And Hands of Metal and Flesh

by EmpyrealFantasy

Summary

“You’re—good god, you’re evil, you’re actually an evil synth after all.”

Nick bit down again into the meat of the man’s shoulder, hands moving from the human’s hips up to his chest to yank at the blanket still tangled around him. “You’ve found out my secret. Surrender, human. Beep boop.”

[Nick and Nate hole up in an abandoned building after being caught in a storm. Smut happens.]

Notes

Unapologetic smut sequel to With a Heart of Gold Alloy. Can be read by itself since there’s really nothing to know other than the characters themselves and that they’re in a relationship.

This is my whole-hearted thank you to everyone who read and left kudos/comments on the romance. Thank you so, so much everyone! I love you. ♥

See the end of the work for more notes.
“So long as I don’t need to totally recalibrate my proximity sensors, there’s definitely a few of something in that building.”

“Don’t care.” Nate’s teeth were chattering and his fingers were shaking as he let his rucksack swing in front of him so he could reach into it. He pulled out his favorite rapid-firing laser pistol that Nick knew he had far more ammunition for than he’d ever use. He’d told Nick it was his ‘fuck it, make it all die’ gun. “Even if you told me that shack was full of suicide-strapped super mutants I’d go in. I refuse to stay in the rain one minute longer, Nick.”

Privately, Nick agreed. His readings on Nate’s status told him his core body temperature was dipping into dangerous territory, even as he’d repeatedly refused to let Nick drape his jacket over the man’s armor and insulated undersuit. They’d been in the wilderness looking for a settlement that had sent word for assistance when the storm had hit them with little warning. They’d been wandering since nightfall looking for shelter without finding so much as a cave, but they’d finally found a ramshackle little bunker-like building that seemed to have at least part of a roof.

Nick checked his magazine and nodded, flipping off the safety. “Here we go then, sweetheart. Let me go in front just in case it isn’t something we can handle, all right?”

“And let you take the brunt of it? Hell no, Nick. I can heal damage done to me.”

“And I can be repaired.”

It was a familiar argument, one they’d had a lot in the early days of their partnership. But since Nick had finally given in to Nate’s ridiculous insistence that a tired old robot was what he wanted to build his life around, the argument seemed to have taken on new life. Nate’s jaw was set into his most mulish expression within moments, all thoughts of the rain pouring over him seemingly forgotten in the face of arguing who was going to take point.

Nick opened his mouth to try again, but without warning Nate was darting for the door, moving as fast as he could while staying low and with his gun at the ready. Nick cursed under his breath and dashed after his ridiculous human.

Thankfully, only a few ferals were inside. The only complication came when a particularly emaciated (and therefore desperate) one got in close enough to swipe at Nate’s legs, knocking the man down in a tangle of limbs.

“Stay down!” Nick barked, aiming and firing off four shots in quick succession at the beast’s head. It went down in a slide of blood and gore but thankfully no longer moving.

Nate sat up and pushed a dismembered arm off his chest, his sodden hair sticking out every which way and his expression frustrated. “This is not my fucking day.”

As if to punctuate, a harsh gust of wind whistled through the building. The back wall of the building was mostly collapsed, though all but a corner of the roof remained. If the downed wall had been facing any other direction it likely would have sufficed, but as it was the room was turned into a wind tunnel.

“Damnit, what are we gonna do, Nick? I can’t go back out there, but this shithole isn’t going to do it.”

The rain was nearing icy temperatures, Nick’s sensors told him, and pelting them with every gust that
rushed through the crumbling stonework. Nick flicked his eyes across the dark space, calculating angles in hopes of finding a protected area; if need be, he could always lug something big in from outside to make a corner that was more protected from the weather. But it seemed that something was working in their favor, at least, as his eyes locked on a glimmer of metal in a shadowy corner. A hatch.

“C’mere, huddle up against the back of that overturned couch for a minute. There seems to be something under this place. I’ll check it out and see if it is habitable.”

Nate obviously wanted to protest, but even with his Pipboy washing everything around them green, there was just too much rubble strewn across the space for him to safely traverse. The cold and wet, too, was obviously getting to him, as he acquiesced without argument and crouched down against the weak shelter. Nick quickly made his way over a pile of crumbled façade and picked the lock on the hatch before the man changed his mind. It took more than human strength to open the thing, its hinges nearly solid with rust, and in fact his yank just took the thing off entirely, leaving him blinking at the disconnected chunk of metal.

