al mal tiempo buena cara

by merle_p

Summary

“Jesus,” Will says. He is pacing the room, rubbing a distracted hand across his face. His cheeks are flushed, there is sweat pooling in the back of his neck, and he can’t even blame the Mexican heat for that, since the A/C in the apartment is working just fine.

Wolfgang looks up from his phone with a smirk. “They are at it again, aren’t they.” It’s not a question.

8 Sensations: Desire

Notes

Dear Bottomfeeder, I got inspired by your prompt ... I hope that's okay and that this is sort of what you had in mind!

A/N 1: Apologies for sort of handwaving the whole "Will needs to be kept unconscious" thing ... I assume that the writers will come up with a solution in season 2, and it was kind of important that Will be conscious for this ...

A/N 2: As if writing sex scenes wasn't difficult enough even without adding telepathic bonds and two characters whose names start with the same letter to the mix!
“Jesus,” Will says. He is pacing the room, rubbing a distracted hand across his face. His cheeks are flushed, there is sweat pooling in the back of his neck, and he can’t even blame the Mexican heat for that, since the A/C in the apartment is working just fine.

Wolfgang looks up from his phone with a smirk. “They are at it again, aren’t they.” It’s not a question.

Will groans and flops down onto the bed. “I don’t understand,” he says. “How have their dicks not fallen off by now?”

Wolfgang laughs. “I know it’s hard to wrap your head around it,” he says mock-patiently, “but while we are on the topic, I should tell you that the rumor about masturbation causing blindness isn’t really true either.”

Will throws a pillow at him. When Wolfgang grabs it out of the air, one-handed, Will sticks his tongue out at him. Wolfgang raises his brows, and yes, okay, so maybe Will is acting childish, but under the circumstances, he thinks he should be cut a little slack.

“I’m not a prude,” he protests, “no need to rub your German sexual liberation shtick in my face.”

Wolfgang chuckles, and Will pauses, backtracks, rolls his eyes. “Okay, I get it, bad choice of words, but the point is this: Just once, I’d like to be able to read my fucking novel in peace without getting a hard-on because my generous host can’t keep his dick out of his boyfriend’s ass for fifteen minutes at a time.”

“Uh-uh, no need to get vulgar,” Wolfgang sing-songs, but he isn’t even trying to hide the fact that he’s pressing a hand against his crotch to adjust himself in his pants as he speaks. His cool-as-a-cucumber act doesn’t fool Will for one second: Wolfgang is clearly not unaffected either.

In theory, it’s a perfect plan, as far as plans like these ever go. Will needs to hide from the bad people trying to destroy their cluster, Wolfgang needs to hide from the German police after sort of murdering his entire family; so why not lie low together, preferably in a place that is neither Germany nor the USA? And unlike Capheus and Sun, neither of whom are currently in the position to host a couple of international fugitives, Lito has a perfectly nice apartment with a perfectly nice boyfriend and a perfectly nice guest bedroom, the latter of which is newly unoccupied since Daniela has started to date a boy who is not an abusive asshole, and moved back into her old place.

So really, Mexico City makes perfect sense, and while Hernando is still a bit confused as to how his lover knows an American cop and a German locksmith on the run from the police (“So you are saying you didn’t meet in an adult chat room?”), he is generally pleased that Lito is taking such good care of his friends and demonstrates his approval by cooking them delicious meals and showing them around town on his days off.

The thing is just that neither Will nor Wolfgang had fully grasped the implications of living with a couple of men so in love that they have to have sex at all hours, several times a day; and that’s not
even taking into account the telepathic bond they share with one half of the couple, meaning that they both know intimately whenever one of the apartment’s occupants is getting their cock sucked, or their ass reamed, or their balls licked, or really any number of other things, because on top of being insatiable, Lito and Hernando turn out to be fucking creative.

It doesn’t exactly help that sharing what is indeed a perfectly nice guestroom does not allow for a lot of privacy, making it practically impossible to jerk off in peace. Never mind that they can always, always feel each other doing that, too.

“I wish Diego was here,” Will says, an hour later. They have escaped to the balcony for a game of chess in a desperate attempt to distract themselves from the third round of marathon sex; this one, it seems, involving a dildo of such impressive size that even Wolfgang looks a bit pale around the edges. Wolfgang had suggested exercise, but just looking at the barbell had given Will flashbacks to their infamous cluster orgy, so he had vetoed lifting weights for the foreseeable future.

