Jack’s mother, shook her head and sat herself next to her husband. “I’m sure he’ll be home soon. Stop worrying” But how could he not worry? Jack was the sole heir to the leader of the vampires and his disappearance meant many things.

He could have escaped or ran away from the clan, he may have been killed by a wolf or even worse, become apart of the wolves themselves.

Now, the leader of the vampires wasn’t a very passionate man, especially not towards Jack. This was mainly due to the fact that Jack was not his blood son, having been born of a different vampire who was long gone from this world. Killed by a wolf when the young vampire was just a boy.

Jack’s mother had remarried a new vampire and soon, he became the leader of the vampire clan. Jack had resented him greatly ever since his title had grown and yet, he felt only compassion towards him since it meant when he retired or died, Jack could be leader.

His disappearance spelled a multitude of questions that were yet to be answered.

“I can’t fuckin’ believe this..” Jack muttered, running his hands across his face in a panicked fashion as he tried to get over what had been a rollercoaster of emotions in the weeks that had passed since he’d met Mark.

The wolf shared in his panic and could only look on as Jack paced back and forth in front of him. “Look, maybe this is what this war needs. Something to stop it once and for all. This may be the answer”

Stopping in his tracks to look at Mark, the vampire sighed and mumbled. “But what if it doesn’t work? What if they kill us? Kill us fer what we’ve done..” Mark knew that this was a possibility and there were risks with it, but these were risks that he was willing to take.

“We need to do this, Jack. Yes, we might die. But it’s a risk we’re gonna have to take. You have to trust me on this”

He put his hand out in front of the other man, his large brown eyes staring into Jack’s icy cold blues. The vampire closed his eyes and sighed softly, knowing that he had to trust him.

Jack grabbed his hand and he was pulled in close before Mark kissed him sweetly on the lips. “Whatever happens, I’ll be right here beside you”

It wasn’t long before their plans to go into hiding were flawed.

Feeling fear rise up in his throat, Jack watched as wolves surrounded them both. Angry and with
jaws snarling to bare razor sharp teeth, it was almost too obvious that they were after him.

As they pounced, Mark transformed and then jumped in front of him, feeling as they bit and tore into his flesh, the wolf howling in pain before falling to the ground in a puddle of his own blood.

Everyone manifested back into their human forms, shocked and fearful of what they had just done. “The heir.. We hurt the leader’s son.. Shit” Jack was quick to run over to the wolf and watched as Mark turned back, his wounds more severe than first thought.

“Take us t’ yer leader.” Jack said indignantly, all the wolves looking at each other in confusion before the vampire stood up. “Take us t’ yer leader or so help me, I will let my father know that yeh tried t’ attack me!”

They all quickly nodded and transformed back into their wolf forms, Jack squatted down beside Mark and ran a hand through his hair. “Yeh gonna be okay t’ travel?” Weakly, Mark nodded his head and turned, hinting for Jack to travel on his back.

“Are yeh sure?” The wolf grunted and the vampire took that as a yes, climbing onto his back as he limped back toward his pack.

“Leader! Your son has returned! And he has brought a vampire with him!”

Joshua was quick to stand to his feet, feeling shock to realise that potentially, his son could have killed his first vampire. He ran out of his home and toward where everyone was gathered, only to stop in his tracks as he saw his son limping, carrying the vampire that was very much alive on his back.

“What is the meaning of this?!” The leader bellowed, directing his anger toward the vampire on his son’s back. Jack climbed off and stroked Mark’s head, watching as the wolf collapsed onto the ground in a weakened state.

“My name is Jack and I’m here t’ tell yeh that the wolf ya see before yeh, is my lover and not only that, I am carryin’ his child!”

To those who heard him, they gasped in utmost horror at the news they had just heard. Joshua was equally horrified to hear that, clicking his fingers to have guards pin the vampire to the ground where he stood.

He slowly walked over to him, grabbing a fistful of Jack’s hair to pull his head up to face him. “I don’t care if you’re the fucking prince of Wales, how dare you come to my domain and scream such obscenities at my people. It’s obvious you attacked him, what wolf would love a vampire?”

Immediately, Joshua transformed into a wolf and got ready to bite off Jack’s head, the vampire closing his eyes shut while tears fell down his face as he realised his life was over.

That was, until Mark pounced on his father, knocking him to the ground. “I’ll tell you what wolf would love a vampire. I’m that wolf and he is indeed, carrying my child!”