Nate snorted from across the room, apparently able to see well enough to have caught that. “Easy, tiger.”

The ladder down was built into the wall and looked sturdy enough, only one rung missing near the bottom. Nick lowered himself without hesitation; he could fall much farther than that on his hydraulics if he was wrong. The space was small and little more than a hole in the ground, obviously having been used for storage if the many crates and cardboard boxes were to be believed. But, though the air was choked with dust and the floor was rocky and uneven, it was dry.

Nick took a moment to rearrange, sliding the sagging boxes to one side of the space and creating something of a pallet with the three larger wooden crates beneath them. “I swear, we’re taking a day off when we get back home. Your place or Sanctuary, I don’t care. I’m going to stay in bed all day and keep you there with me.” Nick faltered at that proclamation from above, his knee knocking hard into the box he’d been moving. He was glad he wouldn’t have to answer; Nate knew Nick could hear him fine, but Nate likely could only hear Nick if he shouted. In private as he was, Nick ran his flesh hand over his face, lingering over his eyes to try and press the images that conjured out of his mind.

It had been less than two weeks since Nick had given in to his feelings and let himself have Nate’s companionship for as long as the human would have him. They hadn’t done much talking about how the change in relationship would affect them, how Nick’s lack of humanity would hinder the process. Mostly they had just been too busy running across the Commonwealth to discuss romance, but Nick could admit to himself that he’d been avoiding the conversation. There were so many ways the conversation could go that Nick was unable to prepare for it in the slightest. He hated having no control over any variables in a situation, so he’d been putting things off as long as he could.

Not that Nate had meant anything sexual about his comment, necessarily. They’d spent several evenings in the weeks since Nick’s surrender sprawled together on whatever bedding was found that night, Nate wrapping himself in Nick and chatting until he’d fallen asleep. Really, their relationship wasn’t much different at all but for Nate’s touches no longer being hesitant and his tendency to brush a kiss across Nick’s mouth at every opportunity.

“In fact, I suggest your place. If we go to Sanctuary it’ll be loud and people won’t accept ‘leave me alone, I’m hibernating’ as a good enough reason not to bother us.”

Nick shook his head and forced himself to pay attention to the task at hand. He had sorted away a stack of easily maneuverable containers that he could remove from the small space entirely to make
sure there was room for the two of them. He was pleased at how efficient he had been even while distracted by thoughts of Nate. He quickly scooped what he could carry and shoved them out the entry bit by bit until he could follow them out into the rain and wind.

Nick picked his way back over the rubble, smiling down at Nate as he bent down to scoop up Nate’s bag. “This’ll work. It’s cramped, but it’s dry and nothing can get in but from that hatch.”

“Thank goodness!” Nate said with a gusting sigh, scrambling to his feet with a hand on the couch to balance. Nick kept close to him and pointed out problem spaces so he didn’t lose his footing. Soon enough they were at the hatch and Nate was lowering himself into the dark space. He stayed at the bottom of the ladder to take the bag that Nick lowered and eyed him when he didn’t follow him down.

“Nick?”

“Just grabbing some extra supplies. Get changed into something dry, would ya?”

He could hear Nate cursing in between the clank of armor, wrestling to get the pieces off. Most of the straps were leather and likely swollen from the rain. Nick went to where the space’s furniture had been stacked into a barricade at some point while listening to his partner’s increasingly creative invectives against his armor, the Wasteland, weather, and the planet in general. Nick snorted and removed his hat, shaking it until it stopped looking so waterlogged and glancing across the pile of furnishings.

A coffee table that was already half broken suited his needs well and Nick efficiently broke off its legs and splintered it down into manageable pieces. He dumped the pieces into a waist-high metal barrel that had been used by whomever had created the barricade and grabbed an end table to dismantle as well. Under the end table he found a mostly intact and dry sleeping bag, tucking it under his arm to bring along as well.

The barrel was heavy even from his estimation, but he managed to get it up and over the worst of the damage in the room without issue. He peeked down into the basement room towards where the green glow was the brightest, seeing Nate wrapped in blankets sitting on the platform Nick had made for him. “Heads up, Dollface. Incoming.” Nick dropped the sleeping bag down and crouched to carefully lower the barrel, not wanting to release a plume of ash by dropping it.

“Oh, good find,” Nate gasped, teeth chattering harder than ever now that he was warming again. Nick scanned over the human quickly to be sure his vitals were improving, relieved to see they were. “Might actually manage to dry our clothes out by morning with a fire going.”