“You partner Diego?” Wolfgang asks, and steals one of Will’s pawns. “Why? To help you out with your little problem?”

“You’re an asshole,” Will says and moves his knight. “Because he happens to speak Spanish, which means we could actually get out of here and explore the city while Hernando is … otherwise occupied.”

Wolfgang shrugs. “I thought we were doing just fine on our own. That day we went to the market was fun.”

“You almost got into a fistfight with a street vendor,” Will points out, exasperated. “And then we had to run from the police.”

“Like I said,” Wolfgang says, and throws him a truly wolfish grin from across the board. “It was fun.”

Then he pulls a face as if he’s bit into a lemon, shifts awkwardly in his chair, and Will already knows what’s coming even before the familiar heat starts pooling in the vicinity of his lower back.

“Oh, oh,” Lito’s voice reaches them from inside the apartment. “Cogeme mas duro, mi amor!”

“Did you hear that?” Will says indignantly, and stabs a pointed index finger at the open glass door. “Did you hear that?”

“I think people in Japan heard that,” Wolfgang says dryly. “No telepathy necessary whatsoever.”

“Te amo,” Hernando shouts in the bedroom. “Ah, ah!”

Will groans and puts his face in his hands. Wolfgang gives him a long look and then reaches out to tip over his queen.

“You know what,” he says and gets up from his chair. “Why don’t we go for a swim.”

One of the best things about the apartment building is the gorgeous heated rooftop pool that Lito and Hernando (according to Wolfgang’s expert opinion) clearly don’t value enough. It is technically closed after sunset, but something as trivial as a locked door has never stopped Wolfgang before — or
Will, for that matter.

“You know,” Wolfgang says approvingly as he watches Will crack the simple locking mechanism with a hairpin that Daniela must have left behind in the bathroom, “you are pretty good at that, for a cop. I’m almost feeling a little turned on.”

“If you are feeling turned on, it’s because Hernando is sucking Lito’s balls five floors down,” Will says disgruntledly, and then actually has to laugh at himself as he pulls the door open at last.

Breathing is easier up here. Nights in Mexico City can be cold, and it’s definitely bordering on chilly already, but the roof terrace offers a beautiful view over the sprawling city, and the water in the pool is steaming invitingly, illuminated by pale-white underwater lights.

Will simply stares for a moment, tries to take it all in, feels – vaguely – a grateful echo from Sun for sharing the image with her. By the time he turns away from the skyline of the city, Wolfgang is already stepping out of his boxer briefs, the rest of his clothes piled in a careless heap at his feet. The pool lights cast flickering shadows over his body as he raises his arms over his head, highlighting his shoulder, the curve of his hip, a muscular thigh.

Like a panel from a Frank Miller graphic novel, his mind whispers, and for a moment, he isn’t entirely sure if that is someone else’s thought or his own. Will blinks, and Wolfgang gracefully dives into the pool, reemerges, whoops and wipes water from his eyes.

“Komm schon,” he calls, waving his hands at Will in an inviting gesture. “The water is amazing,” he says, splashing around. “It’s soooo warm.”

He treads water at the deep end of the pool, watching idly as Will takes off his shirt. Will shivers in the cool night air, tries not to feel conscious about his audience, and Wolfgang quirks a smile at him as if he knows (of course he knows). Will exhales, pushes his boxer shorts down over his hips before he can second-guess himself, and steps over the edge of the walkway into the pool.

They do swim a few laps, because it feels nice to be moving after being holed up inside for so long, and because the water is indeed amazing, especially after the uncomfortable sweatiness of the day. Will feels the water envelop his body, feels it part for him, wrap itself around him once more, and there is a whoop of delight that sounds like Capheus, though he can’t be sure, because it’s gone as quickly as it came. But perhaps Wolfgang felt it, too, because he suddenly pauses in the middle of a stroke and laughs, more freely and joyfully than Will has ever heard him before.