Again, everyone was taken aback by the words which had erupted from the heir’s mouth. He was quick to disperse the guards holding Jack down and he took him into his arms, kissing him on the lips which caused the pack to angrily yell in their direction.

Joshua got to his feet, glaring at the couple. “No son of mine, will join his fruit with that of a vampire. You’re a disappointment to me Mark, you always have been”
Shocked by his father’s words, Mark was unable to respond and therefore was stuck as Joshua once again turned and ran towards them, ready to attack. But his actions were diminished by the strong kick of another creature.

“F-father?!” Jack squeaked, watching as his parents ran over to their son and pulled him away from Mark. “W-wait!” He yelled, reaching out but as the wolf tried to take hold of Jack’s hands, he too was pulled away by the guards.

“No! Please! Yeh can’t do this!”

The vampire cried out, trying to escape his parents’ strong grasp as they attempted to move him away from the scene. But Jack was fast in his movements and broke free, running toward Mark and freeing him from the guard’s grip.

“That’s it!” Joshua yelled, pulling a knife from his belt as he stormed over to the couple. “You’re a disgrace to both species. You need to be exterminated from this world, especially you, vampire! To prevent you birthing that spawn which you two have created!”

Instead of trying to stop him this time, the leader of the vampires held Elgan back and allowed what needed to be done, be done. Elgan screamed for the sparing of her son, but it already seemed like it was too late.

“If you kill us! There will be no heir to either of your species! Havoc will occur! Are you willing to take that risk?! Just end this ridiculous war already!”

Everything was plunged into silence and eyes stared blankly in their direction, Mark held Jack tightly as they could only assume their life was being held on by a string. But before Joshua could speak, Elgan stepped forward.

“He’s right you know, why must we keep this war waging? Has there already been enough bloodshed? My husband died by your kind and yet, I don’t resent you. These two have shown us, that despite differences, we can still come together as one. Please, look into yourselves and see that enough is enough”

The silence continued heavily and Jack looked up at Mark, almost hope in his eyes as he begged that his mother’s words had somewhat melded into the pack’s brains.

“I.. I guess this feud is nothing but fight based these days anyway.. Maybe you’re right, maybe enough is enough.” Joshua solemnly said, dropping the knife and going over to his son, patting his shoulder.

He smiled slightly and then looked over at Jack, despite his resentment, he knew he needed to be happy for his son. “As long as you love each other.. Then I will not part you, but please for the love of god. Get married so I don’t have a bastard grandchild”

The couple laughed and then smiled at one another, nodding in agreement.

“Your wish is our command, father” Mark said gently, squeezing Jack’s hand as he felt everything had finally come into place.

The war was over.
Request: I have a fluff request! Can you possibly do a fluff story where Mark constantly tries purpose to Jack in cute ways but he keeps getting interrupted to the point where he just throws the box and says "MARRY ME." Please and thank you... Have a good evening.

Mark knew that the time was perfect. They’d been dating for more than two years now and the moment was calm and cherishable between them both. He felt the small box in his pocket almost burning a hole and he reached into it, eyes intent on the man in front of him.

“Hey, is that Wade? Hey Wade! Over here!” Jack yelled, excitement filling his voice as he ran away from Mark and over to his friend who had been walking through the park in the direction of where both men had been stood together.

A heavy sigh left the older man and he moved his hand away from his pocket, feeling like the moment had been ruined as he trudged over to Wade and couldn’t help but curse his name under his breath.

He’d just have to wait again, when the moment was truly right.

That moment came up almost a month later, him and Jack were together on a date. A restaurant to celebrate the fact it was Jack’s birthday soon. They’d been talking nonstop, flirting playfully and he’d seen the way the other man had been blushing at him.

Jack was obviously quite infatuated with Mark right now and this seemed like the best time to pop the question. He reached into his pocket, about to take out the box when out of nowhere, a group of girls all suddenly ran over to them.

“Oh my god, are you Markiplier and Jacksepticeye?!” They asked enthusiastically, their faces lit up with the sheer joy that must have came from seeing their favourite Youtubers. Jack laughed and watched as they handed him a pen and paper and he was quick to sign it for them, Mark a little bit more reluctant.

He couldn’t believe that his fans had just interrupted him. First Wade, now fans? What next?

The next time that he felt the time was right, him and Jack were in a hotel in Seattle for Pax Prime. They’d just had sex the other night and they were in good light with one another, getting ready for the upcoming panel where they’d be able to speak to their fans.

Mark had come behind Jack and wrapped his arms around him, kissing him on the neck while Jack had hummed in content, appreciating the sweet gesture. “I love yeh..” Jack had said, shifting to kiss Mark on the lips.