“Do you have candles with you or should I poke around up here for a few?”

“I have some in the front flap of my bag.”

Nick made his way down the rungs of the ladder, grabbing the sleeping bag once he was on the ground. “Here, extra padding for you to sleep on.”

Nate’s teeth looked to be glowing in the Pipboy light when he grinned. “Thanks, Nick. Once I warm up some I’ll start actually setting up.”

Nick scoffed and went to Nate’s bag, pulling out the aforementioned candles and digging through the small pockets until he found some old rags and gasoline to use to get the fire started. It didn’t take long before Nick was kneeling beside the little sleeping area, melting the ends of the candles to fix them to a small metal capsule and lighting them as well.
The room lit and warming now, Nick gestured with his head to his partner as he pulled out Nate’s own sleeping bag as well. “C’mon, just move for a sec and we’ll get this ready. Then you can wrap up and not move ‘til morning.”

“If you just give me a minute I can do it myself, you know.”

Nick flicked his eyes up and met the soft smile on Nate’s face with a tentative one of his own. “I know you could, but I don’t mind.”

Nate tightened the blankets around himself and stood, scooting out of Nick’s way and cursing as his bare feet stepped onto the rocky ground. “Oww!” He hopped a bit, the blanket shifting and calling attention to his lack of anything under them. Nick tore his eyes away and forced himself to focus on his task.

With a few flicks of his wrist joints he’d spread first the scavenged bag and then Nate’s cleaner, less threadbare one over the crates with the warm lining facing up. “Go on, get yourself warm.”

With a small stumble Nate collapsed back onto his makeshift bed, curling his legs under the blankets and wrapping himself up tight with a grumpy frown. Nick took the time that Nate was grumbling and shifting to grab his soaked jacket and rig it up hanging from the hatch over the fire. Nate’s Vault suit joined it soon after. Nick was grateful that his undershirt was mostly dry, and though his trouser legs were damp they were far from the waterlogged, dripping state of Nate’s Vault suit.

“Would you come sit?” Nate whined. “You’re making me feel bad, doing all the work while I sit here in a cocoon.”

Nick smiled softly and glanced over, bending up a bit of rebar as a makeshift hangar and adding his suit jacket to the hatch. “Nearly done now.”

Once he was satisfied, Nick made his way to the makeshift cot, sitting at one end when Nate scooted over and gestured. He’d hardly settled when Nate was pressing at him to get him to rearrange, ending with Nate on his back with his head on Nick’s thigh.

“That can’t be comfortable. I haven’t even got the air musculature there, just the metal frame.”

Nate grinned up at him, features cast in long shadows in the firelight. “Comfortable enough to me.”

Nick smiled helplessly along as Nate recounted a story about a place he and Codsworth had found a few weeks prior, waving his hands in the air above his face. After long hesitation, Nick rested a hand on the human’s stomach as he watched him, cataloguing the shades of green and gold in his irises and the way he licked his lips when he met Nick’s eyes. At some point during the conversation he seized Nick’s metal hand as well, threading their fingers together. Nick took to gently tracing his thumb around the man’s bellybutton.

“S-So we get back after and MacCready says—“ Nate stuttered and paused in the middle of his narration, eyes falling shut as a nearly pained whine issued from his throat.

Nick focused on the scrunched look on his face. “What is it?”

Nate’s eyes opened and he released Nick’s hand to seize him by the back of the neck and pull Nick’s face down to his. Nate kissed him with intent, fingers digging into the skin at Nick’s spine with his thumb brushing the edges of the tearing at Nick’s jaw. Nick fell into the kiss and let Nate lick into his mouth, tongue flicking over the roof of Nick’s mouth and across his teeth. It was an odd sensation; his mouth had sensory receptors, of course, but the way it translated into his systems was very different than it would have felt had he been human. Still enjoyable, but different.
Nate broke away with a bass rumble. “Right, I need to not be doing that. Also, as much as I like it, might need you to move your hand back up a little.”

Nick glanced down and noticed that his hand, previously lying on the man’s stomach, had crept down to his thigh with fingertips digging in to Nate’s femoral triangle through the blanket. Nick abruptly pulled it towards him and grimaced. “Ah, sorry.” It wasn’t often that his body worked without his conscious direction, but Nate seemed to bring out his most instinctual, involuntary behaviors.