The burst of bubbling joy makes it difficult to focus on a serious workout. Will makes his way to the shallow end of the pool, sits on the stairs leading into the water, immersed up to his shoulders, the warm water on his body a pleasant contrast to the cool night breeze against his face. Wolfgang has turned onto his back and is floating, and Will finds himself watching him, drawn to the way he keeps himself almost still, only occasionally moving his arms back and forth in a lazy, languid movement. Here, in the water, he seems at peace with himself for once, completely at ease.

He is also very obviously still hard, the tip of his cock breaching the surface of the water as he shifts, once, twice, then disappearing again. Will feels heat rise from deep in his belly, and knows Lito is not the only one to blame for his sudden surge of want. As if he can sense Will’s eyes on him (and screw as if, of course he can), Wolfgang pauses and flops around, moving into a vertical position once more. He brings himself closer to Will with a few strokes, keeps walking as soon as his feet reach the ground, and finally stops about three feet away, water lapping gently at his hips. He reaches up and drags a hand through his short wet hair.

“This is not really helping, is it,” he says, somewhere between resigned and amused, and Will leans
back against the steps behind him, shaking his head.

“No,” he sighs. “This is bad. Feels like being sixteen again.”

Wolfgang gives him a speculative glance. “You thought about making out with guys when you were sixteen, then?”

“What?” Will sputters, although he isn’t sure why he’s surprised. “No, I mean – well, yes, I was sixteen, after all, but –“

“But you never kissed a guy before?” Wolfgang asks mildly, and there is no judgment, only idle curiosity in his voice. “I mean, aside from the day of the epic clusterfuck.”

“Is that what we are calling it these days?” Will grimaces, then shakes his head. “No,” he says. “I mean – no. When I was sixteen, everyone talked about kissing girls, so I did too, and later …” he laughs quietly, self-consciously. “Well, once you hit thirty, most people don’t expect you to have grand revelations about your sexual preferences anymore.”

Wolfgang raises his brows. “Most people don’t share a telepathic bond with seven other human beings either.”

“Tell me about it,” Will breathes, and then, because he’s meant to ask it before: “You don’t seem particularly freaked out by all this.”

“Sex is sex,” Wolfgang shrugs, unconcerned. “Besides,” he adds slowly and studies Will, carefully, closely: “So far it’s mostly all been in my head.”

“So far,” Will repeats, and swallows. He knows what’s coming, knows this would be the moment to put a stop to it, but somehow, it’s becoming increasingly difficult to figure out why he should. He can feel the happy afterglow of Lito and Hernando’s lovemaking washing over him like the warm water against his skin, can feel the steady thrum of Wolfgang’s desire pulsing in his blood, feels his own arousal rise and tangle with the other shared sensations in his mind. So he gives in, sighs softly and widens his legs in invitation, lets Wolfgang step between them, stretches up when Wolfgang leans down, meets him halfway.

Will remembers what it was like to kiss Wolfgang through the bond; in fact, remembers kissing him on Lito’s bed, five stories down; remembers kissing him in a different pool on the other end of the world, surrounded by warm water the way they are now; but even as it was happening, it felt more like a memory, the mere echo of a sensation.

This, here, is different. Their mouths slide against each other wetly, Wolfgang’s stubble is scratchy against his skin, his lips taste faintly of beer and lime and chlorine, and it all feels so immediate, so intimate, so real. But the bond amplifies, multiplies the sensations, makes every touch pulsate and expand, sends them traveling through his body like small electric shocks; and beyond all that, he sees it all happening through Wolfgang’s eyes, feels his own taste on Wolfgang’s tongue, feels his own skin underneath Wolfgang’s palms, and –

“Whoa,” Wolfgang says as they break apart eventually, panting. His eyes are dark, pupils blown wide. “This is new.”

Will nods, still trying to catch his breath. “It’s like – it’s like everything is multiplied by three.”

Wolfgang smiles, runs his hand down Will’s shoulder, along his biceps, across his chest. His fingernail catches against a nipple in passing, and Will moans helplessly, almost despite himself.
“Move up a little,” Wolfgang says hoarsely, and Will blinks in confusion, but he obeys without thinking, scoots back until he is sitting on the uppermost step, the water just barely reaching to his shins. Perhaps he should be feeling the cold, but Wolfgang does not give him the chance to consider, just follows him up the stairs until he is gazing up at him from between his legs, resting on his knees two steps further down.