The older man had kissed him back and the box was in his jacket in front of them, he stared at it and parted from the hug, going over to the clothing and searching around in the pockets.

But before he could get the box out, he turned around and realised that Jack had disappeared.
“Um.. Jack?” He queried, standing up only to stop in his tracks when he heard the sound of someone in the bathroom. He quickly ran in to see Jack throwing up into the toilet bowl, making the American rush over and begin rubbing his back.

“What happened?!”

The younger man smiled slightly at his boyfriend and then turned to throw up again, making Mark feel more concerned. “I.. I think I’ve caught somethin’.. I’ve felt like shit since last night, I jus’ didn’t want t’ tell yeh..”

Feeling slightly guilty, Mark continued to rub his back and stared down at the floor, feeling utterly defeated that once again, he’d been interrupted.

Another month went past and this time, the situation was quite domestic and both men were just sat at home, playing video games together and yelling abuse like they usually did. Jack had been resting his head on Mark’s lap and they were cuddled up comfortably when the older man had gotten the urge.

The box was in his drawers in the bedroom and despite the fact he didn’t want to leave this comfortable situation, Mark knew that if he didn’t do it now, he never would.

Pushing Jack off his lap and allowing him to flop into the place on the sofa where he’d been sat, he made the excuse that he needed to pee and then made his way up the stairs and toward their shared bedroom.

Mark searched through the drawers and fist-pumped the air when he found the little box that contained the thing that would spell whether or not Jack and Mark’s relationship would reach a new step.

He crept down the stairs with the box in his pocket again but he was shocked to see that Jack wasn’t on the couch anymore. The American cursed under his breath and went to look for him, finding him in the kitchen making a sandwich.

It was clear that Mark’d had enough.

“Ya know what, fuck it!” Jack turned around and looked at him confused, shoving the bread into his mouth. “What?” He asked, voice muffled since his mouth was full as he stared at his boyfriend and noticed the annoyed expression on his face.

Reaching into his pocket, Mark grabbed hold of the box and then chucked it at Jack’s chest and crossed his arms firmly, glaring at him. “Will ya just fucking marry me already!”

Staring at the man before him with wide eyes, Jack slowly bent down to pick up the box and opened it to find a small silver ring inside with the engraving of an ‘S’ carved into it for his true birth name. The Irishman didn’t know what to say, his eyes transfixed on the ring.

“Well?” Mark said, his voice still annoyed but having calmed now when he saw the way that Jack had reacted. The younger man looked over at him and then back over at the ring, swallowing thickly as he felt tears fill his eyes.

“Y-yes.. Yes I will marry yeh, Mark..”

Relief fell over the American and he grabbed hold of Jack, swinging him around before kissing him intimately on the lips, grimacing though when they parted. “Oh god, your lips taste like ham..” Jack laughed, kissing him again and looking at the ring again.
The older man took it out and placed it carefully on his lover’s ring finger, the other man’s eyes welling up more so that tears spilled out and trickled down his cheeks. Mark wiped them away and then laughed gently.

“This was definitely not the way I’d imagined I’d propose to you.. But then again, I’d never imagined I’d be with you..”

Jack took his boyfriend’s face into his hands and kissed him sweetly one last time, looking intently into his eyes as they shared an intimate moment. “I’d be proud t’ call myself yer husband Mark, I love yeh..”

Mark blinked back tears, sighing contently.

“I love you too, so much..”
Everyday was the same for Jack. Abuse thrown at him on a daily basis as he walked through the hallways of his high school, sometimes he wished he was able to ignore it. Be strong and be able to get through every single hour he was stuck in that hell-hole. But he wasn’t and with that, he was left to suffer from the bullies.

This day was different though, Jack had been sat in his formroom, picking tiny bits of paper out of his hair and off his hoodie which had been thrown at him earlier that morning. When his form teacher suddenly entered the room, accompanied by a person he’d never seen before.

There was no denying that Jack’s heart skipped a beat when he saw him.

“Students, I’d like to introduce Mark Fischbach. He’ll be joining our form for the rest of the semester and I expect that you will welcome him with open arms, he is new and the last thing I need is him to be bullied. So please make him feel welcome”

Jack’s could feel his heart thudding in his chest as he looked Mark over. He was insanely attractive. With his tanned skin, fluffy hair and slight stubble. His eyes were a gorgeous shade of brown and his whole body was built, obvious that he must have worked out.

He couldn’t help but find himself crushing on this new student.