Nate clasped the blanket more tightly around himself and levered himself upright, sitting facing Nick with one foot on the ground and the other curled in front of him. “Not something to apologize about. This just isn’t the best time for me to end up with a hard-on.” Nate’s expression was wry. “I don’t exactly have the privacy to deal with it and I have a hard enough time not being distracted when you’re around, I don’t need that adding to it.”

Nick’s fingers twitched spasmodically, his joints apparently needing adjustment if they were going to keep acting on their own. His eyes rose to meet Nate’s, watched as the wry smile turned sly and alluring.

“Unless you wanted to take me up on that offer of creative ways to assist in that.”

Nick looked back down to where his flesh hand now rested between them, processors whirring. It wasn’t that Nick couldn’t think of ways he could… participate. In the last several weeks he’d thought of several, had trouble not thinking on the matter. The sticking points for him seemed to be the idea that Nate would want that assistance, no matter his claims, as well as his own misgivings. He remembered what sex was like, yes, but he simply didn’t have the equipment or urges anymore. That he wanted to give Nate pleasure of all kinds was a given, but he just wasn’t able to wrap his head around the idea of participating in sexual acts while being inhuman; it felt almost against his programming, somehow.

“Err, sorry Nick.” He glanced up to meet the human’s gaze again, seeing a sheepish and conciliatory expression on Nate’s face. “I didn’t mean to be pushy or anything. I told you that anything sexual was not a condition or requirement in this relationship and I meant it. I shouldn’t make jokes like that if I want you to believe it.”

Nick raised an eyebrow. “I’m not some blushing virgin, sweetheart. You’re not gonna pressure me into going all the way on prom night.”

Nate was blushing. “Yeah, but it still isn’t right of me. How can I prove that it isn’t needed when I keep making comments like that?”

“And I told you once that if you ever did anything that bothered me I’d tell ya, didn’t I?”

“Well yeah, but—“

Nick grasped Nate’s ankle with his thin metal fingers, tugging gently to stop him. “Enough of that. I’m even older than you are no matter how you count, I can damn well make my own decisions without fear of influence by my partner. Got it?”

“Got it,” Nate replied, reaching down to lay his hand overtop of Nick’s on his ankle. “I’ll stop being awkward eventually, I promise.”

The idea that Nate was no surer than Nick was hit him and somehow made the choice easy. Tugging at Nate’s ankle again, harder this time, he caught the human off guard and knocked him
onto his back while sliding him towards Nick. Nate made a questioning noise, mouth opening likely to ask what Nick was doing, but he didn’t want to hear any possible ‘are you sure?’s or similar. Nick leaned over the man, licking into his mouth and kissing him deeply. Arms went around his neck almost immediately, one of Nate’s rough hands cupping the back of his head beneath his hat and the other wrapping around his shoulders to hold him close.

The damp of Nate’s mouth was an interesting sensation. While Nick had an internal lubricant that was used to ensure his lips and tongue could mimic the full range of human sounds and pronunciations, it was normally very faint and only to keep his tongue slick and able to slide across the roof of his mouth, his teeth, and his lips. The sensation of Nate’s saliva as his tongue glided over Nick’s was strange, though welcome.

Nick tipped back Nate’s head with a hand on his jaw, metal thumb pressing gently into the hinge. Once he was happy with the angle he trailed his lips over Nate’s stubbled jaw to the column of his neck, biting into it with likely more pressure than would be comfortable. But he’d predicted Nate well. The noise the human made in his throat was animal, the heel of his foot digging into Nick’s lower back as he slung his leg around his hip and bucked upward.

Nick chuckled and sucked a bruise there, his hands keeping Nate from going far as he writhed. “I think I have some ideas on how to help you be less awkward. Let me show you the ideas I’ve come up with on ways to… assist.”

“You’re—good god, you’re evil, you’re actually an evil synth after all.”

Nick bit down again into the meat of the man’s shoulder, hands moving from the human’s hips up to his chest to yank at the blanket still tangled around him. “You’ve found out my secret. Surrender, human. Beep boop.”

Nate’s laugh made the hand gripping the back of Nick’s neck twitch. “Already surrendered. All yours.” As Nick slid down Nate’s body, the leg that had been wrapped around his waist moved to hook over his shoulder, the blanket falling away and leaving miles of skin exposed. Nick sat back and looked over the man beneath him from shoulder to hip.

As his fingers brushed feather-light against the soft hair on Nate’s thighs, Nick felt more human than he had since he’d woken and found himself to not be. The lines between himself and the original Nick blurred as Nate’s flush spread down his neck to his chest, his pupils dilated to nearly overtake the pale green of his iris. He remembered what it felt like to be given pleasure, remembered the thrum of desire coiling hot in his gut as he pressed against another body, warm and firm, cock throbbing as he pressed inside.