“This okay,” he asks, and Will nods jerkily, because he wants it, god, he wants it so much, and he doesn’t even really know yet what he’s asking.

Then Wolfgang’s mouth is on his cock, sliding down in one smooth movement until his lips are touching the wet curls of his pubic hair, because clearly Wolfgang cannot do anything by half, and Will lets his head fall back and groans. He feels the rasp of Wolfgang’s tongue against his cock just as he senses, faintly, the weight of his own cock against Wolfgang’s tongue, feels his own pleasure entwine with Wolfgang’s lust, and the realization of how much Wolfgang wants this makes his own desire surge hotter, makes him buck against Wolfgang’s mouth, fingers clenched around the edge of the tiles. Hands come to rest on his legs, gliding back and forth the length of his thighs in rhythm with the lips sliding down his cock, and Will lets his head fall back and groans.

Wolfgang moans around him, and Will realizes that he must be feeling the others as well; that this, too, is something they share. His hips start to move almost without his doing, his legs spreading further instinctively, and he can almost sense it before it actually happens when he feels fingers cup his balls, feels them brush the sensitive skin, trailing down and further down. The initial intrusion is still a shock, the sudden onslaught of so many different sensations narrowing down to one single spot, dizzying, intoxicating, overwhelming, almost too much. One of his hands finds its way to the back of Wolfgang’s neck, not really pushing down, just holding on for support as Wolfgang fingerfucks him slowly, the water caressing his skin, rising into a wave of pleasure/need/fear/comfort/hunger/love that rolls over him, through him, dragging him under with force, and he closes his eyes, arches, and distantly hears himself shout.

When he finally finds back to the present, his cock is slowly growing limp between his legs. Wolfgang is grinning up at him widely, licking his lips, and Will can taste himself on Wolfgang’s tongue, bitter and utterly unashamed.

“Your turn,” he says and reaches out, touches smooth, wet skin, and for the rest of the night gives up trying to tell where he ends and Wolfgang begins.

The next morning, Lito groans into his coffee and refuses to speak with either of them.

“What is it?” Hernando asks, confused, as he slides four beautiful omelets onto separate plates.

“What did they do?”

“They were fucking,” Lito says, disgruntled, and takes another gulp of his coffee. “They were fucking, and I didn’t get a single minute of sleep.”

“I didn’t hear anything,” Hernando says, and sets a plate down in front of Will with a smile. “They must have been pretty quiet.”

Wolfgang snorts, and tangles his foot with Will’s underneath the table.

“Stop that,” Lito says, and kicks their joined ankles where Hernando can’t see. “And why did that
“What do you mean, now?” Hernando asks. “Haven’t they been dating the whole time?”

Will chokes on a bite of egg. “Why would you think that?” he sputters, and Hernando looks faintly embarrassed.

“Well,” he shrugs, “I thought that when Lito said you didn’t meet in a sex chat, he was trying to spare my feelings.”

It’s Wolfgang’s turn to choke. “That –,” he starts, pauses, tries again: “I mean – “

“Hernando,” Lito interrupts, exasperated. “I told you I didn’t meet them online.”

“Well, what was I supposed to think?” Hernando asks defensively. “Mysterious friends from two different corners of the world? Plus, it’s clear that they’ve known each other forever.” He waves his arm back and forth between them vaguely. “They’ve got that whole silent connection thing going on.”

There is a long and pregnant pause, during which Wolfgang hides behind his coffee, Will stares down at his eggs, Lito glances up at the sky, and somewhere in the distance, Nomi is laughing her ass off at them.

“Hernando, mi amor,” Lito finally starts, and takes a deep breath. “I think it is time for another talk.”

“Uh-uh,” Wolfgang makes as Lito guides Hernando into the apartment, steering him towards the bedroom, no doubt to make sure he’s sitting down while he receives the news. “That’s going to be awkward.”

“Well,” Will says and takes another bite of his omelet, because it does taste really fucking good. “At least as long as they are talking, they are not having sex,” he says, after a while. “So there’s that.”

“Truth,” Wolfgang nods, thoughtfully, and sets his mug down onto the table with care.

“But imagine this,” he says slowly. “They might not be fucking for the next two hours,” he continues, letting his face split into a wide grin.

“But we totally could be.”

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