“The only spare seat is next to Sean, I hope that’s alright for now” Mark smiled at her and nodded his head, beginning to make his way over to Jack’s desk which had the other student squirming uncomfortably in his seat.

Mark put his bag on the floor and then turned to face Jack, giving him a friendly smile and putting his hand out for him to shake. The Irishman stared at it for what felt like hours before he reluctantly took it and they shaked hands.

“I guess you already know my name, did the teacher say your name was Sean?”

Rubbing the back of his neck, Jack’s eyes darted anywhere other than at Mark as he tried to force himself to speak. “Yeah, but people usually call me Jack..” The other student looked at him confused and quirked his eyebrows, but he nodded his head at him.

They made small talk through the duration of their form time before the bell went to signify that they had to go to their classes. Mark walked with him despite the Irishman’s reluctance but they didn’t even make it into the hallway before Jack was slammed into one lockers.

“Faggot!” The student chided before they ran off, giving Mark no time to react. Jack sighed heavily and held his arm, feeling it ache but deciding to ignore it, he continued to walk but the new student seemed annoyed. “Why did you let him do that?”

Jack simply shrugged his shoulders at him and carried on walking with him until they had to part, but
before they could go separate ways, Mark grabbed hold of his arm and pulled him close.

“Look, if that happens again. Let me know alright? I’ll sort them out for you”

The younger student simply gave him a small smile and nodded his head, wandering away from him and toward his classroom.

His class had been hell, he’d literally had to take off his hoodie because it had been filled so much with pieces of paper from his other classmates. Each piece having its own hurtful comment on it and when Jack read them, he couldn’t help the tears that pricked his eyes.

‘Faggot’

‘Why don’t you go kill yourself gayboy?’

‘Gay’

‘Go back to your own country fag!’

‘Pussy. Grow a pair!’

Jack threw the paper into the bin once the class had ended and he was quick to storm out to avoid the fact that his classmates were yelling more insults at him. It resulted with Jack hiding in the bathroom, unable to attend his next class since those who had been bullying him would be there.

It was here that the Irishman felt it was safest to cry. He went into one of the cubicles and closed the door, locking it behind him as he sat himself on the toilet lid and pulled his legs up to his chest.

He started to cry, hoping his legs would cover his mouth enough to keep his voice muffled.

The bathroom door opened but Jack didn’t care at this point, he carried on crying and couldn’t help it when one of his sobs was unexpectedly loud. The person in the bathroom seemed to stop in their tracks but the student was too occupied to realise.

“Hey, you okay in there?”

Freezing in his actions, Jack realised that the voice behind the door was Mark and therefore he kept himself silent, just staring at the feet below the stall. “Are you alright? I thought I heard crying..”

Again, Jack remained still and just hoped to god that Mark would give up and go away, but then all of a sudden he heard the sound of another cubicle being opened and closed quite violently.

“Oh, I thought it might have been you”

Getting a fright, Jack looked up to see Mark’s head on the other side of the stall wall, obviously having clambered up to peek over and see who was in there. He watched with amazement as the older student climbed over and then dropped into his own cubicle.

“Bullies?” He asked, his face expectant as Jack looking away from him and wiped his eyes which were wet with tears, with reluctance, he nodded his head. Mark sighed at his response and leaned against the wall.

“You do know that their words mean nothing right?”

Slowly, Jack glanced up at him and sniffed loudly. “I-I guess..” But that wasn’t a good enough answer and Mark grabbed hold of Jack’s head, their faces inches apart which made the Irishman go
bright red with embarrassment.

“Their words mean nothing. Repeat that. Their words mean nothing” Jack was silent at first, just looking around for something to stare at apart from Mark’s face but it seemed he wouldn’t be able to escape unless he spoke back. “Th-their words mean n-nothin’..”

Mark smiled at him and then proceeded to stroke his cheek. “Hmm.. You’re cute, ya know that?” This made the other student’s face go even darker with the shade red and he swallowed thickly.

“R-really?” Jack squeaked, unaware that his voice had broke which made Mark laugh. “Yeah, you’re not the only one here who’s gay ya know..” And with that, he broke off the tension by kissing the Irishman on the lips, parting slowly.

Filled with shock, the younger student stared at the other, feeling unable to say anything. Mark quickly grabbed hold of Jack’s hand and pulled a pen out of his pocket, writing something before he patted his cheek, moving away and exiting the stall.

When Jack looked down at his hand, he realised that Mark had written his number and three small kisses, he felt his face get hotter and he cursed for blushing more.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!