His eyes kept riveted to Nate’s as he pressed an open-mouthed kiss to the inside of his knee where it hooked over Nick’s shoulder, nipping at the tender skin to make Nate gasp as he slid his flesh hand up to cup the man’s hip, thumb tracing the inguinal crease. He’d rarely appreciated the preciseness of his memory as he did in that moment, memorizing every plane and furrow of the man’s body in pleasure, the rapid staccato of his heartbeat, the noises that escaped his attempts to keep them in.

“Nick, please,” Nate gasped, heel digging in to Nick’s back.

“Please what?” His other hand mirrored his flesh one, tugging Nate closer by a few inches at the hips. He trailed his metal fingertips through the dark hairs around the human’s cock, slowly circling the base and then dragging up the underside with bare pressure. He stroked gently over the frenulum and traced the edge of the head with one metal fingertip, grinning as Nate bucked to try and get Nick to add more pressure. The human slung his other leg over Nick’s shoulder as well, arching off the makeshift bedding and reaching down to grab at Nick’s hands.
Anything, I don’t care, just please do something.”

Nick chuckled and collected the man’s grasping hands into his metal one, leaning over him and feeling his processors race as he folded the human easily near in half. Nate lifted his head to meet him in a kiss, long and wet and filthy, pulling more memories from a life not truly his own. He found this was nearly better than that, though. Not only was this solely his, not only was it someone he adored so consumingly panting below him, but without the haze of biology driving him to his own pleasure, he could concentrate on pulling more noises from Nate’s throat and teasing out more pleasure until the man was begging him incoherently.

“Hands stay up here,” Nick murmured between kisses, biting at Nate’s lower lip with his metal teeth. “I’ll get there, sweetheart.”

Nate keened, knees tightening on either side of Nick’s head as Nick sat back, releasing his wrists and resuming his grip on the man’s hips. “Fuck, I’m going to die here. This is what will kill me. Forget super mutants and radiation, blue balls from my goddamned synth are going to do me in.”

The possessive made Nick grin, his hands sliding around to cup Nate’s ass and lift. “Well, hold on just a little while longer or you’ll miss the fun.”

Nate might have had intentions to reply, but Nick had already moved, his hands squeezing and maneuvering the man to an angle he liked. He gathered an excess of his oral emollient and licked the flat of his tongue across Nate’s hole without further ado. He needed to grip hard to keep the human still as he positively wailed and bucked ferociously. “Oh fucking hell, Nick!”

Nate was pleading within moments as Nick purposefully dragged his tongue in and out, first flat, long licks that made him babble and bear down towards Nick’s mouth and then pointed drives forward to penetrate. Nate sobbed and shook in his grip, thrashing so much that the sleeping bags were sliding off the crates they lay upon. Several times Nick met his eyes when the man tried to reach down to his cock, the look alone enough to halt the hands in midair.

“Oh god, oh god, please Nick, please, oh god,” Nate chanted and begged, making Nick’s wiring thrum and zing. Once he was satisfied with the lubrication levels he dragged both hands in close and pressed hard against his perineum with his metal thumb while using his flesh one to trace a circle around Nate’s hole. The muscles there twitched and jumped, grasping at him. He pressed inside with the pad of it and stretched Nate obscenely, sliding his tongue in alongside. He regretted having no taste buds; since he was not a model capable of eating, they’d apparently just left off that technology. He imagined the dark, salty taste of Nate’s skin mixed with the faint tang of his own imitation saliva and felt a shiver course through his dermal sensors.

He removed his thumb and sucked on the furled skin, glad he couldn’t bruise as Nate kicked at his back reflexively as he moaned low and long, nearly completely knocking Nick’s hat from his head. “Nick, oh god, how are you so good at that? Fuck, Christ, fuck me please!”

“You’re terribly impatient,” Nick murmured against Nate’s skin, laving across him with a final lick to add more lubricant. He pressed inside with two fingers, hard, angling until he found the man’s prostate gland and fucked into it again and again. He lifted his head and nudged his hat with Nate’s knee to fix it back into its usual position on his head, disrupted as it had been by Nate’s bucking and squirming.

“Yes, thank god, thank you, thank you,” Nate gasped. “So good, fuck.”

He thrust with long, slow movements, Nate’s body writhing in rhythm with them. “Hmm, like that sweetheart?”
“Yes, yes, please let me touch myself, please Nick, fuck I’m so close.”

Nick memorized the moment, flicking his eyes across the sweat dampening Nate’s brow and chest, the flush that darkened his skin, the precome leaking from his cock. He took in the barely-drying hair tousled against the pale fabric of the sleeping bag, the sound of Nate chanting his name, the contrast between the man’s pale hip and Nick’s metal fingers. He may not have had a cock anymore, may not have been capable of sexual arousal or release, but right then he felt more human than he’d ever felt, love and awe leaving him feeling like his systems were overheating.

Nate’s eyes locked on his, desperate and pleading. “Oh god, your fucking eyes, Nick. They’re glowing so bright and your hands are so good, and fuck, kiss me please I love you so much—“

Nick practically dove for the human’s mouth, speeding his hand’s thrusts and kissing him deeply. He broke it only to breathe, “Do it, come for me Dollface,” before kissing him once more, tongues tangling and his metal hand gripping hard onto Nate’s hip.

He could feel Nate reach between them and grasp himself, stripping his cock with harsh, fast movements. The human was hardly participating in the kiss anymore, moaning and grunting into Nick’s mouth as he undulated beneath him.

When Nate came, Nick broke away to watch, staring down and taking in every twitch of muscle and flutter of eyelid from inches away. Nick loved him so fiercely in that moment that he couldn’t bring himself to care that he was no longer human, that there were so many things that could and would be wrong between them. This man made him feel truly alive for the first time in years and he wished nothing more than to experience life with him.

Nick slowed his fingers, gentling the movements, as Nate came down from his orgasm. He was panting and flushed and gorgeous, sticky with sweat and come, and Nick wanted to take him back to Diamond City and lock him in his office and keep him there forever.

As Nate’s breathing evened out, he went limp beneath Nick, head tipping back to expose his neck. Nick pressed gentle kisses along his throat, along his collarbone, easing out of him as he did. Nate’s legs fell from his shoulders leaving him spread and splayed, limp-limbed and sated. Nick committed the sight to memory as well.

“Well, that wasn’t how I expected tonight to go,” Nate said around deep, gasping breaths, legs twitching.

“I assume it is a pleasant surprise?”

Nate laughed and his eyes fluttered open, gazing up and Nick with affection. “I’d say so. Thank you for that.”

“Don’t thank me, that makes it seem like a favor.”

“Isn’t it though, kind of?” Nate said with a roll of his eyes. “I’ll never complain, mind you.”

Nick poked at the man’s belly right below a larger pool of come. “Don’t go looking at it like that, now. I think I got more out of it than you think I did.”

Nate’s eyes were drooping already, a sleepy smile resting on his mouth. “I’m glad to hear it.”

Nick adjusted the human’s legs behind him and stood, going to his rucksack. He pulled out a rag and a bottle of water, wetting it lightly and returning to wipe Nate’s chest and stomach. “You sure you don’t want to stand up and fix the sleeping bags? You’ve gotten them all askew.”
Nate grumbled and turned on his side, fumbling with the blanket to lay it overtop of him. “No way. Never moving again if I can help it. We’re gonna stay here forever. Now cuddle me.”

“That seems impractical and uncomfortable,” Nick said with a snort. He tossed the dirtied rag in a corner and recapped the bottle, bringing it to set on the capsule that the candles sat upon. He left it in case Nate needed a sip in the night and crawled over the man, laying down behind him and tugging him back against Nick’s chest. His metal hand trailed lightly down Nate’s bare arm to grab the blanket and tug it up.

Nate arched back and made a ridiculous face with puckered lips. Nick indulged him with a slow, long kiss. As they separated, Nate threaded his fingers with Nick’s metal ones and smiled up. “I meant it, you know.”

Nick nudged at Nate with his nose until he was lying again on his makeshift pillow and curled comfortably. “It’s mutual, sweetheart. Now go to sleep.”

He spent the night listening to the howling storm and counting the ways he was fortunate in his life, numbers one through a thousand lying snoring in his arms.

End Notes

I have a few others works in partial form that are hopefully upcoming. I have a short Nick/Nate casefic get together, a short Hancock/Nate something, and a longer, more involved casefic-like Nick/Nate where Nate gets taken by the Institute and Nick goes after him.

So much inspiration, so little time! Especially when I’ve not written much of anything in the last 3+ years. But you all encourage me so much, and having a virgin fandom like this just makes me want to spew fic all over the place.

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